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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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OF

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. VIII., No. 43—OCTOBER, 1868.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW—ITS ORIGIN AND CHARACTER.*

FEW historical events have been more persistently used in arguments against the Catholic Church than the massacre of Admiral Coligny, and a great number of Protestant nobles and people, at Paris, on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572, by orders emanating from the court.

Isolated from the religious wars in which it is but one of the darkest episodes, this affair has been set forward as an independent act—a deliberate scheme of the Catholic party in France—king, nobles, and clergy—to extinguish Protestantism at a single blow. The numbers of the victims have been exaggerated to an extent incompatible with all contemporary statistics of population; and the massacre of St. Bartholomew has thus been transmitted, as if by a series of distorting mirrors, from the pamphlets of the time to the histories, sermons, periodicals, and school-books of our days, each reflection but a distortion of the last, and so exceeding it in unreality that at length truth had become utterly hopeless.

In fact, we might as well expect to have Bibles throw out the long-sanctioned misprint of "strain at a gnat," and print, correctly, "strain out a gnat," or omit the intrusive words at the end of the Lord's Prayer, which all Protestant Biblical scholars admit to be spurious, as to expect popular accounts of St. Bartholomew's day to come down to what is really certain and authentic.

Even among writers of a higher stamp, there seemed to be a disposition to avoid research that would break the charm. Historical scholars made little effort to free the subject from the mists and fables with which it has been encompassed, and set down only well-attested facts with authorities to sustain them. It is, therefore, with no less surprise than gratification that we find in the re-

* *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew: preceded by a History of the Religious Wars in the Reign of Charles IX.* By Henry White. London: John Murray. 1868. 8vo, pp. xviii.-505.

La St. Barthélemy, ses Origines, son Vrai Caractère, ses Suites. Par George Gandy. *Revue des Questions Historiques.* Tome 1er, pp. 11-91, 32-391.

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cent work of Henry White a laborious and thorough examination of the evidence still extant as to the originators of the dark deed, their motives and object, the extent of the slaughter, and the reasons assigned at the moment and subsequently. It is one of those subjects in which no work will be accepted entirely by readers of an opposite faith, inasmuch as it is almost impossible to avoid drawing inferences, and ascribing motives for acts, to real or supposed modes of thought in the religious body to which the actors belonged.

"Respecting the massacre of St. Bartholomew there are also two theories. Some contend that it was the result of a long-premeditated plot; and this view was so ably maintained by John Allen, in the *Edinburgh Review*, (vol. xliv.—1826,) that nothing further was left to be said on the subject. Others are of opinion that it was the accidental result of a momentary spasm of mingled terror and fanaticism, caused by the unsuccessful attempt to murder Coligny. This theory has been supported by Ranke, in a review of Capefigue's *Histoire de la Réforme;* by Soldan; by Baum, in his *Life of Beza;* and by Coquerel, in the *Revue Théologique*, in 1859."

Such is White's statement of the position of the question; and his work has been justly styled "able and unpretentious."

In France, the anti-Christian writers of the last century—Voltaire and his school—were all loud in denunciation of the affair, and painted it in its worst colors. It was too good a weapon, in their war against religion, to be easily laid down; and it was made to do such good service that later Catholic apologists have till recently scarcely ventured on any examination of the question that would seem at all favorable. The discussion by Gandy is, in extent and research, as well as in soundness of principle, by far the best review of the subject. Yet, as a close historical argument, the force is sometimes destroyed by the citation of comparatively weak and undecisive authorities.

In English, the best Catholic tract on St. Bartholomew was that of Dr. Lingard.

Some of his positions were not well taken, and do not stand when confronted with authorities brought forward by later research. Yet his essay compelled a real historic investigation by subsequent writers, and has led, indirectly at least, to the work of Mr. White.

This writer says, not inaptly (p. 200): "It is easy to prove any historical untruth by a skilful manipulation of documents." This skilful manipulation need not be done with the consciousness of guilt. It may be the result of prejudice, party spirit, bias; and he himself is not free from objection. With an evident endeavor to be impartial, his education and prejudices lead him to slur over some acts and expatiate on others; to ascribe to exalted piety all the deeds of one party, and deny to the other any real religious feeling.

This taints all his introductory chapters on the religious wars in France, prior to 1572, giving a false light and color to the whole. It gives the impression that real piety, devotion, religious feeling, were not to be found at all among the Catholics of France, but were the peculiar attributes of the disciples gained by the emissaries sent from Geneva by Calvin.

Biassing the reader thus, he keeps back the real exterminating, destructive, and intolerant spirit of the Huguenots, and, while detailing here and there excesses, treats as insignifi-

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cant the conspiracy of Amboise, Coligny's complicity in Poltrot's assassination of the Duke of Guise, Queen Jane's ruthless extirpation of Catholicity, the Michelade, and the fearful butchery enacted by Montgomery at Orthez, a small place where, nevertheless, the Catholic victims numbered, according to his own figures, three thousand, half what he claims as the number of Protestant victims at Paris on the bloody day of St. Bartholomew.

Nor is he more happy in depicting the theories and ideas of the two parties.

Compare the Protestants in France with the early Christians and the difference will be seen. The Reformers everywhere were aggressive and intolerant. They did not ask merely liberty to adopt new religious views and practise them. They did, indeed, raise the cry of religious freedom—freedom of worship—freedom of conscience; but what did these words really mean? They meant the suppression of the Catholic worship, the extermination of the priesthood and religious orders, the pillage and defacing of Catholic churches, and the destruction of paintings, statues, relics, and crosses. When this was done, they proclaimed religious liberty. Thus, at Lyons, in 1562, "the Mass was abolished, liberty of conscience proclaimed," in two consecutive clauses.

The utter absurdity of such a connection does not strike Mr. White, nor will it strike many English readers as it does a Catholic ear. The Protestant spirit has so falsified ideas that we constantly hear the same inconsistency. The enthusiastic son of New England claims that the Puritan fathers established "freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience," when, in fact, they claimed only the right to worship for themselves and denied it to all others; the son of Rhode Island claims Roger Williams as the real founder of toleration, and yet his fanatical opposition to the slightest semblance to Catholicity was such that he exhorted the trained bands not to march under the English flag because it had the cross on it; the historian of New York, or the more elaborate historian of the Netherlands, will claim for Holland the honor of establishing religious freedom, and we read their pages with the impression that the people of the Netherlands were Protestant, as a unit; and that the republic established after throwing off the Spanish yoke made the land one where all creeds met in harmony, and all men were equal in the eye of the law in their religious rights. Yet what is the real fact? From that time till the present nearly one half of the people of the Netherlands have been Catholics. The Protestants, possessing a slight numerical advantage, ruled, and to the Catholics their rule was one of iron. They were deprived of all churches, prohibited from erecting others, confined to certain quarters, subjected to penal laws. Where then was the freedom of worship? In the reformers' minds these words had no application to Catholics.

Now, it was this aggressive, intolerant spirit of the reformers that made the civil governments in countries which elected to remain Catholic so severe on the new religionists. The moment a foreign emissary from Geneva gathered a few proselytes, enough to form a body of any size, then began coarse songs, ridiculing and scoffing at the holiest doctrines of the Catholics; then crosses would be broken down, crucifixes, statues of the blessed Virgin and the saints, defaced or destroyed; as their numers grew, priests would be driven from

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their churches or shot down, and the edifices themselves plundered and appropriated to the new creed. That such things could be borne tamely was impossible. In France the government was weak and vacillating. The humbler and less instructed portions of the Catholic body retaliated in the same measure that they saw meted out, and resisted a creed that used abuse and violence, by abuse and violence. They had not the cant of their antagonists, but true religion is not to be measured by that standard.

Alarmed by the excesses of the Reformers elsewhere, the French government attempted to repress their entrance into France by penal laws, a course that seldom attains the end proposed. The progress of error was to be checked by more assiduous teaching of the people by their pastors, by zeal in reforming morals, by institutions practically exercising the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

Yet, while conceding the general deficiency of power in penal laws to check the progress of religious opinions, it must be remembered that the destructive tenets we have alluded to made the increase of the Calvinists a danger to the peace and well-being of France. Beza, in his *Profession of Faith*, (v. Point p. 119,) advised the extermination of priests. Calvin (*Apud Becan*, t. v. opusc. 17, aph. 15, De modo propagandi Calvinismi) declares that the Jesuits must be killed or crushed by falsehood and calumny. The destruction of all representations of Christ and his saints was the constant theme of the reformed preachers, and under this war against idols, as they termed them, they included insult and outrage to the remains of those illustrious men of the past whose exalted virtues had endeared them to the Christian people.

From that day to this Protestantism has sanctioned the outrages thus advised and thus committed. The right of Protestants to demolish, on any slight pretext, Catholic churches, convents, shrines, monuments, or pictures, seems even now a sort of self-evident axiom, its exercise being regulated merely by grounds of expediency. England and the United States can show their examples of this, even in the present century; in the last, the outrages committed by New England troops in Canada and Acadia whenever a Catholic church fell into their power; the careful aiming of cannon at the monastic buildings in the siege of Quebec; the expedition against Louisburg, with the chaplain bearing an axe to demolish the idols; at once suggest themselves to the mind.

That Catholics possessed any right to their own churches, their own ideas of worship, was never entertained for a moment.

The civil law might justly repress such men, if not on the simple ground of teaching false doctrines, at least for their claim of right to destroy the liberty of those who professed the religion of their ancestors.

For some years the reform gained slowly in France, the emissaries of Calvin never relaxing their efforts, and finally winning to their side Queen Jane of Navarre, the Prince of Condé and the three famous brothers of the house of Chatillon, D'Andelot, Admiral Coligny, and the profligate Cardinal Odet. By this time the Protestant churches, true to their aggressive character, assumed a military organization, as White (p. 23) and Fauriel, a recent French Protestant author, admit, and aimed at the overthrow alike of Catholicity and royalty. This secret preparation for an armed attempt to secure the mastery of France had, by 1560, attained its full develop-

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ment.* The moment had come for a grand effort which was to exterminate Catholicity from France as utterly as it has been from Sweden, where not even gratitude for their foremost struggle for independence saved the Catholic Dalecarlians from annihilation.

The position of affairs in France justified the hopes of the reformers. There were three parties in the state —the earnest Catholic party, headed by the Guises of Lorraine; the Huguenot party, directed by Calvin, with Condé in France as its future king, and Coligny as its master-spirit; and, as usual in such cases, a third party of weak men, who hampered the Catholics, and thus strengthened their opponents, by hesitation, uncertainty, and fitfulness.

The queen mother, Catharine de Medicis, disliked the house of Lorraine more than she loved Catholicity; and, jealous of the growing power of the Guises, was not disinclined to see the party of Condé counterbalance it. Hence, she generally threw her influence into the third party, in which figured the Duke d'Alençon, the Montmorencies, Cossé, Biron, and to which men like the famous Chancellor l'Hopital gave their influence. How little the true Catholic spirit, as we understand it now, prevailed among the higher nobility, may be inferred from the fact that the two great Protestant leaders, Condé and Coligny, were brothers of cardinals, their close relationship to princes of the Roman Church exerting no influence. One of these cardinals apostatized, and, after defying the pope, fled to England, to be poisoned by his valet; the other was a mere figure in the stirring scenes and times in which he lived.

Francis II., husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, on ascending the throne, placed the control of affairs in the hands of his uncles, the Cardinal of Lorraine and the Duke of Guise. This meant a firm government, not one to tolerate an *imperium in imperio*—a power able to put in the field, as Coligny boasted, one hundred and fifty thousand men.

Encouraged by the edict of January, 1560, the masses of the reformed party were, everywhere that their numbers permitted it, seizing Catholic churches and monasteries, expelling the inmates, demolishing every vestige of the ancient faith. While they were thus committing themselves, and overawing the Catholics, the leaders formed the celebrated plot of Amboise to assassinate the Guises, seize the person of the king, and, of course, the control of the government. In spite of his disavowal, made after it had failed, Calvin really approved of it at first. This White denies, (p. 82;) but the letter to Sturm, cited by Gandy, (p. 28,) is decisive; and in the very letter where he seems to condemn his followers, he says: "Had they not been opposed, in time our people would have seized many churches; . . . but there, too, they yielded with the same weakness." (*Bulletin de la Société de l'Histoire du Protestantisme Français*, i. p. 250.) Coligny's complicity is as evident. The ostensible leader was Bary de la Renaudie, "whose enmity to Guise," says White, "probably made him renounce his religion and join the reformers."

Protestant writers all admit that the plot of Amboise would, if successful, have overthrown Catholicity for ever in France. The Guises saw the danger to themselves, to Catholicity, and to royalty, and acted with

* Consult *Mémoires de Saulx Tavannes*, p. 291; Lavallée, *Histoire des Français*, i. p. 575; Fauriel, *Essai sur les Evénements qui ont précédé et amené la St. Barthélemy*, p. 19.

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promptness and energy. Every road and avenue leading to the place was guarded, and the separate bands of the conspirators as they came up were met and crushed, la Renaudie, the ostensible leader, being slain.

Then followed a series of terrible criminal proceedings. The partisans of the rebellion were tried, condemned, and executed with as little mercy as English rulers ever manifested to Irish rebels. White puts the number executed at one thousand two hundred, but cites no authorities to justify so large an estimate.

After this affair at Amboise, "the political character of the Huguenots," as White admits, "became more prominent, and proved the temporary destruction of French Protestantism." The reformers committed many outrages on the Catholics after the failure at Amboise, especially in the districts where Montbrun and Mouvans swept through with the hand of destruction, till the latter perished miserably at Draguignan. Then followed a new Huguenot plot, formed by Condé and his brother Anthony, but Francis II. raised a considerable force, and, marching down, overawed them. Condé and the other Huguenot leaders were summoned to appear before him. D'Andelot fled; Condé appeared, was tried, and condemned; but before any other steps were taken Francis II. died in November. "Did you ever hear or read of anything so opportune as the death of the little king?" wrote Calvin; and Beza gloried over "the foul death of the miserable boy."

Charles IX. became king, with his mother, Catharine de Medicis, as regent, and she sought to weaken the power of the Guises. Condé was released from prison, his brother Anthony made lieutenant-general of the kingdom. An assembly of the Three Estates was convened, but dissolved without effecting any good. Throughout the land, the Huguenots employed abuse and violence, drawing on themselves fearful punishment.

Still, under Catharine's fickle favor, the Huguenots were steadily gaining ground, and the Colloquy at Poissy, in 1562, where Beza appeared in person, was, in its actual result and in moral effect, a victory to the reformers. The countenance of the court gave them boldness. The Catholic party saw the evident danger and were loud in their complaints, but this only made collisions more frequent; one party elate with hope and triumph, the other seeing naught but treachery and violence.

It needed but a spark to kindle a conflagration; at last it came. On Corpus Christi, in 1561, as the procession of the blessed sacrament moved through the streets of Lyons, a Huguenot rushed upon the officiating clergyman and endeavored to wrest the consecrated host from his hands. So daring an outrage roused the Catholics to fury. In an instant the whole city was in arms, and the innocent atoned in blood for the madness of one. Even in Paris itself similar riots took place, and fifty Catholics were killed or wounded at the church of St. Medard, into which D'Andelot rode on horseback at the head of the Huguenots.

The edict of January, 1562, came at last to effect a peace. By its provisions the Protestants were to restore the churches they had seized, to cease their abuse of the Catholic ceremonies in print or discourse, and, in return, were allowed to hold meetings unarmed outside the city, but their ministers were not to go from town to town preaching.

The measure of toleration thus granted may not seem excessive, but it was far greater than any Protes-

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tant power then, or long subsequently, granted to such subjects as preferred not to change their creed.

The measure, however, failed to produce tranquillity. The Huguenots, far from restoring what they had seized, continued their acts of violence. At Nismes the churches and convents were attacked and profaned, while in Gascony and Languedoc the reformers had established such a reign of terror that for forty leagues around no Catholic priest durst show himself. Montpellier, Montauban, and Castres beheld similar profanations of churches.

Coligny, a prototype of Cromwell in apparent fanaticism, in military skill, in relentless cruelty toward the Catholic clergy, like the Puritan leader of the next century, looked beyond the Atlantic. He had projected a Protestant colony of refuge in Brazil; its failure did not prevent his renewing the attempt in Florida. In the month following that in which the edict was issued, he despatched John Ribaut to lay the foundation of a French colony in America. He seems to have been planning a retreat against sudden disaster in the war they were rapidly preparing. The fate of that colony is well known. At Vassy, in March, a Huguenot congregation came into collision with the Duke of Guise; accounts differ widely as to the details. The duke asserted that his men were attacked. On being struck in the face with a stone, he cried to his men to show no quarter, and, according to White, fifty or sixty were killed and two hundred wounded.

In a moment the affair was taken up and echoed through France. It was worth an army to the cause of rebellion. The military churches rose. So complete was their organization that almost simultaneously thirty-five cities were taken, the Cevennes, the Vivarrais, and the Comté Venaissin were in revolt. Everywhere the Catholic worship was suppressed, the churches stripped, the clergy banished, while the riches torn from the shrines and altars enabled them to maintain the war.

The shrine of St. Martin of Tours, venerated and enriched by the piety of France during a thousand years, gave Condé, prince of the blood, a million two thousand livres to devastate France. To add to their strength, the Huguenots then formed the treaty of Hampton Court with Elizabeth, and by it agreed to restore Calais to England.

As we have seen, they took Lyons, and, after massacring priests and religious, abolished the Mass, and with the same breath declared that every one should be free in his religion. As the Catholics were unprepared, city after city fell into their hands, till no less than two hundred were swept by these devastating hordes, fiercer than Goth or Vandal. The history of every French city marks at this epoch the destruction of all that the past had revered. Orleans, Mans, Troyes, Tours, Bayeux, all repeat the same story. Everywhere priests, religious of both sexes, Catholic laity, were butchered and mutilated with every barbarity. The Baron des Adrets stands forth as the terrible butcher of this period, who made his barbarity a sport, and trained the mind of France to savage inhumanity. In the little town of Montbrison, in August, 1562, he slaughtered more than eight hundred men, women, and children.

The recent French historian, Martin, whose work is in process of publication in this country, glosses over this period by merely alluding to the profanation and pillage of the Catholic churches and religious houses.

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Every local history in France, however, attests the slaughter and mutilation of the clergy, the last infamy always popularly ascribed to the order of Coligny. Beza, writing in January, 1562, admits that the Protestants of Aquitaine, though enjoying full religious liberty, massacred priests and wished to exterminate their enemies.

This sudden rebellion was the work of Coligny, who, with his army of religious enthusiasts, and "all the restless, factious, and discontented, who linked their fortunes to a party whose triumph would involve confiscation of the wealth of the church," with German mercenaries and English plunderers, swept through the land with prayer on his lips and treason in his heart.

He cloaked his treason under the hypocritical pretext that he was in arms not against the king, but against the king's advisers. White allows himself to be deluded by this hypocritical sham, and in several places censures the *treasonable* conduct of the Cardinal of Lorraine and others, who wrote to the King of Spain soliciting his aid to save Catholicity in France, while Coligny, in arms against his king, making treaties with Elizabeth of England, introducing into France English and German mercenaries, is never branded as a traitor at all. And if Condé and Coligny merely sought to banish the Guises, how was that to be effected by pillaging Catholic churches? They took up arms to exterminate the leaders of the Catholic party and the clergy, suppress the Catholic worship, and place Condé on the throne. White, too, censures the pope for interfering, but neglects to put before his reader the fact that part of France, the Comté Venaissin, then belonged to the Holy See, and that in that part the Huguenots were committing the same ravages. Meanwhile the royal armies rallied; and, as a first step, endeavored to induce the Huguenot leaders to lay down their arms. Condé was so far influenced by the offers made, that he agreed to leave France if Guise would do the same, but Beza traversed the projects of peace. He besought the prince, says White, "not to give over the good work he had begun, which God, whose honor it concerned, would bring to perfection."

Negotiation failing, the royal troops began the campaign to recover the conquered cities. Blois, Tours, Poitiers, Angers, Bourges, and Rouen were at once retaken, and Orleans, the stronghold of reform, besieged. In the battle of Dreux, fought on the 19th of December, the rebels were utterly defeated, Condé remaining a prisoner in the hands of the royal forces.

While besieging Orleans, (February 18th,) Guise was assassinated by Jean Méré de Poltrot, a man whom Coligny aided with money, and who had revealed to that nobleman his project of murder. White's endeavor to exculpate Coligny is very lame. He deems it suspicious that Poltrot was executed at once without his being confronted with Coligny; as though the rebel general would have come into court for the purpose, in the very heat of the civil war. He finally, however, admits: "This leaves no doubt that Coligny assented, if he did not consent, to the crime. He was not unwilling to profit by it, though he would do nothing to further it. This may diminish the lofty moral pedestal on which some writers have placed the Protestant hero; but he was a man, and had all a man's failings, though he may have controlled them by his religious principles. Nor was assassination considered at all cowardly or disgraceful

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in those days; not more so than killing a man in a duel was, until very recently, among us."

As he knew the project and gave money, it is hard to see how "he would do nothing to further it." That he had all a man's failings is a very loose form of speech; so loose and broad that, if assassination was not then deemed cowardly or disgraceful, the subsequent killing of Coligny himself, "a man with all a man's failings," can scarcely be deemed cowardly or disgraceful. In fact, at the time, the Protestant party openly defended the murder of Guise, and Beza, not exempt himself from suspicion of complicity, "conferred on Poltrot the martyr's crown."

The Catholic party, thus deprived of its best military leader, (for Montmorency was a prisoner, and St. André was butchered in cold blood after the battle of Dreux,) again inclined to peace. A negotiation, opened through Condé, resulted in the pacification of Amboise, March 19th, 1563. This gave each man liberty to profess the religion of his choice in his own domicile, but restricted public worship of the Protestants more than the edict of January had done.

The conference at Bayonne between the French and Spanish courts has often been represented as a plot for the utter extermination of the Huguenots. White shows that it was but a series of festivities; and though the troubles were spoken of, neither court counselled violent measures. Even Alva went no further than suggesting the seizure of the most turbulent leaders.

Charles himself, favorable at Bayonne, became embittered against the reformers, as White himself states, by what he saw as he returned through the states of the Queen of Navarre, who had, with relentless fury, extirpated Catholicity from her territory.

The pacification could not restore peace to the excited public mind while the two antagonistic parties stood face to face. The favor shown to Condé after he joined in expelling his English allies from Havre, as well as to Coligny, whom Montmorency summoned to garrison Paris, emboldened the reformers. The remaining Catholic churches began to undergo the terrible profanation that visited so many, and with this came retaliation. The Protestant princes in Germany at this time appealed to Charles to show lenity to their fellow-believers in his kingdom. The French monarch rebuked their intermeddling, and added, "I might also pray them to permit the Catholics to worship freely in their own cities." And White admits that the Catholics there fared no better than the Huguenots in France.

Meanwhile the Huguenot party was preparing for a new effort to obtain complete control. A force raised to watch the Spanish movements in the Low Countries was made the pretext. A plot was formed to seize the king and his mother, and Coligny, to blind the court, remained superintending his vineyards. But on the 28th of September, 1567, all France was in flames. Fifty towns were seized, and a strong force of Huguenot cavalry dashed upon Meaux to seize the king. Charles, nearly entrapped by the specious L'Hopital, reached Paris, protected by a body of gentlemen under the Duke de Nemours, but Condé pressed so close that Charles more than once turned on his pursuers, and fought at the head of his little body-guard.

As before, the Catholics were without union or plan, while the Huguenots were an organized body of secret conspirators, acting on a well-concerted plan.

Protestant allegiance to a Catholic monarch has never been very strong;

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indeed, it seems simply a creature of circumstance, not a matter of obligation. The attempt to set aside a Catholic sovereign after the death of Edward VI. and of Charles II. has never been treated as a crime. In the same spirit, White sees nothing wrong in Condé except failure: "His failure (to seize the king's person) made him a traitor as well as a rebel." And yet, with that strange perversity of ideas that seems inherent in his school, he at once brands the Cardinal of Lorraine as a traitor for inviting in the King of Spain, as Condé had Elizabeth.

The battle of St. Denis, under the walls of Paris, cost the royal party the life of Montmorency, while it gave them a doubtful victory. The usual horrors again desolated France. Nismes, in 1567, witnessed its famous Michelade, or massacre of the Catholics. It was a deliberate act. White says none has attempted to justify it. He puts the number of victims at seventy or eighty, but cites no authority. Mesnard, in his *Histoire de Nismes;* and Vaissette, in his *Histoire Générale de Languedoc*, make it from one hundred and fifty to three hundred.

The military operations continued until Catharine visited the Huguenot camp, and effected the treaty of Longjumeau, (March 20th, 1568.) But this peace was as hollow as the rest. White charges that the Catholics put numbers of Protestants to death. The Huguenots certainly continued their destruction of Catholic churches. "Brequemant, one of their leaders," says White, "cheered them on to murder, wearing a string of priests' ears around his neck."

At last the Catholics saw the necessity of organizing, and in June, 1568, a Christian and Royal League was formed at Champagne, "to maintain the Catholic Church in France, and preserve the crown in the house of Valois, so long as it shall govern according to the Catholic and Apostolic religion."

This White qualifies as "a formidable league that shook the throne, and brought France to the brink of destruction:" while he has no such terms to apply to the military organization of the Huguenot churches, which was endeavoring to seize the government, and raise Condé to the throne under the name of Louis XIII.

The Catholics did not act too soon. The Huguenots were again ripe for action. The leaders retired to Rochelle, and France was again in arms. Elizabeth sent to Rochelle men, arms, and money; the Prince of Orange also promised aid.

The first great battle was fought at Jarnac, March 13th, 1569, where Condé was defeated and killed. Andelot died soon after, in May, and Duke Wolfgang, of Deux Ponts, who brought fourteen thousand Germans to swell the Huguenot ranks, soon followed. Coligny gained some advantage in the action at Roche Abeille, showing terrible cruelty to the prisoners; but in the battle of Moncontour his army of eighteen thousand was scattered to the winds, scarcely a thousand being left around him. Then cries for quarter were met by shouts of "Remember Roche Abeille!"

Retreating, Coligny was joined by Montgomery, fresh from that terrible massacre of Orthez, before which St. Bartholomew itself pales, three thousand Catholics having been butchered, without regard to age or sex, and the river Gave being actually dammed up by the bodies of the Catholics. The indecisive action of Arnay le Duc led to negotiations resulting in the treaty of St. Germain, August, 1570.

These treaties are differently viewed. The proposal for them always came from the court, and followed

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every victory gained by the Catholic party. White would make them out to be traps laid by Catharine ; Gandy seems to lean to the same solution in attributing them to her, though he makes her object to have been to prevent the Guises from being complete masters.

But may we not suppose the Catholic party sincere in their wish for peace? They were never first to take up arms ; they were unorganized ; the court was wavering, and always contained a number of secret allies of the Huguenot cause. That the Huguenot leaders, after a defeat, should through these raise a peace party at court would be a matter of course. The peace gave them all they needed—time to prepare for a new campaign.

Charles IX. was sincere in his wish to make the treaty of St. Germain a reality. In the interval of tranquillity he married, and turned his thoughts to foreign affairs, proposing to aid the Netherlands against the King of Spain. But the Huguenot leaders kept together in the strong city of Rochelle, ready for prompt action. At last, however, Coligny, in September, 1571, repaired to court, where he was received by Charles with great cordiality. Two marriage schemes were now set on foot to strengthen the Protestant cause—the marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret, sister of Charles IX., and the marriage of his brother, D'Alençon, to Queen Elizabeth. Even Jane, Queen of Navarre, came to Blois to negotiate in regard to the marriage of her son.

Coligny so far gained Charles that a French force took Mons, and an army under Genlis, marching to that place, was defeated by the Spaniards, under Don Federigo de Toledo. The marriage of Henry took place on the 18th of August, and seemed to confirm Coligny's paramount influence at court.

This influence, thus suddenly acquired, is in itself a great mystery. Why Charles should thus take to his confidence a man who had so recently and so repeatedly organized armed treason, who had ravaged and desolated half his kingdom, who had laid in ruins nearly half the churches and religious establishments of France, has never been satisfactorily explained.

That Charles was a mere hypocrite, and that his conduct was part of a concerted plot, does not seem at all warranted by any evidence that deserves consideration. That he could really have conceived so sudden an attachment, confidence, and respect for the admiral can be explained only as one of the sudden freaks of a man whose mind was eccentric to the very verge of insanity. But Coligny really ruled in the councils of France ; the Guises were, in a manner, banished from court. Catharine and Anjou saw their influence daily decrease. Coligny insisted on war with Spain, and plainly told Charles that he must fight Spain or his own subjects—use the Huguenots to aid Holland against Philip II., or behold civil war again ravaging France.

Catharine strongly opposed this warlike spirit, and sought means to regain her lost power.

The arrogant attitude of Coligny was fast uniting all whom jealousy or personal interest had divided. As often happens, it needed but a spark to kindle a vast conflagration.

One of the great historical questions has been as to the premeditation of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Huguenot pamphleteers of the day, followed by the overrated De Thou, Voltaire and his school, and the less temperate Catholic writers, maintain that the plot was long

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before concerted. White, by his chain of authorities, shows that it was at first aimed at Coligny only, and that the general massacre was not premeditated.

Anjou expressly states that, finding the influence of the admiral dangerous to himself and his mother, they determined to get rid of him, and to concert means with the Duchess of Nemours, "whom alone we ventured to admit into the plot, because of the mortal hatred she bore to the admiral," in her mind the real murderer of her husband, the Duke of Guise.

This statement of Anjou is supported by the testimony of Michieli (Baschet, *Diplomatie Venetienne*, p. 541) and of the nuncio Salviati.

This makes the first move one of the court party against Coligny personally. The Catholic party, then a recently formed organization, had no part in it; and yet, if we may credit the statement of Cretineau Joly, who has never deceived as to a document he professes to possess, Catholicity in France was in imminent peril, Coligny having, in a letter of June 15th, 1572, to the Prince of Orange, given notice of an intended general execution of the Catholics in September. If a general massacre was plotted, the Catholic party were to be victims, not actors.

Coligny's death having been decided on, Henry de Guise was admitted to the plot, and the execution assigned to him. It needed little to stimulate him to shoot down one who had been privy to his father's assassination. An officer, either Maurevert or Tosinghi, was stationed in a vacant house belonging to Canon Villemur, and as Coligny rode past fired at him, cutting off the first finger of the right hand, and burying a ball in his left arm.

Charles was, as all admit, not only not privy to this act, but was deeply incensed at it. He ordered the assassin to be pursued, and, in despatches to other parts of the kingdom, gave assurance of his intention to adhere to the edict of pacification and to punish all who infringed it. Accompanied by his mother and his brother Henry, he went, that same afternoon, to see the admiral. There a long private conversation ensued between the king and Coligny. White gives this at length from a life of Coligny, published in 1576, but which cannot surely be held as authority. It rests probably on no better source than the *Mémoires de l'Etat de France.*

Charles, in his letter to the French ambassador at London, tells him that this "vile act proceeds from the enmity between Coligny's house and the house of Guise. I will take steps to prevent their involving my subjects in their quarrels."

Whether the interview changed the king's mind as to the source of the attempt, of course is only conjectural. Still acting in good faith, he appointed a commission of inquiry, including members of both religions, the Huguenots apparently suggested by Coligny.

Charles returned to his palace moody and incensed. He ordered guards to protect Coligny against any furthur violence, and by his demeanor alarmed his mother and Henry. The Duke d'Aumale and Henri de Guise, foreseeing a tempest, withdrew to the Hôtel de Guise, and shut themselves up.

The position of affairs was strange enough. The admiral was not wounded so as to excite any alarm as to his recovery; the loss of a finger and a bullet-wound in the arm, injuries not requiring, one would suppose, the nine physicians and eleven surgeons called in. But it was an

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attempt on the life of the leader of their party, and the Huguenots determined to pursue it at all hazards. The more violent of them marched through the streets in military array, threatening not only the Guises, who were considered the prime movers, but Anjou, the queen-mother, and even the king himself. They passed the Hôtel de Guise with every mark of defiance, and proceeding to the Louvre, made their way to the king's presence as he sat at supper, fiercely demanding vengeance: "If the king refuses us justice," they cried, "we will take the matter into our own hands."

This violence could not but have had its effect on the king. At all events, it must have made him ready to credit any charge of violence brought against them. Catharine was clearly overjoyed at the false step of the Huguenots, as offering her a means of escape from her critical position.

On Saturday, after dinner, a cabinet council was held, and here, according to Tavannes, Anjou, and Queen Margaret of Navarre, it was for the first time proposed to Charles to put an end to all the troubles by cutting *off* Coligny and the leaders of the party. The council was composed, it is said, of Catharine, Anjou, Nevers, Tavannes, Retz, and the chancellor Birague. Of Catharine and Anjou, afterward Henry III., we need say nothing. Tavannes was little but a soldier, ready for action. The rest, strangely enough, were Italians. Louis de Gonzaga, Duke of Nevers by marriage, was timid and easily led; Albert de Gondi, Marshal de Retz, foster-brother of the king, was a schemer; René de Birague is represented by Mezeray as one who bent before every breath of wind from the court.

Not only in this council was there no one of the Huguenot party so recently restored to favor, but no one of the moderate party, none even of the old French nobility. All but Tavannes were bound to Catharine, and would naturally support her.

According to Anjou and Tavannes, Catharine urged the necessity of the blow to prevent a new civil war, for which the Huguenots were preparing, having sent for ten thousand Germans and six thousand Swiss, their object being to place Henry of Navarre on the throne. Margaret states that they made the king believe his life in danger. The nuncio Salviati, in his despatch of September 2d, also ascribes the king's ultimate action to the instigation of Catharine, impelled by her fears.

Charles hesitated long, and at last yielded, crying: "Kill all, then, that none may live to reproach me." The words of the weak king, wrought to madness by his perplexities, seem to have been accepted at once; and the scheme of murder took a wider scope. The Huguenots were doomed.

The question arises, Had Catharine any ground for charging the Huguenots with a plot against the king? A despatch of the Duke of Alva had been received, announcing it. White derides the idea as preposterous. Gandy examines the subject, and admits that the charge lacks all requisite proof. He ascribes the whole to fear. But this does not seem to explain it sufficiently.

The fact of a plot formed after Coligny's wound must have been established in some degree at least, to have brought the king to the policy of the queen-mother. The bed of justice on the 26th, the solemn declaration of Charles, the action of the Parliament, may have been rash and unsupported by proper testi-

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mony, but were to all appearance sincere. Charles was not a hypocrite. The declarations of Bouchavannes as to what was proposed at Coligny's house were doubtless more than justified by the loud threats of some of the leaders, like De Pilles and Pardaillan, whose words and deeds make La Noue call them stupid, clumsy fools.

The solution of this historical question is made the more difficult from the speedy termination of the house of Valois. That family and the League come down to us under a heavy cloud of odium; the succession of Henry IV. to the throne made them the only parties on whom all might safely lay the burden of an act at once a crime and a blunder, while it was equally necessary to shield the party with which Henry then acted from any charge of conspiracy. Interest raised up apologists for him and his associates; there was none to do reverence to the name of Catharine or the fallen house of Valois.

Once that the council had decided on its bloody course, the action was prompt. Guise, from being a prisoner in his house, was summoned to command. To the leaders of the people of Paris he repeated the charge of a Huguenot conspiracy against the king, of Swiss and German invaders, adding the approach of a force under Montmorency to burn the city. At four in the afternoon Anjou rode through the streets. At ten, another council was held, to which Le Charron, provost of the merchants, was summoned. To him the king repeated the same charges, giving him orders to put the able-bodied men in each ward under arms, and take precaution for the safety of the city.

Meanwhile, Huguenot gentlemen entered the palace as usual, and Catholics mingled with the Huguenots who called upon Coligny.

White makes an observation that must strike all: "It is strange that the arrangements in the city, which must have been attended with no little commotion, did not rouse the suspicion of the Huguenots."

At midnight another council was held in the palace. Charles was violent and wavered, but Catharine held him to his decision, and Guise went forth to complete the work.

Between three and four in the morning, Guise, Aumale, Angoulême, Nevers, with some German and Italian soldiery, proceeded to Coligny's house. Admission was gained in the king's name, and Carl Dianowitz, or Behm, ran the admiral through, others finishing him as he fell to the floor. The body was then thrown from the window, where Guise and Angoulême treated it contemptuously. Petrucci cut off the head. The mob mutilated the body, as priests had been, by the admiral's orders, and it was finally hung on the public gallows at Montfauçon. All the occupants of the house were slain but two, Merlin and Cornaton. In the adjoining dwellings were Teligny, Rochefoucault, and others, who were all slain.

Then came the signal from Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, and the massacre became general. The Huguenot gentlemen in the Louvre were slain before the eyes of the king to the number of two hundred, says White in his text, although his footnote, citing Queen Margaret's account, says her estimate of thirty or forty is more probable.

In the city, the houses in which Huguenots lodged had been registered, and were thus easily found. The soldiers burst in, killing all they found; but the citizens seem to have gone too far. At five in the after-

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noon, they were ordered to lay down their arms, although the work of blood was continued for two days by the soldiery.

The details of the massacre would extend this article much too far.

Among the questions that have arisen, is the alleged firing of Charles on the drowning Huguenots thrown into the Seine. It is asserted in the party pamphlets, the *Réveille-Matin*, 1574, *Le Tocsin*, 1579, but rests chiefly on what Froude calls "the worthless authority of Brantome."

A more important point is the number of victims. The estimates differ widely:

La Popelinière, a Huguenot contemporary	1,000
Kirkaldy of Grange, in a letter to Scotland at the time, and the *Tocsin*, a pamphlet of the day, as well as Tavannes, a main actor in the slaughter	2,000
Aubigné, another Huguenot author, and Capilupi	3,000
The estimates of ambassadors at Paris are higher.	
Alva's bulletin	3,500
Gomez de Silva, and the Simancas archives	5,000
Neustadt letter	6,000
Réveille-Matin, a party pamphlet	10,000

White bases his estimate on a curious calculation. An entry in the registers of the Hôtel de Ville states that on the 9th of September certain persons received 15 livres for burying dead bodies, and on the 23d the same men received 20 livres for burying 1100. He concludes that the 15 livres represented 1500, by what rule he does not explain, "giving," he says, "a known massacre of 2600." Even on his basis, 35 livres would really represent only 1925. But according to Caveirac, who first cites this entry, 35 livres were paid for interring 1100, which would give only about 1600 in all.

Gandy concludes his view of the matter by giving 1000 or 1200 as the nearest approach to the truth; but the estimate of Tavannes, an actor, Kirkaldy, a witness, and the *Tocsin*, a Huguenot pamphlet, would seem to be most authentic.

Thus fell the great admiral, the Cromwell of France, in religion less fanatical than hypocritical, a soldier of a high order, aiming under Calvin's teaching to make France a commonwealth with a religious tyranny that would brook no opposition. A man who occupied long a prominent position as one of the high nobility and rulers of the land, but who was simply a destroyer, not a creator; for no great work, no line of sound policy, no important reform, is connected with his name. His life was most injurious to the country, and but for the cowardly and cruel circumstances attending his death, he would occupy but a subordinate place in French history. Few other victims were eminent: Peter Ramus, the learned professor, Pierre de la Place, President of the Court of Ans, and some say Goujon, the sculptor. In fact, the more able leaders of the party had not come to Paris, and this renders the deed indefensible even on the ground of policy. The few nobles who hastened to bask in the sunshine of the court, were not the men most to be dreaded. The slaughter of men and women belonging to the lower classes could but rouse the sympathies of Europe.

The work of blood was not confined to Paris. Throughout France, as the news spread of a Huguenot conspiracy against the king, the scene was reënacted. Of this, White remarks: "The writers who maintain that the tragedy of Saint Bartholomew's day was the result of a long premeditation support their opinion by what occurred in the provinces; but it will be found, after careful examination, that these various incidents tend rather to prove the absence of any such premeditation."

Were orders sent from court to

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massacre the Huguenots? White, on the authority of Davila, De Thou, and expressions in certain letters, inclines to the opinion that verbal orders were sent. Gandy as positively asserts that no such orders were given. The provincial registers show no trace of such orders. Yet he admits secret orders, subsequently recalled by Charles, and gives a letter addressed to Montsoreau, dated August 26th, which is explicit. The massacres took place as follows: Meaux, August 25th; La Charité, August 27th; Saumur and Angers, August 29th; Lyons, August 30th; Troyes, September 2d; Bourges, September 15th; Rouen, September 17th; Romans, September 20th; Toulouse, September 23d; Bordeaux, October 3d; Poitiers, October 27th. They were thus continued from time to time for two months; long after Charles formally revoked any secret orders given on the spur of the moment. This point is involved in as great obscurity as any other connected with the affair.

Several letters current as to the matter, including those of De Tende and Orthez, are manifest forgeries. As to Saumur, White represents Montsoreau as killing *all* the Huguenots in that town. The only authority, *Mémoires de l'Etat de France*, says he killed all he could, and the whole charge rests on this feeble foundation. There is similar exaggeration elsewhere. White, speaking of Lyons, says: "In this city alone 4000 persons are estimated to have been killed;" but in his note adds that one authority says that they were all killed in *one* day, "which is not probable." He then cites another contemporary brochure setting down the total at Lyons at 1800; and he corrects the error of De Thou, who asserted that the Celestine canons allowed Huguenots to be killed in their monastery, when Protestant authorities admit that the religious saved the lives of those very fugitives.

What was the number slain in the provinces? The martyrologies, by a detailed estimate, make those killed in Paris 10,000, elsewhere 5168, and names 152 as identified in Paris, 634 in the provinces; but the estimate for Paris is of the very highest, and should, as we have seen, not exceed 2000. The very fact that, with researches and personal recollections, only 152 names could be recalled, being one in a hundred out of 10,000, while elsewhere one in eight was known, is very suspicious. Taking his figures for the provinces, it would reduce the whole number in France to about 7000.

After giving the calculations or guesses of various authors, ranging from 2000 to 100,000, White says: "If it be necessary to choose from these hap-hazard estimates, that of De Thou is preferable, from the calm, unexaggerating temper of the man." De Thou's estimate for all France was 30,000. Gandy thinks the number given by Popelinière (2000) nearer the truth.

Under the examination of impartial history, the massacre of St. Bartholomew dwindles really to far less in numbers, extent, and brutality than the massacre of the Irish Catholics under Cromwell; and does not greatly exceed the number of victims of the Huguenot outbreak in 1563.

One other point remains. Charles, on the 25th, represented the massacre in Paris as a collision between the houses of Guise and Chatillon; but from the 26th he uniformly charges a conspiracy against his person. This he announced to all the foreign courts in explanation. His letter to Gregory XIII. an-

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nounced the escape of the royal family and the punishment of the conspirators. The nuncio Salviati, in his letters, shows a belief in the reality of the plot. At Rome, the Cardinal of Lorraine, brother of the murdered Guise, was high in influence. What his views and feelings would be on the receipt of the tidings of the discovery of a plot, and the sudden action of the king, it is easy to conceive. In his eyes it was a triumph of justice, religion, loyalty, and law. The pope received the same impression, and under it proceeded to chant a *Te Deum* at Santa Maria Maggiore. Processions followed. A medal, well known from its frequent reproduction, was struck. But in all this there is nothing to show that Rome knew of the intended massacre or counselled it. Gregory XIII. approved it, only as represented in the brief despatches of Charles IX. and the verbal statements of Beauvillé, to which they refer.

Nor did the clergy in France take any part. No bishop shared in the council, no priest or religious roused the minds of the people. They figure, indeed, in romances, but history is silent. Even in the most virulent pamphlets of the time only three are ever mentioned, the Bishop of Troyes, Sorbin, king's confessor at Orleans, and Father Edmond Auger, at Bordeaux. The Bishop of Troyes is charged with having approved the massacre there, but White does not even name the bishop in connection with the murders at that place, and says they were done by a drunken mob, and "filled the humane Catholics with horror."

At Orleans, White reduces the 1850 of the *Martyrologe* to 1400, and gives details, but is silent as to any action of Sorbin, or the terrible Franciscan who insulted the Huguenots, received their abjuration, and said Mass for them. Evidently, White found the charges against these clergymen too frivolous even for a stray allusion.

He attributes the massacre at Bordeaux to the preaching of Father Auger, but cites no authority. Fortunately, Auger is not an unknown man. His life has long been in circulation. He was a missionary, known for years among the Protestants, amid whom he had prosecuted his labors. He had suffered imprisonment for the faith; he had even been led to the gallows by order of the Baron des Adrets. So notorious were his charity, his virtue, and his merit, that the voice of Protestant and Catholic alike was raised to save him. Are we to believe on the vaguest of grounds that such a man suddenly became a monster of intolerance? White blushed to give his authority; he should have been ashamed to make the charge.

But it would scarcely do to let his book go forth without lugging in at least one priest. Of the proceedings at Rome he makes more capital. After stating what was done, and mistranslating a Latin phrase to make Charles IX. an angel, he says: "With such damning evidence against the Church of Rome, a recent defender of that church vainly contends that the clergy had no part in the massacre, and that the rejoicings were over rebels cut off in the midst of their rebellion, and not heretics murdered for their religion." The logic of this is admirable. The pope and cardinals ordered rejoicings on receiving despatches from the King of France, announcing that, having discovered a plot against his life and throne, he had put the rebels to the sword; *therefore* the Catholic clergy had a part in the massacre.

Apply the same to Drogheda. Par-

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liament thanked God for Cromwell's massacre of the Irish after granting quarter, and rewarded a captain for throwing prisoners overboard at sea; *therefore* the Puritan clergy had a part in the massacre, and the evidence is damning.

The labors of Mr. White, however, on the whole, will do good. The wild assertions that fill our school-books and popular histories must give place to statements that will be justified by his work. It gives a standard to which we may appeal, and, if not all that we would claim, is so far on the way to impartiality that we may feel thankful for it.

It is not little to have wrung from the London *Athenæum* the admission that the common view of St. Bartholomew is "one of the great historical errors which has been transmitted from teachers to taught during a long course of years."

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN AND CHATRIAN.

THE INVASION; OR, YEGOF THE FOOL.

CHAPTER I.

If you would know the story of the great invasion of 1814, even as the old hunter, Frantz of Hengst, related it to me, you must accompany me to the village of Charmes, in the Vosges. Thirty cottages, ranged along the bank of the Sarre, and roofed with slate and dark green moss, compose the hamlet; you can see the gables garlanded with ivy and withered honeysuckle—for winter is approaching—and the leafless hedges separating the little gardens from each other.

To the left, crowning a lofty mountain, rise the ruins of the ancient castle of Falkenstein, a fortalice, dismantled and demolished two hundred years ago by the Swedes. It is now but a scattered heap of stones, only approached by an old *schlitte*, or road for transporting felled trees, which pierces the forest. To the right, on the mountain-side, is seen the farm of Bois-de-Chênes, with its barns, stables, and sheds, on the flat roofs of which are placed great stones, to enable them to resist the furious northern blasts. A few cattle stray upon the heather, and a few goats clamber among the rocks.

Everything is silent. Children in gray trousers, bare-headed and bare-footed, are warming themselves around little fires, kindled near the edge of the wood, and the blue smoke curls slowly through the air; heavy white and gray clouds hang motionless over the valley, and far above these rise the sterile peaks of Grosmann and Donon.

You must know that the last house of the village—that with two glazed dormer windows upon the slanting roof, and the low door opening upon the muddy street—belonged, in 1813, to Jean-Claude Hullin, an ancient volunteer of '92; but since his return from the wars, the shoe, or, rather, sabot-maker of the village, and enjoying a large share of the esteem of the mountaineers. He was a stout, strongly built man, with gray eyes, thick lips, a short nose, and

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heavy, grizzled eyebrows. He was jovial and tender-hearted, and unable to refuse anything to his adopted daughter, Louise, whom he had obtained, when an infant, from a band of those miserable gypsies who, without hearth or home themselves, wander from door to door, soldering spoons and pans, and mending broken china. He, however, looked upon her as his own daughter, and never remembered her as the child of a strange race.

Besides this, his affection for his little girl, stout Jean-Claude had a few others. Next in order, he loved his cousin, the venerable mistress of Bois-de-Chênes, Catherine Lefevre, and her son, Gaspard, a fine young fellow, betrothed to Louise, but whom the conscription had carried off, leaving the two families to await the end of the campaign and his return.

Hullin often recalled, and always with enthusiasm, his campaigns of the Sambre-and-Meuse, of Italy and of Egypt. He often mused upon them, and sometimes at evening, when his day's work was done, he would wander to the saw-mill of Valtin, a gloomy building, formed of logs covered with the bark, which you see yonder at the bottom of the gorge. There he would sit, in the midst of coal-burners and wood-cutters, before the huge fire made of saw-dust, and while the heavy wheel kept turning, the sluice thundering, and the saw cutting, would he discourse of Hoche, of Kleber, and of General Bonaparte, whom he had seen a hundred times, and whose thin face, piercing eyes, and aquiline nose he drew over and over again.

Such was Jean-Claude Hullin, one of the old Gallic stock, loving strange adventures and deeds of heroic emprise, but bound by the feeling of duty to his toil from New-Year's day to Saint Sylvester's.

Louise, his gypsy daughter, was slight and graceful, with long, delicate hands, and eyes of so tender a blue that their glance seemed to melt their way to the depths of your soul; her skin was white as snow, her hair a gold-shot flaxen, soft as silk, and her shoulders drooped like those of some sweet sculptured saint at prayer. Her guileless smile, her musing brow, her whole form, seemed to recall the antique lay of Erhart the Minnesinger, wherein he says: "I saw a ray of light flash by, and mine eyes are yet dazed with its lustre. Was it the moon glancing through the leaves? Was it morning smiling beneath the woods? No, no! It was Edith, my love, who passed; and still mine eyes are dazed."

Louise loved the fields, the gardens, and the flowers. In spring she eagerly listened for the first notes of the lark, or sought the bluebells beneath the bushes, or watched for the return of the sparrows to the corners of the windows on the roof. She was ever the child of the wandering gypsies, only a little less wild than they; but Hullin forgave everything; he understood her nature, and often cried, laughing:

"My poor Louise, with the booty you bring us—your bunches of flowers and little birds—we should all die of hunger in a week."

But she would only smile, and he, as he returned to his work, exclaim:

"Bah! why should I scold? She is right to love the sunlight, and Gaspard will labor for both!"

So reasoned the good man, and days, weeks, and months rolled by in patient waiting for Gaspard's return.

But Gaspard returned not, and now for two months they had had no tidings of him.

One day, toward the middle of December, 1813, between three and

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four o'clock in the afternoon, Hullin, bent over his work-bench, was finishing a pair of spiked sabots for Rochart, the wood-cutter. Louise had placed her flowers near the little stove which crackled on the hearth, while the monotonous tick-tack of the old village clock marked the seconds as they flew, and occasionally the tramp of clogs upon the frozen earth was heard without, and a head covered with a hat or wrapped in a hood passed the window. At length, Hullin, glancing through the panes of the window, suddenly stopped his labor, and stood with both eyes wide open, as one gazing at some unusual sight.

At the corner of the street, just opposite the tavern of the Three Pigeons, a strange figure was advancing, surrounded by a crowd of jumping, laughing boys, each vying with the other in shouting at the top of his voice: "King of Diamonds! King of Diamonds!" In truth, a stranger figure could scarcely be imagined. Fancy a man with a grave face and red beard; a gloomy eye, straight nose, eyebrows meeting, a circlet of tin upon his head, an iron-gray shepherd dog-skin flapping upon his back, the two fore-paws knotted around his neck; his breast covered with little copper crosses, his legs with a sort of gray stuff trousers, and his feet bare. A large raven with lustrous black wings was perched upon his shoulder. One might think, from the majesty of his air and gait, that an ancient Merovingian king had come back to earth; and, indeed, he carried a short stick cut to the shape of a sceptre, while with his right hand he gesticulated magnificently, pointing to the skies and apostrophizing his attendants.

Every door opened as he passed, and curious faces were pressed against every window-pane. A few old women upon the outside stairs of their cottages called to him, but he deigned no reply; others descended to the street and would have barred his passage, but he, with head erect and brows haughtily raised, waved them aside.

"Hold!" said Hullin, "here is Yegof. I did not expect to see him again this winter, it is contrary to his habit; and what can he mean by returning in such weather as this?"

Louise, laying aside her distaff, ran to look at the King of Diamonds; for the appearance of the fool in the beginning of winter was quite an event, and the source of amusement to many who were glad to kill time in the taverns, listening to the story of his imaginary power and glory; others, especially women, felt a vague fear of him; for the ideas of fools, as everybody knows, are sometimes drawn from another world than this—to them is confided the knowledge of the past and future; the only difficulty is in understanding them, for their words have always a double sense—one for the ears of the coarse and vulgar, and one, far different, for wise and lofty souls. Moreover, the thoughts of Yegof, above those of all other fools, were extraordinary—not to say sublime. No one knew whence he came, whither he went; he wandered through the land like a soul in pain; he vaunted the greatness of long extinct nations, and called himself Emperor of Austrasia, of Polynesia, and other far-off places. Volumes might be written of the strength and beauty of his castles, his fortresses, and his palaces, the number and grandeur of which he related with an air of much modesty and simplicity. He spoke of his stables, his coursers, the officers of his crown, his ministers, counsellors, and intendants, and never did he mistake their names or attribute the particular merits of one to another;

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but he complained bitterly of having been dethroned by an accursed race, and Sapience Coquelin, the wise old woman of the village, as well as others, wept whenever he referred to the subject. Then would he, lifting his hand toward heaven, cry out:

"Be mindful, O women! The hour is at hand! The spirit of darkness flees afar! The ancient race, the masters of your masters, come sweeping on like the billows of the sea!"

Every spring he wandered for weeks among the ruins which crown the Vosges at Nideck, Geroldseck, Lutzelbourg, and Turkestein — former dwellings of the great ones of earth, but now the refuge of bats and owls. There would he declaim on the long past splendor of his realms, and plan the subjection of his revolted people.

Jean-Claude Hullin laughed at all this, not being fond of approaching the invisible world; but the fool's words troubled Louise exceedingly, especially when the hoarse voice and flapping wings of the raven added to their wild effect.

Yegof marched majestically down the street, turning neither to the right nor the left, and the girl, seeing that his eyes were fixed upon her habitation, exclaimed:

"Father, father! he is coming here!"

"Very likely," replied Hullin. "He, no doubt, needs a pair of sabots in a cold like this, and if he asks them I should be sorry to refuse."

Yegof was some fifty paces from the cottage, and the tumult continued to increase. The boys, pulling at his strange garment, shouted, "Diamonds! Spades! Clubs!" till they were hoarse, when, suddenly turning round, he raised his sceptre, and cried furiously, though still with an air of majesty:

"Away! accursed race! away— or my dogs shall tear ye!"

This threat only redoubled the cries and shouts of laughter; but at this moment, Hullin appearing at the door with a long rod, and promising its speedy application to the backs of five or six of the noisiest, the band soon dispersed in terror, for many of them had felt its weight. Then turning to the fool, he said:

"Come in, Yegof, and take a seat by the fire."

"Call me not Yegof," replied the latter, with a look of offended dignity. "I am Luitprand, King of Austrasia and Polynesia."

"True, true, I remember," said Jean-Claude; "but, Yegof, or Luitprand, come in. It is cold; try to warm yourself."

"I will enter," answered the fool, "for reasons of state—to form an alliance between two most puissant nations."

"Good! Let us talk over it."

Yegof, stooping in the doorway, entered dreamily, and saluted Louise by lowering his sceptre. But the raven refused to follow. Spreading his broad black wings, he swept around the cottage and then dashed against the windows, as if to break them.

"Hans!" cried the fool, "beware! I am coming."

But the bird of ill omen fastened its pointed talons in the leaden sash, and flapped its wings until the window shook, as long as his master remained within. Louise gazed affrightedly at both. Yegof seated himself in the large leathern armchair behind the stove as on a throne, and throwing haughty glances around, said:

"I come straight from Jerome to conclude an alliance with thee, Hullin. Thou art not ignorant that the face of thy daughter hath pleased

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me. I am here to demand her in marriage."

Louise blushed, and Hullin burst into a peal of laughter.

"You laugh!" cried the fool angrily. "You will live to regret it! This alliance alone can save thee from the ruin which threatens thee and thine. Even now my armies are advancing; they cover the earth, numberless as the forest leaves in summer. What will avail the might of thy people against that of mine? Ye will be conquered, crushed, enslaved, as for centuries you were, for I, Luitprand, King of Austrasia and Polynesia, have willed it. All things shall be as they were, and then—remember me!"

He lifted his hand solemnly on high.

"Remember the past. You were beaten, despised serfs; and we—the old nations of the north—we trod your necks beneath our feet. We burdened your backs with heavy stones that our strong castles and deep dungeons might be built. We yoked you to our ploughs; you fled before us like chaff before the tempest. Remember, and tremble!"

"I remember it all well," replied Hullin, still laughing, "but you know we had our revenge."

"Ay," said the fool, knitting his brows, "but that time has passed. My warriors outnumber the sands of the shore, and your blood shall flow like rivers to the ocean. I know ye, and for a thousand years have marked ye!"

"Bah!" said Hullin.

"Yes, this arm vanquished ye when we first sought the hearts of your forests. This hand bent your necks to the yoke, and will again. Because you are brave, you think that you will be for ever masters of France; but we have divided your fair land, and will again divide it between ourselves. Alsace and Lorraine shall again be German; Brittany and Normandy shall again belong to the Northmen; Flanders and the South, to Spain. France will be a petty kingdom girdling Paris, with one of the ancient race its king, and you will not dare to murmur—you will be very patient—ha! ha! ha!"

Yegof laughed loudly in his turn.

Hullin, who knew little of history, was astounded at the fool's learning.

"Bah!" he exclaimed again. "Enough of this, Yegof. Try a little soup to warm your blood."

"I do not ask for food," replied the fool; "I ask your daughter in marriage. Give her willingly, and I will raise you to the foot of my throne; refuse, and my armies shall take her by force."

As he spoke, the poor wretch gazed on Louise with looks of the deepest admiration.

"How beautiful she is!" he murmured. "How her brow will grace a crown! Rejoice, sweet maiden, for thou shalt be Queen of Austrasia."

"Listen, Yegof," said Hullin: "I am flattered by your preference; and it shows that you know how to appreciate beauty; but my daughter is already betrothed to Gaspard Lefevre."

"Enough!" cried the fool, rising angrily, "we will now speak no more of it; but, Hullin," he continued, resuming his solemn tone, "this is my first demand. I will twice renew it. Hearest thou? Twice! If you persist in your obstinacy, woe, woe to thee and thy race!"

"Will you not take your soup, then, Yegof?"

"No!" shouted the fool; "I will accept nothing from you until you have consented — nothing!" And waving his sceptre, he sallied forth.

Hullin burst into another peal of laughter.

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"Poor fellow!" he exclaimed; "his eyes turned toward the pot in spite of himself; his teeth are chattering; but his folly is stronger than even cold and hunger."

"He frightens me," said Louise, blushing, notwithstanding, as she thought of his strange request.

Yegof kept on the Valtin road. Their eyes followed him as his distance from them grew greater. Still his stately march, his grave gestures, continued, though no one was now near to observe him. Night was falling fast; and soon the tall form of the King of Diamonds was blended with and lost in the winter twilight.

CHAPTER II.

The same evening, after supper, Louise, taking her spinning-wheel with her, went to visit Mother Rochart, at whose cottage the good matrons and young girls of the village often met, and remained until near midnight, relating old legends, chatting of the rain, the weather, baptisms, marriages, the departure or return of conscripts, or any other matters of interest.

Hullin, sitting before his little copper lamp, nailed the sabots of the old wood-cutter. He no longer gave a thought to Yegof. His hammer rose and fell upon the thick wooden soles mechanically, while a thousand fancies roamed through his mind. Now his thoughts wandered to Gaspard, so long unheard of; now to the campaign, so long prolonged. The lamp dimly lighted the little room; without, all was still. The fire grew dull; Jean-Claude arose to pile on another log, and then resumed his seat, murmuring:

"This cannot last; we shall receive a letter one of these days."

The village clock struck nine; and as Hullin returned to his work, the door opened, and Catherine Lefevre, the mistress of the Bois-de-Chênes farm, appeared on the threshold, to the astonishment of the sabot-maker, for it was not her custom to be abroad at such an hour.

Catherine Lefevre might have been sixty years of age, but her form was straight and erect as at thirty. Her clear, gray eyes and hooked nose seemed to resemble the eyes and beak of the eagle. Her thin cheeks and the drooping corners of her mouth betokened habits of thought, and gave a sad and somewhat bitter expression to her face. A long brown hood covered her head and fell over her shoulders. Her whole appearance bespoke a firm and resolute character, and inspired in the beholder a feeling of respect, not untinged with fear.

"You here, Catherine?" exclaimed Hullin in his surprise.

"Even I, Jean-Claude," replied the old woman calmly. "I wish to speak with you. Is Louise at home?"

"She is at Madeleine Rochart's."

"So much the better," said Catherine, seating herself at the corner of the work-bench.

Hullin gazed fixedly at her. There was something mysterious and unusual in her manner which caused in him a vague feeling of alarm.

"What has happened?" he asked, laying aside his hammer.

"Yegof the fool passed last night at the farm."

"He was here this afternoon," said Hullin, who attached no importance to the fact.

"Yes," continued Catherine, in a low tone; "he passed last night with us, and in the evening, at this hour, before the kitchen fire, his words were fearful."

"Fearful!" muttered the sabot-maker, more and more astonished,

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for he had never before seen the old woman in such a state of alarm. "What did he say, Catherine?"

"He spoke of things which awakened strange dreams."

"Dreams! You are mocking me."

"No, no," she answered. And then, after a moment of silence, fixing her eyes upon the wondering Hullin, she continued:

"Last evening, our people were seated, after supper, around the fire in the kitchen, and Yegof among them. He had, as usual, regaled us with the history of his treasures and castles. It was about nine o'clock, and the fool sat at the corner of the blazing hearth. Duchene, my laborer, was mending Bruno's saddle; Robin, the herdsman, was making a basket; Annette arranging her dishes on the cupboard; and I spinning before going to bed. Without, the dogs were barking at the moon, and it was bitter cold. We were speaking of the winter, which Duchene said would be severe, for he had seen large flocks of wild geese. The raven, perched on the corner of the chimney-piece, with his beak buried in his ruffled feathers, seemed to sleep."

The old woman paused a moment, as if to collect her thoughts; her eyes sought the floor, her lips closed tightly together, and a strange paleness overspread her face.

"What in the name of sense is she coming at?" thought Hullin.

She resumed:

"Yegof, at the edge of the hearth, with his tin crown upon his head and his sceptre laid across his knees, seemed absorbed in thought. He gazed at the huge black chimney, the great stone mantel-shelf, with its sculptured trees and men, and at the smoke which rose in heavy wreaths among the quarters of bacon. Suddenly he struck his sceptre upon the floor, and cried out like one in a dream, 'Yes, I have seen it all—all—long since!' And while we gazed on him with looks of astonishment, he proceeded:

"'Ay, in those days the forests of firs were forests of oak. Nideck, Dagsberg, Falkenstein—all the castles now old and ruined were yet unbuilt. In those days wild bulls were hunted through the woods; salmon were plenty in the Sarre; and you, the fair-haired race, buried in the snows six months of the year, lived upon milk and cheese, for you had great flocks on Hengst, Schneeberg, Grosmann, and Donon. In summer you hunted as far as the banks of the Rhine; as far as the Moselle, the Meuse. All this can I remember!'

"Was it not strange, Jean-Claude?" said the old woman. "As the fool spoke, I seemed, too, to remember those scenes, as if viewed in a dream. I let fall my distaff, and old Duchene and all the others stopped to listen. The fool continued:

"'Ay, it was long ago! You had already begun to build your tall chimneys; and you surrounded your habitations with palisades whose points had been hardened in the fire. Within you kept great dogs, with hanging cheeks, who bayed night and day.'

"Then he burst into a peal of crazy laughter, crying:

"'And you thought yourselves the lords of the land—you, the pale-faced and blue-eyed—you, who lived on milk and cheese, and touched no flesh save in autumn at your hunts—you thought yourselves lords of the mountain and the plain—when we, the red-bearded, came from the sea—we, who loved blood and the din of battle. 'Twas a rude war, ours. It lasted weeks and months; and your old chieftainess, Margareth, of the clan of the Kilberix, shut up in her palisades, surrounded

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by her dogs and her warriors, defended herself like a she-wolf robbed of her young. But five moons passed, and hunger came; the gates of her stronghold opened, that its defenders might fly; and we, ambushed in the brook, slew them all—all—save the children. She alone defended herself to the last, and I, Luitprand, clove her gray head, and spared her blind father, the oldest among the old, that I might chain him like a dog to my castle gate.'

"Then, Hullin," said the old woman, "the fool sang a long ballad—the plaint of the old man chained to his gate. It was sad, sad as the *Miserere*. It chilled our very blood. But he laughed until old Duchene, in a transport of rage, threw himself upon him to strangle him; but the fool is strong, and hurled him back. Then brandishing his sceptre furiously, he shouted:

"'To your knees, slaves! to your knees! My armies are advancing. The earth trembles beneath them. Nideck, Haut-Barr, Dagsberg, Turkestein, will again tower above you. To your knees!'

"Never did I gaze upon a more fearful figure; but seeing my people about to fall upon him, I interposed in his defence. 'He is but a fool,' I cried. 'Are you not ashamed to mind his words?' This quieted them, but I could not close my eyes the entire night. His story—the song of the old man—rang through my ears, and seemed mingled with the barking of our dogs and the din of combat. Hullin, what think you of it? I cannot banish his threats from my mind!"

"I should think," said the sabot-maker, with a look of pity not unmixed with a sort of sorrowful sarcasm—"I should think, Catherine, if I did not know you so well, that you were losing your senses—you and Duchene and Robin and all the rest."

"You do not understand these matters," said the old woman in a calm and grave tone; "but were you never troubled by things of like nature?"

"Do you mean that you believe this nonsense of Yegof?"

"Yes, I believe it."

"You believe it! You, Catherine Lefevre! If it was Mother Rochart, I would say nothing; but you—!"

He arose as if angry, untied his apron, shrugged his shoulders, and then suddenly, again seating himself, exclaimed:

"Do you know who this fool is? I will tell you. He is one of those German schoolmasters who turn old women's heads with their Mother Goose stories; whose brains are cracked with overmuch study, and who take their visions for actual events—their crazy fancies for reality. I always looked upon Yegof as one of them. Remember the mass of names he knows; he talks of Brittany and Austrasia—of Polynesia and Nideck and the banks of the Rhine, and so gives an air of probability to his vagaries. In ordinary times, Catherine, you would think as I do; but your mind is troubled at receiving no news from Gaspard, and the rumors of war and invasion which are flying around distract you; you do not sleep, and you look upon the sickly fancies of a poor fool as gospel truth."

"Not so, Hullin—not so. If you yourself had heard Yegof—"

"Come, come!" cried the good man. "If I had heard him, I would have laughed at him, as I do now. Do you know that he has demanded the hand of Louise, that he might make her Queen of Austrasia?"

Catherine could not help smiling; but soon resuming her serious air, she said:

"All your reasons, Jean-Claude,

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cannot convince me; but I confess that Gaspard's silence frightens me. I know my boy, and he has certainly written. Why have his letters not arrived? The war goes ill for us, Hullin; all the world is against us. They want none of our Revolution. While we were the masters, while we crowned victory with victory, they were humble enough, but since the Russian misfortune their tone is far different."

"There, there, Catherine; you are wandering; everything is black to you. What disturbs me most is not receiving any news from without; we are living here as in a country of savages; we know nothing of what is going on abroad. The Austrians or the Cossacks might fall upon us at any moment, and we be taken completely by surprise."

Hullin observed that as he spoke the old woman's look became anxious, and despite himself he felt the influence of the fears she spoke of.

"Listen, Catherine," said he suddenly; "as long as you talk reasonably I shall not gainsay you. You speak now of things that are possible. I do not believe they will attack us, but it is better to set our hearts at ease. I intended going to Phalsbourg this week. I shall set out to-morrow. In such a city—one which is, moreover, a post-station—they should have certain tidings of what is going on. Will you believe the news I bring back?"

"I will."

"Then it is understood. I will start early to-morrow morning. It is five leagues off. I shall have returned by about six in the evening, and you shall see, Catherine, that your mournful notions lack reason."

"I hope so," said she, rising; "indeed I hope so. You have somewhat reassured me, Jean-Claude, and I may sleep better than I did last night. Good-night, Jean-Claude."

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning at daybreak, Hullin, in his gray-cloth Sunday small-clothes, his ample brown velvet coat, his red vest with its copper buttons, his head covered with his mountaineer's slouched hat, the broad brim turned up in front over his ruddy face, took the road to Phalsbourg, a stout staff in his hand.

Phalsbourg is a small fortified city on the imperial road from Strasbourg to Paris. It commands the slope of Saverne, the defiles of Haut-Barr, of Roche-Plate, Bonne-Fontaine, and Graufthal. Its bastions, advanced works, and demi-lunes run zigzag over a rocky plateau; afar off you would think you could clear the walls at a bound; a nearer approach shows a ditch, a hundred feet wide and thirty deep, and beyond the dark ramparts cut in the rock itself. All the rest of the city, save the town-hall, the two gates of France and Germany with their pointed arches, and the tops of the two magazines, is concealed behind the glacis. Such is the little city, which is not lacking in a certain kind of grandeur, especially when we cross its bridges, and pass its heavy gates, studded with iron spikes. Within the walls, the houses are low, regularly built of cut stone in straight streets. A military atmosphere pervades everything.

Hullin, whose robust health and joyous nature gave him little care for the future, pushed gayly onward, regarding the stories of defeat and invasion which filled the air as so many malicious inventions. Judge, then, of his stupefaction when, on coming in sight of the town, he saw that the clock-tower stood no longer,

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not a garden or an orchard, not a walk or a bush could he see; everything within cannon-shot was utterly destroyed. A few wretches were collecting the remaining pieces of their cottages to carry them to the city. Nothing could be seen to the verge of the horizon but the lines of the ramparts. Jean-Claude was thunder-struck; for a few moments he could neither utter a word nor advance a step.

"Aha!" he muttered at last, "things are not going well. The enemy is expected."

Then his warrior instincts rising, his brown cheeks flushed with anger.

"It is those rascal Austrians, and Prussians, and Russians, who have caused all this," he cried, shaking his staff; "but let them beware! They shall rue it!"

His wrath grew as he advanced. Twenty minutes later he entered the city at the end of a long train of wagons, each drawn by five or six horses, and dragging enormous trunks of trees, destined to form a block-house on the Place d'Armes. Between drivers, peasants, and neighing, struggling, kicking horses, a mounted *gendarme*, Father Kels, rode grimly, seeming to hear nothing of the tumult around, but ever and anon saying, in a deep base voice:

"Courage! my friends, courage! We can make two journeys more before night, and you will have deserved well of your country."

Jean-Claude crossed the bridge.

A new spectacle presented itself within the walls. All were absorbed in the work of defence. Every gate was open. Men, women, and children labored, ran, or helped to carry powder and shot. Occasionally, groups of three, four, or half a dozen would collect to hear the news.

"Neighbors," one would say, "a courier has arrived at full speed. He entered by the French gate."

"Then he announces the coming of the National Guard from Nancy."

"Or, perhaps, a train from Metz."

"You are right. Sixteen-pound shot are wanting, as well as canister. They are breaking up the stoves to supply its place."

Some of the citizens, in their shirt-sleeves, were barricading their windows with heavy beams and mattresses; others were rolling tubs of water before their doors. Their enthusiasm excited Hullin's admiration.

"Good!" he cried, "good! The allies will be well received here!"

Opposite the college, the squeaking voice of the sergeant, Harmantier, was shrieking:

"Be it known that the casemates will be opened, to the end that each man may bring a mattress and two blankets; and moreover, that messieurs the commissioners are about to commence their round of inspection to see that each inhabitant has three months' provisions in his house, which he must show: Given this twentieth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirteen. Jean Pierre Meunier, Governor."

Strange scenes, both serious and comic, succeeded every minute.

Hullin was no longer the same man. Memories of the march, the bivouac, the rattle of musketry, the charge, the shout of victory, came rushing upon him. His eyes sparkled and his heart beat fast, and the thoughts of the glory to be gained in a brave defence, a struggle to the death with a haughty enemy, filled his brain.

"Good faith!" said he to himself, "all goes well! I have made clogs enough in my life, and if the time has come to shoulder the musket once more, so much the better. We will show these Prussians and Aus-

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trians that we have not forgotten the roll of the charge!"

Thus mused the brave old man, but his exultation was not of long duration.

Before the church, on the Place d'Armes, were fifteen or twenty wagons full of wounded, arriving from Leipsic and Hanau. Many poor fellows, pale, emaciated, with eyes half-closed and glassy, or rolling in agony, some with arms and legs already amputated, some with wounds not yet even bandaged, lay awaiting death. Near by, a few worn-out horses were eating their scanty provender, while their drivers, poor peasants pressed into service in Alsace, wrapped in their long, ragged cloaks, slept, in spite of cold, on the steps of the church. It was terrible to see the men, wrapped in their gray overcoats, heaped upon bloody straw; one holding his broken arm upon his knee; another binding his head with an old handkerchief; a third already dead, serving as a seat for the living. Hullin stood transfixed. He could not withdraw his eyes from the scene. Human misery in its intensest forms fascinates us. We would see how men die—how they face death; and the best among us are not free from this horrible curiosity. It seems to us as if eternity were about to disclose its secrets.

On the first wagon to the right were two carabineers in sky-blue jackets—two giants—but their strong frames were bowed with pain; they seemed two statues crushed beneath some enormous mass of stone. One, with thick red mustaches and sunken cheeks, glared with his stony eyes, as if awakened from a frightful nightmare; the other, bent double, his hands blue with cold, and his shoulder torn by a grape-shot, was becoming momentarily weaker, but from time to time started up, muttering like one in a dream. Behind, infantrymen were stretched in couples, most of them struck by bullets. They seemed to bear their fate with more fortitude than did the giants, not speaking, except that a few, the youngest, shrieked furiously for water and bread. In the next wagon, a plaintive voice—the voice of a conscript—called upon his mother, while his older comrades smiled sarcastically at his cry.

Now and then a shudder ran through them all, as a man—or mayhap several—would rise, and with a long sigh fall back. This was death.

While Hullin stood silent, the blood frozen in his heart, a citizen, Sôme, the baker, came forth from his house, carrying a large pot of boiled meat. Then you should have seen those spectres struggle, their eyes glance, their nostrils dilate; a new life seemed to animate them, for the poor wretches were dying of hunger.

Good Father Sôme, with tears in his eyes, approached, saying:

"I am coming, my children. A little patience, and you will be supplied."

But scarcely had he reached the first wagon, when the huge carabineer with the sunken cheeks plunged his arm to the elbow in the boiling pot, seized a piece of meat, and concealed it beneath his jacket. It was done like a flash, and savage cries arose on all sides. Men who had not strength enough to move would have strangled their comrade. He pressed the precious morsel to his breast, his teeth were already in it, and he glared around like a wild beast. At the cries which arose, an old soldier—a sergeant—sprang from a neighboring wagon; he understood all at a glance, and without useless delay tore the meat from the carabineer, saying:

"Thou deservest to have none.

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Let us divide; it will make ten rations."

"We are only eight," said a wounded man, calm in appearance, but with eyes glistening in his bronzed face. "You see, sergeant, that those two there are dying; it is no use to waste food."

The sergeant looked.

"You are right," he replied. "Eight parts."

Hullin could bear no more. He fled, pale as death, to the innkeeper, Wittmann's. Wittmann was also a dealer in leather and furs, and cried, as he saw him enter:

"Ha! it is you, Master Jean-Claude; you are earlier than usual. I did not expect you before next week." Then, seeing him tremble, he asked: "But what is the matter? You are ill."

"I have just been looking at the wounded."

"Ah! yes. The first time it affects one; but if you had seen fifteen thousand pass, as I have, you would think nothing of it."

"A glass of wine, quick!" cried Hullin. "O men, men! you who should be brothers!"

"Yes, brothers until the purse gives out," replied Wittmann. "There, drink, and you will feel better."

"And you have seen fifteen thousand of these wretches pass," said the sabot-maker.

"At least; and all in the last two months, without speaking of those that remained in Alsace and on the other side of the Rhine; for, you know, wagons could not be procured for all, and it was not worth while removing many."

"Yes, I understand. But why are those unfortunates there? Why are they not in the hospital?"

"The hospital! Where are there hospitals enough for them—for fifty thousand wounded? Every one, from Mayence and Coblentz to Phalsbourg, is crowded; and, moreover, that terrible sickness, typhus, kills more than the enemy's bullets. All the villages in the plain, for twenty leagues around, are infected, and men die like flies. Happily, the city has been for three days in a state of siege, and they are about to close the gates, and allow no one to enter. I have lost my uncle Christian and my aunt Lisbeth, as hale, hearty people as you or I, Jean-Claude. The cold has come, too; there was a white frost last night."

"And the wounded were in the street all night?"

"No; they came from Saverne this morning, and in an hour or two—as soon as the horses are rested—they will depart for Sarrebourg."

At this instant, the old sergeant, who had established order in the wagon, entered, rubbing his hands.

"Ha, ha!" he said, "it is becoming cooler, Father Wittmann. You did well to light the fire in the stove. A little glass of cognac would not be amiss to take off the chill."

His little, half-closed eyes, hooked nose, separating a pair of wrinkled cheeks, and chin, from which a red tuft of beard hung, all gave the old soldier's face an expression of good humor and jollity. It was a true military countenance—hale, bronzed by exposure, full of bluff frankness as well as of roguish shrewdness—and his tall shako and gray-blue overcoat, shoulder-belt, and epaulettes seemed part of himself. He marched up and down the room, still rubbing his hands, while Wittmann filled him a little glass of brandy. Hullin, seated near the window, had, in the first place, remarked the number of his regiment—the sixth of the line. Gaspard, the son of Catherine Lefevre, was in the same. Jean-Claude would, then, have tidings of Louise's betroth-

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ed ; but when he attempted to speak, his heart beat painfully. If Gaspard were dead ! If he had perished like so many others !

The old sabot-maker felt strangled. He was silent. "Better to know nothing," he thought.

Nevertheless, in a few moments he again tried to speak.

"Sergeant," said he huskily, "you are of the Sixth ?"

"Even so, my burgess," replied the other, returning to the middle of the room.

"Do you know one Gaspard Lefevre ?"

"Gaspard Lefevre ? Parbleu ! that do I. I taught him to shoulder arms ; a brave soldier, i' faith, and good on the march. If we had a hundred thousand of his stamp—"

"Then he is alive and well ?"

"He is, my citizen—at least he was a week ago, when I left the regiment at Fredericsthal with this train of wounded ; since then, you understand, there has been warm work, and one can answer for nothing—one might get his billet at any moment. But a week ago, at Fredericsthal, Gaspard Lefevre still answered roll-call."

Jean Claude breathed.

"But, sergeant, can you tell me why he has not written home these two months back ?"

The old soldier smiled and winked his little eyes.

"Do you think, my friend, that a man has nothing to do on the march but write ?"

"No ; I have seen service. I made the campaigns of the Sambre-and-Meuse, of Egypt and of Italy, but I always managed to let my friends at home hear from me."

"One moment, comrade," interrupted the sergeant. "I was in Italy and Egypt too, but the campaign just finished was in every respect peculiar."

"It was a severe one, no doubt."

"Severe ! Everything and every one was against us ; sickness, traitors, peasants, citizens, our allies—all the world ! Of our company, which was full when we left Phalsbourg the twenty-first of January last, only thirty-two men remain. I believe that Gaspard Lefevre is the only conscript left living. The poor conscripts ! They fought well, but exposure and hunger did their business."

So saying, the old sergeant walked to the counter and emptied his glass at one gulp.

"To your health, citizen. Might you, perchance, be Gaspard's father?"

"No ; I am only a relative."

"Well, you can boast of being solidly built in your family. What a man he is for a youth of twenty ! He held firm while those around were sent by dozens to mount guard below."

"But," said Hullin, after a moment's silence, "I do not yet see what there was so extraordinary in this last campaign, for we, too, had our sickness and traitors—"

"Extraordinary !" cried the sergeant ; "everything was extraordinary. Formerly, you know, a German war was finished after a victory or two ; the people then received you well ; drank their white wine and munched their sauerkraut with you ; and, when the regiment departed, every one even wept. But this time, after Lutzen and Bautzen, instead of becoming good-natured, they grew fiercer than ever : we could obtain nothing except by force ; it was like Spain or La Vendée. I don't know what made them hate us so. But if we were all French, things would after all have yet gone well ; but we

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had our Saxon and other allies ready to fly at our throats. We could have beaten the enemy, even if they were five to one, but for our allies. Look at Leipsic, where in the middle of the fight they turned against us—I mean our good friends the Saxons. A week after, our other good friends the Bavarians tried to cut off our retreat; but they rued it at Hanau. The next day, near Frankfort, another column of our good friends presented themselves, but we crushed the traitors. If we only foresaw all this after Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram!"

Hullin stood for a moment silent and thoughtful.

"And how do we stand now, sergeant?" said he, at length.

"We have been driven across the Rhine, and all our fortresses on the German side are blockaded. All Europe is advancing upon us. The emperor is at Paris, arranging his plan of campaign. Would to heaven we could get breathing time until the spring!"

At this moment Wittmann arose, and, going to the window, said:

"Here comes the governor, making his tour of inspection."

The commandant Jean-Pierre Meunier, in his three-cocked hat, with a tri-colored sash around his waist, had indeed just made his appearance in the street.

"Ah!" said the sergeant, "I must get him to sign my marching papers. Excuse me, messieurs, I must leave you."

"Good-by, then, sergeant, and thank you. If you see Gaspard, embrace him for Jean-Claude Hullin, and tell him to write."

"I shall not fail."

The sergeant departed, and Hullin emptied his glass.

"Do you intend to start at once, Jean-Claude?" asked Wittmann.

"Yes, the days are growing short, and the road through the wood is not easily found after dark. Adieu!"

The innkeeper watched the old mountaineer from the window, as he crossed the street, and muttered as he gazed at the retreating figure:

"How pale he was when he came in! He could scarcely stand. It is strange! An old man such as he—a soldier too! I could see fifty regiments stretched in ambulances, and not shake so."

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TRANSLATED FROM THE HISTORISCH-POLITISCHE BLÄTTER.

MARIA VON MÖRL.

IN the beginning of this year a remarkable human life came to a close. That wonderful being whose name and fame travelled from South Tyrol all over Germany, and made her residence become a frequented pilgrimage without her will—but for the great consolation of multitudes during a whole generation—that extraordinary woman is no more. Maria von Mörl died on January 11th, 1868, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, and in the thirty-sixth of her ecstatic life.

It is now over a score of years since the masterly pen of Görres sketched, in his *Mystik*, so striking a portrait of Maria von Mörl, and still the attention of the believing world is attracted to the life of the ecstatic virgin. Since then thousands have gone to the South Tyrol markets to behold as a reality what would sound legendary to read or hear, and to bear testimony to the truth of what Görres wrote about the stigmata of that holy woman. All the pilgrims found his statements perfectly correct. Although Görres, in describing the phenomena, abstained from a definitive judgment regarding her sanctity, according to the rule that no one must be called a saint before death, we are not restrained any longer from expressing our convictions, now that she is no more. Her happy and holy death is the strongest confirmation of her unimpeachable life.

We have now all the necessary documents to form a correct estimate of her holiness. Let us glance at the most interesting events in her life, and sum up briefly and simply the chief traits of her inner and exterior character.

Three miles south of Botzen, in a charming landscape, with a prospect extending over a wide and smiling valley, lies the vine-crowned spot in which Maria Theresa von Mörl first saw the light of day, on October 16th, 1812. She was the daughter of a reduced, but noble, vine cultivator in Kaltern,* Joseph von Mörl, of Mühlen and Lichelburg, who was blessed with a very large family, but not with sufficient means to raise them as became their blood. Maria received from her good, sensible mother, whose maiden name was Selva, a pious and simple education; and the young girl grew up in virtue, modest and gentle, affectionate and obliging to all, of good understanding, but with no great powers of fancy. She was an expert little housewife, and aided her mother in the management of their domestic affairs. Frequent illness, which began to trouble her as early as her fifth year and continued to affect her through life, as it had its seat in her blood, rendered her, even at an early age, rather grave, and increased her zeal in prayer, which showed itself especially in her love and veneration for the Blessed Sacrament. This was her character until, in the year 1827, her beloved mother was taken from her by death; and she, at the age of fifteen, was left in sole charge of the family, her father being unable to provide better for the

* Kaltern is the German for the Italian Caldaro.—TR.

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care of her eight younger sisters. Maria undertook the task of their bringing up with courage and readiness. She sought among her increasing labors and responsibilities, more than ever, consolation in religion, and in the frequent reception of the sacrament of the altar.

But the burden was too heavy for her young shoulders, and she sank under it. In her eighteenth year she fell into a wearisome sickness, which was increased in painfulness by reason of violent cramps, which broke down her constitution. Only by slow degrees was her pain alleviated, without the disease having been completely driven out. She never became perfectly sound again. Yet she bore all her afflictions with heroic resignation, although to her physical torments mental struggles were often added temptations of the devil; and troubles of soul which we cannot dwell upon here.*

Such was her condition during about two years, when her confessor, Father Capistran, a quiet, prudent man, and for years a true friend of the distressed family, observed "that at certain times, when she was interrogated by him, she did not answer, and seemed to be out of herself." When he questioned her nurses and others on this point, they informed him that such was always the case when she received the holy communion. This was the first symptom of her *ecstatic* state, into which she entered in her twentieth year, and which soon became more and more striking. On the feast of Corpus Christi, 1832, which in Kaltern, as throughout the whole Tyrol, is celebrated with unusual solemnity, Father Capistran, for special reasons, gave her the holy sacrament at three A.M., and immediately she fell into an ecstasy which lasted, to his personal knowledge, for several hours! He left her to attend to other duties; and when he returned, at noon on the following day, he found the ecstatic still kneeling in the same place where he had left her thirty-six hours before; and heard, to his astonishment, that she had remained the whole time thus undisturbed in contemplation. The good Franciscan now comprehended for the first time that ecstasy had become almost a second nature to her; and undertook the regulation of this supernatural condition of his saintly penitent.

The power of the perceptive faculties increased wonderfully with her ecstasies, as several presentiments and prophecies demonstrated in a surprising manner. Her fame was soon noised abroad. The report of her ecstatic kneeling and prayer spread through the Tyrol, and great excitement was created throughout the whole land. Crowds of people flocked to see her, and to be edified by the sight. From different and distant places numbers came as pilgrims to Kaltern. During the summer of 1833, more than forty thousand persons, of all classes, visited her, without the slightest disorder or scandal, although sometimes two or three thousand people in a day passed through the room of the rapt maiden, kneeling undisturbed in contemplation. Many sinners were moved and converted by the spectacle.

No one could explain the sudden and extraordinary commotion excited in a whole people. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities wished to prevent the concourse; so it was announced that no further pilgrimages would be allowed. They gradually ceased. The priests, however, bore testimony to the good results which had flowed from those pilgrimages.

* Görres describes them fully in his *Christliche Mystik*, band iii.

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In the autumn of the same year, Francis Xavier Luschin, Prince-Bishop of Trent, caused an investigation to be made, and the witnesses to be examined on oath, regarding the state of the ecstatic virgin, to prevent any further proceedings and annoyances on the part of the police, but especially to remove all suspicion of pious fraud. The prince-bishop, who was impartial enough not to give a final decision, informed the civil authorities "that the sickness of Maria von Mörl was certainly not holiness, but that her undoubted holiness could not be called a sickness."

All this excitement was unknown to the cause of it, who remained undisturbed by the throngs who came to see her. Her inner life seemed to be completely developed in the year 1834, when she received the *stigmata*. How this happened is best told in the words of Görres himself: "In the fall of 1833, the father-confessor occasionally remarked that the centre of her hands, where the wounds appeared at a later date, began to fall in, and the places became painful and troubled with frequent cramps. He suspected that *stigmatization* was about to happen, and the result justified his expectations. At early Mass, on February 4th, of the year 1834, he found her wiping her hands with a cloth in childish astonishment. When he perceived blood on it, he asked her what was the matter. She answered that she did not well understand what it was; that she must have cut herself in some strange way. But it was the stigmata, which from that day remained unchangeably in her palms, and soon appeared in her feet also, as well as in her side. So simply did Father Capistran act in the whole affair, and so little desirous of wonder-seeking did he show himself, that he never asked her what were her interior dispositions or phenomena immediately before the reception of the wounds. They were almost round, slightly oblong, about two inches in diameter, and appearing on both the upper and under parts of her hands and feet. The size of the lance stigma in the side, which only her most intimate female friends saw, could not be determined. On Thursday evenings and on Fridays, clear blood flowed in drops from the wounds; on the other days of the week, a dry crust of blood covered them, without the slightest symptoms of inflammation or the slightest traces of pus ever appearing. She concealed most carefully her state, and all that might betray her interior emotions. But on the occasion of a festive procession, in 1833, she fell into an ecstasy in the presence of several witnesses. She appeared like an angel, blooming like a rose. Her feet scarcely touching the bed, she stood up, with arms outstretched in the shape of a cross, and the stigmata in her palms manifest to all beholders."*

Maria von Mörl became a sister of the Third Order of St. Francis, and, in virtue of the obedience due to him, her confessor undertook to keep her ecstasies within due bounds. She promised him complete obedience. A word from him recalled her to herself. But his experience was very little. No one at home paid much attention to her. She was left very much alone. Her confessor was a sensible man, but very simple and not at all inquisitive. The circle of her spiritual phenomena rolled round within the ordinary limits of the feasts of the church. Father Capistran did not interfere at all in the singularities of her interior condition, or even try to investigate

* *Christliche Mystik*, ii. 501.

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their nature with curiosity. "If she is not questioned," wrote the good and simple confessor to Görres, "she says very little, and seldom speaks at all; thus, for instance, it is only to-day that I learned completely her vision of St. Paul—on the feast of his conversion. Only now and then does she tell a particular circumstance, which I listen to quietly; and if she says nothing, I do not trouble her with questions. She sometimes says to me, 'I cannot properly express what I see by word of mouth or by writing; and perhaps I might say something false.' My direction is extremely plain: I want her to be always humble and devout to God; and I am satisfied when she prays so fervently to God, and intercedes for others, for sinners as well as for the just. It always seems to me that it is not the will of God that I should inquire too curiously about her visions and revelations, as Brentano did with Emmerich." Thus wrote Father Capistran, who describes himself in his letter better than our pen could do it.

In September, 1835, Görres came to Kaltern, in the Southern Tyrol, where he saw frequently the *stigmatized girl*, whose health was becoming every day worse. He found her in her father's house, lying in a neat, plain, whitewashed room, on a hard mattress, and covered with clean white linen. At the side of her bed was a little family altar; behind it, and over the windows, were a few religious pictures. She had a delicate figure, of medium height, and somewhat emaciated from the use of sparse diet, yet not unusually thin. When he saw her for the first time, she was in an ecstasy, kneeling on the lower part of her bed. Görres describes her thus: "Her hands, with the visible stigmata, were folded on her breast; her face turned to the church, and slightly raised; her eyes having a look of complete absorption which nothing could disturb. No movement was perceptible in her kneeling form for a whole hour, except a gentle breathing, occasionally a muscular action of the throat as in swallowing, and sometimes an oscillatory movement of the head and body. She seemed as if looking into the distance, gazing in rapture at God, like one of those angels who kneel around his throne. No wonder that her appearance produced such a great effect on the beholders, so as to bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened. During her ecstasy she contemplated the life and passion of Christ, adored the Blessed Sacrament, and prayed according to the spirit of the season of the ecclesiastical year. This we are told by her spiritual director. Her visions and revelations had all reference to something holy and ecclesiastical; and, unlike somnambulists, she remained entirely blind, like other persons, to her own bodily state." (II. 504.)

In her natural condition, Maria von Mörl left the impression of her being a simple and candid child on those who visited her. Görres gives a characteristic description of her: "No matter how deeply she may be lost in contemplation, a word of her confessor, no matter in how low a tone it may be uttered, recalls her from her rapture. There seems to be no medium condition; only sufficient time elapses to make her conscious of the word having been spoken, before she opens her eyes and becomes as self-possessed as if she were never in ecstasy. Her appearance becomes immediately changed into that of a young child. The first thing she does on awaking from her ecstasy, if she perceives spectators, is to hide her stigmatized hands

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under the bed-clothing, like a little girl who soils her hands with ink, and tries to conceal them at the approach of her mother. Then she looks curiously among the crowd, for she is now accustomed to the sight of multitudes, and gives every one a friendly greeting. As she has been dumb for some time, she tries to make herself understood by gestures; and when she finds this method unsuccessful, she turns her eyes entreatingly, like an inexperienced child, to her confessor, to ask him to help her and speak for her. The expression of her dark eye is that of joyous childhood. You can look through her clear eyes to the very bottom of her soul, and perceive that there is not a dark corner in her nature for anything evil to hide in. There is nothing defiled or deceitful in her character; no sentimentalism, no hypocrisy, nor the slightest trace of any pride; but all in her is childlike simplicity and innocence." (II. 508.)

Clement Brentano bears a similar witness to her virtue when he visited her at Kaltern, in 1835, and again in the harvest of 1837. In one of his letters he says of her: "Here lives the maiden Maria von Mörl, who is now in her twenty-third year. She is a lovely, pious, and chosen creature. She is incessantly rapt in ecstasy, kneeling in bed, her hands outstretched or folded. She is so wonderfully lengthened during her ecstasy, that one would take her for a very tall person, though really she is quite short. Her eyes remain open and fixed, and though the flies run over her eyelids, she moves them not. She is like a wax figure, and her look is striking. Now and then her spiritual director interrupts her visions, and immediately she settles into repose on her couch, but after a few minutes rises to her knees again. She makes no effort to rise; she seems carried by angels into a kneeling posture. The whole appearance of this extraordinary girl is moving, yet not shocking, for the moment the priest commands her to resume her natural state, she becomes like one of the most simple and innocent of children, as if she were not seven years old. The moment she perceives persons around her, she hides herself to the very nose under the bed-clothes, looks timorous, yet smiles on all around, and gives them pictures, preserving always a serene and attractive countenance, like that of the blessed Emmerich."*

Like a child, she was fond of children, of birds and flowers. It was observed that birds seemed to have a great liking for her. They sang in flocks around her windows, and if they were brought into her room they flew to her. On one occasion three wild doves were given to her, and although they never allowed any one to fondle them before, they alighted on her, two of them on her arms, and the third on her clasped hands, putting its bill to her mouth as she prayed. This beautiful scene was repeated for several days, until the doves were driven away. The same thing happened with a chicken which a little sister of Maria's, a child of nine years old, accidentally brought into her chamber.

If friends were around her, she could sometimes remain mistress of herself and take part in their conversation; but this was only for a short time, and she fell again into ecstasy. The passion of our Lord seemed to be the special object of her contemplation, and on Fridays especially she suffered agony in her mystical life. In the forenoon her sufferings began to be noticeable. As the

* Clemens Brentano, *Gesammelte Briefe*, band ii. 326. He caused a likeness of her to be painted.

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great drama of the crucifixion proceeded, its traces were visible in her; her pains increasing until the hour of the death on the cross, when her whole person became as if it were lifeless. Görres paints, in his usual graphic style, all these phenomena, even to the most minute details. (P. 505–508.) For the sake of brevity, we shall quote only Brentano's words. As he was an eye-witness of what he narrates, he is perfectly reliable: "I have never seen anything more awful and astounding; all the patience, anguish, abandonment, and love of Jesus dying was represented in her with inexpressible truth and dignity. She is seen dying by degrees; dark spots cover her face, her nose becomes pinched, her eyes break, cold sweat runs down her person, death struggles in her trembling bosom; her head is raised, while her mouth opens in pain; her neck and chin form almost a straight line, her tongue becomes parched, and is drawn up as if withered; her breathing is low and slightly gurgling; her hands fall powerless to her side, and her head sinks on her bosom. A priest, to whom Father Capistran, who was present, gave authority, commanded her to repose. In a moment she lay fatigued, but calm on her bed, and after about three minutes rose again to her knees, and returned thanks for the death of the Lord."

These phenomena were repeated every Friday throughout the year. Her sufferings became more and more extraordinary. In the year 1836, it was observed that, on the Fridays after the ascension of Christ, when she finished her mystical agony, beginning at three P. M., she fell into a new ecstasy which lasted until half-past four o'clock. Her body lay extended on her couch as on a cross, her arms outstretched as if powerfully wrenched; her head hung on one side, bent somewhat back off her pillow, and unsupported by anything. Thus she remained sometimes two hours as if dead, and could not be recalled without violent and painful convulsions. But when she came back to her natural state, she was ever the same innocent and gentle girl, as if she had never been blessed by God with extraordinary visitations.

So much had ecstasy become a second nature to her, that she was self-conscious only at intervals and by great efforts of the will. During Görres's stay at Kaltern, Maria was asked to stand godmother for a newly born child. She accepted the invitation with great joy, and took the most lively interest in the ceremony; but during it she became ecstatic several times, and had to be repeatedly recalled from her trance.

Yet with all this, she did not neglect the care of her family as far as it lay in her power, and with the direction and counsel of her good confessor. Two o'clock in the afternoon was the hour appointed by him for her to attend to her household affairs. At that hour she was commanded by him to leave her trance, and then, with the greatest diligence, and with the care of a mother, she directed business matters, dictated letters, and arranged all the necessary temporal concerns with great prudence and good sense.

In the year 1841, she left her father's house, and went, in the beginning of November, to live in the convent of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, where, as one of its members, she received a separate dwelling next the church. Here she enjoyed great repose, for access to her became less easy, as visitors were required to procure permission from the ecclesiastical author-

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ities to see her. Still, pilgrimages did not cease; and the good influence exercised by her increased. Of the deep religious impression produced by her ecstasies, the Bishop of Terni, Monsignor Vincent Tizzani, speaks authoritatively in a pastoral letter published regarding Maria von Mörl in the year 1842. He had seen her, one Friday, in her ecstasy and agony, and he could not repress his tears at beholding the text so literally verified, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." His testimony concerning the stigmata and the circumstances of her supernatural state agrees in every particular with that rendered by Görres and Brentano seven years previously. Louis Clarus also, at that time a Protestant, afterward a Catholic, in his studies on mysticism, felt compelled to render this witness concerning her. "The force of truth and reality," says he, writing of his visit to Kaltern, "impressed me so, that I felt necessitated, like the apostle John, to announce what I had heard, my eyes had seen, and my hands touched."

Many others, among them Lord Shrewsbury, attest the same fact, every succeeding witness confirming the testimony of his predecessor.* A whole generation has passed since then, and no one has been able to contradict their statements, or explain the phenomena on any *natural* principles. For thirty years every one could behold her in ecstasy or agony, and see the wounds plainly on her hands and feet, while she remained ever humble, meek, modest as a child, and intensely pious and holy. Her history could be written in two words: "*She suffers, and contemplates.*" She was a passion-flower clinging to the foot of the cross. In ecstasy she spent her life, contemplating the sufferings of Jesus Christ, praying for all, for the church, and for her native land; doing good to countless poor people, alleviating their sorrows, like the divine Master who dwelt in the recesses of her soul.

Three years before her death she lost her confessor, Father Capistran, who had guided her soul for almost forty years. He was a distinguished theologian, a good priest, and had been judged worthy to be chosen provincial of his order, the Franciscans. He died on the 4th of May, 1865. She mourned his death like a child, and longed more than ever to be dissolved and be with Christ.

Her wish was soon gratified. She became very weak in the autumn of 1867, and the numerous visits she was compelled to receive, as well as the frequent requests made of her, completely prostrated her physical powers. The number of pilgrims to her "Swallows' Nest," as Görres called her abode near the Franciscan church, was extraordinary; men, women, priests, and laity, all came to her shrine.

The measure of her physical suffering was full; but the measure of her mental anguish was not yet complete. On the 8th of September, 1867, she was visited by a severe spiritual trouble. She seemed to be struggling with some power of hell. She became sad, and as if forsaken by God, to such an extent that until September 17th, and for weeks after, consciousness seems to have entirely left her. In this spiritual conflict she saw troops of demons, which surrounded, attacked her, and threatened to carry her off to judgment. She saw and heard the fiends blaspheming all things holy, and trying to bear even the most righteous away to the abyss. She heard the devil

* *Letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Lisle Phillips, Esq., descriptive of the Estatica of Caldaro and the Addolorata of Capriana.* London, 1842.

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a scoff at her, and boast that they had the pope in their power; that they had desecrated churches and convents, and made wickedness thrive in the land. These temptations and obsessions lasted from the middle of September to the middle of October, when peace again returned to her soul. From the 23d of October she was able to receive the blessed sacrament regularly; the struggle was over; she had conquered, and was now at rest. When she was afterward interrogated regarding these obsessions, she said that, on the night of the 7th of September, as she was praying for the pope and the emperor, the attack began. It was precisely at this time that the invasion of the pope's temporal possessions by the Garibaldians, sanctioned by the Sardinian government, took place. The French expedition was sent to the pope's relief toward the middle of October, just when Maria's soul obtained rest from demoniacal agressions; so that her personal affliction seems to have been a participation in the sufferings of the church.

But the light of her life was flickering in the socket. She had a presentiment of her death before it took place, and prophesied often that she would never pass the winter on earth. Toward All Saints' day her weakness became greater, and everything foretold her dissolution. She could no longer bear nourishment. Lemonade or water, with the essence of quinces, was almost her only nourishment for some weeks before her death. When she felt better on certain days, she ate fruit, bread, or porridge, but never meat or meat soup. She sometimes spent several days without eating or drinking. In the last week, especially from Wednesday, she suffered great torture. But she was full of resignation; indifferent to life or death, she never repined or murmured. She was patient and full of calm resignation and infantile love. On the feast of the Epiphany, five days before her death, she showed herself in her usual way to the pilgrims; there was a mission at Kaltern, and the missionaries visited her on that festival, to bid her farewell. She received them with bland hospitality, and offered them grapes to eat.

She knew nothing positive about the precise moment of her death, but only that she should die when everything on her became white. The stigmata began gradually to disappear, leaving only a blue spot, which disappeared entirely after her departure. She received the viaticum on January 6th, in the evening. Every one thought she would die immediately; but she made known by gestures that she should not die yet. She remained conscious, and was able to receive holy communion daily.

At last the day of her demise, January 11th, came. About half-past two on Saturday morning, two hours after communion, she passed from this vale of tears to her heavenly home. Her last agony was easy and calm. She lay quiet, occasionally murmuring the name of Jesus; and one of the bystanders heard her say: "Oh! how beautiful; oh! how beautiful." Her breathing grew weaker, and she fell gently asleep in death.

Her body was exposed in the church for two days, and thousands visited it. Many felt as if they had lost a member of their own family. She lay dressed as a bride, clothed in white, with a white veil on her brow, and a crown of flowers at her feet. Her face was beautiful to look upon, half-childlike in expression, yet mingled with the dignity of a matron; her head reclined, bent toward the left side; her brow and eyes were

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full of dignity; her mouth like that of an infant smiling in sleep; her hands white as alabaster, and ruddy as roses. Afterward the veil was taken away and she appeared more angelic than ever, her rich flowing hair surrounding her noble head. A look of perfect happiness beamed from her entire countenance.

Her burial was solemn. Surrounded by mourning and edified multitudes, her body was borne by young maidens from the catafalque to the zinc coffin prepared for its reception. Her remains were taken on January 13th to her father's family vault at Kaltern, where they now rest in peace.

Kaltern lost its jewel in losing Maria; but her virtues will live for ever in the hallowed spot where she was born, where she lived and died. Truly did Görres write of her to the Prince-Bishop of Trent: "God put her like a living crucifix on the cross-roads, to preach to a godless and dissipated people." She was one of those lamps lighted by the hand of God himself to shine in the darkness, when infidelity is abroad robbing and devouring in the vineyard of Christ. For this purpose she was sent by God, and hence we may well expect that the wonderful supernatural phenomena of her ecstatic life will not cease with her death.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Welcome, O summer rain;
To thirsty hill and plain,
To desolate beds of streams of all their waves run dry.
We know who sent thee forth
From out the windy north,
To trail thy cooling fountains through the sultry sky.

The parchéd earth drinks up
The crystal-flowing cup;
The dusty grasses wash them emerald-green again:
The sweet, drenched roses sigh
In fragrant ecstasy;
The truant brooks foam down their glistening beds amain.

The robins, full of glee,
Answer from tree to tree;
'Neath dusky boughs the glancing orioles, aglow,

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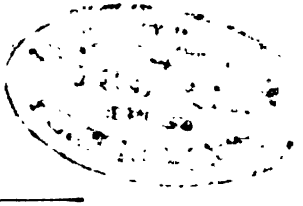
Mimic the vivid play
Of lightnings far away,
That southward toss their fiery shuttles to and fro:

While at the fall and lift
Of lights and shadows swift,
Titanic laughter rolls through all the bending skies,
And every water-bead
Trembles, but laughs, indeed,
And every insect quicklier breathes as low he lies.

O Heart! whose pity flows
To cheer the languid rose,
O Hand! outstretched to wake the brooklet's merry din,
Behold me like a blot
Upon this happy spot,
Where joys knock at my door, but never enter in!

Behold the arid ways
Through which my weary days
Tread with unfruitful steps that wander far from thee;
The wasted heart and brain,
All empty, save for pain;
Behold the hidden thorn which thou alone canst see;

And while my fainting sighs
Through nature's hymn arise,
O Comforter of flowers! leave not me to die!
But send thy heavenly rain
Unto my soul again,
Even to me, as grieving in the dust I lie!



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WHO SHALL TAKE CARE OF OUR SICK?

We have taken occasion, in recent numbers of The Catholic World, to present to our readers several of the works of charity which appeal most strongly to Christian sympathy and ask for Christian aid. In our articles on "The Sanitary and Moral Condition of the City of New York"—as but one, however, out of the many cities of our land with like evils and like needs—we directed attention to some lamentable features of the situation of the poor in our midst, and especially of the many thousands of poor and vagrant children growing up in neglect and consequent ignorance and vice. The kindred matter of the condition and proper treatment of the inmates of our jails, prisons, and penitentiaries was touched upon in our last, under the head of "Prison Discipline;" and, again, that of the poor and unfortunate subjects of mental ailments in the article on "Gheel, a Colony of the Insane." In the present number, we invite attention to another branch of the subject, suggested by the inquiry at the head of this article, "Who shall take care of our sick?"

By the sick, we mean all who by infirmity of body or mind are incapable of taking care of themselves; for the range of our inquiry embraces the helplessness of infancy, of decrepitude, insanity, and idiocy, and extends even to prisoners and criminals.

By *our* sick, we mean the sick poor, the duty of providing for whom devolves on collective society.

But as what is everybody's business is nobody's business, and as society, however imperfectly organized, has many distinct organs and recognized functions corresponding; it remains to be determined through what special ministry the suffering members of humanity shall be succored and the erring reclaimed.

If the rich, and those whose social combinations have been successful, are succored in their need by their families, their friends, their servants; who constitute the families, the friends, the servants, of the poor and isolated? This is a question which pagan societies have evaded, or insolently answered, *Væ victis!* Religion alone, and only in so far as Christ's spirit has penetrated mankind, has given, through its orders of charity, a fair and candid answer—an answer in deeds as well as words. For many centuries in Christendom, this answer appeared satisfactory in its spirit and intent. Not even the insane were left out of the Christian fold—witness the Colony of Gheel—and it only remained to extend, and multiply, and perfect the works of charity, in proportion as science and art added to the resources of society.

But the Protestant "Reformation" came, sweeping away the work of pious ages, confounding uses with abuses, and upset the whole administration of charity by the servants of Christ, along with public and religious hospitality: in changing the privileged orders, it confided to secular hands the doling out of such pittance to the destitute as the fear of insurrection compelled, and still compels, from the reluctant economy of self interest.

A revival of Christianity in Pro-

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testant countries now opens the public mind to the horrors and crimes against humanity perpetrated, in the name of charity, in their "work-houses," "alms-houses," hospitals, and asylums; it leads to the recall and renewal of religious orders devoted to the care of the sick and other classes needing charity. This has not been merely a brilliant corruscation, like the rescue which Florence Nightingale carried to the British troops in the Crimea. Miss Nightingale had previously been trained for years in the religious order of the Kaiserwerth, a normal school of nurses, and the movement, inaugurated by her, continues in England as the "Institution of St. John." A number of religious works, of high merit and extensive usefulness, are described among the *Charities of Europe*, by De Liefde.*

In New York, we have the Hospital of St. Luke, ministered to by pious Episcopal ladies, who, like the *Sœurs Grises* of mediæval Europe, take no vows, and may marry, yet for the time being perform the same functions as our Sisters of Charity or of Mercy.

While attesting a tendency in Christendom to recover the ground lost by the "Reformation," such institutions as we have cited are still very trivial in numbers and power; and though small appropriations of public funds have been made to them, neither they nor the principles which they represent have been officially recognized by states or cities. There is, on the contrary, a jealous opposition to admitting, even to the service of the sick poor, who are mostly Europeans and Catholics, as at Bellevue, the Sisters of Charity; and one of its most eminent surgeons, who knows by experience how precious is their aid, has declared to us with regret his conviction that this salutary measure could not pass. To obviate the prejudices that withhold the administration of charity from its own votaries, whose noble emulation would utilize the differences of sect or order for the common good; to show that the State will find in this restoration economy, at the same time with social or moral advantages, while Christ will be more worthily served; to make it felt that the burden of human sorrows will be lightened, and the redemption of our race from evil promoted, by re-allying piety with charity, is the purpose we have now in view.

"*Suum cuique tribuito*," "Give to each his own." Two chief orders of power exist in society—interest and sentiment. The natural sphere of interest is confined to material property or goods of the senses; that of sentiment embraces the relations of *persons*, that is, of beings considered as hearts and souls; so that sentiment culminates in devotion, and ranges love and consanguinity, friendship and honor, in the ministries of religion, expanding the self-hood of the individual by the consciousness of his solidarity with the race, and through Christ with our Father in heaven.

Still, practically, the functions of each power are distinct. It is admitted, in regard to the divers organizations of fire companies, for instance, that the payment of fixed salaries is an efficient or adequate motive for the protection of houses. This service was once confided to public spirit; there was no lack of heroic devotion in its exercise; but salaried firemen were found to be more amenable to discipline, and their organizations to be more permanent and reliable. Now, the contrary is true of hospital service and kindred functions, which employ in some places

* Published by Strahan: New York and London.

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the religious orders of charity, in others hired assistants. Physicians, patients, and inspectors, all proclaim the superiority of the former. Visit our great secular establishments, such as Bellevue or the Charity Hospital, where the service is either hired or compulsory by convicts, and then the hospitals of religious orders, even the poorest, such as that of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, which is supported by begging from door to door, not to mention the more richly endowed hospitals of St. Vincent de Paul or St. Luke, all free to every needy patient: scent the air of the wards, share the food of the refectory, feel the human magnetism of these spheres, take time and mood to appreciate all their conditions, and you will find their difference amount to a contrast in many essentials of hygiene, physical as well as moral, although science is impartially represented at the secular as at the religious establishments. The former have been largely endowed by private and public benefaction; energy, ability, and good will are not wanting among their officers; yet they inspire such aversion that the decent poor will often rather perish than resort to them.

The characteristic superiority of religious charities is historical, and remounts to the earliest epochs of Christendom; although the secular interest of states in the health and contentment of their peoples has been the same in all times and all countries. If their conduct has been different, the reasons of this difference may be found in the nature of their religions and the fervor or torpor of their piety.

Conversely, just in proportion as our modern states alienate their "public charities" from the influence of religion, they become perverted by the same cruelty and heartlessness that characterized the behavior of the pagan world toward its unfortunate classes. Between the philanthropy of the English workhouse and that of Rome which sent poor slaves to perish on the "*dismal island*" in the Tiber, the shorter course seems preferable to us, because less degrading to the soul of the victim, and because it has the courage, at least, of its crime.

The Emperor Maximianus, who shipped a cargo of beggars out to sea and drowned them, was still more complete in this economy of suffering. Disease and misery, decrepitude and helpless infancy, have each in turn become the object of such elimination, which ignores tenderness toward the individual; but the process has never stopped where it might have been justified, in a manner, by the substitution of healthier and stronger or more perfect, for less perfect individuals among the representative types of the species. No; the same spirit that sacrificed the feeblest, revelled in the destruction of the strongest men in its gladiatorial arenas. Even in the restricted sense of patriotism, which had contributed so many devotions on the altar of the country, in the heroic days of Greece and Rome, solidarity had ceased to be matter of practical conscience in the pagan world of the great empire. The Hebrews had developed it only as a tribal and family principle. Where has it ever been a social life-truth, unless in the fold of Christ's disciples? and where has this been practically organized, except by its religious orders?

The inconsistencies of war excepted, we see life and personal liberty becoming more sacred from age to age, even amid the corruptions of advanced civilization in Christen-

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dom; whereas, on the contrary, in pagan civilizations "the springs of humane feeling in every ancient nation, like the waters of the fountain of the sun, were warm at dawn of morning, but chilled gradually as the day advanced, till at noon they became excessively cold."

When the development of intelligence in civilized communities renders them conscious of needs and of resources outlying the circles of family providence; one of their first Christian movements is to care for their disabled members, stricken by disease or wounds from the army of the working poor.

In our monster cities, the hospital acquires gigantic proportions, and political economy meets humanity in the research for a system which shall afford the greatest mitigation of inevitable suffering and the best chances of restoring the sufferers to social uses.

In this research, charity has anticipated experimental science, and to the religious orders belongs the honor of fulfilling the highest ideal of this sacred function.

The organization of hospitals contains for modern civilization and for cosmopolite New York problems of the highest practical import, which especially interest the Christian church.

What has been hitherto effected under the social pressure of extreme necessity, whether to avert the generation and diffusion of pestilence, or the shame of allowing millions of the poor to perish in their squalid misery, is still painfully inadequate to meet the needs of humanity at points where Europe disgorges her miseries upon America. New institutions are annually struggling into existence to supply this demand. Among the most important by their social and religious nature are those of the Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis, which may serve as a type of what we would urge concerning the superiority of piety and charity —those daughters of the Christian church—over secular calculations, in this work.

Few, small, and poor as are the hospitals of this order in America, they shine by the spirit which animates them, by the naked purity of their Christian faith, and its works, that confront the world now, precisely as they did eighteen hundred years ago.*

* This order of the "Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis" has been introduced already into several of our larger cities, and with much promise of success. Houses of their order exist in Cincinnati, in Brooklyn, in Hoboken, and elsewhere, and, more recently, have been established here in New York.

If they shall have the wisdom—the church's wisdom of old and of all time, and the spirit which has always animated and characterized her workings —to adapt themselves to the country, to its needs and requirements, to its speech, and (so far as compatible with piety) to its habits and customs, they will doubtless receive vocations, will grow in numbers, will be able to accomplish much in alleviating the sufferings of humanity, and will do no small share of the great work of bringing the Catholic Church rightfully before the American people.

We subjoin the following deserved tribute to their house here in New York, which we find in the *Evening Post*, of August 13th.:

"SAINT FRANCIS HOSPITAL.

"To the Editors of the *Evening Post*:

"I venture to affirm that at least nine tenths of the good people of this great city are entirely ignorant of the existence of the Hospital of Saint Francis in our midst. Indeed, with my long and generally intimate knowledge of the various benevolences of the city, I was not at all aware of this institution, until a kind lady who has been a warm friend of the House of Industry acquainted me with the fact a few days since, and in her company I had the pleasure of visiting the hospital. For several reasons I beg your permission to say a few words about it in the *Evening Post*.

"It is located on Fifth and Sixth streets, between Avenues B and C, being the two brick dwellings Nos. 407 and 409 Fifth street, and the one immediately in the rear of No. 173 Sixth street. It is under the care of the 'Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis,' and is a free hospital for both sexes, without distinction as to creed, and its inmates comprise Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. The means for purchasing this property were obtained by the solicitations of the sisters from door to door. I think the order of Saint Francis originated in Germany, where it still has its headquarters. Most of the sisters here are German, though there are certainly one or two exceptions. The accommodations are altogether in-

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Arrogant, imposing, and splendid in Broadway, the lusts of power and greed which the poor world now serves show the reverse of the picture in the indigent swarms which vegetate a little way east from First avenue. Passing from the hot-beds of luxury and their exhaustive reactions of improvident misery, enter the Hospital of the Sisters of the Poor of Saint Francis, on Fifth street, near Avenue B. Its extreme neatness in the midst of squalor, its sweetness amid corruptions, atmospheric and social, its severe simplicity of self-renunciation, shaming the complex artifices of our cupidity, its devotion so consistent, so persistent, as the stream of charity ascends toward its fountain-level in the heights of faith; all smite upon the heart with the manifest presence of Jesus. Its inmates attest with a grateful enthusiasm the kindness there lavished upon them. The voices of prayer and praise consecrate the wholesome food to bodily uses; the sweetness of fellowship in Christ pervades all its relations and dignifies the humblest offices. Here are no hired nurses; life-devotion supplies all. The iniquities of civilization, or the discrepancies between the soul's ideal and the world's possible, may defeat nature's fondest intentions of personal destiny in love and maternity for individual lives; but as "the stone which the builders rejected, the same shall become the head of the corner," so the career of charity opens to all who live in Christ a higher sphere of espousals and of motherhood, pure from the dross of selfishness.

One who observes the practical working of this institution must soon be convinced that it possesses neither time nor inclination for other arts of proselyting, than the attractive emanations of a glowing, earnest life of love and duty. Fourteen sisters support and care for more than a hundred patients, and even add to the domestic and ward service that of the pharmacy. The patients receive daily visits from a physician and a clergyman. "We know," say the sisters, "that, when the body is sick, the soul suffers, and that spiritual consolation often does the body more good than the best medicines." Books are provided for those able and willing to read. Attendance at the chapel is optional. There are regular services on Sunday. The patients are of diverse creeds, as of diverse nations. This hospital is often preferred by Protestants, and even by Jews; for those who suffer go where they find hearts to sympa-

adequate, and not at all well adapted to the purposes. The patients are cheerful and happy, and there is every evidence that all the efforts of these sisters arise from the most pure and unselfish motives, and that there is not the least constraint in regard to religious matters resting upon the inmates. There is a very small chapel in the establishment, the attendance upon which is wholly voluntary. The commonest services are performed by the sisters, and, Puritan Protestant as I was educated, I could but admire the devotion and kindness of these women. I believe their charity is a true and unselfish one; that they are animated by his Spirit who went about doing good, and they should be well supported in their work.

"The patients are of all ages and nationalities, perhaps a more than usual average of Germans. I was particularly interested in two of the wards, one for the 'grandfathers' and the other for the 'grandmothers,' both of them filled with quite aged people. Many of the patients seemed to be incurables, and have a permanent home in the Saint Francis. The good sisters have secured a large plot of ground on which they purpose erecting a building of much greater capacity than those they now occupy, and thoroughly adapted to the objects of the institution. For this object they will need large contributions, which I earnestly hope will be promptly furnished. The following is a general summary of the past year:

Number of patients treated in Hospital, (males, 484; females, 108)	592
Discharged, cured or improved	423
Died	88
Remaining December 31, 1867	81

"I have written out this simple statement, because it is always pleasant for me to commend all right agencies working for the comfort of the sick poor, and because, comparatively isolated as these women are, they have special claim to sympathy and assistance; and also, because they are Catholics, I am glad of an opportunity to show that Protestants can appreciate what is good, no matter who originates it.

"S. B. HALLIDAY."

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thize with and hands to help them. They see that the poor sisters have nothing for their labors but their simple food and clothing. More is not allowed by the rules of their order, that they may the more disinterestedly apply themselves to the care of the poor and suffering sick, the support of whom and other expenses of the institution depend upon the daily collections and labors of the sisters themselves." (*Report* for 1867.) This noble ignorance of all distinctions of creed and sect is the common attribute of the Sisters of Charity. Those who serve the Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul, an older and wealthier charity than that of the Sisters of St. Francis, one of the most creditable, indeed, in our country, open its doors alike to sufferers of all denominations.

In regard to the matter of practical economy and saving to the state, from placing its hospitals, and other like institutions, under the care of the religious orders, we are permitted to give the following extract from a letter from a Catholic lady of Cincinnati:

"The only public institution we as yet have which is supported from the public purse is the prison, managed by the Good Shepherds. In his annual report, the mayor always praises their economy and excellent management, but he has never had the magnanimity to publish the thousands annually saved, in comparison with the old *régime*. Their salaries are fixed at $100 a year for six sisters—$600, which is $100 less than the pay of a single policeman. The sisters have the entire management of the prison. The Harris School is in full operation. The house can receive no more than about fifty-five. Colonel Harris, the founder, a Protestant, always expresses his surprise at *the little outlay*. Our own experience shows an immense economy, as well as superior moral influence in the effects of our charities, so beneficial in softening the hearts of the poor."

We may here take occasion to remark that a religious order affords guarantees of honest administration in a higher degree than any individual can do by his personal responsibility. The legal security, or values pledged, may be equal; but in one case there is at stake only a business responsibility, in which it is often regarded as smart to outwit a committee of inspection; while, on the other hand, corporate honor is involved, and the officer entrusted with funds is doubly responsible to the committee of inspection, and to the order of which he or she is a member, under the more extended affiliation of the church.

Moreover, the discipline of the religious orders is very rigorous on the chapter of economies, and there are not by any means the same opportunities or temptations for an officer to divert funds from public to private uses. The inspectors themselves will often be Protestants.

It behoves us to examine the use of hospitals in the general system of humanitary functions. The hospital is a corollary of the city. The city is a gland or glandular system of elaboration for the social and intellectual secretions of humanity—arts, sciences, and refinements. But the advantages of the city are obtained only by great sacrifices; among which is the separation of great numbers of persons from their local and family attachments, obliging them to derive their subsistence from industries more precarious than those of rural life. More wisdom being required to direct one's course in the complex relations of the city, more are bewildered, misled, overwhelmed; vast and powerful currents of

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crime and of waste are generated, and restorative measures are needed to counteract them. Now, the necessity of cities and that of hospitals being admitted, how, let us ask, can this kind of help be rendered, this sort of duty performed, so as most worthily to attest the principle of human solidarity, so as to benefit most the recipients of charity, to honor most the organs by which charity is rendered, and so secure the best kind of service in this arduous function; finally, how best to economize the resources of collective society in the adaptation of means to ends?

First, let us consider the expediences of public charity, especially in reference to the persons or characters of its organs.

The best interest of society demands that there shall be a place for every one, and every one in his place; or, in other words, that as specific vocations are inherent to each type of character, so *that* use should be allotted to each for which nature supplies the aptitudes, and which it embraces with ardor.

The attractiveness of certain functions, or the aversion occasioned by them, has very little to do with the impression they make on the senses of a party indifferent. The cares required by an infant, for example, which excite maternal zeal in all its plenitude, appear simply tedious and disgusting to most men. So it is with the care of the sick, in which science and affection find powerful attachments insensible to others, who, good in other ways, feel no vocation for it. Finally, and beyond all special vocations, there is the enthusiasm of devotion, the religious instinct to which Christianity appeals, which it awakens in many souls, and which it justifies in affording to it the highest spheres of use. The contemplative idealist may try to escape the normal limitations of his nature in vague aspiration; but Jesus has provided against this Brahminic perversion by the culture of charity, in identifying the love of God with the love of the neighbor, and himself with the least of mankind. "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." (St. Matthew xxv. 40.)

We do not suppose that Christianity endowed human nature with philanthropy as a new passion; it gave this aspect, this evolution, this modality, to what had been patriotism for the heroic states of Rome, of Greece, and other nations, which had always sought, and sometimes found, a social channel, but which Christianity more fully satisfied in the theory and practice of unity.

There have always been developed, in proportion with the industrial progress of civilization, wants extraordinary without being fantastic. Such are the cares of illness. The wisdom of Christian charity has adapted to these extreme wants vocations equally extreme, in the devotion of religious orders; and this duty has devolved especially upon the female sex, because it is better gifted than the male for the ministry of compassion.

It is feasible, moreover, for religious orders to accept as well the penitent as the virgin; and shaming the world's intolerance, to rescue from sin and disgrace a lower world of souls, whom passion or imprudence had otherwise ruined.

There is no depth of crime, indeed, from which its subjects may not be rescued by charitable labors; and in proportion as their organization is extended and perfected, legal as well as simply moral offences may find here at once their prevention and their expiation. The brothel and the penitentiary, those two institutions of hell on earth, may thus be countermined, and the means of re-

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demption afforded to their victims. The salutary influence which the discipline of charitable works exerts over mental and moral aberrations, may even reclaim not a few of the insane, or those who, under ordinary circumstances, are drifting fatally toward the lunatic asylum.

That extraordinary virtue which the impulse and exercise of active benevolence has in developing the soul and awakening its latent powers from torpor, may appear from the following incident lately observed at Mr. Bost's, in Laforce, Dordogne:

One day a poor girl, deaf, dumb, blind, paralytic, and epileptic, was brought to Bethesda. "It required some courage," says the narrator, Mr. De Liefde, "to fix one's eyes on that miserable creature, with her dried-up, contracted limbs, her repulsive face, the features of which were constantly contorted in the most hideous manner. Well, an idiot took charge of that child, guarded and nursed it, and stood by its death-bed to administer to it the last solace of love! And such was the indefatigable care and even intelligent thoughtfulness with which she tended her poor helpless charge that Mr. Bost said, 'When I lie on my death-bed, I shall count it a blessing to be nursed in this way.' I do not wonder at such hearts being able to understand what is the meaning of the simple sentence, 'God loveth you,' long before the intellect is able to catch the difference between two and three; nor can I be surprised at what Mrs. Castel told me, that the same children who do not know whether a shoe ought to be on the foot or on the head, or who, if not prevented, would, like beasts, walk on all fours and lick the dirt, may yet sometimes be heard ejaculating, '*Mon Dieu! prends pitié de moi. J'en ai bien besoin.*'

"Long before they could catch the idea of shifting a piece of wood from the right hand to the left, they gave evidence of being pleased by an act of kindness, and of being grateful for a benefit bestowed on them.

"In the year 1854, a girl who was a perfect idiot stood, one day, in Mr. Bost's lobby. The aspect of the hideous-looking little creature was so sickening that Mr. Bost could not permit her to be taken into the establishment, but still less could he send her away. If ever there was a subject for compassionate, saving love, it was here. The power of prayer and the perseverance of charity could now be put to the test. Mr. Bost resolved to keep the girl in his own house. The doctors declared it perfect folly. During three months, all his efforts to strike a spark of intellect out of this flint proved a total failure. But one evening, at worship, while the hymn was being sung, he heard an articulate and harmonious tone proceed from the brutishly shaped mouth. The child evidently tried to put its voice in accord with the sounds which it was hearing. Mr. Bost is a musician, and at once applied his talent to the benefit of his unhappy pupil. Under the softening and cheering influence of harmony, it was affecting to see how, first with painful struggles, and then with growing ease, the mind of the child emerged from the dark deep in which it had been confined. By little and little, the idiot succeeded in uttering articulate sounds, then in uniting them into syllables, and finally into words. At the same time, her health improved visibly, her nervous system became less irritable, her face assumed more and more a rational expression. She began to show joy and surprise when receiving something that was agreeable to her. Then tokens of gratitude and of affection followed.

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In short, after a lapse of two years, the idiot had disappeared to make room for a child which appeared to be behind but a few years only, when compared with other children of her own age. At present, that same child, formerly beneath the level of the brute, speaks well, sews, and knits, and might be the teacher of children less sunken in idiocy than herself when she first set foot on Mr. Bost's threshold."

Such was the spirit and such the conduct which determined mediæval Europe to entrust the religious orders with vast landed possessions, and with these the whole care of the poor, of the sick, and of the wayfarer, duties which they discharged with greater satisfaction to the people than any secular aristocracy of privilege known in the records of history.

"For the uncertain dispositions of the rich, for their occasional and often capricious charity, was substituted the certain, the steady, the impartial hand of a constantly resident and unmarried administrator of bodily as well as spiritual comfort to the poor, the unfortunate, and the stranger."

Now, still the question presses, whether, instead of confiding our sick to hired nurses, we shall not invite the willing sisterhood to extend their organization among us, and sustain them in this devotion. It is well ascertained that none can make a thousand dollars go so far as they can in the service of their sick.

It is notorious in America, that public works undertaken by the government are generally ill done and very wastefully. Hence, common sense excludes the government from enterprises of internal improvement, and confides them either to individuals or companies, without hesitating thus to create privileged orders and to favor a moneyed aristocracy.

To have a great work well done, passions as well as interests must be engaged in it; personal character, pride, and ambition, as well as skill and capital; and where many persons must co-operate, there is no guarantee of harmony in action and of successful result so sure as that corporate zeal which religion employs with so much power, and which religion alone can bring to bear. This is indeed a holy fire, enkindled and kept alive upon objects of charity, that purges away dross.

If the Catholic Church has in all ages conducted her enterprises with the greatest success, it is because she has known how to enlist the greatest number of motives, the strongest and the best. On the other hand, it will be readily confessed that the great public hospitals under secular control do not even bring into play the common levers of interest which secure results in the management of railroads, of hotels or banking-houses, nor those of ambition, which animate the army and navy. Charity, as a secular business, is always poorly paid, rendered grudgingly, distastefully, and so as to excite aversion. Many will rather die than have recourse to it. It always carries with it a certain stigma of inferiority and contempt. No personal character or corporate zeal is identified with it, still less can there exist that unison of feeling and of effort which places the seal of the divine humanity on such institutions as those of the sisters. We transcribe from one of the most remarkable works of modern travel, *The Pillars of Hercules*, by David Urquhart, his impression of the last remaining hospitals of the religious order in Spain. Let us note that Mr. Urquhart is an Englishman and a Protestant:

"The Hospicio of Cadiz is at once a poor-house and a house of industry, a school, a foundling hospital, a hospi-

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tal, and a mad-house; that is, it supplies the places of all these institutions. It is imposing in its form, embellished in its interior, and as unlike in all its attributes and effects as anything can be to the edifices consecrated to the remedying of human misery, by our own charity and wisdom.

"HOSPITAL DE LA SANGRE, (SEVILLE.)

"This is a noble edifice, composed of several grand courts and of two stories; the lower one for summer, and the upper one for winter. I think I may say that to each patient is allotted at least four times as much space as in any similar European establishment, and the very troughs in which the dirty linen is washed are marble: the patients have two changes of clean linen in the week. The kitchens are all resplendent with painted tiles and cleanliness, and there seemed abundance of excellent food. In these institutions, in Spain, the inmates are completely at home. Soft and blooming girls, with downcast look and hurried step, were attending upon the poor, the maimed, and the suffering. The lady-directress had told the servant who accompanied me to bring me, after my visit, to her apartment, which was a hall in one of the corners of the building; she said she had heard that England was celebrated for its charity, and asked if our poor and sick were better off than in Spain. I was obliged to confess that the reverse was the case. She asked me if it was not true that we hired mercenaries to attend on the sick, and abstained from performing that duty ourselves; and if our charity was not imposed as a tax? She told me that there were eight hundred of her order in Spain; that it was the only one that had not been destroyed; that none were admitted but those of noble birth or of gentle blood; and that they took all the vows except that of seclusion, and in lieu of it took that of service to the poor and sick. The Saint Isabelle of Murillo was the model of their order. The Hospital de la Sangre was founded by a woman."

Mrs. Jameson* pays a just tribute to the Hospital Lariboisière, in Paris, "a model of all that a civil hospital ought to be—clean, airy, light, lofty, above all, cheerful. I should observe," she says, "that generally in the hospitals served by Sisters of Charity, there is ever an air of cheerfulness, caused by their own sweetness of temper and voluntary devotion to their work. At the time that I visited this hospital, it contained six hundred and twelve patients, three hundred men and three hundred and twelve women, in two ranges of building divided by a very pretty garden. The whole interior management is entrusted to twenty-five trained sisters of the same order as those who serve the Hôtel Dieu. There are, besides, about forty servants, men and women, men to do the rough work, and male nurses to assist in the men's wards under the supervision of the sisters. This hospital was founded by a lady, a rich heiress, a married woman too. She had the assistance of the best architects in France to plan her building, while medical and scientific men had aided her with their counsels."

In the *General Report on the Condition of the Prisons of Piedmont, to the Minister of the Interior*, we find this paragraph:

"It is an indisputable fact that the prisons which are served by the sisters are the best ordered, the most cleanly, and in all respects the best regulated in the country. To which the minister of the interior adds: Not

* *Sisters of Charity, Protestant and Catholic.*

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...priety, cleanliness, and comfort prevailed. No day passes, said this director, that I do not bless God for the change which I was the humble instrument of accomplishing in this place. Very similar was the information received relative to the naval hospital at Genoa.

"Another excellent hospital, that of St. John, at Turin, contained four hundred patients, male and female, besides its ward for sick children, and two for the bedridden and helpless poor, the whole being under the management of twenty-two religious women with forty-five assistants, and a large number of physicians and students. All was clean, neat, and cheerful. I was particularly struck by the neatness with which the food was served; men brought it up in large trays, but the ladies themselves distributed it. There was a little dog with its forepaws resting on one of the beds and its eyes steadfastly fixed on the sick man, with a pathetic, wistful expression, while a girl knelt beside him, to whom one of the sisters was speaking words of comfort.

"In this and other hospitals is an excellent arrangement for the night-watch. It was a large sentry-box of octagon shape, looking each way, the upper part all of glass, but furnished with curtains, and on a table were writing materials, medicines, and restoratives, linen napkins, etc. Two sisters watched here all night; here the accounts were kept, and privacy secured, when necessary, for the ladies on duty.

"The Marchese A——, one of the governors of the Hospice de la Maternité, described to us in terms of horror the state in which he had found the establishment when under the management of a board of governors, who employed hired matrons and nurses. At last, in despair, he sent for some trained sisters, ten of whom,

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with a superior, now directed the whole in that spirit of order, cheerfulness, and unremitting attention which belongs to them.

"We cannot," he said, "give them unlimited means, for these good ladies think that all should go to the poor; but if we allow them a fixed sum, we find they can do more with it than we could have believed possible, and they never go beyond it; they are admirable accountants and economists.

"In the great civil hospital at Vienna, larger even than the Hôtel Dieu of Paris, the Sisters of Charity were being introduced some twelve years ago when Mrs. J. visited it.

"The disorderly habits and the want of intelligence in the paid female nurses had induced the managers to invite the co-operation of the religious sisters, though it was at first against their will. In the Hospital of Saint John, at Salzburg, the same change had been found necessary.

"At Vienna, I saw a small hospital belonging to the Sisters of Charity there. Two of the sisters had settled in a small old house. Several of the adjoining buildings were added one after the other, connected by wooden corridors. In the infirmary I found twenty-six men and twenty-six women, besides nine beds for cholera. There were fifty sisters, of whom one half were employed in the house, and the other half were going their rounds among the poor, or nursing the sick at private houses. There was a nursery for infants whose mothers were at work; a day-school for one hundred and fifty girls, in which only knitting and sewing were taught, all clean, orderly, and, above all, cheerful. There was a dispensary, where two of the sisters were employed in making up prescriptions, homœopathic and allopathic. There was a large, airy kitchen, where three of the sisters, with two assistants, were cooking. There were two priests and two physicians. So that, in fact, under this roof, we had the elements, on a small scale, of an English workhouse; but very different was the spirit which animated it.

"I saw at Vienna another excellent hospital for women alone, of which the whole administration and support rested with the ladies of the Order St. Elizabeth. These are *cloistered*. All sick women who apply for admission are taken in, without any questions asked, so long as there is room for them. I found there ninety-two patients, about twenty of whom were ill of cholera. In each ward were sixteen beds, over which two sisters presided. The dispensary, which was admirably arranged, was entirely managed by two of the ladies. The superior told me that they have always three or more sisters preparing for their profession under the best apothecaries, and there was a large garden principally of medicinal and kitchen herbs. Nothing could exceed the purity of the air, and the cleanliness, order, and quiet everywhere apparent."

Let us remark certain features in these last two examples:

1. The possibility of recreation by a timely change of labors, as from the hospital to the school, or to the garden, etc.

2. The economy, and guarantee of genuineness, afforded by the culture and pharmaceutic preparation of medicinal herbs.

3. The unison of action, by fulfilment of sanitary functions by members of their own body.

"It was admitted on all sides in England, when investigations were held on the office of hospital nursing, that the general management of our hospitals and charitable institutions exhibited the want of female aid such

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as exists in the hospitals abroad—the want of a moral, religious, intelligent, sympathizing influence combined with the physical cares of a common nurse. Some inquiry was made into the general character of hospital nurses, and the qualifications desired, and what were these qualifications? Obedience, presence of mind, cheerfulness, sobriety, forbearance, patience, judgment, kindness of heart, a light, delicate hand, a gentle voice, a quick eye; these were the qualities enumerated as not merely desirable, but necessary in a good and efficient nurse—virtues not easily to be purchased for £14 10s. per year! (or hired at $14 a month in New York *)—qualifications, indeed, which, in their union, would form an admirable woman in any class of life, and fit her for any sphere of duty, from the highest to the lowest. In general, however, the requirements of our medical men are much more limited; they consider themselves fortunate if they can ensure obedience and sobriety, even without education, tenderness, religious feeling, or any high principle of duty. On the whole, the testimony brought before us is sickening. Drunkenness, profligacy, violence of temper, horribly coarse and brutal language—these are common, albeit the reverse of the picture is generally true. The toil is great, the duties disgusting, the pecuniary remuneration small, so that there is nothing to invite the co-operation of a better class of nurses but the highest motives which can influence a true Christian. At one moment the selfishness and irritability of the sufferers require a strong control; at another time their dejection and weakness require the utmost tenderness, sympathy, and judgment. To rebuke the self-righteous, to bind up the broken-hearted, to strengthen, to comfort the feeble, to drop the words of peace into the disturbed or softened mind just at the right moment; there are few nurses who could be entrusted with such a charge, or be brought to regard it as a part of their duty. To this social function corresponds the Sister of Charity, as defined by St. Vincent de Paul, an ideal so often fulfilled in life and action.

"Can any one doubt that the element of power, disunited from that of Christian love, must, in the long run, become a hard, cold, cruel machine, and that this must of necessity be the result where the masculine energy acts independently of the feminine sympathies?

"All to whom I have spoken, without one exception, bear witness to the salutary influence exercised by the lady nurses in the Crimea over the men. In the most violent attacks of fever and delirium, when the orderlies could not hold them down in their beds, the mere presence of one of these ladies, instead of exciting, had the effect of instantly calming the spirits and subduing the most refractory. It is allowed, also, that these ladies had the power to repress swearing and coarse language, to prevent the smuggling of brandy and raka into the wards, to open the hearts of the sullen and desperate to contrition and responsive kindness. 'Even when in an apparently dying state,' writes one of these illustrious nurses, 'they would look up in our faces and smile.'"

Dr. H. R. Storer, of Boston, has recently put forth a little book entitled *Nurses and Nursing*, etc., abounding in suggestions which may some day be utilized in a hospital

* This is the salary of orderlies at Bellevue Hospital, where the duties are often so arduous that one attendant would be quite inadequate to the care of twenty beds but for the aid rendered by patients to each other. The night-watch passes but once in two hours.

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more liberally endowed and more elaborately organized than anything which now exists, and in which he mentions, with the highest regard, the Hospital of the Sisters of St. Francis, in Boston, 28 Sansom street. The doctor does well to dedicate his humane aspirations for a perfect system of nursing to the sisterhood. From what zeal less earnest, less intelligent, less refined, or less holy, can we ever expect to find music and flowers, birds, landscape views, the varied resources of luxury in nature and society, made tributary to the service of the sick?

A worthy servant of our Master, Mr. Bost, of Dordogne, the founder and administrator of several important charitable institutions, having among them departments for the hygienic treatment of epilepsy, scrofula, consumption, and idiocy, one of whose cures we have cited, remarks:

"The best physician, under God, is Nature. I never visit the hospitals in our great cities without a feeling of distress. What, then, you ask, is wanted? Are the patients not cared for? Are there no able medical men, no remedies, no order, no cleanliness, no wholesome and abundant nourishment? No doubt there is plenty of all that. I have with admiration accompanied the medical men on their morning visits. Everything *art* could contrive for restoration to health was applied; yet the cure was slow, attended with horrible pains, and the case often terminated in death. I will tell you what was wanting—the country air, the fragrance of the flowers and of the earth, the hues of morn and eve, the sunbeams, the harmony of nature, the carol and warbling of birds, so adapted to cheer hearts broken by suffering, and to which no other recreation is offered than the sight of rows of beds upon which sufferers are sighing and groaning from morning till evening and from evening until morning."

"It is amazing," writes Mr. Liefde, "to witness the cures which simply by the application of natural hygiene, have been effected at the establishments of Laforce: Consumption of the lungs, in an advanced stage, has quite disappeared in some cases, hysteria in others; amputations are prevented; a girl sent away from a hospital as incurable from hip disease is enabled to walk well. The invalids are occupied in the fields or the garden; they go into the stable and see the cattle; they are in sight of the works of creation so adapted to raise their thoughts to God, who is love, even when his hand presses heavily upon them."

If one wish to witness the healing power of the Gospel over both body and soul, he can do no better than to spend a week at Laforce.

In conclusion, we would urge it, as a matter of high policy, duty, and right, upon the church of Christ, to reclaim, as fast and as far as its means will allow, its primitive position in regard to the administration of charities in general, and of hospitals in particular; for we believe it to be the only social organ adequate to these humane uses. Science cannot remain neutral, and the trustees, the wardens, orderlies, nurses, the cooks, and all the persons employed in the hospital service, should be brothers and sisters of one and the same order, the voluntary subjects of the same rule, all pervaded by the same religious sentiment and corporate spirit, while friendly rivalries obtain between the different institutions.

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TRANSLATED FROM LE CORRESPONDANT.

KAULBACH AND THE ERA OF THE REFORMATION.*

I CALL up matters still fresh in recollection, in proceeding to speak here of a work of art which so justly drew to itself the public attention at the Universal Exposition of 1867. I refer to the grand cartoon of Kaulbach, which, under the title of the *Era of the Reformation*, figured in the Bavarian department.

The purely artistic critic has already fulfilled his mission in regard to that remarkable composition, and it is not from the artistic point of view that I permit myself to reopen its study. I had already, years ago, admired that magnificent fresco, one of the most beautiful ornaments of the Berlin Museum; and after having a long while contemplated and meditated upon it, it seemed to me that one could not too highly praise the vigor of composition and the marvellous skill with which the artist had been able to group, within so narrow a space, so many different personages, and to render living to the eyes of the spectator one of the most stormy periods of modern times.

But in this beautiful drawing there is something else than a work of art: there is a thesis. And that thesis is this: That the sixteenth century belongs wholly to the Protestant Reformation; that that Reformation is its centre, its heart, its vital principle; that everything of that period —theology, letters, science, art, the discoveries of human genius, political and military power—all came of the Reformation. Hence the name given to the tableau—the *Era of the Reformation*. Hence, also, the selection, the treatment, and the grouping of all the personages in it.

And since I cannot avail myself of the help of an engraving or photograph, I am going to attempt a rapid sketch, as a whole and in its principal details, of this vast composition.

In the centre, and as the culminating point toward which the whole movement of the picture converges, is figured Dr. Martin Luther. The former Augustinian monk holds himself erect, upon the uppermost step of that temple within whose walls a whole century is represented as in motion, and he raises aloft above his head, with both hands, the Bible—the Bible, that world at once both old and new, which, according to the Protestant hypothesis, the genius of Luther discovered, buried under the darkness of ignorance and Roman superstition, as, in like manner, thirty years before him the bold Genoese navigator, Christopher Columbus—whom one sees at the left-hand side of the picture, resting his hand, firm and inspired, upon the map of the world—had found, in the ocean's midst, the vast continents of the American hemisphere.

At the left of Luther stand the theologians and pastors who adhered to his dogmatic teaching: Justus Jonas, and, next to him, Bugenhagen, who is distributing the Lord's Supper to the two princes, John le Sage and John Frederic, the two grand patrons

* Kaulbach's picture of the *Era of the Reformation* now being on exhibition in this country, a republication of the above article from the pages of our French contemporary has seemed to us not inopportune.—ED. C. W.

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of nascent Lutheranism. At the right of the Saxon monk stands Zwingle, holding also the book of the Scriptures, and Calvin, who is giving the bread and cup of the Lord's Supper to a group of Huguenots, among whom we distinguish Maurice of Saxony and Coligny.

The artist does not tell us, it is true—and I own that his pencil could hardly have told us—whether the Bible which Luther holds speaks the same language as the Bible placed in Zwingle's hands; nor how, within a step or two of the patriarch of the Reformation, Bugenhagen gives a Lord's Supper wherein is really contained, with the bread and wine, the body of Christ, while, alike near to him on the other side, Calvin is giving another Lord's Supper which is only a figure of that same body, and wherein the faithful partake of the communion of Jesus Christ by faith only.

A little beneath Luther, in the attitude of a submissive disciple and admirer, and indicating by a gesture the Wittenberg doctor, as much as to say, "There is the Master!" stands the mild Melanchthon, conversing with two savants of the times —Eberhardt of Tann and Ulrich Sazius. These two men are pressing each other's hands, as if the artist would express thereby the strange accommodations to which, in the matter of the Augsburg confession, the strict Lutherans, on the one side, and those who had a leaning toward the Zwinglian and Calvinistic ideas, on the other, lent themselves.*

* It is well known that Melanchthon—who personally inclined toward the ideas of Carlostadt and the sacramentarians respecting the Lord's Supper; who, moreover, upon the question of the outward hierarchy of the church, would have willingly lent himself to a compromise with the Catholics; who, underneath the whole, did not dare to contradict Luther—thought to reconcile all these difficulties by putting forth two editions of the Augsburg Confession—the edition *invariata*, or strictly Lutheran, and the edition *variata*, wherein concessions are made to Calvinistic ideas.

Behind these corypheuses of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, the precursors of the grand "liberalizing" movement have not been forgotten.

The Reformation, as is known, holds essentially to having a tradition—a rise and visible continuation, reaching back to the earlier ages. Behold them, then, these prophets and forerunners of the "word of life:" Here, Peter Waldo, Arnold of Brescia, Wickliffe, John Huss; there, Abelard, the bold metaphysician, the merciless dialectician, the same whom St. Bernard accuses of sacrificing faith to reason, and of destroying, by his explications, the essence of the mysteries;* next, by his side, Savonarola and Tauler, the spiritual sons of the canonized monk of the thirteenth century, (St. Dominic,) to whose memory classic Protestantism never fails to attach the founding of the Inquisition, with all its attendant train of horrors: Tauler, of whom they desire to make one of the precursors of the new exegesis of the Scriptures; and Savonarola, whose animated and fiery gesture recalls at once the popular tribune, the Florentine republican chief, and the headstrong opposer of the church's hierarchical authority.

Following upon these, come next in order all those other great geniuses of the human race, more numerous and prolific than ever in an age which justly calls itself the age of *renewal*, (*de la Renaissance*,) and when a thousand favoring circumstances had imparted mighty impulse to the human mind; and they all proceed to arrange themselves in a most harmonious manner around that renovation of Christianity and the church, which is, as it were, (in the picture,) the heart and the vital principle of all

* St. Bernard, letters 188th and 189th.

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the movements of the era. Princes, warriors, statesmen, savants, artists, scholars, jurists, poets, critics, inventors—all have their place in this grand composition.

In the train of the haughty Elizabeth of England, but marching at some distance from that pitiless reformer, as if they desired to leave place for the gory shade of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, "Queen of Scots," appear Thomas Cranmer, More, Burleigh, Essex, Drake, and other gentlemen who represent the English Church. Another group brings together Albert of Brandenburg, William of Orange, Barnevelt, and, at the end, Gustavus Adolphus, evoked a century in advance, it is true, but nevertheless consecrated by his bold deeds of arms and his premature death as a hero—I was about to say as a saint—of the Protestant Church militant.

To warriors and statesmen the painter has given only a secondary place, in a work chiefly designed to glorify intellectual power; and, after the apostles of the Reformation, the honors of this grand piece of canvas are meted out to savants, scholars, and artists.

Bacon of Verulam, with his *Novum Organum*, makes a part of that group so vigorously designed, where are seen, with Christopher Columbus, Harvey, Vesalius, and Paracelsus. High up in the edifice, and properly placed there as in a sort of observatory, Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler are studying the course of the stars, and calculating the laws of their revolutions. So much for science.

Marsilio Ficino, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, and Nicolas de Cus represent philosophy, with Pico Mirandola, author of the celebrated thesis, *De omni re scibili.*

Petrarch, with the crown he received at the capitol, faces Shakespeare and the immortal author of *Don Quixote*, Michael Cervantes. The aged Hans Sachs, the popular poet of the Reformation, is there also, quite at the bottom of the picture, and bending under the weight of age. He represents that literature of the people which henceforward will always hold place growingly by the side of the special literature of the learned. This latter is personated in Reuchlin and Erasmus; and the artist has judged most wisely and properly in placing the latter of these close to Ulrich of Hutten and to Bucer, that is to say, in company with the brutal enemy of monks, and with one of those unfrocked monks whom the Rotterdam critic, with such cutting sarcasm, rallied upon their enthusiasm for a reformation which so generally, like the never-failing conclusion of a comedy, ended in marriage.

The painter has taken care not to forget the personages of the era who ought to be dearer to him than all the others together: Albert Dürer, Peter Vischer, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and last, with the inspired gesture of a man who feels himself master of the future, the author of that magnificent discovery which men will henceforth make use of, alike with their reason and their freedom, their intelligence and their speech; here employing it to spread error, to persuade to falsehold, to sow dissensions; elsewhere, using it to serve for the diffusion of truth, the advancement of justice, the amelioration—intellectual, moral, and religious—of the human race: I mean Gutenberg, the immortal inventor of the art of printing. He holds in his hand that sheet, still fresh, which with deep emotion he has seen come forth from the first press, and with which he can speed

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round the world, crying out with Archimedes, carried away by enthusiasm, "I have found it! I have found it!" "Εὕρηκα! Εὕρηκα!" And he *has* found, in fact, the mighty and formidable lever with which without difficulty he will lift the world of modern thought.

Such, so far as I have been able to describe it, passing by some personages or some details of secondary interest, is this famous picture, which, as a work of art, I admire with the fullest measure of sympathy, and have found it truly worthy of the high award made to it. But, I repeat, the artist has not been in it the artist only. He has also, at the same time, been the controversialist and the historian. He has not only made a *chef-d'œuvre* of painting: he has wished also to write a page of the history of Europe. That was his right unquestionably, and I am far from disputing it with him. I will even add that, if I was a Protestant, I should be justly proud of the manner, so intelligent and bold, with which the illustrious author of the Berlin frescoes has been able to glorify the Reformation.

It is for this very reason, also, that I have profoundly studied this grand picture. In fact, if a work of art is at the same time a thesis of history or of theology, it is no longer amenable to artistic criticism only. Kaulbach has, so to speak, crowned the work of the Magdeburg centuriators, in making, as he has done, all the events of the sixteenth century the triumphal *cortége* of the Reformation. Historic science has the right, then, to intervene; and, without being a Baronius, one can try to answer this thesis, and to point out what there is in it of the purely systematic and exclusive.

II.

I COMMENCE by according thus much to it: To compress a whole century within the frame—narrow and always a little factitious—of a picture or of a historical representation, is no easy task. So many diverse facts to bring together, to condense, or at least to point out; so many movements and collisions of ideas to depict; so many personages to group together and arrange; then to gather this multitude into unity, to bring order out of this seeming confusion; to know precisely how to seize and place in proper relief that which can be called the culminating point of the epoch, and to make that point the centre around and from which shall radiate all the other events of the period—this is a work which demands at once great power of synthesis, a wide yet sure range of vision, an accurate sentiment of just proportions, and, in the case of a historical painting, a complete divesting of one's self of the spirit of mere system, and a most scrupulous impartiality.

Now, what strikes one, first of all, in looking at Kaulbach's grand picture, is the exclusive idea which has presided over the whole, as well as over all the details, of its composition. Even the title given by the author to his work is witness to this. It is not so much the sixteenth century that the artist has desired to paint as *the Era of the Reformation;* and the Reformation, moreover, solely as regarded from the Protestant point of view. Accordingly in the picture everything is treated with reference to Luther and Calvin; and the choir of great personages who figure in it serve only, so to speak, as the retinue of the new gospel and its first apostles.

But if the unhappy rupture which

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separated from the Catholic Church a large part of Northern Europe is one of the most considerable events of the century, it is not, however, so exclusively such that it has the right to absorb into itself all the other events of the period; and it is well known how numerous those events were in an age which should be regarded as one of the most eventful epochs in European history.

And it is not solely from the point of view of religious and artistic history that it is just to make this objection; it should be made, moreover, in behalf of political history. In fact, whatever influence Protestantism may have exercised upon the relations of the civil states among and toward each other, it is but slight up to the seventeenth century, the beginning of the Thirty Years' War and the treaties of Westphalia, which caused new principles to prevail in the public law of Europe. He has been, therefore, entirely blind to the grandest political contest of the sixteenth century—that between France and Austria; a contest that holds too large a place in the history of that century not to be noticed and made mention of, at least by introducing into the sketch the princes in whom it was personified—Charles V. and Francis I.

Francis I., the enlightened patron of letters, the founder of the College of France, the friend of Benvenuto Cellini and Leonardo da Vinci, the secret supporter of the Lutherans of the empire, should have had, by these by-passages of his life, some right not to be forgotten by the pencil of the German painter. But if state policy caused him to lend a helping hand to the Protestants of Germany—the adversaries of Charles V.—that same policy, joined with religious motives, caused him to sign the edicts of proscription against the Protestants of his own kingdom; and the prince who, in despite of his sister's sympathies for Calvin, refused to drag France upon the precipice of the Reformation, could scarcely find favor with the panegyrists of Protestantism.

As to Charles V., even had he not joined to his title of Emperor of Germany the crown of Spain, with all his possessions in the Low Countries and in the New World, one would have still found it strange to see him excluded from the *cortége* of sovereigns, politicians, and statesmen who gave lustre to the sixteenth century.

A sketch of the sixteenth century, then, is incomplete without these two princes, who represent the fierce struggle between the two most powerful Catholic nations at an epoch in which the religious revolutions of the European world should have made such an omission, so it would seem, impossible. Strange antagonism indeed that between these two nations, who would have been able by their accord to arrest the political progress of Protestantism, and to hinder the theology of Wittenberg and Geneva from becoming subsequently a preponderating influence in the direction of the affairs of Europe! Strange and restless antagonism, which occupies a large part of the political history of the sixteenth century; fills, again, the seventeenth with Richelieu and Louis XIV.; seemingly is quieted for an instant when Marie Antoinette shares the throne of Louis XIV. and Marie-Louise that of Napoleon the First; survives, however, three centuries of wars, of changes and revolutions of every sort, to place anew the two peoples in hostile array upon the fields of Magenta and Solferino, and only seems bound to disappear when it has arrived at one of its extreme but

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logical consequences, namely, the exaltation of the power which most fully represents upon the European continent the Protestant enthusiasm and the ancient grudges against France. It is, in fact, only since the battle of Sadowa that this antagonism between these two great Catholic nations has seemed to give place to mutual intelligence of a common danger, and to that sympathetic regard which a recent and distinguished visit has consecrated, so to speak, in the face of Europe, and commended to the intelligent applause of the people of Paris.

The exclusive glorification of Protestantism in the master-work of Kaulbach has also been an occasion of another lamentable omission. It is not enough—be it said without excessive and immoderate partiality toward our own country—it is not enough to have made France represented only by Calvin and by Coligny in the imposing *cortége* of all the glories of the sixteenth century. This systematic exclusion is explained even by itself. In such a composition the places of honor were to be reserved to the countries which welcomed Protestantism with an enthusiasm so ardent, or submitted themselves to its dictation with so strange a docility. One knows, on the other hand, what insurmountable resistance France opposed to the introduction and establishment of Protestantism. It cost her, it is true, more than forty years of continual wars. And what wars those terrible fratricidal and religious strifes of the sixteenth century were; stirred up and kept alive on both sides by the most violent passions, and which, after the unhappy and sanguinary convulsions in which were consumed the reigns of Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., would have ended surely in the breaking up of the ancient national unity, if Providence had not, at the conclusion of those frightful dissensions, caused to intervene a prince predestined to pacify the minds, quiet the discords, and close up and heal the deep wounds of the country! Henry IV. arrives at the end of the sixteenth century, as it were in order to bring about union between Protestantism vanquished and Catholicity triumphant. He gives to the latter the pledge of a public conversion; to the former, the benefit of a legal existence; and, especially in rendering sacred the respect due to minorities, he demonstrates, better than by all arguments, and perhaps for the very reason that his conversion was less a work of devotion than of policy, how the genius of the French nation was opposed to the doctrines of the reformers.

Whatever may be said of the equivocal sincerity of his Catholicity and of the blemishes of his private life, Henry IV., who belongs to the sixteenth century by his birth, by his elevation to the throne and some of the most considerable transactions of his reign, worthily represents, at the close of an epoch so disturbed, some of the highest and most rightful aspirations of what may be called, right or wrong, the spirit of modern times. Great prince assuredly was he who could cause to triumph over passions envenomed by the civil and religious wars of half a century that love of common country, in which, despite of all that would divide them, the French people ought to feel themselves children of the same mother and defenders of the same flag.

The exclusion—almost entire—of France from a picture designed to glorify the sixteenth century, is not

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the only, nor even the gravest, reproach which historical criticism has the right to address to its author.

It is, still further, authorized to demand of him if it is strictly just to cause this grand composition, artistic, scientific, and literary, to do honor solely to Luther and Calvin—a composition which, from a certain and strictly proper point of view, would have sufficed to the glory of an epoch—and above all, if it does not do a strange violence to truth to enrol under the banner of Protestantism such men as Petrarch, Shakespeare, Christopher Columbus, Michael Angelo, and Raphael?

The name of Shakespeare, indeed, not long since stirred up quite a lively discussion upon this very subject. In the eyes of a certain school it seemed to import absolutely that, to the honor of letters, the immortal author of *Hamlet* and of *Othello* did not belong to the Church of Rome—as if Corneille and Racine sparkled with any the less brilliancy because they were Catholics, or that the dramatic art had need to be ashamed of *Polyeucte*, *Esther*, and *Athalie*.

The question has been examined with all the attention which it merits, and the conclusion to which a conscientious inquiry seems to bring us is, that, if Shakespeare belonged by his birth to the time of the Reformation, it is not, nevertheless, necessary to ascribe, either to the gospel of Luther and Calvin or to the Draconian Protestantism of Queen Elizabeth, the masterly productions of his genius.

As to Christopher Columbus, who does not know, I will not say his obedience and filial devotion to the Church of Rome, but the profound piety of his soul and the tenderness of his religious sentiments? According to the chronicler who has preserved for us in Latin the admirable prayer made by that great man at that solemn hour of his life when, triumphant at last over so many distrusts and so many wrongs, over so many delays and so many obstacles, conqueror, so to speak, of the elements and of men, but always submissive to God, he cast himself upon his knees on the land of the New World, as if to take possession of it in the name of faith. "O God!" he said, "eternal and omnipotent, thou hast by thy holy Word created heaven and earth and sea. Blessed and glorified be thy name; praised be thy majesty which has deigned by thy humble servant to cause that thy holy name should be known and proclaimed in this other part of the world."

Now, by whom, think you, had the bold discoverer the intention of proclaiming and making known the name of Jesus Christ in the New World? Was it by the Methodist and Quaker missionaries? or by those apostolic men who, docile to the word of the Roman pontiff, and like him "fishers of men," went forth to announce the Gospel to every creature and to "cast the net of the word" amidst all nations? It is mere idle fancy, then, to connect with Luther and Calvin that wonderful movement, made up of theoretical science and of boldness, of learned calculations and of enthusiastic intuitions, which set out to open to the adventurous genius of the race of Japheth the vast field of enterprise presented by the continents of America and the Archipelagoes of Oceanica. Chronology, moreover, suffices to give the lie very explicitly to this iniquitous claim. Christopher Columbus discovered America in 1492, and died in 1506: the same year in which Martin Luther entered as a novice the Augustinian convent of Erfurt, and when no one looked

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to see him become one day an adversary of the Papacy.

The Papacy! Far rather with *its* remembrance should be associated that grand epoch of modern Europe, that new crusadal enterprise, not to recover the tomb of Christ, but to plant the cross, to propagate the Gospel, and to accomplish the prophecies respecting the universality of the church. It was, in fact, a pope, and that pope an Alexander VI.—the same that proved how much the grandeur of that institution is independent of the worth of individuals—it was Borgia, so severely judged by history, who promulgated the famous bull of 1493, designed to draw the line of demarcation between the discoveries of the Portuguese and those of the Spaniards. From that bull, and from the names of the peoples who bore away the palm from all the rest of Europe in the career of great discoveries, it follows that the Protestant Reformation had nothing to show or pretend to in that splendid episode of the history of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. All those intrepid navigators were Catholics; and the only power which intervened to regulate and pacify the feverish movement that bore them onward was the Church of Rome—the Papacy!

It may be said, perhaps, that the Spaniards, in discovering America, put to shame the Catholic religion by their sharp cupidity and the disgraceful severity of their conduct toward the natives. We have not the slightest intention of transforming the soldiers of Cortez and of Pizarro into peaceful missionaries. If the ferocity of those men disgraced the Gospel, so much the worse for them. But as to the church, if it be insisted on that she shall be mixed up with the question, she has nothing to lose; for it was she herself, and she alone, who intervened to moderate the cupidity of the conquerors, and to defend against it the cause of the conquered. To her alone belongs the name, ever to be venerated, of Bartholomew Las Casas, the eloquent pleader in behalf of Catholicity and of its beneficent action upon society.

As to the great Italian artists of the sixteenth century, and particularly as to Michael Angelo and Raphael, it is still more arbitrary, if possible, to have enrolled them in the army of the innovators. What could be more entirely Catholic than the inspirations and great works of these men of genius? Not to speak in detail of the inimitable Madonnas of Raphael, nor of the gigantic frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine chapel, nor the many other marvellous works with which they have for ever enriched Italy and Europe; but of the church of St. Peter, upon which both had the glory of working, is it not, as it were, the very personification, at once ideal and plastic, of the entire Catholic Church? It is the grand church of the popes; it is there that repose, by the side of the illustrious chiefs St. Peter and St. Paul, the remains of so many sovereign pontiffs. It is under its dome that is celebrated, on the grand solemnities of the year and by the very hands of the vicar of Jesus Christ, the sacrifice of the Mass. It is from its balcony that is given, on those same solemnities, that pontifical benediction, preceded by that absolution and those indulgences, against which for three hundred years Protestantism never loses an occasion of casting its anathemas or its sarcasms; save perhaps when one of its children, assisting on Easter-Day at that wonderful solemnity, and hearing the sonorous and affecting voice of Pius IX., at the moment of imparting benediction to the world, mingling itself with the roll of drums, the

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discharge of cannon, and the chimes of the thousand bells of Rome, falls upon his knees in spite of himself, subdued by I know not what mysterious power, and rises up again with the confession that the inspirations of Catholicism are far differently fitted to charm the soul and seize hold upon the heart than the chilling ceremonial of a Calvinistic Lord's Supper under the arches of St. Paul's in London. In a word, everything of that grand basilica of the Eternal City, from its corner-stone to the cross which surmounts its dome, all has been inspired by Catholic thought; and it may be affirmed with assurance that all the grand artists who worked upon it could say as Raphael replied to Leo X.: "I love so much the Church of St. Peter!"*

Moreover, independently of all individual names, can it not be said in a general manner that it is going quite counter to historic truth to attempt to connect the art-movement of the sixteenth century with the influence of Luther and Calvin? It is well enough known, in truth, what was the attitude of the Reformation, especially of the Calvinistic part of it, toward the beautiful and the divine in the arts. Many of our old cathedrals in France still bear, after three hundred years, the marks of the iconoclastic fury of the Huguenots. The literal interpretation — literal even to barbarousness—of the text in Exodus, "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven images," it translated, especially in its beginnings, into a relentless proscription; and the statues, pictures, and wonderful great church-windows, where the middle ages had expended so much of faith and often so much of genius, disappeared under the blows of a most savage vandalism.

They are ours, then, altogether ours, those divine men, as the Greeks would have called them, who have written in the history of art the immortal pages stamped with the names of Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Brunelleschi, Bramante, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. It is not around Luther and Calvin that they should be grouped, but around those Roman pontiffs who gave such a vigorous impulse to literature and the arts, and who caused all those beautiful poems of painting or of stone to serve for the glorification of the Catholic Church. On that point, moreover, public sentiment has passed judgment for all future time. The history of the arts does not know the era of Luther; it knows and will always know the era of Leo X.

III.

If it had been given to one of those masters of art of the sixteenth century to make a synoptical picture of that grand epoch, he would have singularly modified the perspectives and enlarged the horizons. In regard to that rebellious monk who holds up the Bible as a standard of revolt; in regard to those men who surround him, and among whom are found at the same time the co-workers and the adversaries of his work; a Melanchthon, who had been his disciple, and a Zwingle who had been his rival — strange council, where there is no unanimity except to attack and deny, and where there is division when the matter to be treated of is that of affirming and establishing—in this respect, one would have seen, majestically grouped upon the steps of a temple based, sixteen hundred years previously, upon immovable foundations, the Fathers of the Coun-

* Reply of Raphael to the brief of Leo X., naming him superintendent of the work of the church. See, further, the will of Raphael, (cited in Audin's *Leo X.* t. ii. p. 347.)

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cil of Trent, who, during a term of nearly twenty years, had brought together, classified, and fixed, in wonderful conformity with the whole current of tradition, the divers points of the doctrine and the discipline of the Christian church.

Five popes* occupied the See of St. Peter during the holding of that memorable council. Some among them may, perhaps, be justly blameworthy for this or that fault in their administration; but to have been able to convoke and reunite that immortal assembly; to have caused it to resume its labors when they had been interrupted; to have conducted them through so many obstacles and difficulties, coming from men or things, to their close; to have, at last, as was done by Pius IV., perpetuated, so to say, the authority and reformatory action of that œcumenical assembly by the institution of that *Congregation* of the council, whose mission, for three hundred years past, has been to explain and put into practical execution the decrees passed at Trent—this is evidently one of the most important pages of the history of the Reformation within the fold of Christianity, and is, perhaps, one where the divine power and the supernatural constitution of the church shine forth most visibly. For neither the popes who presided over the council nor the bishops who composed it were, taken individually, men of genius; and it is permitted to us to say that in great matters where the personal consideration of man appears the least, there the wisdom and power of God shine forth all the more strikingly.

And then, again, around those two centres which mingle themselves in one—the Papacy and the general council—and which represent so forcibly, in the face of the precocious divisions of Protestantism, the grand and living unity of the church of Jesus Christ, what astonishing fecundity for good, what varied resources, what fruitful germination of men and deeds! What souls, those great saints of the sixteenth century, recruited from among all ranks of society, and to whom Providence seems to have confided the mission of replying by some beneficent institution to all the attacks and all the negations of Protestantism!

Would that, then, be a picture wanting in grandeur, where a competent artist—wishing to glorify in the sixteenth century not the warlike Reformation which rent asunder without remorse the ancient and majestic unity of Christendom, but the peaceful and fruitful reform which multiplied, according to the needs of a much troubled and suffering age, grand inspirations and magnanimous self-sacrifices—should group around the living centre of the church Ignatius Loyola and his brave companions, the pastor Pascal Baylon and the grand nobleman Francis Borgia, St. Philip Neri and St. Camillus of Lelli, St. Charles Borromeo in the midst of the plague at Milan and St. Francis of Sales evangelizing the populations of Chablais? And yet this enumeration must be limited to the names of the more illustrious only, and to works the most considerable.

Now, in these names are found truly personified the inspirations which constitute, in its plenitude, the veritable spirit of Christianity.

First, the spirit of zeal and apostleship. Those who have seen the frescoes of the church of St. Ignatius at Rome remember with what just pride a Jesuit painter has represented the triumphs of the first fathers of his company over heresy and.

*Paul III., Julius III., Marcellus II., Paul IV., and Pius IV.

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infidelity. And unless blinded by incurable prejudices, what a striking comparison can one make between Mélanchthon, the disciple of Luther, and that student of the Paris University, the friend of St. Ignatius—that St. Francis Xavier who, setting out for the Indies in 1541 and dying in 1552, had converted, by himself alone, more heathen in a dozen years than all the Protestant missionaries united have been able to convert in a century; that man whose life would seem but a legend of olden times, were it not authenticated by most unexceptionable documents, and had it not appeared in the sixteenth century, which is far less the age of enthusiasm than that of criticism—that man, in fine, to whom a Protestant, Baldeus, has had the impartiality to render a splendid eulogy, closing with that apostrophe so *naïve* and nearly as honorable to the writer as to the hero, "Would to God that, having been what you were, you might be of us!"

If the Company of Jesus represents in so high a degree the spirit of zeal, behold St. Theresa and St. Peter of Alcantara, who represent none the less worthily the spirit of penitence—that essential part of the Christian life, so entirely foreign to the heroes and the works which spring forth from Protestantism.

In contrast with the rehabilitation of the flesh, openly preached and practised by Luther, by Henry VIII., by the Landgrave of Hesse and the principal corypheuses of the Reformation, see how, in the train of these two Spaniards—that reformer of Carmel and that son of St. Francis—whole generations follow. They embrace with enthusiasm that hidden life of the cloister, where the superficial glance of the man of the world sees only an arbitrary captivity and aimless mortifications; but where the eyes of faith discover the secret of those acts and movements of reparation which preserve from ignominy and ruin the ages dragged along the dangerous declivity of scepticism and immorality, by teaching men that, if unbelief and luxury destroy individuals and societies, it is the force of prayer, united to that of sacrifice, which alone can raise them up again.

Finally, after the spirit of zeal and the spirit of penitence, the spirit of charity completes the fulness of the Christian life.

Now, can Protestantism take any offence, if, in looking over with it the list of its founders and apostles, we demand of it where there is to be found, among those ardent adversaries of Roman superstitions, a single man to whom one can conscientiously give the title of benefactor and consoler of men?

I see Luther, indeed, presenting the Bible to Germany surprised and misled; and Calvin administering the cup of the Lord's Supper to gentlemen of the court of Francis I. or to the rich burgesses of Geneva. Here, in one place, Reuchlin and Ulrich of Hutten are jeering and laughing at the monks, and there, in another, Gustavus Adolphus is brandishing his valiant sword in defence of the new gospel; but still, again, among these bold promoters of the Reformation, among these indefatigable champions of gospel-christianity, as they proudly entitle themselves, would that I were shown *one* of those souls inspired from above to pour upon the miseries of the age the treasures of divine consolations! I behold party-leaders, Bible-expounders, soldiers, politicians, and savants; but of friends of the poor, of protectors of old age and deserted infancy, of men who sacrifice all and who sacrifice themselves even, to gain the right, the privilege, of drying up the tears

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of the afflicted and of holding out the helping hand to the unfortunate —of these I see none. These are all in the ranks of that church whose privilege it will always be, and which no sect has ever been able to take from her, to prove that she alone is the veritable spouse of Jesus Christ, because she alone is the true mother of men! Behold St. Philip Neri and his companions of the Oratory of Rome, whose remembrances still live in the hospital of the Trinity for pilgrims—St. Philip Neri, whose name, after more than three hundred years, is always associated in the Eternal City with the idea of whatever is most tender and good. By the side of St. Philip, his contemporary and friend, St. Camillus of Lellis, institutor of a congregation specially devoted to the care of the sick poor; while, by a like inspiration, the Spaniard, St. John of God, established, in 1540, that charitable order, spread since then throughout Christendom, and whose members rival in self-sacrificing devotion the disciples of St. Camillus in consecrating themselves to the work of relieving human infirmities. In fine, if St. Vincent of Paul constitutes the glory and, more than the glory, the consolation of the seventeenth century, the sixteenth century has, nevertheless, the right to claim him in part; for it saw his birth, and it gave to him the first inspirations of that zeal and charity which draw down every day upon his name the grateful benedictions of all who languish and suffer—upon that name at once the humblest and the most popular of all names.

In conclusion, if, in this picture of the Catholic glories of the sixteenth century, it were necessary also to find place for men of the sword and men of law, are there many figures more martial than that of Bayard, the chevalier "without fear and without reproach," or those of the admirable Knights-Hospitallers of Malta, who, in 1585, under the orders of their grand-master, La Valette, stood as a living rampart, against which all the forces of Islamism dashed and broke themselves, and who did for Christian Europe in the sixteenth century what, a century later, the immortal Sobieski had to do with his brave Polanders?

As to men of law, Catholic France has the right to name with pride the grand-chancellor Hôpital; and Protestant England has not the right to claim Thomas More. It was this courageous magistrate who refused to subscribe to the divorce of Henry VIII., and who, when entreated by his wife not to expose himself to capital punishment by opposing the king's wishes, replied in these beautiful words: "What! Would you have me compromise my eternity for the sake of twenty years which yet perhaps remain for me to live?" He died upon the scaffold, the 6th of July, 1535, with the constancy of a martyr; worthy precursor of that long and illustrious generation of witnesses to the faith, who, during all the second half of the sixteenth century, watered with purest of blood the soil of England, and did more honor, it seems to me, to the ancient renown of "The Isle of Saints" than a Cranmer, the courtly and apostate archbishop, or an Essex, one of the numerous lovers of that princess who foully stained with mire and blood the throne upon which she sat, and that state church of which she made a mere vassal of that throne.

After having rectified and completed, so far as it has been given me to do, this painting, so original and vigorous, but at the same time so manifestly devoted to a precon-

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ceived and systematized idea, I arrive at a conclusion which is applicable not to the sixteenth century only, but to all the epochs of history.

It is that, after the likeness of man himself, each phase of the life of humanity bears in it two souls, and, as it were, two humanities. These are the twins that struggled together in the womb of Rebecca, and on the occasion of which the Lord responded to the troubled mother: "Two nations are in thy womb, and two peoples shall be divided out of thy womb, and one people shall overcome the other." (Gen. xxv. 23.)

Yes, as each one of us bears within him two men, whose unceasing struggle makes up the whole prize and the whole grandeur of the moral life, so in like manner each age of the world bears within it two ages: the one which is the docile instrument of God in the pursuit of truth and the accomplishment of justice; and the other, which paralyzes a part of the living forces of humanity by leading them astray into error, or by putting them to the service of selfishness and evil.

This grand principle of the philosophy of history, due to Christian psychology and the true knowledge by man of himself, has been admirably demonstrated by St. Augustine. One sees, from numerous passages in his writings, how that holy doctor was impressed by the perpetual antagonism and irreconcilable opposition between these two powers, or "cities," (as he terms them,) who always and everywhere are making war upon each other, and to whom each succeeding century serves but as a battle-field.

Quite as much and even more than others, does the sixteenth century present to the look of the observer the militant dualism of these two principles: the one, calling itself the Reformation of the church by disorder and violence; the other, wishing to be, and which has been, the fruitful and pacific renovation of Christian life by humble zeal and true charity. The Protestant Reformation claims the sixteenth century as exclusively its own. I believe I have sufficiently demonstrated that, by its most beautiful and most enduring parts and characteristics, the century belongs neither to Luther nor Calvin; but that the Catholic Church can exhibit it with just pride alike to her friends and her enemies.

From this study, made in the light of this principle, I would also deduce a second conclusion and apply it directly to the times in which we live.

Are we not ourselves witnesses of and actors in a struggle like or analogous to that which, before our day, divided our fathers? Yes, our century, soon to complete the third quarter of its term, itself also is engaged in this struggle between, so to term it, two opposing cities or communities. For some time past, this struggle seems to have entered upon a new phase and into a most sharp crisis.

With whom will victory rest, and which of the two principles shall carry captive the other in its triumph, so as to decide definitively the character of this epoch? That is a secret as yet only known to God, and it is not mine to attempt a reply to so hidden and mysterious a question. What I do know is, that we ought to oppose, with all our might, those who, wishing to bring about a violent retrograde movement in European society, threaten every day to carry us back to the age of Voltaire, and who present to us the saturnalia of '93 as the ideal of liberty, prosperity, and progress!

What I know, again, is, that but yesterday the antagonism between

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these two opposing powers (*des deux cités*) was personified in two men, upon whom, if I mistake not, the judgment of posterity has already begun to be made up: One of them, who represents, in all his serene majesty and with impressive authority even in his weakness, the force of right—the august and mild pontiff, whom twenty-two years of revolutions and ingratitude do not dishearten and dissuade from blessing the world, and calling down, by his prayers, upon sorely tried and troubled society, the spirit of wisdom, counsel, and peace; the other, that incorrigible leader of the antichristian army, the man of those bold deeds whose ephemeral triumph aspires to build up right upon force, but which one day, I hope, Italy will disavow in the name of her religious traditions, as well as in the name of her true and sound liberal traditions.

No; this nineteenth century, where by the side of so much that is evil there is so much that is good—so many generous sallies of self-devotion, so many hidden acts of self-sacrifice, so many solid virtues—the century which has given us a Curé of Ars and a Pius IX., an Affre and a Lamoricière, a Lacordaire and a Ravignan, an O'Connell and a Zamoyski, a Jane Jugan—founder of the Little Sisters of the Poor—and those students to whom not only France, but the Catholic world, are indebted for the institution of the Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul; this century will never be dragged down to the *gemoniæ scalæ** of history with the ignominious stamp upon it of having been the *Era of Garibaldi.* It will triumph over all the obstacles heaped upon its pathway by scepticism, by false science, and by the violence of party-spirit. These adverse forces seem at this hour, it is true, to take up with renewed energy the struggle which for eighteen centuries nothing has interrupted; but by so doing they only serve to show us more clearly our duty, and to urge us on the more strenuously to fulfil it.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE LEGEND OF HOSPITALITY.

"LEGEND or history, history or legend, there are truths to be culled from each, my friends," justly remarks that charming writer, Charles Nodier. A beautiful legend creates its own atmosphere of sweet and moral influences, as a flower exhales its perfume. Happy they who can discern and appropriate them! It is in these old and popular legends that oftentimes will be found infused whatever is most beautiful and pure of a nation's poetry and of its faith; they being, as it were, the expression of a people's thought. For a long time, indeed, those simple traditions of the past constituted, as we may say, the literature of the people's social gatherings, and served an important part in keeping firmly ce-

* The *gemoniæ scalæ* were steps in ancient Rome, near the prison called *Tullianum*, down which the bodies of those who had been executed in prison were dragged and thrown into the Forum, to be there exposed to the gaze of the multitude.—TRANS.

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mented the noble principles of family, of union, and of justice, which formed the triple corner-stone of all well-regulated society. When the trembling voice of the old man was heard, all were silent, and went forth after his narrative with souls deeply impressed, on the one hand, by the punishments which struck down the wicked, or, on the other, softly moved by the justly deserved reward that so often formed the graceful *dénouement* of some touching ballad.

Some of these legends, coming to us, as they do, from afar, have even preserved the first freshness of the primitive ages. This is, indeed, their greatest charm. Witness this exquisite legend of hospitality, which for a long time delighted the simple hearts of the peasants of France.

In the days of Jesus, there lived on the banks of the Jordan an old man, who might well have been taken for a patriarch of an ancient tribe, whom Death seemed to have forgotten. His name was Philomen, and in his lowly cabin he subsisted solely on the fruit of his little garden, and the milk furnished him by his goat. Now, one quiet evening, some one tapped gently at his door, and an old man, though younger than he, entering, claimed his hospitality.

"Most willingly, my friend. My cottage is not large; my garden yields not much fruit; my goat gives but little milk; but, even so, I share it cheerfully with all who cross my threshold in the name of hospitality. Enter, then, good friend, and rest after the fatigue of the day."

"But," said the traveller hesitatingly, "I am not alone. I have twelve companions with me, overpowered by weariness and parched with thirst, for we have just crossed the desert."

"Let them all come; you are all welcome. All who come hungry to my door are welcome to all I possess."

Then the stranger made a sign to his companions, who were silently standing at the door; and he found that they were Jesus and his twelve apostles, whom St. Peter led on their journey, ever walking in advance, he who was one day to open the gates of Paradise.

They entered, partook of his simple fruit, drank the milk furnished by his goat, and rested for a time on his rough mat. When day dawned, St. Peter said to him, "Before going hence, hast thou no petition to make to us? Hast thou not some wish? Ask whatever thou wilt in return for thy hospitality. All that thou shalt ask shall be granted unto thee."

Then the old man made three wishes, and said: "My sweet Lord, I love life so well, grant me yet five hundred years to live; the days pass so quickly in this peaceful cabin."

"Granted," said a sweet and touching voice, which seemed to come, as it were, from the midst of the group. "What else wilt thou have?"

"My good Lord, I have a beautiful fig-tree in my garden, which bears such fine fruit that they are often stolen from me. Grant me, then, that whoever climbs into it may not be able to descend until I give him leave; thus I will ensnare the thief."

Jesus smiled as he heard this quaint wish, and, bowing his fair head, said: "It shall be done as thou wishest. Hast thou more still to ask? Speak freely, for thou seest that I grant thee all that thou hast wished for."

"My dearly loved Lord, I have a wooden chair, on which my friends sit when they come sometimes at night to talk with me. Grant me that whoever rests on it may not be able to rise, and must remain there as long as I shall please."

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And Jesus approved again, because he loved this guileless old man, who was so simple of heart and made such modest wishes. St. Peter then thanked him, and went forth, followed by his twelve companions, among whom Jesus loved to conceal himself.

Years passed by one after the other. One century passed, then another, until finally the last day of the last year arrived, and the venerable Philomen saw the grim traveller Death enter his cabin, who said to him:

"Come along, old man! Thou hast eluded me this long time—thanks to an especial favor. Thou hast reached the years of Mathusale. If every one lived as thou hast, I would have no work on earth. Come along, quick. Regulate thy affairs, bid farewell to thy garden, because, with the setting sun, I lead thee forth with me."

"O my good dame! if you would but pity me! Ah! yes, if you would have some pity, you would let me live some few days more—only *one* day, then. It is so good to live!"

"No, nothing; not one moment more," replied the sinister guest in a harsh and dry voice.

"At least, then, let me once more eat of the fruit of my fig-tree. I have loved them so well; it will be a last consolation to me. But I am too weak to shake the tree, and too old to reach those highest branches. Do you go up, and gather me that fig up there; it is so thoroughly ripened by our eastern sun."

"Most willingly. See, old man, I will show thee that Death is not as surly as 'tis said she is."

Then placing her hour-glass and scythe at the foot of the tree, the unlucky dame climbed up; but scarcely had she pressed her foot upon the branches, than, lo! they sprang up as if from her tread, closed around and so shut in the impudent wight that she could not even stir. She called; she cried aloud, then moaned and supplicated. Philomen renewed his humble petition, but she persistently refused.

"Very well! I only want five hundred years, five centuries more!" And raising his head menacingly, he took up the hour-glass and scythe, quietly returning to his cabin. Every morning he returned, imposed his conditions of release, which Death, becoming more and more irritated, as obstinately refused. Then he would go back patiently to his cabin. On the third night he saw a dark figure, with glittering eyes, prowling round the foot of his tree. He listened, and heard this conversation. Now, you must know that this was the Devil, who came to make his complaint: "What dost thou there, thou idler? Thou no longer sendest me work to do. I am ruined by thy delay."

But the terrible accomplice could do nothing; because he who binds on earth as he binds in heaven had bound her so firmly that Death herself could not undo it.

Next morning, after a fresh dispute with Philomen, she yielded, and consented to let him have five hundred years added to his life. But as Death is treacherous, he sought his tablet, and before she came down he made her sign the treaty. After that he set her free, restored her baggage, her hour-glass and scythe, and let her depart, threatening and raging as she went, vowing to cut off, at the very moment of the promised time, the life of one who had so pitilessly ridiculed her.

Years again passed by, one by one; the centuries were accomplished; and yet Philomen did not grow old. Ten times had he seen

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pass by that unhappy pilgrim condemned to wander for ever round the world. Each journey marked one century as this wandering Jew crossed the Jordan, near his little cabin, on the road to Jerusalem, that, ascending Golgotha, he might sue for mercy on the very spot where the blood had been shed of him whom he had despised! The centuries had all now passed, and one evening, when Philomen sat quietly by his hearth, the dark traveller entered once more. Midnight was the fatal hour. She rudely accosted him: "Come along now, old man! Thou shouldst long since have been in thy grave. No mercy for thee this time! Thou wouldst but mock me again, could I show pity for thee. Oh! how tired I am; so tired, so worried! To-day I have killed nearly three thousand Christians, then a whole race of infidels, and decimated an entire kingdom, with my well-tempered weapon, pestilence. Rich and poor, prelates and priests, I have upturned everything—everything. But I am horribly tired, and while awaiting the expiration of thy time, I will rest me a little here." Saying these words, she threw herself on the wooden stool that Jesus had gifted with supernatural powers. Then she began to jeer at the old man, speaking to him of the joys of life, of youth, of love, etc. When midnight tolled, she attempted to rise from the chair and spring at Philomen, who had wisely placed himself beyond her reach; but, nailed down upon this wonderful seat, she could not move! In vain she shook her glass, made deadly thrusts with her scythe! Then the good man went to his hearth, and kindled such a fire as nearly roasted her even at that distance. Her hour-glass was about falling to pieces, the handle of her scythe was nearly reduced to ashes, when, after a most vigorous dispute, she granted Philomen a new lease of five centuries more of life!

Now, this was, as you know, the second time she had been caught in the same trap, and more enraged than ever, she went forth crying aloud that she should not be caught again; and good old Philomen lived on through the long years obtained by this trick. But everything of time must end; everything falls; everything dies; everything passes away. And these five centuries, too, were gathered with all that had gone before. But Death had learned prudence now, and did not venture near, sending a shaft from afar that pierced the good old man and sent him at once from life to death. But as he had lived so innocently and ever observed the laws of holy hospitality, God had a place prepared for him in his own beautiful Paradise.

Now, it happened that before going there our Philomen wished to see, just a little, what was going on in hell. Since the night that he overheard the dispute between Death and Satan, he had cherished a great desire to do so. He quietly entered the abode of the condemned, and when the Devil came to meet him, and would have seized upon him, Philomen cried out: "Stop there! I am not for thee! I am of the kingdom of the elect, and come here only to see if all that is said of thee in the kingdom of the living be true. Lead me everywhere!" When, conducted by his dark guide, he had visited the bowels of the earth and witnessed all manners of torture, he proposed to him to stake his own soul against some of the most fearfully punished among the damned who were uttering most terrific shrieks. The dice were brought, and shaken by each in turn. Philomen

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gained twelve souls; then Satan became fearful he might lose all with this mysterious partner, and refused to play on. Philomen then took the road to Paradise, and, reaching the gate, tapped gently. Saint Peter came to open for him. He at once recognized him, and, smiling, said, "Pass on, we have expected you all this time." "Oh! very well," said the acute old man, "but, like you formerly, I am not travelling alone: I have with me twelve companions, who claim your hospitality." "This is but fair," said St. Peter, once more smiling, "so come in." And so Philomen and his twelve ransomed souls all went to join the throng of the blessed who will for ever sing the glory of God.

It is thus the good old man lived fifteen hundred years, and practised the holy rules of hospitality. And it is thus that our pious ancestors taught their children never to refuse entrance to those who knocked at their doors, imploring shelter; and thus we, too, see how religiously and beautifully hospitality was practised in the former ages, in the chateaux of the rich as well as in the more humble dwellings of the poor.

MINE ENEMY.

If he could stand against me now,
With other eyes and an alien brow;
If I could break the spell that still
My will entangles with his will;

If he could laugh the while I weep;
If I could wake, and he asleep;
Could I uncoil the mystery
Where he is I, and I am he:

Then might I hide me from his face;
Or strike him down within his place;
And so, at last, my life be free
From his tormenting company.

But nō; his blush my forehead burns,
His the pallor my pale cheek turns,
And when he sees the thing I do,
'Tis mine own eyes that he looks through.

When I would hate this tiresome mate,
He teaches me the way to hate;
When from his presence I would flee,
He, taunting, flies along with me.

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But best I like his baser slips,
His angry eyes and impious lips;
For then, half-wrenched away from me,
Almost it seems he leaves me free.

'Tis then I raise aloft my cry:
St. Michael, to the rescue fly!
'Tis then almost my foot is prest
Upon the monster's struggling breast;

'Tis then I feel my shoulders glow
With hints of wings they yet may know,
And breathe as slaves pant, wild and sweet,
Whose chains are falling to their feet!

'Tis then I nestle, safely bound
By wings of angels circling round,
And feel the drawing of the cord
That holds my anchor in the Lord!

And most I fear when cunningly
He crouches, hidden from mine eye,
And breathes into the pipes whose keys
Hold all my spirit's melodies.

When I his hiding would betray,
He holds the lamp, and leads the way;
When I would break his hardihood,
He wields the lash that draws my blood.

So deep his guile, I scarce can know
From whose intent my actions grow;
So brightly do his tear-drops shine,
I oft mistake his grief for mine.

When veiled emotions, swift and strong,
Run all my trembling nerves along,
If 'tis his sigh or mine whose swell
Upheaves my breast, I cannot tell.

When friendship frowns, I turn to see
My foe's eyes beaming tenderly;
When friendship harshly speaks, I hear
His dulcet tones wooing mine ear.

When God is slow to hear my cry,
Behold th' insidious list'ner nigh!
When thirst has parched my vitals up,
His hand presents the sparkling cup.

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If I would reason with my foe,
He lets the high-piled logic grow,
And lowly bends, in humble guise,
With silent mouth and drooping eyes.

But as, o'erflowing with content,
I view my stately monument,
Nor guess the thoughts lie side to side
In subtle, weak cement of pride,

With sudden flash of mocking wit
He plays about and shatters it,
Or some volcanic underthrust
Levels my structure with the dust.

And straight, ere I can speak for pain,
He builds my chang'd thoughts up again
In airy stretches, bright or dim,
With flower-woven cornice-rim ;

With domes that melt into the sky,
Like piles of snowy cumuli ;
And pinnacles where fancy sees
Stars cling and swim, like golden bees ;

With long-drawn wings whose cloudy tips
The sunset kisses with red lips ;
And cloudy-curtained windows bright,
Whence pours a flood of rosy light.

And with it come bewildering tunes,
Where heavenly airs bear hellish runes ;
And, calling sweet and calling clear,
The voice that most I long to hear.

But if, lured by this temple fair,
Dazzled, I seek to enter there,
It clings, and burns with lurid light,
Like Glauce's bridal-garment white.

Then since my foe so potent is,
And I so weak, lest I be his,
Some friend I need, stronger than he,
To stand and keep my heart for me.

And since, though driven forth with pain,
Ever he stealeth back again,
More need have I of heavenly light
To make his lurking-places bright.

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And since I stand unarmed, indeed,
Before his wrath, great is the need
I should invoke, with prayerful word,
Saint Michael of the fiery sword!

That night and day I still should cling
Beneath my hovering angel's wing;
And ne'er let slip the golden cord
That holds my anchor in the Lord!

TRANSLATED FROM THE REVUE DU MONDE CATHOLIQUE.

FLAMINIA.

BY ALEXANDRE DE BAR.

CONCLUDED.

"You will not be surprised to see that Flaminia was ignorant of the veritable nature of the affection that she felt for Albert; but you will be astonished to learn that he shared entirely her ignorance, although he had seen much of life. Yet think that it is to know nothing of the most impetuous passion of our soul if we have only learnt the theory; for as to know the world we must have lived in the world, so to know the heart one must have lived by the heart; if such has not been one's experience, all is obscurity and one takes a false route. Now, Albert had lived out of the world, and had not yet loved aught but a glorious renown. Besides all this, if you will look back upon that fair time of youth which has now fled from us, you will remember that the descent which allures us is often so gentle that we follow it without attention; until the day when an unforeseen event, and often even an unimportant circumstance, arouses us, and permits us by a glance to see the road that we have already glided down. Albert, too, descended that charming declivity, gathering the perfumed flowers which hung on the shrubs, and intoxicating himself with perfumes, with light and songs. His soul happy, his heart pure, dazzled by the celestial gleams which irradiated him, how could he see where all this was conducting him? This is how he first became aware of his position: There was at the bottom of the gardens of the palace Balbo a long alley, that was covered by the thick foliage of the vines, whose stems, black and distorted, clung to and spread up the stone pillars on each side. Here and there the jasmines displayed the silver stars of their flowers, which shone out of the deep shade of their leaves. From that alley the eye gazed upon a vast horizon, bounded by two large sheets of azure, the sea and sky, between which the mountains lifted their imposing masses, gilded by the rays of the setting sun. It was in this perfumed gallery that, each evening, Albert was conducted by his hosts, as soon as the refreshing breeze of evening blew

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across the sea. Often it was the arm of Flaminia that aided his yet feeble steps in this exercise. How many charming hours thus passed for them during the calm of those evenings, when the noises of the day ceased one by one, until the ear brought but the sound of the whispering breeze, pure and sweet as the breath of a sleeping child, to the touched and softened soul! One day, the fever seemed struggling to regain its power over the form of Albert; his wounds were scarcely closed, and the emotions that he experienced reacted most powerfully upon his health. Sir, man is born for suffering, and not for joy. His body can support an immense weight of sorrow and pain without giving way; but it is worn out by pleasure, and joy kills it. Giovanni, uneasy about his friend, strictly forbade his leaving his room, and that evening the family went alone to their walk. Albert returned sadly to the saloon, become more desert for him than the sands of Sahara, in company with Giovanni, who, in the hope of distracting his loneliness, talked to him of battles and of victories; although had he known how far the mind of his friend was from all such subjects, he might have given himself far less trouble with an equally good result. Little caring then for glory, Albert's heart was with Flaminia under the perfumed shade of the vines and jasmines. At their return, Flaminia held out to Albert a spray of jasmine covered with flowers, saying to him: 'You like these flowers, so I bring you them.' When Albert had retired to his own room, he took this bouquet and covered it with kisses: he listened with delight to the voice that issued from those flowers and that told him such sweet words. A flame seemed to mingle with their perfumes that carried a new life to his heart; but it carried there also the light. Another voice made itself heard and showed him the truth, and he fell from the regions of happiness where his dream had carried him, into the implacable reality; for he then discovered with what sort of an affection they were both animated. And he a knight of the Order of Malta! If absence could have given the repose of forgetfulness to Flaminia, Albert would not have hesitated to have left her at once. But if there exist attachments so slight that the simple absence of their object is sufficient to cure them, so there are others which may be likened to those long-lived plants that extend their roots in all directions and all depths; so that one cannot tear them from the soil in which they have once gained a hold. Such affections as these resist all human efforts, and absence but serves to render their wounds more poignant and more lively. Albert understood too well the character of Flaminia not to know that their destiny was irrevocably fixed. Divine Providence seemed to have drawn them together in this world but to make them merit, by a sacrifice of their affections, the happiness that was destined for them in the next. The ordinary remedy of absence would have been useless in their case. Albert understood this, and the idea of getting himself absolved from his vows of knighthood came to him. This thought he repelled. It was not that he believed the success of such a measure impossible, but that he saw in it a desertion of his duty; he felt that his conscience would not be in tranquillity, and that it would perpetually remind him that one cannot thus break his engagements with God. He knelt down piously, and that which passed in his soul during that cruel night, and that which he suf-

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fered during that struggle, ever rested a secret between him and God. For you, scholar of the eighteenth century, it is an unpardonable weakness that of placing one's self humbly on one's knees before the Divine Majesty. Yet, thanks only to this weakness, Albert, in all the force of youth, resisted without failing before the most impetuous, the most irresistible of all our passions, and came forth victorious out of the rudest combat that he had ever given. He loved, passionately, Flaminia: Flaminia, beautiful, rich in heart and soul, full of all the merits, of all the virtues, that can entrance at the same time the heart, the soul, and the senses; Flaminia, who loved him with an equal ardor, and who confided herself to him absolutely and without reserve. He had over her an absolute power, and, far from using it, he subdued his passion, and, directing by a determined will the tumultuous waves of his heart, he traversed without shipwreck those tempests that are more ungovernable than the rage of the ocean. The strength with which he aided himself was that same weakness which makes you smile. Had he trusted only in himself, he would have fallen, because he was but a man; he implored the aid of him who is strength itself, and he vanquished. Faith was for him what the fortifying oil was with which the athletes rubbed their bodies before the struggle; and, not content with aiding him to overcome himself, she knew also how to dry his tears by the blessed aid of hope. For, at the same time that she showed him in all their barrenness the painful paths of duty, she let him see at the end of the journey, and as the price of his victory, that eternal union of souls which time itself is powerless to break. I know you to be prejudiced, my dear Frederick, on all that which touches religious questions; but, at the same time, I know you to be of too good faith not to acknowledge that there is truly something superhuman in a doctrine which gives such victories; neither shall I insist on the detail of the events which occurred during the six months that Albert yet passed by the side of Flaminia, for they would have no value in my recital. It would not, perhaps, be without a certain interest to follow the developments of that affection, so completely purified from all earthly thoughts; but, as there are certain situations where a look, a smile, takes the proportions of a veritable event, it would be necessary for me to enter into the very slightest points of its psychology. On learning the gravity of the wounds of his brother, Adolph Shraun had come in all haste to the palace Balbo. Antonia failed not to produce in his heart an impression as profound, but more decisive, than that which Flaminia had already aroused in his brother. As he knew that the project of an alliance would be joyfully received in the two families, Antonia was not long without knowing the sentiments which she had enkindled. The frank, impetuous, and lively character of Adolph had already predisposed her in his favor, so that she quickly shared the same sentiments and hopes as himself. Joy renders us much more disposed to confidence than does sorrow, and Antonia did not fail to feel the need of confiding to some one both her secret and her love. This need caused her to seek in Flaminia for sympathy, and the reciprocal confidence which was due between these two young hearts, so well formed to love and sustain each other, was then established for ever. The *naïve* confidences of her sister enlightened Flaminia on her own sentiments, and carried into her soul

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the light that she had but caught glimpses of before. She then understood the nature of her destiny, and, like Albert, she accepted it without a murmur. She took refuge in the consoling thought that their union would be accomplished in those celestial regions where only reign the eternal laws of love; and thus placing her hopes upon a sure basis, she resigned herself to her cross, prayed, and awaited God's will. I think that I have quite sufficiently instructed you upon the state of these noble hearts; so that I can arrive at that which is the object of my story—namely, to tell you how it was that my great-grandfather, Adolph, saw, one day, two souls." The Baron Frederick could not here repress a deep sigh of satisfaction, and the count, who noticed nothing, continued: "The hours, which their separation was soon to render so long, passed away with a cruel rapidity; the moment approached when Albert ought to leave Flaminia, that he might report himself to the Grand-Master Coroner, who was then preparing an expedition directed against Napoli of Roumania, and the few days they had yet to pass together made them feel still more strongly the happiness that they were about to lose. Giovanni had announced his intention of following his friend, and their approaching departure had cast a shade of sadness on that household, lately so joyous that it had seemed a nest hidden from the world, where alone happiness dwelt. One evening, when, according to their usual custom, they were all grouped together under the shadow of the vines, the conversation took a melancholy form, and the fear that reigned in all their hearts expressed itself by words: they were talking of death. 'Come, come,' said the Prince Balbo, after a few minutes of discussion on the subject, 'what is the use of these fears? When duty calls, we must obey, not only by action, but in heart, and without regret. Besides,' he added, 'the hour of our death is not in our own choice; and none are protected from his stroke when God calls the angel of death and says, "Strike!" I have, like you, my children, incurred many perils in my life, and yet sixty winters have whitened my head; and how many have I not seen of those whose life was peaceable—of flourishing youth—sheltered from all harm, who have been struck down before their time! Let us confide in God, my children; let us resign ourselves beforehand to his will, which is always just, always good—since he is eternally just and good.'

"Flaminia, crushed by the grief of a separation that snatched away from her for ever the half of her soul, had, until these last words of her father, remained silent; but then, lifting her head and leaning slightly toward Albert, said to him in a tone that was audible only to him, 'Yes, happily, one dies at every age.'

"Albert understood her thought.

"'Do you not, then, think on the grief of those who are left?' answered he, in a voice of low reproach.

"'Oh!' replied she quickly, 'if I die first, I will come to seek you.'

"Before that cry, uttered from the heart, before that affection that felt itself sufficiently strong to vanquish the laws of death, sufficiently holy that God should grant it a miracle, silence could be the only answer; but a glance of Albert replaced with all the eloquence of the heart the powerless word. On the morrow of that evening, Albert left Flaminia. I will not paint to you their affliction. It was immense. But a hope that is too ill known in this, our century, sustained their courage and

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energy. At the moment of an adieu so cruel to both, not a tear fell from their eyes. That they did flow, and most abundantly and bitterly, there is no doubt, since grief never loses its rights, and human force, even the best sustained, has its bounds; but they flowed in silence and in secret, and he who was their only witness treasured them up. The days, the months, the seasons passed on; three times the trees had lost their foliage and renewed their leaves; three times had the alley of vines seen the winter's sun pass unobstructed through their naked branches. All had changed around them; their hearts alone changed not. The renown of Albert grew each day, with his valor, more brilliant; but it was no longer renown that he sought, it was a death that would have opened before him that wide field where impatience dies away before the eternity that then commences; death that he desired because it would have brought him near to Flaminia; and death would not listen to him. In vain did he fling himself into the thickest of the danger; in vain did he accomplish prodigies that had caused the bravest to turn pale; he passed through all these without even a wound. Although he had but very rare occasion of knowing what passed in that cherished spot where ever rested his heart and thoughts, still he doubted not but that the tenderness of Flaminia was as lively and as deep as his own; nor did he deceive himself. Flaminia had refused under different pretexts the offers that had been made to her; and notwithstanding all the desire they felt to establish their daughter, I would dare to affirm that it was not without a certain secret joy that the Prince and Princess Balbo looked upon the prospect before them, the hope of keeping her always by their side. Do not blame them too quickly, my friend; for it is a painful thought that during twenty years a child should have been the object of your affection and of your solicitude; that she should have taken the best and largest portion of your life and heart, in order that, one day, a stranger, under the title of a new-born love, should carry away from you all your joy; leaving you to see your much-loved child place herself under another protection than thine, and quit without regret the house where she leaves a blank that nothing else can fill.

"I had almost forgotten to tell you that Antonia had married Adolphus, and lived happy and peaceful in this same castle where we now are finishing our career. Albert, tired of war, and freed from all further illusions of glory, had come, after having refused the highest distinctions of the order, to seek some repose by his brother's side. Ambition was dead in him; his soul, that had been so severely proved, had need of recollection and calm; and he found this by the side of him whom, after Flaminia, he loved the best in the world. Moreover, although he himself scarcely ever spoke of her who filled all his thoughts, still he felt a lively pleasure in hearing her spoken of so frequently by his brother and his wife. Albert was then calm and composed; he marched courageously forward in life as does the traveller who climbs with difficulty the bare paths of a desolate and arid mountain, sure to find in the evening the joys of the fireside and the shelter of his friends' roof.

"Three years, day by day, had passed away since the moment when Albert had quitted the palace Balbo. It was the evening; Adolphus and Antonia were by his side, in this same saloon where we now are. Contrary to his custom, Albert, for whom

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that anniversary was a day of mourning, felt his soul full of a penetrating and serene joy, when ten o'clock sounded from that same clock that—"

Here the recital of the count was interrupted by the sound of the clock which resounded in the vast apartment. One would have said that it affirmed the words of the count, by repeating the ten strokes which it had caused to be heard at the moment of which he was speaking. That metallic sound seemed to have in it an unusual power; there was something solemn in its grave slowness; in the deep noise of the wheel drawn round by the falling lead, which accompanied with its heavy base the more piercing sound that traversed the thick oaken case. Both the count and his friends were seized by an impression which they did not seek to dispel or resist. Both instinctively uncovered their heads, and while the count waited almost respectfully until its last vibrations were lost in silence, the baron, more moved than perhaps he was willing to show, placed on the table his pipe, yet fully charged with tobacco, and, an event that certainly had not occurred with him once in ten years, he left that inseparable companion of his leisure hours, without touching the tankard that in vain offered to his gaze its brown and golden tints.

"Ten o'clock had then sounded," continued the count, "and that being the moment when each was accustomed to separate for their bedrooms, Adolphus had got up and looked at his brother, who had been for some time previous motionless and in an attitude of profound attention, resembling a man who follows with his ear the scarcely perceptible sounds of some distant harmony.

"'All is finished,' murmured Albert at the moment when the clock had finished striking; and, placing his hand on his brother's arm, 'Remain here,' said he, and turning toward Antonia: 'Pardon me, my sister, if I thus detain Adolphus; but I have need of him to-night, and to-morrow it will be too late.'

"'You frighten me,' answered Antonia; 'what then is going to happen?'

"'You will know very soon,' replied Albert. 'Poor sister! your eyes will shed many a tear; but they will be dried by the thought that the motive which causes them to flow assures for ever the happiness of those who are dear to you.'

"He then kissed her forehead, and, followed by Adolphus, went to his own room, the same which is now yours, dear Frederick.

"'What is the matter with you?' asked Adolphus of his brother, as soon as they were alone.

"'I am sad and happy at the same time; sad because I am going to leave you alone for a short time; but very happy because I go at last to rejoin her, and for this time not again to leave her!'

"'Explain yourself; why do you leave us?'

"'Listen: for that you may understand what is going to happen here this night, it is necessary that you should know what I have felt and suffered during the past three years.'

"Albert then told him of all that which I have just described to you; of his love for Flaminia, of his struggles, and of his victory over himself; and Adolphus, who already knew through his wife of what Flaminia had suffered, saw with astonishment that all which had been felt by the one had also been by the other, in the same degree and at the same moment. Never had the most profound sympathy established between two beings a more complete

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identity of sensations and thoughts; near or separated, their two existences had formed but a single life, as their two souls seemed to form but a single soul. When Albert had finished his recital, he added:

"'"If I die first, I shall come to seek you!" Flaminia had told me, and now Flaminia has just died. Do not ask me how I know it, for I am ignorant myself of the reason; but I do know it. I have followed, moment by moment, the progress of her death; at the end I have felt her die, and now I await her coming. In a few instants more she will be here, and we shall depart together for that blessed home where nothing can again oppose itself to our eternal union. It seems to me that already I feel my soul disengaging itself from its bonds; I no longer regard the sufferings that I have endured, except with that sentiment of thankfulness and joy which one feels at the recollection of perils that have been overcome; my past sufferings have no longer their sting, my tears no longer their bitterness! At the solemn moment when I am about to quit a life that has been most painful in its trials for the happy life of triumph, I have wished to have you by my side, that I might say to you my last farewell in this world, and press for a last time your hand before going to await you in eternity.' I leave you to think, my dear Frederick, what must have been the astonishment of Adolphus at receiving this strange confidence.

"'I have too much confidence in the firmness of your reason,' he answered to his brother after a short silence, 'to believe that it has become weakened, were it only for a moment; but do you not fear to have been the victim of some mental illusion, and to have taken for a reality that which was in reality only the dream of your heart exalted by sadness and solitude?'

"'I understand your incredulity,' answered Albert, 'for I have myself shared in it. Each time that the recollection of that promise presented itself to my memory, my reason revolted against such an evident impossibility; the soul cannot again appear in this world once that it has quitted it, thought I, and yet I counted on the promise even while I disbelieved its possibility. Only an hour ago, I yet doubted, but now that doubt has passed away, since the moment when her dying voice sounded in my ears uttering her last words: "You have waited for me; I am here!" Then I understood that it was not merely the strong desire of a soul overexcited by the desire to be reunited to the second half of itself that I felt, but that it was really a mysterious warning; and the accomplishment of a promise that God himself had blessed, and that he permitted to be fulfilled.'

"'But how to explain this miracle?'

"'I am unable to explain it; I tell you what is about to happen, that is all that I can do. In a few minutes Flaminia will be present, and in seeing her you will believe me. For the rest,' added he, after a moment's pause, 'all is a mystery in this world, but the grand end of all is sufficient to enlighten our paths. Do you think that it would be more easy for me to tell you how it is that, notwithstanding we have never said anything to each other that could divulge the mutual state of our hearts, we have yet, in spite of our separation, lived by the same life and the same love? That you cannot believe me, I know, but only wait a little time, and you shall see.'

"In truth, Adolphus did not believe, although the evidently profound con-

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viction of Albert shook his mind and caused in him an impression that he would gladly have shaken off, so contrary to reason did it seem to him. 'Let us make haste, the time presses,' said Albert. He then arranged in order, with rapidity and calm, several important affairs with which he was charged, relating to the principal commanderies of Germany; then, kneeling down, he offered up a short prayer; scarcely had he finished, than, rising up quickly, he seized the hand of his brother, and cried: 'Look! she is come.' Adolphus turned round, and saw Flaminia standing by the side of Albert. You who have lost some one who was dear to you, Frederick, you have remarked that, at the moment when the last sigh escapes and before the work of decay begins, the face is possessed of a calm beauty, supernatural and indefinable in its expression, that inspires an awed respect for that now lifeless form which just a moment before contained a soul. Such looked Flaminia; her figure, surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, had received from immortality an august expression. It was perfectly the form of Flaminia, such as Adolphus had known her, but it was no longer the creature that is imperfect, and subject to the attacks of time and life. It was the being imperishable who, coming forth victorious from her many trials, bore in her all the splendors of her glory. Her beauty was not that which charms by the uniformity, more or less complete, of its lineaments; no, it was the celestial beauty whose type is graven in ourselves; the beauty a single ray of which suffices to illuminate the face that hides a pure soul: this was the beauty sublime that enveloped her with its divine wings, and transfigured her face while changing its lineaments. Adolphus bent his knee before the vision. 'Had I not told you that she would come?' said Albert to his brother. 'Yes!' replied a harmonious voice, which issued from the then incorruptible lips of Flaminia. 'Yes! our love was too pure not to merit its recompense. God has permitted it; you waited for me, and I am come.' She bent slightly toward him to whom she at length was about to be united, and, surrounding him with her arms, she drew his face closer to her own, that gleamed with a celestial joy. Behind them, and contemplating them, stood Death, not under the form of fleshless skeleton, but as a radiant angel who changes bitterness into joy, and tears into smiles. His beautiful face bore the impress of grave majesty rather than of severity, softened by that infinite mercy which gives hope to repentance. The mercy and goodness of the Master who sends him shone in his look, which is so sweet to the contemplation of the soul wearied by the painful journey of life. The hour was come! At the moment when Flaminia, in a manner, took possession of Albert, the angel of Death drew near him, and while with one hand he touched his shoulder, with the other he pointed toward heaven. Albert's body fell back into the arm-chair, which, living, he had just occupied; and when Adolphus, drawn forward by an instinctive motion, ran to support him, he saw by the side of Flaminia the form of his brother, that shone forth surrounded by the same glory and the same joy. He passed the rest of the night by the side of his brother's body, and wept, though not over him whom he had just seen pass away to heaven. The man whom faith sustains with its sweet consolation weeps not the loss of his friend, but his absence. He wept because every separation, even the

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shortest, is a grief, and his tears were dried by the certainty that Albert was in the possession of a happiness that could neither diminish nor fade, and which he hoped one day to share with him."

The count here left off his story. The baron had listened to him with a sustained attention, and although he preserved his imperturbable calm, yet the recital had so much moved him, that he remained silent; and the count, after waiting a few minutes, continued: "Such is the history of my great-uncle Albert, as it has been transmitted to us by him who was the witness. Do you find it, then, surprising that the faith should be hereditary in a family where such facts happen? What can you reply to this history?"

"Nothing," answered the baron, "except that, to draw the consolations which it contains, one must have the faith; and besides, in supposing that God, if he exists, interferes with the affairs of this world, he is unjust, since he refuses to me the consolation that he gives to others."

"Have you ever asked him for it?" answered the count with a friendly severity. "Have you not, on the contrary, repulsed by a determined obstinacy the solicitations of divine Providence? Pardon me, my friend, if I awaken a painful recollection for you, but have you not even resisted the awful voice of Death?"

"What is the good of my asking?" replied the baron, eluding the second part of his friend's demand. "If faith be necessary, God owes it to me without asking him."

"Food is also necessary," answered the count, "and does man find it ready for him, unless he works? No, no, my friend; labor and prayer, such is the destiny of man upon the earth. His material life is bought by the sweat of his brow, as his spiritual life is the price of his efforts. 'Seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you,' has said the divine Master. Ah! if you had ever knelt before that God whom you blaspheme; if you had with perseverance exposed to him your doubts, your miseries, you would have known that he never leaves without help the soul that sincerely implores him; you would have known that he never hides himself from him who seeks him with a humble and contrite spirit and a pure heart. Pray, my dear Frederick, pray, I tell you, and you will feel that he is near to you; that his arms are open to receive you, and his hands ready to shed on you all the sweet consolations and hopes with which they are filled!"

It was now late; the two friends then separated, and, without doubt, the count that night in his prayers demanded with more than usual fervor the conversion of the man he so warmly loved. Ordinarily, on gaining his room, the baron was accustomed to install himself as comfortably as possible in an immense old leathern arm-chair, whose age dated back for two or three centuries, which he placed in front of the wood fire that burnt noisily on the hearth; and after having again lit his pipe, that inseparable friend, he used to take a book, and, stretching out his feet upon the copper fire-dogs, wait until he felt sleepy, which invariably occurred as soon as there remained no more tobacco in the sculptured wooden bowl of his pipe.

But on that night he cast around him many a curious look, and examined with as great an attention, one after the other, the several pieces of antique furniture with which his room was furnished, as though it had been the first time that he had seen them; then, in place of sitting down in that an-

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cient arm-chair, which he preferred to all the others on account of its large dimensions, he placed it in front of him, and, sitting down on the most modern of his chairs, he regarded with a questioning curiosity and certain respect that mute witness of an adventure, the mere recital of which had caused so great a trouble in his mind; seeming to ask of it a solution to his doubts and fears. After a long and silent contemplation, he let fall his forehead on his hands, and, plunging his fingers among his hair, whitened rather by sorrow than by age, began to meditate profoundly. The agitation of his mind was so great, and the flow of his thoughts so rapid, that, without knowing it, he began to think aloud. "If what he said were true, if there were something within us that outlived our bodies, I could see thee again, my dearest and best-beloved Gertrude; and I could again find the joys of our too short union, and this time for always, unchanging and eternal! And ought I to repulse that thought through the childish fear of abandoning myself to a false hope? Of these two ideas were it not better to follow that which gives us consolation and causes us to live, rather than that which thickens around us the already too profound shades of life, and changes our grief into despair? What consolation have I ever found in the reason of which I am so proud? None! If pride has withheld my tears before men, yet since twenty years they have flowed on in silence without their source being yet dry. If I have blushed to let my weakness be seen by men, have I not felt it a thousand times within me, implacable, and terrible, before my vain revolts against a destiny that broke my heart and that I was forced to submit to? When beside her death-bed I felt but a sterile despair, when my will, my love, were powerless to retain for a single moment the last sigh of that life that I would have been willing to prolong at the expense of my own days, what have I been able to do? Nothing! not even to die! Since twenty years I implore the oblivion which flies before me! Since twenty years, I recoil before the thought to precipitate myself therein! Is it fear that hinders me? No! I have faced the peril when my duty demanded it, and I would do it again; I have too often seen Death to fear him. The reason is that a secret voice speaks within me higher than all the sophisms of my grief, and tells me that I have not the right to destroy the life which I did not give myself. Yet if there is nothing beyond the tomb, why should I fear it, and what have I to dread from oblivion? Have I not the most absolute right on myself, since all ends but in a dreamless sleep? Is it really a sleep? Ah! there is the truth, both for me and for all others; it is that in secret I doubt as often of that oblivion that I so loudly affirm, as I do whether that God does not exist whose existence I so deny. Yet again, if God is but an imaginary being, and if immortality is but a dream, what does one risk to have thought the contrary? One would have lived fortified against the ills and crosses of this life by a thought that sweetens even the terrors of death. One would not even feel the loss of that hope, since the hour of our disenchantment would be the one which should plunge us into the deep repose of oblivion! The lie, then, would have done that which the truth could not do; it would have given us happiness. If, on the contrary, immortality is not a vain chimera, but a reality, is it not a terrible responsibility to have shut one's heart to its evidence and to have misunderstood the sublime Au-

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thor of all things? Yes! in truth terrible; for in that momentous question, doubt is not to be permitted. On all human questions indifference follows uncertainty, but here indifference is itself a fault—one must deny or believe. But how am I to believe? When from earliest childhood you have had your aspirations broken or wounded under the repeated blows of contempt, and when you have been taught but to laugh at in others that faith whose absence you shall one day so bitterly deplore, how then to believe? Pray, he told me. Pray! Can I pray? Oh! happy are they who, arrived like me at that sad epoch in life when one drags painfully along the burden of one's worn-out days, have not to curse those who held them away from that source of strength and consolation! Yes, they are happy whom a pious mother taught from their cradle to bend the knees and join the hands in prayer! Gertrude also, she too prayed; and many a time have I felt myself touched in seeing her bend her head before the God of whom she asked for me the light of the faith. How many times have I not felt the desire to share her belief, and to kneel down like her and say: 'My dear Gertrude, there exists no place on this earth where we ought to be separated; there is not a thought, a belief, an affection, that ought not to be shared by us. Whatever may be the destiny that awaits us after the destruction of our being, whether it be oblivion or immortality, I wish to share it with you. Let your convictions be mine also, even as your life is mine. After having given me happiness in this world, show me the road that leads to that eternity I wish to believe in because you believe; make me to know that God whom I wish to love because you love him!' But alas! held by a false shame, I resisted that voice which spoke in the depth of my heart, and which, perhaps, was the voice of God: for is it not possible that such feelings as these are those by which Providence calls us to the truth? And I, how have I responded to that voice? Why, by rallying her on her belief. I caused her tears to flow, the only ones most certainly, but to-day they fall heavily upon my heart. And now friendship speaks to me this day the very same language that did of old her love. Shall I yet remain deaf? Ought I to cede to or resist the voice which now speaks to me? O Albert! you on whom was accomplished, in the room where I am, and in that arm-chair that I now look on, so incomprehensible a mystery, cannot you come in aid of the most faithful friend that your family ever had!" And the excellent baron, letting himself be carried away by his emotion, found himself, without knowing how, on his knees before that chair in whose arms Albert had died; and the head covered by his hands, and the heart filled with the thirst for truth, he prayed:

"O my God!" prayed he, "if it is true that you are not a vain creation of the weakness or of the pride of man; if it is true that you continue to watch with solicitude over the creature who has issued from your hands, you will not see without pity the heart full of trouble that I lift up toward you. Led astray by the habits begun in childhood, I have perhaps followed error thinking to follow the truth; but I have done it in all sincerity and through love of the truth. If I am deceived, O God! enlighten my trembling soul, dissipate the doubt which is crushing me, and draw toward you the soul that seeks you and desires you! And you, Gertrude, dear companion too soon lost to me, if you see my regrets that time cannot extinguish; and the

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tears that your memory costs me, ask of your God that he make himself known to me; ask him that I may adore him as you adored him, and, above all, ask him that I may again be united to you."

His voice died away then, and yet his prayer continued. His soul, overexcited with the emotions of that night, poured itself out before God without following any line of thought. It was an immense lifting up of his whole being toward the truth—an ardent thirst for hope; it was the twenty years of a mute despair that resumed itself into a supreme cry; it was the heart, so pure and so good, of that worthy man, that opened itself completely and mounted full of desires and tears, carrying with it the most fervent prayer that had ever reached the immovable throne of the Eternal. At last the baron arose, but in place of at once laying himself down to sleep on the bed, whose soft pillows vainly invited him to repose, he retook his former position and began to reflect. The thoughts pressed so tumultuously in his brain, ordinarily so calm, and succeeded each other with so great a rapidity, that he could but vaguely seize them. His eyes, fixed upon the light flame that yet burned on the hearth, saw not that they expired one by one. The last played yet some time on the log covered with white ashes, disappearing for a moment to again reappear in another spot; at length it died out. The lamp burned with a reddened glare through its lack of oil, and yet the baron did not move. How long he had rested in that state of semi-sleep is what he never knew himself, when to the dying gleam of the lamp succeeded so brilliant a light that the baron always maintained that one so intense had never before shone on mortal eyes; at the same time brilliant and soft, it penetrated all objects without causing them to cast any shadow, and, as it were, drowned them in a sea of light. The baron lifted up his head at this unexpected brilliancy; he wished to speak, and his voice expired on his opened lips; but he distinctly heard these words: "Frederick, the prayers of your beloved Gertrude have been at length heard; the straight-forwardness and simplicity of your heart have found grace before the throne of the Eternal Master; he smiles on those who imitate him. He loves those who, like him, bear their cross with courage, and drink without feebleness the chalice of bitterness that is offered to all, without exception, in this life of probation. If it has been that, until now, you have rested deaf to the warnings that divine Providence sent you, at least you have listened with docility to that which was contained in the recital of your friend, and it was not without a reason that he was inspired to tell the true legend of the loves of Flaminia and Albert to you this night. The faith that strengthens the soul in the midst of the calamities of life descended into your heart and penetrated it with its salutary ardors at the moment when, breaking your pride before your will, you have knelt down before the Lord and asked of him the light; you could not remain always out of the truth; you, the devoted friend, the faithful husband; you whose entire life has been but a long research for the rarest virtues, and who feel beating in your breast as noble and loving a heart as ever animated a human form." Here the brilliant light faded slowly away. The lamp was extinguished, and the blackened logs gave forth no glimmer of light. The baron gained, by feeling his way, his bed, and laid himself on it, feeling himself full of an unknown joy, understanding the duties of a Chris-

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tian, and resolved to perform them. He fell asleep in thinking of that happy day when should be restored to him that wife whom he had never ceased to love. The next morning, when he descended to the saloon where all the family were united, he embraced his friend's wife, and kissed, one after another, her children and grandchildren, who were all there that day at the castle; and all this with a demonstration of joy so contrary to his usual phlegmatic manner that it for the moment gave cause to fear for his reason; and then, approaching the count, who regarded him with stupefaction, he embraced him vigorously, and said to him, while wiping his eyes, humid with tears of joy: "Ah! you are right, my dear friend; I shall see again my Gertrude!"

TALLEYRAND, BY LYTTON BULWER.*

SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER has presented the public with sketches of some eminent men, and has done his work well. It is not a series of biographies, but rather a finished outline of their prominent characteristics and of their achievements. In advance of the memoirs of Talleyrand, written by himself, and now in course of publication, this illustrious Frenchman is placed among the number, and in a new light. He is no longer the inscrutable being he appeared to his contemporaries, and as he has appeared since to their children. His name has been intimately associated with the great men and events of the last years of the unfortunate reign of Louis XVI. of France, near the close of the last century. Still more prominently is the memory of him associated with the convocation of the States-General and the National Assembly. By accident, he had the good fortune to be free from the odium attached to the Legislative Assembly and the atrocities of the National Convention, with the attendant horrors of the Committee of Public Safety in the Reign of Terror.

He fled from France in all haste as an *émigré*, and yet was lucky to avoid being classed with the aristocrats and so-called enemies of his country. He was prominent in the Revolution, without the stain of a regicide; he was a fugitive with the loyal crowd, without being stigmatized as a royalist. No amount of human foresight could have served him as a safe guide to shun the dangers which beset his fame and security on either side. His success was altogether fortuitous; but his friends attribute all to his superior sagacity and wisdom, while his enemies ascribe it to his remarkable cunning and prudence. When the days of danger and of blood passed by, Talleyrand returned to Paris with *prestige*, and was immediately employed by the Directory. When that went down, he floated to the surface with Bonaparte in the consulate and empire. Upon the fall of the empire, with the entrance of the allied armies into the capital he was their trusted counsellor. The restoration of the Bourbons was at once accom-

* *Historical Characters. By Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, G.C.B. Two vols., 8vo. Richard Bentley, New Burlington street, London.* 1868.

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panied with the restoration of Talleyrand to the foreign office and to the head of affairs. When the Bourbons were expelled, in 1830, he was again reinstated by Louis Philippe, under whose reign he died in 1838, with that sovereign an attendant at his death-bed.

In truth, the same good fortune set in his favor when he was a boy; but it came in the guise of a calamity. Neglect on the part of a nurse resulted in a slight lameness for life in his legs, and in consequence a family council was convened wherein it was decided he should be deprived of his rights of primogeniture, of his high station as a nobleman, and of the wealth which went with them. His younger brother was substituted, while Talleyrand was destined for the priesthood. But such is the waywardness of fate that in a few years nobility was abolished, its privileges destroyed, and the nobles themselves were in exile, with his impoverished brother among the number. On the other hand, Talleyrand entered the church; he became a bishop, and in turn he deserted the church and his diocese when the road to greater worldly success and distinction led through desertion. He was excommunicated by the pope when papal censure and condemnation could only, for the time being, add to his popularity. Subsequently these were removed by the pontiff, when a brief to that end, with the turning tide of events, was all that was wanting to increase his *prestige*.

To what peculiar talent, quality, or skill he was indebted for his happy career has always been an open question; nor is it yet completely solved. Sir Henry does not undertake to discuss the problem, although he must entertain an opinion on the subject. But it is much better that he declined to propound any theory of his own; for in doing so the readers of his book would have misgivings that he tampered with some facts, or suppressed others altogether, in order to maintain it. His work in its present shape invites confidence, imports greater accuracy, and imparts additional satisfaction. No one can distrust his historical integrity, or doubt the extent of his inquiries and research in an honest endeavor to enlighten the public, or fail to appreciate the information obtained. It is a decided accession to biographical literature.

Nor are the opinions of the author, interspersed through the pages, the least interesting part of his performance; for these opinions on the mighty men and events of the period to which he refers may be taken as a reflex of the sentiments now current in the continental diplomatic corps, of which Sir Henry is an old and constant member of high standing. In his expositions, it is entertaining to compare the slow, lagging judgment of Europe on those times with American impressions, which are far more correct, enlightened, and advanced. The great idol which the foreign diplomatic community adores is success: Paris is its peculiar shrine; and Parisian society are fellow-worshippers. But, until success is attained and established, their fetich image is only one in the rough, to be hewed and hacked as cheap lumber. Napoleon and Talleyrand, during the long wars of the consulate and empire, were not deemed by neighboring states as much better than misshapen monsters of the human species; while the brilliancy of their achievements was dazzling the sight, bewildering the imagination, and extorting applause or admiration on this side of the Atlantic.

When the sanguinary contest closed in Europe, the exhibition of

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its continuous blaze of glory had lost much of its novelty in America; the ardor of our people commenced to cool down; they began to make a more dispassionate, and, consequently, a more rational estimate of their late heroes. This examination in some of its aspects was not favorable to the character of the republicans and of Napoleon. His genius, indeed, could not be denied; his deeds were marvellous; the splendor of his course had never been surpassed in ancient or modern ages; his individual or personal popularity was not in the least impaired. But on the whole, had his life been a blessing or otherwise to mankind? Had it been beneficial or injurious to progress? Had he or the preceding government of the Convention in the Reign of Terror promoted the welfare of France? Reluctantly but surely the American mind came to the conviction that the wars of the emperor had been as useless as they were prodigal of life, more desolating than the bloody guillotine worked by Robespierre. That decision will not soon be reversed; in all probability it will be confirmed and strengthened by time. On the eastern continent, however, this stage of enlightenment has not been reached by the mass of the intelligent population; but they are coming up to it. Napoleon as the scourge had there to be withdrawn, before he could reappear transformed into a hero, and from a hero into a great beneficent political being. His wars were there pronounced productive of good, as a destructive fire that had consumed the vermin of class abuses; that had extirpated the noxious weeds strangling civilization, which could not be eradicated by peaceful means; that the Reign of Terror had been a terrible tempest, to be sure, but a tempest, nevertheless, which, in the oratorical figure of Lord Erskine, had driven away pestilence and purified the atmosphere. At this point European sentiment now stands.

In republican America, the next stride will be still in the advance to the further conclusion, that Napoleon, in his martial policy, evinced only the cold-blooded, inordinately selfish despot, whose love of country was centred in self-love, whose patriotism for the State was unbounded when he was the State, for which he would sacrifice as much as Louis XIV. in a dazzling reign equally disastrous to the happiness of his subjects. But in Europe, to condemn the warlike propensities of Napoleon, is at the same time to condemn the hostile coalitions that promoted or provoked them. The measures adopted by inimical and rival powers to overthrow the French empire originated in passions and for a purpose fully as absurd and damaging to their own people. Both sides wanted war, without counting the cost, and now both are counting the loss, when war is no longer wanted. The losing figures present the longest columns to contemplative countenances the most elongated. In this showing, the picture is not inviting to monarchical perceptions; they are unwilling to acknowledge the fidelity of the portrait. England was always first in heart and soul in these conspiracies against the peace of Christendom, and England ever since has felt also, both first and last, the evil effects from the heaviest debts to be borne in consequence. Hence the dispiriting consciousness in the best of British circles, that France under Robespierre and Napoleon was matched in its foolishness by England under Pitt and Castlereagh. Something like even-handed retributive justice was meted out to all

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four: Robespierre attempted self-destruction when the executioner at the guillotine awaited him; Castlereagh cut his own throat; Pitt pined away and died as he closed the map of Europe with his finger pointing to the fatal field of Austerlitz; Napoleon lingered out a miserable life on a barren rock. The administrations of these men are now understood in the American republic, and have received the American condemnation.

Talleyrand was an inferior personage to them in power, but only one degree less; he was the greatest in importance, and in position of the second grade. He is not so well comprehended. They did not know, until now, he had said to Montalvert:

"You have a prejudice against me, because your father was an imperialist, and you think I deserted the emperor. I have never kept fealty to any one longer than he has been obedient to common sense. But if you judge all my actions by this rule, you will find that I have been eminently consistent." (P. 408.)

The cause of his success was generally found in his strict adherence to the maxim that

"The thoughts of the greatest number of intelligent persons in any time or country are sure, with a few more or less fluctuations, to become in the end the public opinion of their age or community." (P. 442.)

He profited by this experience and knowledge; he understood men; he consulted public opinion, and followed it.

For these revelations and for these reasons, every line in the volume of Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer attracts attention and invites scrutiny. Sir Henry's style, turn of thought, opinions, even his words, must be weighed and studied, not only to gather the import of their meaning, but the exact shade of meaning. In this critical examination, it will be discovered Sir Henry adheres to no fixed method or standard of composition. Sometimes he is easy, smooth, and flowing as Joseph Addison; again he is terse as Dean Swift; sometimes he is turgid and rambling as a plenipotentiary who has particular instructions to communicate nothing in very verbose sentences long drawn out, wherein he is neither choice in his language nor correct in the common rules of grammar. Now, diplomacy admits of all these varieties of writing, and Sir Henry tries them all. No pent-up uniformity contracts the powers of his rhetoric or vocabulary. In one paragraph he exercises the precision of an algebraic formula; in another he wanders astray in the collocation of phrases with unguarded looseness. For him to write in his vernacular idiom must be something of an effort, although he can write well when on his good behavior; but it is evident he thinks in French. His ideas, thoughts, and some of his opinions and principles have consequently a Gallic tinge, and read like a translation; while others, if more cosmopolitan, are limited to the tone pervading the diplomatic circle; and diplomatists have among themselves a professional cant or set of political dogmas, which in a class less polished and select would be mistaken for a species of slang.

It is interesting and instructive to be made familiar with their proverbial philosophy, but it does not follow the infallibility of their proverbs must be recognized. Many of Sir Henry's opinions, therefore, may meet with dissent on this side of the water; much of his free and easy continental code he himself would abhor if made applicable to British interests, British politics, or British domestic ethics. In the cultivated opinion of the United States, the continental standard of justifiable policy is even more detestable, and ought

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to be in all climes and countries, in every latitude and longitude on the face of the earth.

Charles Maurice Talleyrand de Périgord was born in 1754, of one of the most noble and ancient families in France. He was sent to the Collége d'Harcout, where he gained the first prizes; transferred to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, his talents for disputation and composition were long remembered; and when, at last, sent to the Sorbonne, he was equally remarkable, although destined for the church, as a very clever and a very profligate young gentleman. He made no secret of his dislike to the profession chosen for him, but it was not doubted among those who knew him that he would reach its highest honors. In 1773, he entered the Gallican priesthood. When twenty years of age, his countenance was peculiarly attractive. It was indicative of softness, yet of boldness; of imperturbability, yet of humor and wit. When somewhat older, his features wore a long, oval appearance; his eyes were blue, deep, and variable; his lips usually compressed with an ironical smile, but not of ill nature; his nose, with clear-chiselled nostril, was delicate and slightly turned up; his voice deep toned, almost sepulchral. In five years he was chosen to the distinguished post of agent-general of the French clergy, where he administered with great success the ecclesiastical revenues of immense amount, and where he first exhibited his financial abilities in the clearness and neatness of his statements and reports. He became Bishop of Autun in 1789.

"'He dressed,' says one of his many biographers, 'like a coxcomb, he thought like a deist, he preached like a saint. At once active and irregular, he found time for everything: the church, the court, the opera. In bed one day from indolence or debauch, up the whole of the following night to prepare a memoir or a speech. Gentle with the humble, haughty with the high; not very exact in paying his debts, but very scrupulous with respect to giving and breaking promises to pay them.'" (P. 31.)

Early in life introduced into the salons of Paris, he readily caught their spirit, and soon obtained the friendship of the leading encyclopædists and philosophers of scientific and historical fame; he was on intimate terms with many well known in letters and in the arts. The celebrated wits of both sexes, the beauties, the belles, courted his society; the charm of their brilliant conversation, their versatile accomplishments, and their winning manners were fascinating and irresistible. These divinities imagined they moved and had their being in a sublimated atmosphere far above and beyond the aspiration of common mortals; their sentiments breathed of perfect philanthropy, expressed in terms and in tenderness befitting persons divinely inspired. Every allurement that could inspire the imagination, every blandishment entrancing the senses, every grace, talent, every ornament which could enhance the form or ennoble the intellect, was cultivated and appreciated. Luxury in dress, in gems, in furniture, in equipage, in banquets, in music, in flowers, in painting, in frescoes, in sculpture, was displayed with excess of prodigality which vied with the purest taste. An ambrosial flavor of expression abounded in a common salutation; a delicate oriental perfume seemed to permeate every compliment, nor was any remark deemed appropriate unless it contained a compliment; eloquence was discarded because it was tinctured with too much external exhibition of feeling; it, moreover, took up too much precious time. But a higher art was attained

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in its stead—the art of epigrammatical brevity, to communicate in a half-line what an oration could not teach in a half-hour; nor was an epigram deemed perfect when its wit was rare and its sense profound, unless it tended to a sneer at religion or goodness in mankind, or told a scandalous lie.

The pervading object, the avowed purpose in this society, was to seek pleasure, to declaim against abuses in institutions, moral, political, and Christian, in the public at large, in domestic habits and manners, in the state, and in the church. But these refined creatures were not good, nor moral, nor pure, nor Christians themselves; they made no pretensions to any of these virtues; they were not proselyting reformers; they were in no sense radicals; they made no active exertions to pull down, neither did they aim to build up, nor to improve the world, but were content to deplore human evils and to rail at everybody. If a choice had been given to them to abolish institutions, or only to remove their abuses incident to all things of human creation, they would have preferred to abolish the institutions, provided the abuses were permitted to remain intact. But as they could not be rid of the beneficial advantages of the substance without the banishment of the evil shadow, they were content to tolerate the nuisance of what was a blessing to the nation, in order to possess for themselves the parts pernicious which were of sinful, comfortable consideration in their sight. They supposed their mission fulfilled when they talked and did nothing. If one of the coterie had turned patriot and aspired to usefulness, he would have been deemed a harmless traitor, and commiserated for the folly of his desertion. His efforts would have subjected him to their lamenting sympathy, their smiling mockery, their laconic brevities, which, although seemingly soothing, would be as scorching as they were short. Because he had accomplished something commendable or attempted its accomplishment, they would decide he had fallen from grace, had rendered himself liable to their biting condolence, and laid himself open to the piercing shafts of their pity. Voltaire, still lingering in his senility as head and chief priest of this highly refined and deeply depraved community, had sent forth a parting rescript to the faithful in their infidelity, that "one who has done nothing is possessed of a terrible advantage; but he must not abuse it."

Talleyrand, at the age of thirty-six, was fast rising to great prominence, if not pre-eminence in this unholy set. When Voltaire should be called to his last account in another world, and his mortal remains repose in the Père-la-Chaise or Parthenon, it was generally supposed the young Bishop of Autun would by common consent be raised to the place of the old philosopher of Ferney. But had it been thus, had the reign of the Bourbons been prolonged, Talleyrand would have betrayed and mocked the irreligious of the Palais Royal and St. Germain, as he bartered away the pious interests of his diocese. In some respects he resembled Voltaire, but in many more they widely differed. In general he was in mind unlike to him, as he was in morals dissimilar to the late bishop. Voltaire was always in search of flattery; Talleyrand despised it. Voltaire was pleased with petty scheming and petty intrigues; Talleyrand pushed them aside. Voltaire betrayed and lampooned his friends; Talleyrand did not deceive his, nor slander. Voltaire was much feared for his malicious sarcasm; Talley-

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rand was well liked for his bounteous humor. The one was a judge of books, as the other was a judge of men; the one was always grumbling from his failures, the other always content with his success; the one injecting a telling point into a falsehood, the other imparting force to a truth. Both were great in epigrammatic hits in their own way; with this difference, however, that Voltaire, being soured with the world, exposed his asperity in his jests; while Talleyrand, pleased with it, concealed all vexation and rounded his remarks with an easy smile. Voltaire was a spoiled child of society; society was a plaything for Talleyrand. In a word, the graceless bishop, intellectually, morally, socially, was the superior, and far outshone the snarling philosopher. Voltaire could never, in playing long whist and counting his points, if informed that an old lady had married her footman, have drawled out, "At nine honors don't count;" nor could he in pleasantry have said to Frederick of Prussia what Talleyrand remarked to Louis XVIII.: "There is something inexplicable about me which brings ill luck on the government that neglects me."

Before the death of Voltaire, the young Bishop of Autun had discovered, with his preternatural clearness of mental vision, that the scoffers who were the embodiment of science, philanthropy, and refinement, joined to profligate professors and shameless women, formed an institution, with its abominations also, like all others; just as the holy church had its sacred virtues scandalized by some glaring abuses among a portion of the clergy. The bishop must have felt that he constituted in himself a type of what was good and of what was bad in each: he ardently loved science, art, and whatever was refining and progressive, as he conscientiously revered the revealed truths of the Catholic faith. But he could not resist the enticements and adulations of society; nor refuse the temptation to raise himself to political power by laying sacrilegious hands on the property of the church. Not for one moment, however, was he deceived by the sophistries or jargon of the infidel school that reigned supreme in polite circles, and only once was his sound judgment found wanting in fidelity to his religious order, of which he was a most unworthy representative. He confounded the abuses in the state, the depravity of the aristocracy, the irregularities among the clergy, as one common class of grievances to the nation which ought to be ended; but he did not desire to witness the sovereign beheaded, the mob supreme, nor the idol of Reason enthroned in the house of God.

His aim in life seems to have been the possession of unrivalled *prestige* in Parisian society. To reach that pinnacle for his ease, comfort, and earthly happiness, he did or was willing to do whatever would promote his purpose: he left undone whatever would militate against it. He understood the requisites for its attainment, but would not sacrifice present tranquillity, the absolute satisfaction now, for the shadowy anticipation in the future. Intellectual exertion was a pleasure to him at all times. He desired wealth, rank, power, fame, as passports into the magic circle of his ambition; but he held himself on a level with the great, while he treated the unfortunate, the weak, the unsuccessful, with undiminished attention. He was keenly sensitive to censure, for censure impaired his *prestige*. Pozzo de Borgo, a celebrated and rival diplomatist, once said of him: "This

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man has made himself great by placing himself always by the side of the little and among those who most need him." In truth, he was willing to aid any one, powerful or weak, who could now or hereafter aid him. But he never deceived those whom he was serving, nor cringed, nor intrigued, nor betrayed them; he was always true to his country, and always sound in his judgment in deciding by what line of conduct the interests of his country could be best promoted.

In one instance only did he make a mistake, but that mistake was terrible; it was, moreover, unfortunate for France as for himself; it produced the only bad luck that befell him in his very long life and invariably prosperous career. It was in not discriminating between the clergy, as trustees of the church property, and the property itself entrusted to their keeping. He viewed the temporalities as absolutely their own, their inheritance, instead of perceiving that these possessions were only a charge delivered to them for safe keeping and transmission, which could not descend to their heirs but must go to their successors. He confounded their duties as administrators of the estate with the rights of the persons for whom the estate was formed. If the clergy were willing, therefore, to take a bribe to betray their trust, Talleyrand supposed the nefarious bargain amounted to a fair and honest purchase of the trust property. The estate was not created for them, but they were created for the estate.

A few months after Talleyrand was installed Bishop of Autun, he was elected a representative to the States-General. Of his peculiar fitness for the place, Sir Henry Bulwer brings forward some striking and convincing testimony.

When the States-General met, they formed themselves into the National Assembly; they resolved to legislate in one and the same hall, the nobles and the clergy mixed with the commonalty, and all three merged into one body. The Three Estates were no more; it was only the Third Estate that remained. The impending danger from immediate bankruptcy of the nation being the vital as it was the first subject for discussion, the high reputation possessed by the Bishop of Autun for financial abilities and practical skill easily gained for him the first place as a man of business, as the first rank in social position was already accorded to him. He spoke well, sensibly, to the point. Mirabeau was the greater orator, it is true, but Mirabeau was the orator for the commons; Talleyrand was no orator at all; he was a fluent speaker, never indulging in meretricious or ornamental embellishments, never appealing to the vulgar passions: he was the pride and glory, the great favorite of the nobles and clergy. His sphere had been more select, more exalted, more refined, where the declamation, passionate appeals, rounded periods, startling antitheses of Mirabeau would have been deemed low and voted down. Mirabeau was unable to shine in the Parisian salons frequented by the choice aristocracy, while Talleyrand despised making a figure of himself for the applause of the *bourgeoisie* of the Third Estate. But what the Third Estate was wanting in elegance of manners, in wit and cultivation, they supplied in the strength of their numbers, and in the corresponding determination to absorb all political power. It was evident the nobles and the clergy would be compelled to succumb. At last they gave way, and not only yielded up whatever

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political rights or immunities were their own, but whatever also was confided by others to their keeping. To quote from Sir Henry:

"On the 4th of August . . . almost all the institutions and peculiarities which constituted the framework of government and society throughout France were unhesitatingly swept away, at the instigation and demand of the first magistrates and nobles of the land, who did not sufficiently consider that they who destroy at once all existing laws (whatever those laws may be) destroy, at the same time, all established habits of thought; that is, all customs of obedience, all spontaneous feelings of respect and affection, without which a form of government is merely an idea on paper. In after times, M. de Talleyrand, when speaking of this period, said, in one of his characteristic phrases: '*La Révolution a désossé la France*,' 'The Revolution has disboned France.' . . . The Bishop of Autun was undoubtedly among the foremost in destroying the traditions which constitute a community, and proclaiming the theories which captivate a mob." (P. 55.)

This extract is a fair specimen of the false statement of facts, and of the fallacious reasoning in the diplomatic body, on popular events. It is as destitute of truth as it is of logic, or a correct understanding of the principles upon which civil government is constituted. In all that was done so far, only antiquated, effete, feudal, or petty provincial privileges were surrendered; privileges which properly belonged to the state for the benefit of the nation whenever the state might deem it proper to demand them or to destroy them; for, long before, they ought to have been abolished. The aristocracy now chose voluntarily to relinquish them gracefully. They removed thereby great grievances from the public, and many intolerable burdens from the peasants. The laws which were repealed at the same time were only customs or statutes which had protected the privileges given up, and became obsolete when nothing was left for them to protect. Instead of dissolving society, the relinquishment of petty political rights was the removal of pernicious, detestable rubbish. All laws were not abrogated; nor was one destroyed, altered, or amended which protected the person or preserved property.

The next step of progress in the right direction was a vigorous effort to induce the king to be equally generous and patriotic in relinquishing some of his odious antiquated prerogatives. But Louis XVI. was unwilling to conform to the public wishes; he refused, because compliance would trench upon the sovereignty which he had received untouched from his royal ancestors, and which he resolved to transmit untarnished to his posterity. But when the pressure for a written constitution began to threaten his personal safety, he yielded with a mental reservation that he had given way to superior force; he conscientiously, but erroneously and fatally, believed his consent was not binding on him or his heirs. The representatives of the nation now maintained, that ministers having the national confidence should be called into the royal cabinet. To this reasonable request, the king refused his consent; but he temporized by reluctantly giving audience to Mirabeau, Talleyrand, and some others of the liberal party, leaving them under the mistaken impression that he would listen to their advice. But the king did not adopt their counsels; he did not intend that any of them should become his counsellors.

Louis granted them a hearing in order to conceal his intentions. It was only a blind to cover his purpose, which was to resume, at the first opportunity, what he had relinquished, and to send Mirabeau and Talleyrand, with their friends the *sans-*

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culottes, adrift. These liberals were consequently deceived; in truth, they aided in their own deception; they could not imagine the king would prove a traitor to his own interests. The king, however, was only playing over again the losing game practised by Charles I., and by his son, James II., of England. The stake in both countries was the same: it was, whether sovereignty should repose in the crown, as in ancient times, or in the people, in accordance with modern ideas. The prize cannot be divided, as some supposed; it can never be divided; in its very nature it is indivisible; it would be as impossible as to place one crown on two separate heads at the same time. Sir Henry Bulwer, as a true Briton, thinks, no doubt, the Stuart sovereigns were perjured knaves, because they deceived the House of Commons, and broke solemn promises made to their ministers; but he views the Bourbon king as foolish only in doing the same things, and pursuing the same line of policy. Now, in verity, the moral code applies alike to both dynasties, in both countries, in both centuries. Whatever royal promise is made should be royally and religiously fulfilled; but its violation does not justify a resort to the block at Whitehall or to the guillotine at the Carrousel. The execution of a monarch for defending his prerogatives by fair means or false promises, is no less a crime against civilization than it is a political error. No good can come of it; no good ever has.

But the duplicity and falsehood of Louis, in its incidents, brought on the first blow against property; and with the attack on property, all the crimes and calamities, all the misery, poverty, and long list of woes of the Revolution commenced. Then society began to disintegrate; then France began to disbone; it never ended until morality, Christianity, civilization, were crushed to a jelly. Talleyrand was the leader in this raid, and on his head rests the responsibility. He was the great oracle on financial topics in the National Assembly; he was the member looked up to for the solution of the financial problem to save the nation from ruin; he had accepted the position almost thrust upon him; and his reputation was at stake in surmounting the crisis. With success he could compel the king to invite him into the ministry. Mirabeau admitted this in a letter to a friend, and a portfolio in the ministry was the goal of Talleyrand's ambition. All eyes were, therefore, turned to the Bishop of Autun, and the eyes of the bishop turned to the landed property of the church, from whence the wants of the treasury could be immediately and with facility supplied. He was willing to propose the double sacrilege on religion and on society; for it was no less an outrage on civilization or civil government than it was on Christianity, which is the foundation of good government.

The coolness with which Sir Henry Bulwer states this desecration can only be compared with the absurdity in the line of argument with which Talleyrand advocated the measure. If some Bishop Colenso in the House of Lords should propose the seizure and confiscation of the wealth of the Anglican Establishment, the question would appear in a different aspect to the British diplomatist. He would view it with horror. In either case, however, the measure would be infamous. Governments are instituted to protect property, not to squander it; and the only difference between that which is held by an individual for himself and that which is held in trust for the benefit of others, is in

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the circumstance that whatever is in trust is, in the public estimation, more sacred, because it is preserved for the welfare of the poor, the weak, the ignorant or infirm of mind, who cannot provide for themselves; just as the state extends a more paternal care over the property of infants, idiots, or orphans, than over the interests of men and women of full growth and sound mind. If a call must be made in a sudden exigency for funds, what government, not demented, would spare the mercantile houses of the rich, to sequestrate and spoliate the hospitals for the helpless?

Talleyrand considered the church property as public property; but this view, plausible at first sight, is found on reflection to be fallacious. It was not derived from the nation, nor from the public, but from individuals, and from its own accumulations; it was not designed for the benefit of the public, but for a specific class of the people—the needy—to which class the mass of the community did not belong, and, furthermore, hoped they never would. So much for the bishop's premises and argument. But a stronger objection remains: it is the broad principle of the invasion of private rights, of common justice; and when that principle is once rendered unstable by common consent, the stability of all public opinion, of all civil institutions, of all organized government, is shaken; the state is liable to be overturned. When the National Assembly deemed it proper for the public good to confiscate the church property, the Legislative Assembly followed the example set to deprive persons of their liberty, and the National Convention next voted away lives by the hecatomb daily; under the same plea, the king himself was decapitated. When the public morality was once vitiated, who could foretell where the national criminality would terminate, who or how many would not be its victims?

It has been the same with European ethics. When the great Frederick of Prussia violated the Pragmatic Sanction, to which Prussia had assented, and seized upon Silesia, neighboring nations were not slow to forget and forgive his audacity and to follow his unrighteous example. The partition of Poland grew out of it, from the contempt entertained for international opinion. Next came the French Revolution, when nations had no faith in the integrity of rival governments, nor had governments much confidence in their people. The world went backward in civilization, and the long wars of the republic, of the consulate, of the empire, ensued; not only the French, but every foreign soil on the Continent, was drenched in blood. At last, the moral atmosphere became so foul that the idea of assassination was entertained and talked about in every court at war with Napoleon. It was deemed feasible, it was favored by a silent assent; it floated in the air.

Sir Henry, in echo to diplomatic opinion and to the sentiment of the belligerent nations, treats the murder in cold blood of the Bourbon Duke d'Enghien, by order of Napoleon, as an atrocity. The act certainly was atrocious; but, at the bar of history, who are all the criminals that may be arraigned as accomplices in conspiring to efface the stain of turpitude in assassination from the Christian code of morals? How many were smiling at the prospect of doing unto the French emperor that which he did unto the duke? Not one statesman, or legislator, or diplomatist, or writer, could in his conscience cast the first stone. Public opinion was debauched on the subject; moral integrity was disboned. Napoleon jus-

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tified his conduct in the only way left open to modify the enormity of the offence—to extenuate the nefarious deed. He excused himself as he excused his first attacks in war; it was to defend himself by becoming the assailant. He undertook to teach his enemies the efficacy of retaliation, and the lesson did teach them. Nothing more was ever whispered in secret, or again talked openly, of taking him off by poison or the dagger.

Talleyrand, although imperial prime minister at the time, does not appear to have been consulted. From all that is known, he certainly did not advise or countenance the act; he did not approve or condemn when it was done. What he communicated officially, he wrote, as secretary of the emperor, that which was dictated to him to write. But, on the other hand, no one is aware that he counselled against the murder; in all probability, in his laxity of morals, his sensibilities were not much shocked by the event. He was never known to have considered the transaction an impolitic measure; the common story that he spoke of it as worse than a crime—as a political blunder—has no authentic foundation.

Such was the course of affairs growing out of the first invasion of rights to property at the suggestion of the Bishop of Autun. But the immediate effects upon his fortunes are curious. He was erroneously associated in the foreign mind with the revolutionary acts that followed; and when, on the contrary, for self-preservation, he fled to London to escape the stigma of those very acts and the malice of the very men who perpetrated them, he was ordered out of England as a Jacobin or regicide and found a refuge in America. But in our republic no countenance was given to him, no cordial greeting extended. By the Federalists, he was, contemned as a traitor to his king an apostate to his religion, an enemy to social order. By the anti-Federalists he was viewed as an aristocrat, an *émigré*, an obstacle to social progress. The ex-bishop, therefore, in 1794, like the expatriated M. Blot in 1864, had leisure to turn his attention to the culinary art. Talleyrand, and the other involuntary emigrants, observed upon the vines near the kitchens a beautiful round red production growing, which was cultivated as a vegetable ornament, whose botanical name was the *lycopersicum*, but which Americans called the love-apple. The French gentlemen recognized in it their *tomate*, and forthwith taught our great-grandmothers how to render it a more palatable esculent for their tables than it was a pleasing embellishment to their gardens.

But the Reign of Terror soon terminated; like the reign of Louis, it ended also at the guillotine. He now returned to Paris. His friend Barras was in the Directory, and Barras was of the aristocracy, who, however, "had been forgiven the crime of being a noble, in consideration of the virtue of being a regicide." From that date began the new lease to Talleyrand of power, *prestige*, influence, and prosperity, which was never again broken during his long life. He was willing to serve any administration under any form of government, providing it was the best under the circumstances, and when he could be, as he for the first time expressed it, the right man in the right place. But never for a day did he remain when he could not be useful to France, nor serviceable to the executive by whom he was retained. He knew how long it was beneficial to adhere to the Directory, and when the time had come to drop off. The first consul was treated in the same

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manner, and the emperor, and the allies, and Louis XVIII., and Louis Philippe. None of them could fascinate him by their condescension or consideration; yet he served them all honorably, honestly; but it was requisite he should be called and retained on his own terms. When he was dismissed, it was not before he already knew it was better for his own interests to go.

When Alexander of Russia entered Paris, in 1814, with the allied armies, the czar took up his imperial residence at Talleyrand's mansion, and expected to use the late prime minister for his own purpose by the high honor conferred. But Talleyrand was insensible to such delicate attentions; he was fully conscious he was himself a prince, and of the proud family of Périgord, a family that were sovereign in provinces of France in the middle ages, long before the Romanoffs, surrounded by a wild horde of half-naked Tartars, had ever held court on horse-back, or crossed the Ural, or been heard of in Europe. Talleyrand was not made a tool by the czar, but the czar was moulded like wax under the manipulations of Talleyrand; to him Louis XVIII. was indebted for his throne; and afterward, at the Congress of Vienna, when Alexander discovered Talleyrand could not be induced to betray French interests for the benefit of Russia, the czar compelled Louis to dismiss him from office.

Napoleon was estimated in a similar manner, but with even less respect, for he had been a plebeian, and perhaps, if anything, worse; he was not a Frenchman, he was a Corsican. After the battle of Leipsic, Napoleon offered the portfolio of foreign ministry to his former minister, but on the condition he should lay down the rank and emoluments of vice-grand elector. The object of the emperor was to make him dependent on imperial favor. But Talleyrand, who would have accepted the office, refused the condition, saying: "If the emperor trusts me, he should not degrade me; and if he does not trust me, he should not employ me; the times are too critical for half-measures." No circumlocution was resorted to on either side; it was plain dealing; for the parties knew with whom they were treating, and no compliments were requisite. M. Thiers remarks that "two superior Frenchmen, until they have an opportunity to flatter one another, are natural enemies." However much Talleyrand's wish might have been to assist the emperor, he would not show it: his invariable maxim was *point de zèle*—never evince ardor in anything.

But while he had no abasement in the presence of the great, he had no assumption toward equals or inferiors in mind and in position. Thoroughly self-reliant, he was never found disconcerted nor off his guard; in the widest sense he was a man; he held all others as no more and no less. He had no confidants. Perhaps Montrond was an exception, for Montrond was a specialty, Sir Henry tells us, of the age, a type of the French *roué*. He was one of Talleyrand's pets, as Talleyrand was one of his admirations. Each spoke ill of the other; for each said he loved the other for his vices. But no one could speak to Talleyrand with so much intimacy, nor obtain from him so clear an answer; for they trusted one another, though Montrond would never have told any one else to trust Talleyrand, nor Talleyrand have told any one else to trust M. de Montrond.

Here we must, with reluctance, lay down Sir Henry's book; space will not permit dwelling longer upon it.

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THE BASILICA OF ST. SATURNIN.

My journey to the ancient and religious city of Toulouse was made in a season of sorrow. I was in the fearful grasp of giant Despair, whose whips were as scorpions urging me on. Every step in this sorrowful way was a torture, because it widened the distance between me and a past which could never return. I felt like those poor souls in Dante's *Inferno*, whose heads were placed backward, so their tears fell on their shoulders. So my heart was looking ever back — back, with sorrowful eyes, as if the future held no consolation in store. O soul of little faith! encompassed by thy black cloud, absorbed in thy griefs, thou seest not the brightness beyond the darkness that enfolds thee! Journeying on with weary steps, I found in my way a cross. I was already laden with *one*—seemingly overwhelming —which the past had bequeathed to me, and I was about to turn aside from this *material* cross I had stumbled upon, when I called to mind a traveller of the olden time who found, like me, a cross in his pathway. Not satisfied with kneeling before it, he caught it up and pressed it to his heart. What should he find but a precious treasure concealed beneath! Such a treasure I found beneath the great Latin cross known as St. Saturnin or St. Sernin's church at Toulouse—a treasure I took to my heart, which it continues to enrich, and hallow, and beautify. I turned aside from my weary path to find consolation and rest in this great cruciform temple, and not in vain. O little isle of peace in an ocean of sorrow! how sweetly did the hours pass in thy serene atmosphere! The *Vade in pace* came to my soul like the sun after a great tempest, restoring brightness and freshness to my world. A thousand tender and holy emotions floating around, like the birds in the arches of Notre Dame de Paris, came nestling to my heart. At such moments

> "The eyes forget the tears they have shed,
> The heart forgets its sorrow and ache."

But it is not my intention to indulge here in any display of personal emotion. I only wish, in gratitude for many holy memories, to note down a few of the impressions I received in a sacred place, and mention in a simple way some of the objects that interested me particularly, but not as a connoisseur of Christian art.

I am sure no one has ever lived in Catholic countries without feeling thankful that there is one door ever open to the passer-by, with its mute appeal to sinful, sorrowing humanity to enter and lay down its burden. It is the door of God's house, which rejects no one—always open, reminding us that the All-Father is ever ready to receive us. Who can resist the appeal? How many a poor peasant have I seen, with care on the brow, turn aside for a moment into a church, lay down the basket of provisions or utensils for a brief prayer, and then go on his way refreshed! These ever-open churches are like fountains by the wayside, where the heated and foot-worn traveller may find rest and a cooling draught, without money and without price. Ah! who would close thy gates, O house of prayer? As the poet says: "Is there, O my God! an hour in all life when the heart can be weary of prayer? when man, whom thou dost deign to hear in thy temple, can have no incense to offer be-

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fore thy altar, no tear to confide to thee?"

Even the undevout cannot pass one of the grand old churches of the middle ages with indifference; especially one like the basilica of St. Sernin, with so many historic and religious memories connected with it, and which seems to appeal to every instinct of our nature. Entering this great church by the western portal, I could not forget that through it had passed three Roman pontiffs and many a king of France. Pope Urban II., returning from the Council of Clermont, where the first crusade had been decided upon, came, in the year of our Lord 1096, to consecrate this church, built on the ruins of two others. Some days after came Count Raymond de St. Gilles, the hero of the Holy Wars, to pray before the tomb of St. Saturnin, followed by princely vassals, before reviewing the one hundred thousand soldiers at the head of whom he opened a passage to the Holy Sepulchre. His two noble sons, Bertrand and Alphonse Jourdain, likewise passed through the same door, preceded by their family banner, before going, like their glorious father, to die in the Holy Land. Simon de Montfort, of Albigensian memory, before being invested with the *comté* of Toulouse, came here to kneel before the tombs of the apostles and martyrs. Among the kings of France, Philippe-le-Hardi came here four times. Charles VI., Louis XI., Louis XIII., and Louis le Grand also rendered homage to the saints herein enshrined. Above all, Saint Bernard, St. Dominick, and many other renowned saints trod these pavements and prayed under these arches! . . .

Some may think lightly of these associations, and say,

"A man's a man for a' that;"

but there are no greater hero-worshippers than the Americans; none love a title more than a stanch republican; and I, a Hebrew of the Hebrews! frankly own to this little weakness. I love the grand old names and titles. I look with curiosity and respect on the footprints of kings and crusaders, and even of knights of low degree, and I tread with reverence the stones the blessed saints have trod. . . .

St. Sernin's church, built in imitation of St. Paul's at Rome, is of the Latin style, cruciform in shape, terminating, in pious memory of the five sacred wounds of our Saviour, with five chapels toward the holy East; for the orientation is carefully fixed, as in all ancient churches. There are five naves in this church, separated by four rows of majestic pillars. It is rare to find these collateral naves.

On entering this church, one is profoundly impressed by the majestic arches and the length of the grand nave with the double row of arcades on each side. A mysterious light, coming one hardly knows whence, is diffused through the multiplied arches, disposing the soul to calmness and meditation. The long naves all seem, through the converging rows of columns, to point to that altar in the distance where is seen the twinkling light that ever burns before the tabernacle, drawing one on like a powerful magnet. The Christian heart feels the influence of a Presence diffused, like the light before IT, throughout the vast enclosure.

Thoreau, who only worshipped nature, impressed by the religious atmosphere of a great Catholic cathedral, said such a vast cave at hand in the midst of a city, with its still atmosphere and sombre light disposing to serious, profitable thought, is worth

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thousands of our (Protestant)churches which are open only on Sundays. "I think," says he, "of its value, not only to religion, but to philosophy and poetry: besides a reading-room, to have a *thinking* room in every city!" And who can tell the influence, not only on the mind and heart, but on the taste, of such a church with its paintings, statuary, holy emblems, and antique shrines which have for ages been the glory of one's city, and intimately connected with its past history?

The most striking object, on entering the principal nave, is the tomb of St. Sernin, raised in the air on the uplifted heads of four gilded bulls. Over it is a *baldaquin* on which is represented the apotheosis of the saint. The whole is richly gilded, and, when lighted up, has a brilliant effect.

OSSA SANCTI SATURNINI,

in large gilded letters, is inscribed on the sarcophagus. At first the *taureaux* puzzled me. I thought of the bulls of Bashan—of the cattle upon a thousand hills—and of the sacrifices of the old law, but I could not see their connection with St. Saturnin. But in recalling his martyrdom I found the solution of my perplexity.

St. Sernin, the apostle and first Bishop of Toulouse, was sent by Pope St. Fabian, in the third century, to carry the light of faith into Gaul. His success in the conversion of the people to Christianity so infuriated the priests of Jupiter and Minerva, who were specially worshipped in the capital of Toulouse, that they one day seized him, and, on his refusing to sacrifice to the gods, attached him to the feet of an infuriated wild bull, who leaped down the hill, dashing out the brains of the saint. Two holy women gathered together his remains, but the place of their burial was known only to a few till after the triumph of the Christian religion in the empire of Rome. An oratory was erected over his tomb in the fourth century, and later a church rose which was completed by the great St. Exuperius, the seventh successor of St. Sernin in the see of Toulouse—that saint so renowned for his charities and learning, and whose remains are enshrined in this church. He was the friend of St. Jerome, who corresponded with him, and dedicated to him his commentary on the prophecies of Zachary. St. Exuperius even sold the sacred vessels of the altar to feed his flock during a great famine, so the Body of Christ had to be carried in an osier basket, and a chalice of glass was used in the service of the altar—a chalice carefully preserved by a grateful people till the Revolution of 1793.

One loves to recall, among the many sainted bishops of Toulouse, that "flower of royal blood," Louis of Anjou, grand-nephew of St. Louis, King of France, and nephew of the dear St. Elizabeth of Hungary. At the age of twenty-one he was offered a kingdom, which he refused in favor of his brother, wishing to consecrate himself to God among the Franciscans. "Jesus Christ is my kingdom," said he. "Possessing him, I have all things: without him, I have nothing." He was ordained priest at the age of twenty-two, and obliged by holy obedience to accept the see of Toulouse. Before receiving episcopal consecration he made a pilgrimage to Rome and took the habit of St. Francis. The *Toulousains* received him with magnificence as a prince, and revered him as a saint. Like St. Exuperius, he was devoted to the poor, to whom he gave the greater part of his revenues. Every day he fed twenty-five poor men at his table

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and served them himself, sometimes on his knees. Terrified by the obligations of his office, he begged to be released from them, and God granted what men denied. During his last sickness, he exclaimed: "I have at last arrived in sight of the desired haven. I am going to enjoy the presence of my God, of which the world would deprive me." He died with the *Ave Maria* on his lips, at the age of twenty-three and a half years.

What renders the basilica of St. Sernin one of the most remarkable and one of the holiest spots in the world, after Jerusalem and Rome, is the number of the saints herein enshrined. The counts of Toulouse brought back from the Holy Land many relics which they obtained in the East. Thus a great part of the body of St. George was brought from Palestine by William Taillefer, eighth Count of Toulouse. Kings of France also endowed this church with relics. Those of St. Edmund, King of England, were brought to France by Louis VIII. The crypts in which most of these relics are contained are intended to recall the catacombs of Rome. In the eleventh century they were not in shrines or reliquaries, but reposed in marble tombs, and the faithful went to pray before them, as in the crypts of St. Calixtus on the Appian Way. Over the door leading into the upper crypts is the inscription, "*Hic sunt vigiles qui custodiunt civitatem*," and over the door of the pilgrims, "*Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus.*" This door leads to the inferior crypts, which you descend by a flight of steps. The numerous pilgrims of the middle ages paused on each step to repeat a prayer. Thus they passed on into the numerous passages of the crypts, recalling the catacombs. As you go down into them, you pause amid your prayers to read an inscription, in red letters, on a white marble tablet:

"Under the auspices, and by the pious munificence of the emperors Charlemagne, Louis le Débonnaire, and Charles le Chauve, the wonderful basilica of Saturnin has received the precious remains of several apostles and of a great number of martyrs, virgins, and confessors of the faith. The dukes of Aquitaine, the counts of Toulouse, have increased this treasure. The magistrates of this capital have faithfully guarded it.

"Here Religion preserves for the eternal edification of the faithful a portion of the cross of our Lord, a thorn from his crown, (the gift of Count Alphonse, brother of St. Louis,) a fragment from the rock of the Holy Sepulchre, (glorious conquest of the Toulousain crusaders,) and a piece of a garment of the Mother of God.

"Under these vaults, O pious traveller! are venerated the relics of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James the major, St. James the minor, St. Philip, St. Simon, St. Jude, St. Barnaby, St. Bartholomew, apostles.

"St. Claudius, St. Crescentius, St. Nicostratus, St. Simplicius, St. Castor, St. Christopher, St. Julian, St. Cyr, St. Asciscle, St. Cyril, St. Blasius, St. George.

"The first bishops of Toulouse, the series of whom date from the third century: Saint Saturnin, St. Honorius, St. Hilaire, St. Sylvius, St. Exuperius, repose in this church.

"Not far from their venerated remains are those of St. Honestus, St. Papoul, St. William, Duke of Aquitaine, St. Edmund, King of England, St. Gilles, St. Gilbert, St. Thomas of Aquin, St. Vincent of Paul, St. Raymond, Pope St. Pius V., St. Susanna, St. Julietta, St. Margaret, St. Catharine, St. Lucia, and of St. Agatha."

Grow not weary, kind reader,

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over this long list of names, for each one has its history, which is interwoven with that of Holy Church. Let us rather linger with love and faith over each name, whether humble or mighty on earth—now potent in heaven! Let us murmur them in reverence, for some of them are inscribed on the foundations of the New Jerusalem—and all gleam like precious stones on its walls—all these did wear on earth "the jewelled state of suffering," but they are now triumphant in heaven, and their memory has long been glorious on earth.

One feels deeply awed in descending among these shrines containing the bodies of the saints—*temples of the Holy Ghost.* Virtue hath not yet gone out from them, as is testified by the wonders still wrought at their tombs.

Many of the present shrines are antique, some costly, and all interesting, but they have lost their ancient splendor. Their magnificence before the Revolution may be imagined from existing descriptions. These tell us of, among others, the silver shrine of St. Edmund, an *ex-voto* from the city of Toulouse, in 1684, in gratitude for deliverance from the plague, adorned with statues of solid silver. When the saint was transferred to this *châsse*, it was exposed to the veneration of the people for eight days, and all the parishes of the environs came to honor them. Some days there were fifty processions, which gives an idea of the lively faith and piety of that age. The octave was terminated by a general procession in the city, in which were borne forty-four shrines, the most of them silver, and adorned with gold and precious stones.

And when, in 1385, the relics of St. James the major were transferred to a new shrine, the Duc de Berry, brother of Charles VI., gave for it a silver bust of the saint, a gold chain to which was attached a sapphire of great value, surrounded by rubies and pearls, with other jewels which adorned the bust till the time of the Revolution.

Like Madame de Staël, "I love this prodigality of terrestrial gifts to another world—offerings from time to eternity! Sufficient for the morrow are the cares required by human economy. Oh! how much I love what would be useless waste, were life nothing better than a career of toil for despicable gain!"

Though these shrines are stripped of most of their former splendor, the inestimable relics remain still venerated by the people. They no longer go there in the old garb of the pilgrim, with "sandal shoon and scallop-shell," or only occasionally, but their faith is as profound, and their piety as genuine. I was so fortunate as to meet a pilgrim in the orthodox garb as I was going into the church. He entered just before me. He was clad in a loose brown habit which extended to his feet. Over his shoulders was a cape, around which were fastened scallop-shells, as we see in pictures of pilgrims. His feet were sandalled.

> "His sandals were with travel tore:
> Staff, budget, bottle, scrip he wore."

In truth, he had a bundle suspended by a stick on his shoulder. His hair was disordered, his eyes cast down, and he went from shrine to shrine paying his devotions, regardless of every one. From the way in which he made the sign of the cross I took him to be a Spaniard. I felt an indescribable emotion of pity for him whose contrition had induced to assume a penitential garb, and go from church to church living on alms, and I prayed that his soul

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might find peace—that peace which the world cannot give!

One of the first subterranean chapels I entered was that of the Sainte-Epine, in which is a beautiful silver reliquary, containing one of the thorns from the crown our suffering Saviour wore. It was given by St. Louis to his brother Alphonse, who married Jeanne, daughter of Raymond VII., last Count of Toulouse. On the pavement of the chapel is graven this ancient distich, likening the Sainte-Epine, surrounded by the bodies of thirteen saints, to a thorn among roses:

"Quisquis es externus quærens miracula sixte,
En tredecim pulchris insita spina rosis."

After the Revolution a holy priest of Toulouse established, in honor of this precious relic, the Confraternity of the Holy Thorn, composed of the most fervent Catholics of the city. Afflicted by the prolonged captivity of Pope Pius VII., they begged of God his deliverance—not only at their own shrines, but at that of St. Germaine of Pibrac. Their prayers were heard. On the 2d of February, 1814, the holy father slowly and sadly passed the walls of Toulouse on his way to Italy, locked up in his carriage! The highway was completely obstructed by the crowds of people, who, all bathed in tears, went out to meet him, and on their knees besought his benediction. Among them were the votaries of the Sainte-Epine, raising their hands to heaven in behalf of the holy captive.

The pope earnestly desired to enter the city that he might venerate the body of the angelic doctor, in the church of St. Sernin, but it was not deemed expedient to entrust such a guest to the faithful Toulousains. Halting beyond the ramparts, merely to change their horses and obtain refreshments, they hurried on as if afraid of losing their prisoner.

In another chapel of the crypts is the altar of St. Simon and St. Jude, containing their relics. It was consecrated by Pope Calixtus II. Old legends tell us that these apostles were two of the shepherds of Bethlehem, who first heard the *Gloria in Excelsis*. One loves to believe that they who were encircled by the brightness of God, to whom angels talked, and who were first at the manger, should afterward be called to follow our Saviour and preach the glad tidings, which they had heard from angelic tongues, to the nations afar off. They *could* not have lost sight of him who was so miraculously revealed to them. They *must* have hastened to join him as soon as he entered upon his public life.

In a niche, close by the chapel of St. Simon and St. Jude, is the entire body of St. Gilles, to whom the old counts of Toulouse had a particular devotion, especially Raymond IV., who is invariably styled in history Raymond de St. Gilles. This saint was very popular, not only in France, but in England and Scotland. A large hospital for lepers was built by the queen of Henry I. outside the city of London, which has given its name to a large district of that city; and St. Giles is the patron saint of Edinburgh, where a church was built under his invocation not later then 1359. This renders his shrine a place of interest to all who speak the English tongue. St. Sernin possesses, too, the body of one of England's sainted kings and that of her patron saint.

St. Gilles, or St. Giles, was an Athenian of royal blood, who, fearing the admiration excited by his talents, went to France, and became a hermit in a cave near the mouth of the Rhone. He subsisted on the

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produce of the woods and the milk of a tame hind. After his death a magnificent monastery, and then a city, rose round his tomb, and gave his name to the counts of Languedoc.

In a large portable *châsse* is the head of the glorious St. Thomas Aquinas, the author of the profound *Summa Theologiæ* and the sublime Office of the Blessed Sacrament, worthy of the tongues of angels. This great doctor of the middle ages is not dead. His voice is still heard in the office of the church, "now with a single antiphon unlocking whole abysses of Scripture, and now in almost supernatural melody, more like the echoes of heaven than mere poetry of earth," says Faber. One should listen to this grand office resounding in the arches of the church where its author is enshrined, when thousands of tapers, around the enthroned ostensorium, light up the brilliant shrine of St. Sernin! It is a foretaste of the song of the redeemed!

When the body of St. Thomas of Aquin, brought from Italy, approached Toulouse, Louis of Anjou, brother of Charles V. of France, with archbishops and mitred abbots, at the head of one hundred and fifty thousand people, went out to meet it. Duke Louis and the principal lords of his court bore over it a canopy blazing with gold and precious stones. Around it floated six standards: on two were the arms of France, the third of Anjou, the others of the pope, the house of Aquin, and the city of Toulouse. They enshrined it magnificently in the church of the Dominicans, but it has been at St. Sernin since the Revolution. When placed in its present *châsse* in 1852, the venerable Père Lacordaire made a panegyric of the saint, attracting an immense audience. The arms of the illustrious house of Aquin are emblazoned on his altar.

In passing out of the crypts on the side opposite that which I entered is the following inscription:

"After having reunited in Clermont, in the year of salvation 1096, the faithful destined to deliver the Holy Sepulchre, Pope Urban II. wished himself to consecrate this basilica, one of the most precious monuments of Christian art. The sovereign pontiff had near him Raymond IV., Count of Toulouse and of St. Gilles, that glorious prince who first displayed on his banners and on his armor the Holy Cross of the Saviour.

"Popes Clement VII., Paul V., Urban V., and Pius IV. have granted numerous privileges to this abbatial church. Those who visit its seven principal altars obtain indulgences like those acquired before the seven altars of St. Peter's church at Rome.

"Charles VI., Louis XI., Francis I., Charles IX., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., kings of France, have, in praying, passed through these holy catacombs. It is here that in all public calamities a pious population has constantly resorted to implore the powerful intercession of the holy protectors of this antique and religious city."

There is hung on the walls of the crypts a curious bas-relief of the youthful Saviour, which is supposed to date from the Carlovingian age. He is in an aureola, ovoidal in form, pointed at its two extremities. Without, in the angles, are the emblems of the four evangelists. Around the head of our Saviour is a *nimbus* in the form of a cross, on which are graven the letters *Alpha* and *Omega*. This bas-relief was evidently the centre of an extensive work. The youthfulness of the features of Christ gives a presumption in favor of its antiquity. He is often found on many

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Christian sarcophagi, and in many of the paintings of the catacombs at Rome, with a youthful face. M. Didron says that, from the third to the tenth century, Christ is oftener represented young and beardless, but his face, young at first, grows older from century to century, as Christianity advances in age. The ancient Christian monuments at Rome, Arles, and elsewhere represent Christ with a young and pleasing face.

Many non-Catholics do not like these representations of our Saviour at all. The old Puritans were so opposed even to a cross that, in 1634, they cut out the holy emblem from St. George's flag; but there is now a great reaction in this respect. We pray it may grow still stronger. We find many of these representations of our Saviour, which must date from the beginning of Christianity. The Emperor Alexander Severus, who ascended the throne A.D. 222, had placed in his *Lararium* a statue of Christ, but we are not told how he is depicted. The Sudario of Veronica, the portrait attributed to St. Luke, the statue raised in the city of Paneas by the grateful *Hémorroïsse*, whether genuine or not, belong to the earliest ages, and prove, says M. Didron, that the Son of God was represented by painters and sculptors from the dawn of Christianity.

The chapels in the upper crypts are very interesting, with their statues and bas-reliefs covering the panelled niches which contain the holy relics. There is, in one of the chapels, a crucifix which St. Dominick used when he preached, and which he is said to have held up to animate the army of Simon de Montfort, at the great battle of Muret, when the Albigenses were decisively overthrown. Lacordaire says St. Dominick was not present at the battle, but remained in a chapel hard by, to pray, like Moses, with uplifted arms. One looks upon the crucifix with interest. It is of wood, blackened by time, and about a yard in length. The feet of the Christ are fastened one upon the other, in the Italian style.

One of the chapels bears the startling title of the Seven Sleepers, which would seem to savor of magic or oriental legend. They were seven Christians martyred at Ephesus, in the reign of Trajan, where, in the language of Scripture, *they slept in the Lord*. Their bodies having been found in the year 479, it was said, in mystic style, that they had awakened again, after a sleep of more than two hundred years. Honoring them collectively, it became a custom to call them the Seven Sleepers, and the Mohammedans have preserved the tradition as well as Christians. A chapel dedicated to them is rarely found; but Mrs. Jameson says they perpetually occur in the miniatures, sculpture, and stained glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They are found in the chapel of Edward the Confessor at Westminster. Their statues, lying side by side on a bed of stone, were formerly in their chapel at St. Sernin, but only two of them now remain.

In the treasury of the abbey of St. Saturnin were formerly many curious and valuable objects. One of these, now in the museum at Toulouse, is the horn of Orlando, which, indeed, is ornamented with figures in the style of the age of Charlemagne. During the last days of Holy Week, when the bells were hushed during the awful days commemorating our Saviour's passion and death, the prolonged notes of this horn called the faithful to prayer. A similar one was used in the church of St. Orens at Auch, which is still carefully preserved. One loves whatever recalls Orlando, the type of Chris-

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tian chivalry. Many a tradition of him lingers in this country. Roncesvalles claims to possess his armor, and Blaye his terrible sword and his tomb. In the country of the Escualdunæ is the *Pas de Roland*, a gigantic footprint on a large rock. At the other extremity of the Pyrenees, in Roussillon, the long table of a Celtic *dolmen* is called by the people *Le Palet de Roland;* and large depressions in the form of a semi-circle, in this part of France, mark the passage of Orlando's steed—that steed over which, when dead, his master wept, begging his forgiveness if he had ever been ill-treated. The poet tells us the horse opened his eyes kindly on his master, and never stirred more.

One would like to think this the veritable horn of Orlando—which was so powerful, when sounded for the last time, that the very birds of the air fell dead, the Saracens fell back in terror, and Charlemagne and his court heard its notes afar off. There is far more enjoyment in accepting all these local traditions than in disputing their truth. Let us reserve our incredulity for so-called history.

From the tower of St. Sernin there is a magnificent view of the Pyrenees from sea to sea, and of a large extent of country full of historic and religious associations. Directly beneath is the old city of Toulouse, recalling Clemence Isaure and the golden violets, and the troubadours of an older time. St. Anthony of Padua frequented its famous schools. St. Dominick here founded the order of Preaching Friars, which has given so many doctors and missionaries to the church. St. Vincent Ferrier preached yonder in St. George's Square. In that same *Place* afterward preached Friar Thomas de Illirico against the excesses of the Carnival, and against all games of chance, with such effect that all the cards found in the shops were publicly burned and the trade of card-maker abolished. One day, after the preaching of this servant of God, the capitouls had placed on the five principal gates of the city a marble tablet which bore *en relief* the holy name of JESUS supported by angels—that name so powerful for defence that it makes the very demons tremble!

Another famous preacher of that time induced the capitouls to appoint four watchmen to patrol the city at night, from one till five, and chanting loudly:

> "Réveillez-vous, gens qui dormez,
> Priez Dieu pour les trépassez."

Before leaving St. Sernin, we stop to murmur a *Requiescant in pace* at the tombs of the counts of Toulouse, the first sovereigns who styled themselves "By the grace of God," and whose history is so glorious and yet so sad and tragical.

And as no Catholic Christian quits a church without leaving a tribute of love before the altar of the Madonna, so, before reluctantly leaving this antique basilica, perfumed with a thousand memories, I drop my bead at the feet of Mary, remembering that in this country were first strung together the bright jewels of the rosary, which have ever since adorned the garments of Christ's spouse—the Church.

AVE MARIA!

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THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

THE thoughtful soul, whether within or without the Catholic Church, cannot fail to be impressed with the extent of her charities. The fatherless, the widow, the aged, the poor, as St. Laurence the martyr declared when ordered by the prefect of Rome to deliver to him the wealth of the church—these are her riches. But one must be within the fold to appreciate the universality of her bounty; to see that every need of suffering humanity, as it rises, finds pious souls whose vocation it is to look after that very need, to provide for that very want; and the smallness of the beginning of each world-wide charity makes the humble-hearted leap wtih joy that, even in the narrowest sphere, every one may be privileged to help our dear Lord in the person of his poor.

When St. Francis of Assisi gave his rule of strict poverty to the ten united with him in hungering to work for Christ, it needed more than his great faith to believe that, in forty-two years after his death, two hundred thousand zealous souls would be banded together, under his name, for prayer and alms-deeds; while, through all coming ages of the church, his followers should steadily increase, steadfast in the work for which they had joined hands.

When, in 1537, Angela Merici, of Brescia, a lady of birth and fortune, sorrowing over the death of a well-beloved sister, soothed her grief by devoting herself to the education of poor female children, at a time when four doctors of the law declared the instruction of women the work of the devil, she did not realize that from the grave of her own sorrow would spring the far-famed order of Ursulines, (a beautiful resurrection!) who collected and taught the poor orphans of massacred parents during French revolutions, and who held their infant and ragged schools long before England had thought of them.

When, in 1633, St. Vincent de Paul, seeing the misery and destitution of the poor in the streets of Paris, placed four young women, who volunteered to aid him in relieving present distress, in charge of a noble lady who had for several years devoted herself to the work under his direction, he scarcely expected to see in twenty years two hundred houses and hospitals of the order of Charity, spreading everywhere their sheltering arms for the suffering poor.

Franciscans, Ursulines, Sisters of Charity, we have in our midst, showing, by their lives of self-abnegation in this hard, worldly age and country, that the evangelical counsel, to forsake all for Christ's sake, is not obsolete.

But another branch of the great tree of charity that, like the banyan, plants itself and rises with new life and vigor wherever it takes root, is about to spread its benign shadow over our land.

The Little Sisters of the Poor are coming among us, and it is well we should know whence they come and what is their work. Like the older orders in the church, *Les Petites Sœurs des Pauvres* had a very small beginning.

In St. Servan, a small town on the north coast of France, washed by the

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waters of the English Channel, the male peasantry have, from time immemorial, obtained a scanty living for themselves and families by following the sea. This life of exposure and danger leaves always, wherever it is followed, many children fatherless and wives widows, and often deprives aged parents of their only support. It was the custom for these poor bereaved widows and parents of deceased fishermen to gather about the church-doors, asking alms of the congregation as they passed out; many abuses arose out of this way of distributing charity; the boldest fared the best, and the money thus obtained was often wasted in drink or self-indulgence, without providing for any real want. The good God touched the heart of the pious Curé of Servan by the sight of these poor persons, often blind, aged, and infirm, with none to care for them. In the quiet of his own humble home, Abbé le Pailleur thought over the condition of these miserable beings, commending them to his divine Master, and asking the guidance of him "who had not where to lay his head," in his efforts for their relief. The blessed Spirit guided to his direction a young orphan-girl from the laboring classes, who, for the love of God, desired to do something for those more destitute than herself. The curé recommended to her care an old blind woman, utterly without friends, and who, from the scanty alms bestowed at the church-door, was seldom able to obtain the smallest pittance, her blindness preventing her access to the charitably inclined.

Not many weeks passed, before another poor seamstress confided to her pastor the same desire to work for Christ's poor; she was permitted to share the labors of the other, both working all day, and coming by turns at night to watch and tend and to provide for the old blind woman, with what they could spare from their own small earnings. At length, that there might be no loss of time and labor, Marie Augustine and Marie Theresa hired an attic where they dwelt together, and took their aged pensioner to share their home.

Here their devotion and self-denial attracted the attention of a servant, Jenny Jugan,* who, by industry and frugality in early life, had accumulated about six hundred francs. She asked to go with them, and to share with them, giving her all to the good work, taking her part of the toils and privations, and bringing with her one or two aged poor. Thus, on the feast of St. Theresa, 1840, the house of "The Little Sisters of the Poor" may be said to have been established.

Abbé le Pailleur had early given them a rule of life, one article of which they pondered with special care: "We will delight above all things in showing tenderness toward those aged poor who are infirm or sick; we will never refuse to assist them when occasion presents itself, but we must take great care not to meddle in what does not concern us." They still went about their daily labors, and though their earnings never exceeded one franc per day, at night they shared it with those whom God had confided to their care. The curé helped them to the extent of his resources, which were very limited. Prayer and faith were the means whereby they made so little serve for so many. The good Lord who heareth the cry of the ravens listened to the pleading of the Little Sisters, and sent them a faithful friend and benefactress in one Fanchion Aubert, who took no vows, but gave all her sub-

* Jenny Jugan was about forty. She was living in the attic mentioned, and received in that place the poor blind who had been under the care of Marie Augustine and Marie Theresa.

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stance to their work, wishing to live and die among them. She possessed a little property, a small stock of the plainest furniture, and a quantity of linen; with these she came, sharing everything with them and their poor. By her thrift she had gained credit in St. Servan, and through her the sisters were able to leave the attic, and rent a long, low dwelling with space for twelve beds, which were immediately filled. And now came the time when, with the small band of sisters and the multiplication of pensioners, the age and infirmities of their poor required all their attention; they could no longer go out to earn anything; and though those of the old women who were able did sometimes assist the funds of the establishment by begging, their faithful guardians desired to save them from the temptations and degradation to which such a life too often led them.

Help came now and then, but not enough to supply all the needy ones, and the sisters often went hungry. They sought counsel of the father of the house, Abbé le Pailleur. After prayer and meditation, he proposed to the sisters that for the love of God they themselves should become beggars. Most cheerfully they went forth with baskets on their arms, asking charity, "the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table." From that day they have provided in this way for their destitute ones; nothing comes amiss, the refuse of the table or the wardrobe is accepted thankfully. These mendicant sisters have never been without their share of contumely and reproach. Members of older orders in the beginning turned the cold shoulder upon them, and they were spurned from the presence of one *religieuse* with the reproach, "Don't speak to me, I am ashamed of your basket!" but they only renewed their entire consecration to God, and went on begging. At length their basement was crowded to suffocation; the abbé sold his gold watch, and with the remains of Fanchion's property, and all their savings, they made the first payments for a large house; before the end of the year, the twenty-two thousand francs (the price of the house) were all paid. Here they took that name so redolent of sweetness and humility, "Little Sisters of the Poor," and here they accepted fully what before had been necessarily imperfect, their rule of life, taking, in addition to the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, the vow of hospitality. At the end of two years, fifty aged people were fed and clothed by the begging sisters, and comforted and cared for with all the assiduity of the most tender love. Their rule was to divide all the broken victuals among the poor, and feed themselves upon what remained, never murmuring if they went without. One winter's night, when the old people, fed and cared for, had gone to their rest, the sisters had for their suppers only about a quarter of a pound of bread. They sat down cheerfully at the table, said their Benedicite, and passed the bread from one to the other, each declining any right to it, and all pretending to be well able to do without it. Before it had been decided how the loaf should be divided, the bell rang; some one had sent them a supply of meat and bread. "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed," was the motto of their holy lives. It will not surprise us to learn that, in return for their self-sacrifice, Almighty God gave them many souls from among the abandoned and often dissolute people, who, but for the peaceful refuge of their home, would have been lost in the whirlpool of ignorance and vice. To bring back these poor creatures to their forgotten Father was the delight of the zealous sisters, and they

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felt themselves well rewarded when they saw these darkened minds opening to the truth, and returning to sit at the feet of Jesus with loving penitence.

But the house was filled to overflowing, and they resolved to build. They well knew in whose hands are the gold and silver, and into his ever-listening ear they poured their new want.

The reply did not linger, for they worked as well as prayed. At the sight of the zeal with which they began to clear the stones from a piece of ground, which they already owned, and to dig the foundations, workmen came, materials were sent, and alms flowed in abundantly.

Some time previous a person from the Island of Jersey, which is not far from St. Servan, came to that town to seek for an aged relative. He found her sheltered by the "Little Sisters," and with devout thanksgiving to God he gave alms of all that he possessed, and at his death bequeathed the house seven thousand francs. This legacy fell to them as they began the building, and with the new house came new souls, ready to consecrate themselves to the service of God's poor, and with these new sisters came the desire that the hand of charity might be held out to the poor of other regions. The elder of the two girls who were first banded together in this order, and who was now called Mother Marie Augustine, with four sisters, went out from the mother-house, and established themselves at Rennes, a town of forty thousand inhabitants, fifty or sixty miles from their first home. The trust in Providence which led to this movement was greatly blessed, and soon there came another call from the town of Dinan. This call came from the mayor of the city, who thought it a wonderful stroke of policy to provide for the town's poor without drawing on the city treasury. The sisters went without hesitancy, and in 1846 had three well-established houses, which ten of the sisterhood supported by begging.

In France, as in this country, it has been for a long time the custom for persons living in the interior to seek the sea-coast during the summer months. A young lady coming from Tours to St. Servan did not, as too many do, leave all thoughts of her religion behind, but in her temporary sojourn gave herself to good works. Attracted by the genuine humility and piety of the "Little Sisters of the Poor," she begged them to go back with her to Tours. They asked only a roof to shelter and liberty to work, and in January, 1847, they hired in that city a small house in which they received at once a dozen poor people. In 1848, they bought, for 80,000 francs, a very large building, and found shelter for a hundred. How this sum was paid and the family supported remains a secret with the angel who makes record of alms-deeds. For the food of these poor people, every café was engaged to save their coffee-grounds and tea-leaves, and schools, colleges, barracks, and families their crusts or bread; each sister, as she went forth, carried on her arm a large tin pail, divided in compartments, which allowed the scraps of bread and meat, with the cups of broth and other fragments, to be kept apart from each other. At their return, these bits were overlooked, and by the hands of the sisters made into very palatable dishes for their beloved poor. But we must not forget that other and more arduous and disagreeable duties were required of these indefatigable workers than even providing their food from such material. The nursing, tending, and

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watching of these poor creatures whose former lives of misery had often brought upon them repulsive infirmities and diseases, lifting the helpless, comforting the forlorn, and bearing with the ungrateful, all these must be shared by these devoted women, who had undertaken to follow the command of the apostle, to provide for the aged and the widow. Most of these nuns came from the people; many of them had witnessed want and woe from their infancy, and understood the special needs of the poor; but now and then ladies of rank and education joined them, all working together in perfect equality, each undertaking that class of duties for which she was best fitted. Many a sister has been truly a martyr for Christ, in working for these ignorant, degraded beings, often obstinate and full of ingratitude. But "it is not for the sake of gratitude we nurse them," said a sister whose pale face showed the wearing nature of her cares: "it is because in them we see *le bon Dieu!*"

To tell the story of the journeyings from place to place all over France, the difficulty with which they took root in some of the larger cities, and the comparative welcome they met in the smaller towns, would fill a volume. From France they went to Belgium, to Spain, to Switzerland, and lately to Ireland, and even to Protestant England and Scotland. To-day one hundred and eight houses of this order are scattered over Europe, with a sisterhood of eighteen hundred women, who watch over, comfort, and maintain more than twelve thousand poor old men and women, without money and without price save the voluntary offerings of the cheerful giver!

In England the appearance of the order excited at first much curiosity, but many turned away from them with aversion, the aversion which centuries of false teaching has planted in the minds of most Protestant communities against all religious orders; but their uniform humility, gentleness, and kindness won the day. In Park Row, Bristol, England, in Bayswater, in London, as well as in other places, their convents are admirably conducted, and they welcome visitors most cordially; wherever they go they become popular. "We get a good deal in England," said one of the sisters; "the English are very good to us, though they are Protestants." There is something in simple, honest trust in God which touches the heart, and often those who at first turned away from the begging sisters, in the end prove their warmest supporters.

On his way to business a butcher, belonging in London, and glorying in the name of "a stanch Protestant," was induced to visit one of the convents. He was so delighted with the charity and with all he saw, that he told the "good mother" to let the convent cart call at his stall once a week, and he would give them soup-meat for the house. As he went away, his conscience reproached him; the "horns and hoofs" of the dreadful "beast" of whom he had so often heard appeared before him; he might be suspected of a leaning toward popery! But then his Anglo-Saxon common sense told him that to help the aged and infirm was right, popery or not, and he kept his word; the meat is always ready when the cart arrives, but no communication passes between the sister who takes and the man who gives; he has not yet lost his fear of the "seven heads and ten horns, and the number 666."

The institution of this order at least makes plain one fact: that numbers of poor can be well sup-

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ported from the waste of the rich. It ought also to put to silence those who scoff at the idea of an overruling Providence — the *living* God rather, who cares for the raven and the sparrow, and is constantly working miracles under our eyes, whereby the hungry are fed and the naked clothed.

Madame Guizot de Witt, a Protestant lady, says: "Every time I visit one of the houses of the 'Little Sisters,' and see their bands of old people—aged children, so neatly dressed, so well taken care of, occupied and amused in every way that age or weakness allow, I seem to hear the voice which says, 'Go, and do thou likewise.'"

This band of noble workers is coming among us, to gather the abundance that falls from our tables, often wasted, or thrown to dumb beasts, while souls made in the image of God look on with hungry eyes.

How shall we greet these servants of God? If we receive the "Little Sister" kindly, giving of our plenty when she asks, she will thank God; if we turn away with cold questioning, she still thanks God that she may bear trial for his sake.

To the thrifty American mind, this scheme of beggary will, no doubt, appear to some as a nuisance, and call for the interference of the laws against begging; but there are others whom the hand of God has touched; these will welcome to the freedom of our land a band of sisters whose charity beareth all things, endureth all things, and hopeth all things. But however we receive them, they will still go on, and if they are turned away from one town or city by the iron hand, they will bring a blessing upon another, both now and in that day when the Judge shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye covered me: . . . for as long as ye did it to one of my least brethren, ye did it to me."

LIST OF THE HOUSES FOUNDED BY THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

In France.—The novitiate at Latour; St. Joseph, near Becherel, (Ile et Vilaine;) Rennes; St. Servan; Dinan; Tours; Nantes; Paris, Rue St. Jacques near the Val de Grâce; Besançon; Angers; Bordeaux; Rouen; Nancy; Paris, Avenue de Breteuil; Laval; Lyon, á la Vilette; Lille; Marseilles; Bourges; Pau; Vannes; Colmar; La Rochelle; Dijon; St. Omer; Brest; Chartres; Bolbec; Paris, Rue Beccaria, Faubourg St. Antoine; Toulouse; St. Dizier; Le Havre; Blois; Le Maus; Tarare; Paris, Rue Notre Dame des Champs; Orleans; Strasbourg; Caen; St. Etienne; Perpignan; Montpellier; Agen; Poitiers; St. Quentin; Lisieux; Annonay; Amiens; Roanne; Valenciennes; Grenoble; Draguignan; Chateauroux; Roubaix; Boulogne; Dieppe; Beziers; Clermont-Ferrand; Lyons, La Croix Rousse; Metz; Nice; Lorient; Nevers; Flers; Villefranche; Cambrai; Niort; Paris, Rue Philippe Gerard; Les Sables d'Olonne; Troyes; Maubeuge; Nimes; Toulon; Tourcoing; Cherbourg; Valence; Périgueux; and one just now beginning in Dunkerque.

In Switzerland.—Genevra.

In Belgium. — Bruxelles, Rue Haute; Liege, at the Chartreuse; Jemmapes, near Mons; Louvain; Antwerp; Bruges; Ostende; Namur.

In Spain.—Barcelona; Maureza;

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Granada; Lerida; Lorca; Malaga; Antequera; Madrid, Calle della Hortaletza; Jaen; Reuss; two more are preparing in Valence and Andalusia.

In England, Ireland, and Scotland.—London, (Southwark,) South Lambeth Road; London, (Bayswater,) Portobello Lane; Manchester, Plymouth Grove; Bristol, Park Row; Birmingham, Cambridge Street Crescent; Leeds, Hanover Square; Newcastle-on-Tyne, Clayton Street; Plymouth, St. Mary's; Waterford; Edinburgh, Gilmore Place; Glasgow, Garngad Hill; Lochee, near Dundee; a new foundation beginning in Tipperary.

In the United States.—No house exists as yet, but the "Little Sisters of the Poor" are preparing three foundations which are to take place very soon, one in Brooklyn, De Kalb Avenue; a second one in New Orleans, in the buildings occupied by the Widows' Home; the third one in Baltimore, with the charge, too, of the Widows' Home; besides these, several other foundations are contemplated in the course of the next and of the following year.

RELIGION MEDICALLY CONSIDERED.

By the term "religion," we mean that divine code mercifully revealed by God to mankind, in the old and new dispensations, as their rule of faith and practice. Its precepts have reference both to the corporal and spiritual, the temporal and eternal welfare of men. Religion, it is true, in its higher sphere, addresses itself to the soul. It embraces the affections, emotions, and sentiments of our spiritual nature, and its direction is always toward the infinite fountain of love and wisdom. Yet its scope, while for eternity, is for time also.

When God first revealed himself to Moses, the Israelites were fast relapsing into heathenism, with its pernicious and degrading habits of life. Under the divine inspiration, however, the prophet imbued them anew with faith in the true God, and presented them at the same time with an admirable code of practical life. He taught them to love and fear God, to obey his commandments, to live soberly and uprightly in themselves, and to practise justice and love toward each other. He continually placed before them the divine promises of not only eternal but also temporal rewards for obedience, and, in like manner, the threatened penalties of disobedience. Viewed even as practical rules of living for earthly life alone, his are models of excellence. No man has ever done more toward retaining that tabernacle of the human soul, the earthly body, in a pure and healthy condition than this great lawgiver. Contrast the precepts given by God through him to the Israelites after he had brought them out of the land of Egypt, with those of the Egyptians, of the Canaanites, and other heathen nations of the period. How wise and elevating are the tendencies of the one! What injustice, inhumanity, and degradation mark the other! On the one

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hand, love supreme to God and to one's neighbor as one's self, joined with forbearance, justice, truthfulness, honesty, chastity, temperance, cleanliness even, and rigid adherence to what would now be termed sound sanitary principles; while on the heathen side, what may be comprised in three words—selfishness, sensuality, and force. The fruits of obedience to the former were, even here, comparative immunity from disease and its sufferings, with enhanced material prosperity and happiness, and with increased longevity; while to the other there came the legitimate penalties of inordinate self-indulgence, of selfishness and evil-living; the fruits of the laws of life which heathenism gave to them.

It is hence that we claim for religion—for the religious precepts revealed to man by the divinely inspired prophets of the old dispensation, that they contributed vastly to the physical and temporal well-being of the race. The God of nature required that there should be no violation of the laws of nature; that our organs and faculties, designed for legitimate uses, should not be subjected to abuse and perversion. Hence temperance and moderation, and a rigid avoidance of whatever tended to a violation of the natural laws of health, were enjoined upon man as duties of religious obligation. That the mortal body might be and remain a fit enclosure of the immortal soul, the inspired teachings of the old law descended to the minutest details of the laws of health and life. This, indeed, constituted the less exalted sphere of religion, yet one of prime importance, so far as the well-being and happiness of earthly life was concerned.

Even, then, should we, for the moment, ignore religion in its higher relations, and leave out of the question a future existence, regarding man merely as an animal who is to be annihilated at death; still we shall find that by its precepts and its influence it has always largely contributed to his measure of health, happiness, and longevity.

It is our purpose, in this paper, to confine our remarks to this view of the case, and to discuss the influence of religion and a Christian life upon man in his physical and earthly relations. For the atheist even, for the deist and the sceptic, we claim that the precepts and practice of Christianity are, above all other systems and modes of life, conducive to physical and mental health and vigor, to true enjoyment and long life.

Nearly all of the eminent philosophers and heathen teachers before and at the time of Christ seem to have regarded the pursuit of sensual pleasure as life's chief aim and end. True, they advised a certain measure of moderation in the gratification of the appetites and passions, in order that the vitality might not be too rapidly exhausted; but this was their only limit to self-indulgence; religious or moral obligation was not taken into the account in making up the programme of practical life. The pagan disciples of Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato, as well as the more cultivated and polished polytheists of the empire of the Cæsars, lived for sensual enjoyment alone. Even human life was made subservient to this dominant idea, as the frequent and wanton murders of slaves and newly born children demonstrate.

Early failure of the vital forces, followed by disease and its accompanying physical and mental suffering, was the fruitful result. A participation in the revels of the temples of Venus and of Bacchus might give its few brief hours of sensual

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pleasure; but violated nature always inflicted her bitter penalties therefor, in the form of painful and tedious morbid reactions. The spectator at the Colosseum may have been momentarily excited by the bloody scenes of the arena; but the simple instincts of humanity must have filled the soul with horror and disgust, on subsequent reflection upon the cruelty involved therein. Even in the higher planes of pagan life, in the very lyceums and groves of the philosophers of the Augustan age, so lax and inefficient was the moral code of the day, and such their own imperfect moral teachings, that the practical life-results were little better. One can appreciate the reality of this when he calls to mind the utter variance of the new law of Christ, when first introduced among them, with nearly all the philosophies, customs, and habits of the period. He has but to read, for this purpose, the frightful description of ancient heathen society given by St. Paul in the latter half of the first chapter of his epistle to the Romans, addressed to the Christian converts from among this very people. Without the restraining and healthful influences of true religion, to what depths of moral and physical degradation is not human nature capable of bringing itself!* "Professing themselves to be wise," says the apostle, "they became fools. . . Wherefore God gave them up to the desires of their heart, to uncleanness, to shameful affections, and to a reprobate sense:" [thereby] "receiving in themselves the recompense which was due to their error. . . Being filled with all iniquity, malice, fornication, covetousness, wickedness, full of envy, murder, contention, deceit, malignity, whisperers, detractors, hateful to God, contumelious, proud, haughty, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, foolish, dissolute, without affection, without fidelity, without mercy."

In contrasting, then, the principles, habits, and lives of the Latin subjects of the Roman empire with those inculcated by Christ in the new law, it will be found that the latter were by far the most conducive to physical and mental vigor, material happiness, and longevity. In one example we have a material philosophy, wealth, sensuality, and unlimited self-indulgence; in the other, a Christian code, inculcating virtue, charity, morality, temperance, and moderation in all things. The fruits of both systems were plainly visible, even in the days of Christ.

It has been estimated that more than one fourth part of the population of the empire, under Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar, were slaves. The condition of these bondmen was deplorable. They were not only deprived of all political and social rights, but were regarded as soulless and devoid of moral responsibility. Human slavery was a legitimate offspring of the pagan philosophies of the period.

Another portion of the Roman people, amounting to about one half of the entire population, occupied a moral and social status nearly as low as that of the slave. The mothers, wives, and daughters of Roman citizens were regarded as inferior beings, mere pets and playthings of the men, household ornaments, useful only so far as they were capable of contributing to the sensual pleasures of their lords and masters. This wanton degradation of the sex was another direct result of the pernicious teachings of those men who are still lauded and honored by the world as models of wisdom and virtue! The

* Romans i. 21–32.

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free patricians and plebeians, comprising less than one third of the entire population, and possessing nearly all of the national wealth, devoted their lives in striving to add to the military power and glory of the empire, and in the pursuit of worldly pleasure. In the furtherance of these objects, neither right, justice, humanity, nor even life itself was regarded as important when opposed to their dominant passions. Such were the materialists of that day.

Let us now turn to the precepts of our blessed Saviour, and their immediate practical results in elevating humanity to a higher plane, and in enhancing the general welfare of the human race. The fundamental principles of the Christian system are, besides faith in the revealed mysteries, supreme love to God and fraternal love to man. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets." (Matt. xxii. 37-40.) "All things, therefore, whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them: for this is the law and the prophets." (Matt. vii. 12.)

One of the first-fruits of these new ideas was a recognition by the Christian converts of the dignity and brotherhood of all mankind, and of the equality of all in the sight of God. Thus were females and slaves at once elevated to their proper positions in the scale of humanity. They could no longer be regarded as mere instruments of sensual gratification, but were recognized as brethren, children of a common father, coworkers and coequals in the spiritual vineyard of our Lord Jesus Christ. How readily, then, can we comprehend the ardent and untiring devotion and love which were everywhere evinced by Christian women for their divine Redeemer and Benefactor! How readily can we explain the boundless enthusiasm and joy of the multitudes of poor, oppressed, and disease-stricken men who followed Jesus from place to place for consolation and restoration! When these multitudes heard the precious sermon upon the mount, so much at variance with the prevalent tenets and practices of the world, they were amazed and delighted; for in it false philosophies, a vicious civilization, and pernicious usages were rebuked, mankind exalted to a higher sphere, and humanity vindicated.

As the lives of the pagans were natural reflexes of their false and inhuman moral and social codes, so were the lives of the Christians natural reflexes of the divine code. The foundations of the one were idolatry, selfishness, sensuality, uncharitableness, pride, and arrogance; of the other, godliness, charity, love, humility, and benevolence. Humanity cannot clothe itself with the first without chilling and paralyzing the higher impulses of the soul, and fostering the bitter germs of mental and physical sorrow. Nor can it adopt the last without developing those spiritual attributes which elevate, refine, and bless the possessor.

Let us come down to our own day, where materialism, sensuality, and general immorality are nearly as common as in the days of the apostles. We call ourselves Christians, profess to believe in one God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future state of rewards and punishments; but practically, in actual life, many communities are as inhuman, as sensual, as material, and as immoral as were the pagans of the golden age.

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The pagan disciples of Aristotle, for instance, did not hesitate to violate the sacred germs of humanity, and thus to blast the souls of multitudes of victims, for the purpose of preventing too great an increase of population. The religion of Christ changed all this, and true Christians have ever heeded the change. But the recent work of Dr. Storer, of Boston, and official legislative reports, demonstrate that this great crime is quite as prevalent in the modern Athens and in the State which contains it, as it was in the worst days of the Roman empire. The influence of this alarmingly prevalent crime of our own day and of our own nation is baneful in the extreme. On strictly sanitary and material grounds, it is to be deprecated as an evil of the greatest magnitude. Among its deleterious results may be recorded diseases of important vital organs, which are in turn reflected to the entire nervous system, and a consequent train of physical and mental disorders, which make life a burden instead of a blessing. Here, then, we see that a truly Christian mode of living is more conducive to health, happiness, and long life than that of the sensual materialist.

Contemplate, again, the world of wealth, fashion, and pleasure. Behold the pomp, the luxury, and the numerous sensual enjoyments which make up so largely its sum of life. Follow the votaries of pleasure in their daily and nightly rounds, sit at their epicurean tables, accompany them to routs, balls, play-houses, and innumerable other places of resort, which temptingly beckon them on every hand. Be with them also in their sleeping, and at their early morning hours, when the inevitable reactions manifest themselves; when pains, lassitude, and nervous and mental depression overtake them. Read their interior convictions, thoughts and regrets for ill-spent time, and for perversions of the higher faculties. Consult the epicure, who "lives to eat" and to stimulate his artificial appetite daily with highly seasoned dishes. He will discourse eloquently upon the pleasures of the table; but he can depict also the horrors of indigestion, hypochondria, and not unfrequently of paralysis, apoplexy, and kindred ailments. Consult the wine-bibber and the whiskey-drinker. They can point to the enormous revenues which the government derives from their patronage; to the innumerable drinking-saloons which cover the land, and which are sustained and enriched by them; to the numerous dens, above-ground and underground, where the poor congregate to imbibe fiery poisons that steal away their brains and the bread of their wives and children; to the untold millions which are expended in their traffic by men of all classes and conditions.

These men can portray the temporary delights and excitements of such exhilarating beverages. They can tell you how the brain glows, how the pulse rises, and how all the organs and faculties are roused to preternatural energy under the influence of these potent agents. But alas! what multitudes have experienced the dreadful reactions which always follow their habitual use! What multitudes have gone down to the grave prematurely with Bright's disease, liver-complaint, softening of the brain, dropsy, insanity, paralysis, delirium tremens, etc., victims of these insidious poisons! In the United States especially, the prevalence and the evils of whiskey-drinking are truly monstrous. It is the dominant curse, the crying evil of the day. It pervades all of the ramifications of social life. It numbers its victims by

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millions of all ages, sexes, and conditions. It corrupts and undermines the very foundation of health, perverts and degrades the intellectual and moral faculties, and depresses men deep, deep into the lower strata of humanity.

Thousands have become habitual drinkers, and ultimately confirmed inebriates, through the advice of their medical advisers. In accordance with some absurd hypothesis, or perchance to please their patients, too many medical men, during the past twenty years, have ordered the habitual use of whiskey, rum, brandy, and other stimulants. The calamities thus entailed are fearful to contemplate; and those thoughtless physicians who have contributed so largely in extending this great national vice will bear to their graves a dreadful responsibility.

So far, then, as eating and drinking are concerned, it is evident that the precepts of the Christian religion are far better calculated to promote the welfare of mankind than are those of the man of pleasure. Religion inculcates simplicity, frugality, temperance; and the fruits are physical and mental vigor and tranquil enjoyment. Irreligion encourages unrestrained convivial excesses; and the results are disease, pain, and general debasement.

Note, again, the devotees of fashion, whose pleasure consists in unnatural and artificial excitements, who regard the ordinary affairs and duties of life as tame and irksome, who convert night into day, and who are happy only when in the midst of the exaggerations, the frivolities, the romances of life. Do these individuals employ their faculties or their time in accordance with the laws of nature, or with reference to the duties and destinies which manifestly pertain to them? The excitements of the play-house, the ballroom, the race-course, and similar places of fashionable resort are prone to divert the mind from the serious duties of life, to engender morbid tastes and sentiments, and to implant feelings of discontent with reference to ordinary duties and occupations. When indulged in to such an extent, these amusements are unchristian, and therefore derogatory to health and happiness. Not in the gilded saloons of fashion are to be found peace, contentment, and charity. Not in the souls of pleasure-seeking devotees are to be found real satisfaction and enjoyment. But among those who lead religious lives, whether high or low, rich or poor, wise or simple, will be found the highest developments of love, virtue, health, and true happiness.

A worldly life develops and fosters all that is sensual and selfish in man. It continually rouses the organs and faculties of the system into abnormal activity and excitement. It perverts the delicate and sensitive functions of the organism from their legitimate uses to the gratification of transient impulse, passion, and caprice. It plays with the thousand living nerves and fibres as upon the inanimate strings of an instrument, heedless whether the overstrained and palpitating chords of life snap asunder under the exciting ordeal. Its fruits, consequently, are demoralizing, and in the highest degree detrimental to health, usefulness, and happiness.

In a religious life how great a contrast is presented! Such a life develops and fosters the highest and purest attributes of the soul. It rouses into ever-living activity the divine sentiments of love and charity, and puts far away sensuality, selfishness, and inordinate and unlawful self-indulgence. It inculcates temperance,

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moderation, disinterested benevolence, chastity, and the cultivation of those virtues and graces which secure health, contentment, and tranquil happiness.

From a strictly material point of view, then, we may rest assured that a truly religious life is far more conducive to genuine pleasure and to longevity than a mere worldly one. A simple contemplation of the complicated and sensitive human organism, of its physiology and its subjection to certain natural laws and requirements, renders the justness of our position manifest. Health can only be maintained by a just equilibrium in the action of all the organs, functions, and faculties. Every over-action, every undue excitement, is followed by a corresponding reaction which is depressing, debilitating, and productive of more or less disorder and suffering.

The thoughts, energies, and hopes of men of business are too generally absorbed in the eager pursuit of wealth. Their ideas, aspirations, and daily and hourly actions pertain solely to this world. From childhood to old age the idea of eternity is almost entirely put from them. Practically, these men are infidels, because every act of their lives, from waking to sleeping, has sole reference to the present life. They live and think and act as if they were to remain for ever on this earth. They put far from them the momentous realities of the near future, and cling to the riches, the pomps, the vanities, and the frivolities of this world like monomaniacs. Follow them to their counting-rooms, to their clubs, to their places of recreation, to their homes, and see how much of care, anxiety, and suffering, and how small an amount of tranquil happiness, attend them. Contrast the lives and the deaths of these devotees of business and riches with those of the humble and exemplary Christian. Is there a doubt on which side health, contentment, and true enjoyment of life will be found? "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. . . . . Ye cannot serve God and mammon." (Matt. vi. 19, 20, 21, 24.)

Let it not be thought that we are opposed to a reasonable devotion to material and worldly affairs, or that we would place a single obstacle in the way of human progress, whether pertaining to trade, commerce, or the useful and ornamental arts. Every man in his sphere has duties to perform; but it must not be forgotten that these duties are neither exclusively material nor yet spiritual. Let it not be forgotten that the *soul* has its wants and necessities as also the *body*. And let it not be forgotten that, while the physical man is but for a day, the spiritual man is for eternity. The wise man, therefore, will recognize the fact that there is a time for all things—for business, for recreation, for mental culture, and (chief of all) for spiritual duties; and he will best accomplish the just ends of his existence who rightly appreciates and acts upon this great truth.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

FAITH AND POETRY OF THE BRETONS.

CONTINUED.

SAINT-THEGONNEC—CEMETERIES—CALVARIES—CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE.

We need not traverse the whole of Brittany to have a perfect idea of the works of architecture which faith has embellished. In one little borough-town, Saint-Thégonnec, between Morlaix and Landerneau, we find all the types of Christian art in Brittany concentrated—church, funereal chapel, burying-vault, calvary, and sculptures.

The Breton cemeteries closely resemble each other; nearly everywhere they surround the church, and are enclosed by a low wall, often without gates of any kind, merely an iron grating set flat upon a small ditch preventing the cattle from trespassing on the abode of the dead.* A cross, or a calvary, where the scenes of the passion are represented, or sometimes the kneeling statue of a loved or lamented pastor's venerated image that recalls his virtues to his faithful people, these are the only monuments of the cemeteries of the Breton villages. The tombs are marked by small heaps of earth, pressed each against the other, and surmounted by a cross. Some are covered by a stone, and in this stone is indented a little cup that gathers the dew and rain from heaven, and offers to the mourning relative—the mother, son, the friend—the blessed asperges to accompany the prayer for him who lies beneath.† These cemeteries, placed in the midst of towns and villages, cannot be of any great extent; soon, therefore, they are filled with extinct generations, and these bodies must be exhumed to make place for new-comers. In one village, Plouha, after the sons had disinterred the bodies of their fathers, they decorated the façade of the church with the stones of the tombs, that they might be cold witnesses of their memories, or, at least, might never cover the bodies of others. The general resting-place for these exhumed bones is a mortuary chapel constructed by the side of the church; and if a glance is taken through the Gothic arch which opens on this charnel-house, bones upon bones may be seen heaped up and mingled like blades of straw. These were men who have walked on the earth, now solitary and forsaken until the eternal resurrection.

But at Saint-Thégonnec a more respectful and tender sentiment has tried to preserve intact at least a portion of these bodies so rudely torn from the earth. Before entering the church, we are struck by an unexpected sight; from every projection of the building, on the porches, on the prominent cornices, are laid or hung and suspended, one above the other, a multitude of small boxes arranged as a chaplet; these little boxes, surmounted each by its cross, are coffins, and enclose the skull of an ancestor, his head, or, according to the expressive word of the old

* At Goueznon, at Plabennec, etc.

† We see in Algeria little cups hollowed in the sepulchral stones of the Mussulmans; but this water is only used by the birds to satisfy their thirst, or to water the flowers that decorate the tombs.

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language, *le chef*, that which is most noble in man, and which may be resumed. An inscription indicates the date and name:

"*Here lies* LE CHEF *de* . . ."

Another touching symbol may be seen through the openings, the funeral archives of families preserved in the shadow of the church, that rising generations may discover them, so that they may not be forgotten, as they would be, immured in their own homes.*

Here and there on the cornice, exposed to the air, are skulls of the dead, poor creatures once without friends or family to give them burial, painted green, their eyes filled with sand and blades of grass projecting from them, often leaning against each other; here, one supported perhaps by him who was his bitter enemy.

Passing there double rows of coffins, we enter the church, and this is but a repetition of all the Breton churches; everything here—an elegant font, sculptured mouldings, pulpit of choice wood and of marvellous workmanship—*chef-d'œuvre* of the end of the Renaissance, and one of the finest pulpits in Brittany—pictures on wood, chisel paintings, ever perpetuating the patriarchs, the kings, and prophets of the Old Testament mounting from earth to heaven; even to the Blessed Virgin; vault of gold and azure fairly sparkling in its complete beauty; the choir, the altar, and the side chapels filled with statues, wreathed columns, heads of angels, flowers, garlands, gilded and painted in every color, a perfect stream of gold, verdure, brilliant crimson, and azure.

From this refulgent and living whole, a single door rises on the side, high and naked; no sculpture, no ornament; the stones sweat their dampness; the bricks, that have assumed a blackened tint, separated by their white cement, present a lugubrious aspect; a great mourning veil seems spread before the eyes—this is the gate of death. You open, and you pause enchanted. Before you lies the cemetery. At your right, at your left, monument upon monument breaks upon your gaze. Under the porch where you stand are the statues in line of the twelve apostles; and opposite you, a large gate with three arches, the gate of the cemetery, in its imposing style, an arch of triumph, as if the Bretons, passing under it the perishable body, had typified the life eternal, the glory and the joy of the imperishable soul. At the right, a mortuary chapel of the style of the Louvre of Henry IV. is erected, its sculpture from the bottom to the top, an immense *châsse* pictured in granite; at your left is the calvary, one of those complicated calvaries, found only in Brittany, a whole people of statues; eighty or a hundred personages in the most natural and simple attitudes—disciples, prophets, holy women, thieves on their crosses, guards on horseback, and, towering over all this crowd, the tree of the cross, colossal in its structure, of several stones, cross upon cross, and holding on its branches statues of the Virgin, Saint John, the guards, and others, and, in immensity of size and above all, the Christ himself, with his arms extended over the world, and his eyes uplifted to heaven. Angels are there, too, suspended in the air, and collecting in their chalices the precious blood from his hands.*

And this is not all: enter the crypt

* At Locmariquer there are not only coffins with heads, but miniature ones enclosing all the bones, piled one above the other like bales of goods, in the place apportioned them.

* The calvaries of Plougastel and Pleyben—towns so remarkable for their beautiful churches—are more complicated and grand, perhaps, but not so striking, as this one.

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of the mortuary chapel, and there you will find yourself face to face with another *chef-d'œuvre*—the entombing of Christ, the scene which has ever inspired the greatest artists, and in colossal proportions. These are painted statues, and the painting adds to the impression, giving to the deeply moved personages the appearance of life. You hear them cry, you see their tears course down their pallid faces; the Virgin-Mother with her pressed lips on the livid feet of her divine Son, the Magdalen overwhelmed with grief and still beautiful in the midst of her sorrow. Can you fail to become an actor in this impassioned scene? You are rooted to the spot; the terrible blow that made them suffer becomes your reality, and, grieved to the depths of your soul, you feel your own tears flow; the lapse of ages is forgotten, and you are living in that Calvary scene.

And when we think that these works of religious art are spread all over Brittany with the same profusion; that in towns apparently the most remote from any road or centre, at Saint-Herbot in the Black Mountains, at Saint-Fiacre, which is only a little village of Laouet, and even less than a village, a miserable hamlet of five or six houses, in the chapel of Rozegrand near Quimperlé, a modest manor which hardly merits the name of a castle—we find in all these places galleries of sculptured wood, painted, gilded, and figured with fifty or more persons, rivalling the most costly churches; works so admirably reproducing the history, the miracles, and the mysteries of religion, while they preserve among the people and reanimate and increase their ardor and faith, we cannot but ask, What is the cause of such a multitude of works of art appearing everywhere on the surface of the country, and what has been the inspiration which has produced such fruit—richness of invention, truth of gesture, expression of physiognomy, a true and deep sentiment of everything divine in scenery and action? In all these monuments of the middle ages, there is to be found the same truth, the same power of imagination, while the artist never repeats himself and never tires you. He leads you on like the musician, scarcely giving you time to recover from one melody ere you are soul-entranced with another still more beautiful.

But this creative power has a cause; this society—as a man arrived at maturity with all his work accomplished for the end he would attain—had been prepared by previous ages. Disengaged from the swaddling-clothes of antiquity, its tongue was formed, its religious ideas fixed, and with its new-formed Christianity, it was logically constituted—it became a unity. Still in possession of such power, this people struggles only to create; never led by contrary tastes or carried away by disorderly and unregulated motives, so justly named in our day *caprice*, they cling to what preceding ages have sought for, gathered, and inculcated. The materials are ready to their hands, they seize them, and, with the genius of the age, reproduce, in a thousand forms, new beauties; the well-filled vase has only to diffuse itself and overflow with treasures. Thus, imagination bursts out everywhere lively and colored; the same mind, in literature as in art, reproduces the varied ornaments of churches, invents fables and legends, and finds at every moment new images to represent manners, ideas, opinions; and this imagination, far from exhausting itself, grows and increases, not as the forced plant of the hot-house, but the natural flower of their

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own spring. Ages train on, and the last one bears the crown.

We see, too, why such artists—authors of such exquisite works—are so obscure, so unknown. They have not rendered their own ideas simply, but those of their race; the sentiments of their ancestors, of the fathers with whom they have been born and raised, have penetrated their whole being, and they have merely expressed their surroundings. Thus, these monuments of art are not only proof of talent and their sojourn on earth, but witnesses of their piety and faith—the worship of a people.

So, the faith of days past still lives in Brittany: could one doubt it, let him look at the evidences of an unweakened piety which meet him at every step. See the gifts of the women of the aristocracy, beautiful scarfs of cashmere, covering the altars of the cathedral of Tréguier, and the offerings of the poor, bundles of crutches, left at Folgoat by the infirm "made whole." Then the pilgrimages, vast armies of men and women, moving yearly to their favorite shrine of Saint Anne d'Auray, and the miraculous pictures, decking from top to bottom this church of the Mother of the Virgin, too small for a Christian museum replenished so constantly. At every step arise new chapels and churches: at Saint-Brieuc several were built at once; Lorient, a town peopled with soldiers and sailors, has just raised at its gate a church in the style of Louis XIV.; Vitré gives to its church a new bell and a sculptured pulpit; the little villages put up in their cemeteries calvaries with figures of the middle ages; the calvary of Ploëzal, between Tréguier and Guingamp, is dated 1856; Dinan restores and enriches its beautiful church of Saint Malo; Quimper throws to the air two noble spires from the towers of its cathedral; the chapel of Saint Ilan, a model of elegance and grace, rises in pure whiteness on the borders of the sea, in the midst of the calm roofs of its pious colony; Nantes, while she builds several new churches, finishes her immense cathedral, its dome of Cologne and Brittany, to which each age has given a hand, and in constructing this beautiful church of Saint Nicholas, proves what the piety and zeal of a pastor and devoted flock could accomplish, in less than ten years, by alms and gifts. A few years since, at Guingamp, a chapel was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin outside the church; the statues are painted of the twelve apostles, the altar is magnificent, and the roof azure and stars of gold. No expense was spared, no decoration too great to ornament the sanctuary of the Virgin. Fifty thousand persons were there the day of the inauguration. These are the national holy-days of the Bretons. Elsewhere, people rush to the inauguration of princes or the revolutions which presage their downfall; but here they come from all parts of Brittany to assist in the coronation of the Queen of heaven.

And what piety, what recollection, what gravity in the deportment of these men and women, kneeling on the pavements of the churches! As at La Trappe, so here is seen the same complete absorption of the human being in the thoughts that fill the soul; the functions of life seem annihilated, and, immovable in prayer, they remain in that absolute contemplation in which the saints are represented, overwhelmed by sentiments of veneration, submission, and humility: the man is forgotten, the Christian only exists. More expressive even than the monuments are these daily acts of devotion, that evidence the habitual state of the soul.

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Walk, on a market-day, through the square of some city or town of Finistère. How varied and animated it appears! Rows of little wagons standing around, and on these all sorts of merchandise: velvet ribbons and buckles for the men's caps; woollen ornaments made into rosettes for the head-dresses of the women; variegated pins, ornamented with glass pearls; pipe-holders of wood; little microscopic pipes and instruments to light them, with other useful and ornamental wares. Under the tents of these movable shops, a crowd of men and women are seen. The women with head-dresses of different forms, their large white handkerchiefs rounded at the back and carefully crossed on the breast; the men with their pantaloons narrowly tightened, falling low, and resting on the hips, so that the shirt may be seen between them and the vest, their caps with broad brims covering their long hair, often tucked up behind, and walking with measured steps, carrying their canes, never hurried, always calm and dignified. Twelve o'clock is heard; from the high bell-tower of the neighboring church comes the echoing peal of mid-day; twelve times it slowly strikes, and then all is hushed. Every one pauses, is silent. With simultaneous movement, the men doff their hats and their long hair falls over their shoulders. All are on their knees, the sign of the cross is made, and one low murmur tells the Angelus. A stranger in such a crowd must kneel; involuntarily he bends his knee with the rest. The prayer to the Virgin finished, they rise again; life and motion commence, and a din is heard, the almost deafening noise of the roar of the sea.

Again I see them in the church of Cast, (Finistère.) It was Sunday, at the hour of vespers. The bell of the church-tower had sounded from the break of day, and crowds of men and women surrounded the church, talking in groups, gently and noiselessly. The bell ceased; the groups broke up and separated into two bands, on one side the men, on the other the women, all directing their steps to the church. The women entered first, and in a moment the nave was filled; the young women of the Confraternity of the Blessed Virgin took their places in the middle of the church, all in white, but their costume ornamented with embroidery of gilt and silver, gilded ribbons on their arms, belts of the same encircling their graceful figures, and falling in four bands at the back on the plaited petticoat, and the heart of gold and cross on the breast of each; in the side aisles, the matrons ranged themselves, wives and mothers, in more varied costumes, gayly colored, head-dresses of deep blue and yellow, blue ribbons with silver edges on the brown jackets, red petticoats, and clock stockings embroidered in gold. All knelt on the pavement, their heads inclined, their rosaries in their hands, and in collected silence.

The women all placed, another door opened at the side of the church, and the men's turn came. With grave and measured steps they walked in file, and strange and imposing was the sight—in comparison with the variegated and gay dress of the women, so opposingly sombre was that of the men; and yet the attention was not so much riveted by their uniform attire, their long brown vests, their large puffed breeches; but their squared heads, their long features, the quantity of straight hair, covering their foreheads like thick fleece, and falling in long locks on their shoulders and down their backs. All, children and men grown, wore the same costume, this long black hair, which in the air assumed a sombre

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reddish tint, and falling on the thick, heavy eyebrows, gave to their eyes an expression of energy, of almost superhuman firmness. They scarcely seemed men of our time and country; the grave, immovable faces, with the brilliant eyes scrutinizing at once the character and appearance of the stranger among them, the uncultivated heads of hair, weighing down their large heads like the manes of wild animals, gave the idea of men apart; men from the wilds of some far country moving among the modern races, with silent gesture and solemn step, and uttering brief and pithy sentences, as if they alone held the secrets of the past, the knowledge of the mysteries and truths of the olden time.

They defiled one by one, prostrating themselves before the altar, and kneeling in turn on the stone floor, surrounding entirely the grating of the choir. True assemblage of the faithful! The men, a strong soldiery in front, the women behind, a more humble crowd, but each forgetting the other, living but for one thought —for God. For God is not for these *barbarians* what he is for us; we, *civilized inhabitants* of cities, we try to explain God, and even on our knees in his temples we analyze him, comment upon his acts, and even doubt if he exists. They spend no time in such vain thoughts, barren meditations: for them God is; they know and believe in him. He made the heaven over their heads, the earth that produces their harvests, made them themselves, and preserves them or takes them to him. He is the Invisible who can do everything, from the heights of the heavens, and everywhere at once; and in comparison with this All-Powerful they feel their littleness, prostrate themselves and adore.

COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

In that drear twilight, herald of the day
On which new faith, new hope, new love were born,
And while my heart still pressed against the thorn
Of unbelief, like some fresh matin lay
Of forest warbler in his own loved May,
Broke, Montalembert, on my trance forlorn,
Elizabeth's young voice, which sang death's scorn
In carols with celestial transports gay.
Now, when cool evening's earliest pensive shade
Creeps o'er my life, as clear and jubilant
As that wild mocking-bird's is heard the chant
Of mighty abbots, whose processions fade
Into the dark of ages, made by thee
New themes for thought and holy minstrelsy.

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RINGS.

LOOKING over an old jewel-case, the other day, I found a ring; no treasured heirloom or *gage d'amour* of by-gone days, but a simple black circlet, whose sole ornament was a silver heart, on which were engraved in rude fashion the letters VA. The sight of it recalled a stormy day during the winter of 1864, when a pale and emaciated Confederate soldier knocked at our door and asked for shelter. Of course, it was cheerfully granted.

On questioning him we learned that he had suffered the rigor of prison life for two years; had just been released, and was *en route* to join his regiment before Petersburg. Upon leaving, he thanked me for our hospitality, and begged my acceptance of this little ring, the making of which had served to while away the tedium of captivity. I put it carefully aside, and the lapse of time and other more stirring events had almost obliterated the circumstance from my mind, until it was thus revived.

As I gazed upon it, how many memories were revived by it! In it I traced the life of the donor, and in him the vain hopes and aspirations of his comrades and the ruin which befell them. I heard the call to arms; saw the leave-taking and departure for the field; followed him amid the sanguinary contests of battle; till at length defeat, like a black cloud, lowers over his decimated legions, and he finds himself within a prison's walls. There, chafing against captivity, listening eagerly for tidings of release, and sick with hope deferred, I see him beguiling the weary hours in fashioning this little trinket. At last the hour of liberty arrives, and with bounding pulse, to the tune of "Home, sweet home," he turns his back on prison-bars. Once again he is a soldier of the army of Northern Virginia; but gone are the high hopes which animated his breast, and gone are most of the brave comrades who once stood shoulder to shoulder with him; hardship, hunger, and death have done their work, and the end is near; a few more suns, and he and his cause fall to rise no more!

Such is the story that I read in that little hoop of black horn. How many startling events, how many passions of the human heart crowded into a tiny compass!

And this, methought, is not the only ring about which might be woven a tale of joy or sorrow. The "lion-hearted" king, notwithstanding his pilgrim guise, by means of one was betrayed to his relentless Austrian foe; and, centuries later, the gallant Essex entrusted his life to such an advocate. Trifling baubles as they are, which may be hid in the hollow of a baby's hand, they have, from their first introduction to the world, acted a conspicuous part in its history.

The Persians maintain that Guiamschild, fourth king of the first race, introduced the ring. Whether this be true or not, it is certainly of ancient date, since mention is made of it in Genesis as being worn by the Hebrews as a signet. It was also in use among the Egyptians; for we are told that, after the interpretation of the dream, "Pharaoh took off his

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ring from his hand, and put it on Joseph's hand," as a mark of royal favor. The Sabines used this ornament during the time of Romulus, and perhaps the glittering jewels on the fingers of the women may have enhanced their attractions in the eyes of the bold Roman youths when they so unceremoniously bore them off. But it is not certain at what precise period the Romans adopted rings; for there are no signs of them on their statues prior to those of Numa and Servius Tullius. They were commonly made of iron, and Pliny says that Marius wore his first gold one in his third consulate, the year 650 of Rome. Senators were not allowed to wear them of this metal unless distinguished as ambassadors in foreign service; but in after days golden rings became the badge of knighthood; the people wearing silver, the slaves iron.

In tracing its history, we can readily imagine that the ring was invented merely as an accompaniment to bracelet and necklace; afterward it became a badge of distinction; and finally, when the art of engraving and cutting stones was introduced, it attained an importance which no other trinket can boast of. Ornamented with initials, armorial crests, or mystic characters, it has been used for centuries as a seal for state documents and secret despatches, a sort of *gage de foi* of their authenticity. There are numerous instances in the sacred writings of its peculiar significance when thus employed. For example, when Ahasuerus, giving ear to the counsels of his favorite, consented to exterminate the Jews, it is recorded that "the king took his ring from his hand, and gave it unto Haman;" and, concerning the proclamation, "in the name of King Ahasuerus was it written, and sealed with the king's ring." We also read elsewhere that the den into which Daniel was thrown was sealed by the king "with his own signet, and with the signets of his lords, that the purpose might not be changed concerning Daniel."

It is supposed that the Greeks did not know the ring at the time of the Trojan war; for Homer does not speak of it, and instead of sealing, they secured their letters by means of a silken cord. Although this people encouraged learning and the fine arts, they do not seem to have possessed that of engraving, which they borrowed from the Egyptians, who excelled in this branch to a remarkable degree.

The rage for signets soon became universal, no patrician was without his ring, and in Rome the engravers were forbidden to make any two seals alike. In such esteem were they held, that it is related, when Lucullus visited Alexandria, Ptolemy could find no more acceptable present to offer him than an emerald, on which was engraved a portrait of himself. Julius Cæsar had on his ring the image of Venus, armed with a dart; and the seal of Pompey was a lion holding a sword, while that of Scipio Africanus bore the portrait of Syphax, the Libyan king whom he had vanquished.

The manner of wearing the signet differed greatly, the Hebrews preferring to ornament the right hand, the Romans the left. The Greeks put it on the fourth finger of the left hand, because of the belief that a nerve connected that member with the heart; hence the same custom is observed with the wedding-ring.

After the advent of Christianity, it assumed a spiritual as well as political value, the episcopal ring, as it is called, being used as a pledge of

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spiritual marriage between the bishop and the church. This custom is of ancient date, since there is mention in the proceedings of the fourth Council of Toledo, A.D. 633, that a bishop condemned for any offence by one council, if found innocent upon a second trial, should have his ring restored. The popes also wore seals, and at the present time the revered Father of the Catholic Church has two—one which he uses to sign apostolical briefs and private letters, called the *fisherman's ring*, representing St. Peter drawing in his net full of fishes; the other, with which he seals his bulls, is ornamented with the heads of St. Paul and St. Peter, with a cross between the two.

The Hebrew used the wedding-ring, though some writer maintains that it was not a pledge of love, but given in lieu of a piece of money. It is evident that the Christians adopted the practice in their marriage rites at an early period, some of the oldest liturgies containing the vows with regard to it.

Being esteemed in a political and religious sense, it is no matter of wonder that Cupid's minions have also, from time immemorial, made the ring a seal of undying constancy, accepting its circular form as a type of eternity. Thus, Portia, after bestowing her riches upon Bassanio, says:

> "I give them with this ring:
> Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
> Let it presage the ruin of your love,
> And be my vantage to exclaim on you."

But lovers, not content with the emblem of shape, also added mottoes, and it became the fashion to engrave verses, names, and dates within the ring. Alluding to the custom, Hamlet asks, "Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?" And in the last act of *The Merchant of Venice*, when Portia exclaims:

> "A quarrel, ho, already? What's the matter?"

Gratiano answers:

> "About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
> That she did give me; whose posy was
> For all the world like cutler's poetry
> Upon a knife—*Love me, and leave me not.*"

The wedding-ring of Lady Catharine Grey, sister of Lady Jane Grey, consisted of five golden links, and on the four inner ones were these lines of her husband's composition:

> "As circles five by art compact, shewe but one ring in sight,
> So trust uniteth faithfull mindes with knott of secret might;
> Whose force to breake but greedie Death noe wight possesseth power,
> As time and sequels well shall prove. My ringe can say no more."

The famous ring given by Queen Elizabeth to the Earl of Essex is said to be still extant, and in the possession of Lord John Thynne, a descendant of Lady Frances Devereux, the earl's daughter. It is of gold, the sides engraved, with a cameo head of Elizabeth in a sardonyx setting.

Before ending this paper, I must relate a curious legend, told of the Emperor Charlemagne, prefacing my story by saying, that in those times certain precious stones were thought to possess peculiar virtues which had an influence on the wearers or those around them. At the court of Charlemagne there lived a woman, neither young nor handsome, but who appeared to have a wondrous fascination for the monarch. So potent were her charms, that he neglected the affairs of his empire, and allowed his sword to rust. At last, to the great joy of all, the woman died; but Charlemagne mourned grievously, and even when her body was prepared for burial, refused to allow it to be carried out of his sight. However, there was in

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the palace a bishop, learned in the arts, and acquainted with the superstitions of the time; and one day, when the king had gone hunting, he resolved to examine the corpse. His search was successful; for under the woman's tongue he found a ring, which he immediately secured. On his return from the chase, the emperor repaired to the room where the body lay; but instead of lingering near it, he ordered it to be interred, and seemed to have entirely recovered from the spell that bound him. That night a ball was given at court; and many a fair cheek flushed in anticipation of being the choice of Charlemagne in the dance; but lo! when the music struck up, the emperor stepped forward and requested the bishop to be his partner. The good priest, resenting the indignity, escaped from the hall, and feeling assured that the ring in his possession was the cause of such conduct, threw it into a lake beneath the palace walls. Thereupon Charlemagne recovered his senses, but ever after was devoted to the spot, and built there the town of Aix. Some old chronicler also asserts that, when the monarch was on his death-bed, he said that it was impossible for him to depart in peace from this world until a certain ring was restored to him. The secret of its hiding-place being revealed, the lake was dragged and the charm found. Charlemagne received it with many signs of joy, and requested that it might be buried with him.

For the truth of this legend I do not vouch; but it is averred that, years afterward, when the tomb of the mighty Frank was opened, on his breast was found an antique ring.

IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.*

THE author of this volume has evidently spent much time in the school-room, and has not spent it in vain. He writes like a practical man, in a clear, vigorous style. As he says in his preface, he takes "a pretty free range over the whole practical field of inquiry among professional teachers, and presents to us thoughts suggested in the school-room itself in short, detached chapters." The work is not a *philosophy* of education, but rather a laudable attempt to contribute something toward it.

In the first chapter, on "What is Teaching?" he brings out forcibly the truth that teaching is not simply telling, nor is talking to a class necessarily teaching, as experience shows that a class may be told a thing twenty times over, and talked to in the most fluent manner, and still make little advancement in knowledge.

This truth deserves more attention from those engaged in teaching.

* *In the School-Room; Chapters in the Philosophy of Education.* John S. Hart, LL.D., Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School. Eldredge & Brother: Philadelphia.

The Scientific Basis of Education, demonstrated by an analysis of the temperaments and of phrenological facts, in a series of letters to the Department of Public Instruction in the city of New York. By John Hecker. Published by the Author, 56 Rutgers Street, New York.

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The work of universal education which is required in our country is so vast, that necessity has forced many to assume the office of teachers who have very little knowledge of what teaching is. "Teaching," as the author well says, "is causing one to know. Now, no one can be made to know a thing but by the act of his own powers. His own senses, his own memory, his own powers of reason, perception, and judgment must be exercised. The function of the teacher is to bring about this exercise of the pupil's faculties."

The second chapter, on "The Art of Questioning," states that a "most important and difficult part" of the teacher's art is to know how to ask a question, but he gives none of the principles that underlie the art. The earnest reader will say: If so much depends on skilful questioning, why does he not tell us how to do it? The little work of J. G. Filch, M.A., on *The Art of Questioning* appears to us much more philosophical and satisfactory. According to him, questions as employed by teachers may be divided into three classes, according to the purposes which they may be intended to serve. There is, first, the *preliminary* or *experimental* question, by which an instructor feels his way, sounds the depths of his pupil's knowledge, and prepares him for the reception of what it is designed to teach.

There is, secondly, the question employed in *actual instruction*, by means of which the thoughts of the learner are exercised, and he is compelled, so to speak, to take a share in giving himself the lesson.

Thirdly, there is the question of *examination*, by which a teacher tests his own work, after he has given a lesson, and ascertains whether it has been soundly and thoroughly learned. By this method, as an eminent teacher has said, one first questions the knowledge into the minds of the children, and then questions it out of them again.

The following chapters on the order of development of the mental faculties are very good. We think, however, he lays too much stress on the necessity of knowledge before memory. The memory, being strongest and most retentive in youth, should then be stored with those germinating formulas which will bear fruit in after life. When the reasoning powers are developed at a later period, they then have something upon which to act.

The chapters on "Loving the Children" and "Gaining their Affections" are excellent.

The high salaries paid in our public schools induce many to engage in teaching, merely because it affords them honorable and lucrative employment. They have no love for the children, and are, therefore, unfit for the work. They have no sympathy for the children of the poor with bright eyes and tattered garments. It is painful to go into the school of such teachers. They seem to regard the children as pawns on a chessboard, or as *things* which they are paid to manage and keep in order. Such teachers should study well the chapters on loving the children for what they are in themselves.

He then introduces a chapter on "Phrenology," in which he details several instances where a professor of phrenology, as he says, was misled, and gave an incorrect delineation of character. We suppose he wishes us to conclude, phrenology is therefore a humbug. But such an inference is evidently unwarranted from any *data* he has given. One might as well say that several instances of malpractice on the part of physicians prove the science of

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medicine to be a humbug. There is no doubt that, by phrenology, physiognomy, and various temperamental peculiarities, a person's general character and disposition may be discerned. The wise teacher will study these, that he may intelligently vary his government and teaching to suit the various characters of the pupils under his charge.

The work of Mr. John Hecker on *The Scientific Basis of Education* shows to how great an extent a knowledge of phrenology and of the different temperaments may assist the teacher in the instruction and government of children. His work is worthy the attention of every teacher.

The chapters on "Normal Schools" and "Practice Teaching" are important. It by no means follows that, because a person knows a thing, he is therefore prepared to teach.

The art of communicating one's knowledge to others is quite a distinct acquirement.

No one who has compared the results obtained by teachers who have been trained for the work with those who have not can fail to appreciate this. We hope the time will come when all who occupy the position of teachers will be required to attend to this matter, and keep pace with the progress made in the art of teaching.

The chapter on cultivating a habit of attention should be studied by every teacher.

The freaks into which an uncultivated ear may be led for the want of attention will be best illustrated by one of the author's examples. A class at the high-school was required to copy a passage from dictation. The clause, "Every breach of veracity indicates some latent vice," appeared with the following variations:

Every breach of veracity indicates some latent vice.
" bridge " rascality " " latest vice.
" breech " ferocity " " latinet vice.
" preach " erracity " " late device.
" branch " vivacity " " great advice.
" " " veracity " " late advice.
" " " " " " ladovice.
" " " " " " ladened vice.
" " " " in the next some latent vice.
" reach of their ascidity indicates some advice.

Every one who is called upon to give out "notices" or to speak in public knows full well how great a portion of what is said in the plainest manner is misapprehended for the want of this habit of attention.

The volume closes with a lengthy "Argument for Common Schools." It would be more properly called an "apology." His first point is, "that without common schools we cannot maintain permanently our popular institutions." The necessity of universal education to secure the permanence of our popular institutions is conceded by all. But education, according to the author's own definition, is the "developing in due order and proportion whatever is good and desirable in human nature." Therefore, not only the intellect, but also the moral and religious nature must be developed. This the common schools fail to do.

A man is not necessarily a good citizen because he is intelligent, without he also possesses moral integrity. According to the author's own admission, his education is incomplete. As the public schools fail to give any moral training, they fail to make reliable citizens, and are therefore insufficient to secure the permanence of our democratic form of government.

To this objection he replies "that many of the teachers are professing Christians, and exert a continual Christian influence." But many more are non-professors, and exert an anti-christian influence.

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In visiting schools, we have been able to tell the religious *status* of the teachers in charge by the general tone of the exercises. One presided over by a zealous Methodist resembled a Methodist Sunday-school or conference meeting. Another, under the care of a "smart young man," delighted in love songs, boating songs, etc., and had the general tone of a young folks' glee-club. In another of our most celebrated public schools, one of the professors was an atheist, and it was a matter of common remark among the boys that Prof. —— said there was no God.

In another, one of the teachers was overheard sneering at a child because she believed in our Lord Jesus Christ, and had a reverence for religious things. We admit that the familiar intercourse and intimate relations of the teachers with the children give them a great influence over their plastic minds, but, to our sorrow, we know that it is not always for good. We do not, therefore, consider it a recommendation of a system to say that the moral tone of its teaching depends altogether on the caprice and character of the different teachers it happens to employ.

Again, he says the law of trial by jury requires that every citizen should be intelligent, as they are thus called to take part in the administration of justice. True; but it requires much more that jurymen should possess moral principle. What makes courts of justice so often a mockery, but the want of principle and of conscience in those who administer the law? If his estate, life, or reputation depended on the decision of twelve men, would he feel easy if he knew them to be unprincipled, immoral men, open to bribery and corruption, however intelligent they might be? No; the constitution of our government, the popular institutions of our country, require that here, more than in any country of the world, the young should receive a sound moral and religious training, which cannot be done where, as here, religion is excluded from our common schools.

But, he says, the children attend the Sunday-school, which supplements the instructions of the week-day-school. True; but every earnest pastor who has any positive creed or doctrine to teach his children will tell you that one or two brief meetings on Sunday are not enough for this purpose. We ourselves are forced to the painful conclusion that the Sunday-school system does not give sufficient control over the children to form in them any earnest Christian character. It is like reserving the salt which should season our food during the week, and taking it all in a dose on Sunday.

The Sunday-school should be diligently used to supply, as far as may be, the lack of religious instruction in the common schools, but that it alone is inadequate to this purpose is shown by the constantly increasing number of our young who follow not the footsteps of their parents in the ways of a Christian life.

The author then, changing his base, argues that intellectual education alone tends to prevent sensuality and crime, and adduces statistics to show that the majority of convicts in our prisons are from the uneducated class. But if he attended to other statistics recently brought to light by Rev. Dr. Todd, Dr. Storer, of Boston, and others, he would discover that sensuality, *only more refined*, is permeating American society, and that hidden crime is depopulating some of the fairest portions of our land. It is true, perhaps, that those crimes which are taken cognizance of by the police courts may

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be more numerous among the uneducated, but it is those secret crimes against God and the moral law that corrupt society and endanger a nation's life.

In New England, which the author holds up as the ideal of what the common-school system can produce, physicians testify that immorality and hidden crime prevail to such an extent that the native American stock is literally dying out, the number of deaths far exceeding the number of births. Intellectual culture *alone* will not preserve American society from corruption, any more than it did pagan Greece and Rome.

The author seems to feel the force of this objection, which, as he says, "is urged with seriousness by men whose purity of motive is above question, and whose personal character gives great weight to their opinions," and admits that "religious teaching does not hold that prominent position in the course of study that it should hold; but he seems forced, like many of his fellow-educators whom we have known, to argue and apologize for the common-school system, because they see no way of securing universal education and at the same time providing for proper religious training. If they turn, however, to the educational systems of France, Austria, or Prussia, they would find the problem solved. Even in Canada, the British Parliament has avoided by its provisions those serious errors under which we labor, and which are making our system daily more and more unpopular.

By "An Act to restore to Roman Catholics in Upper Canada certain rights in respect to Separate Schools," passed May 5th, 1863, they provided that "the Roman Catholic separate schools shall be entitled to a share in the fund annually granted by the legislature of the province for the support of common-schools, and shall be entitled also to a share in all other public grants, investments, and allotments for common-school purposes now made or hereafter to be made by the municipal authorities, according to the average number of pupils attending such school as compared with the whole average number of pupils attending schools in the same city, town, village, or township." (Cap. 5, sec. 20.)

And also that "the Roman Catholic separate schools (with their registers) shall be subject to such inspection as may be directed from time to time by the chief superintendent of public instruction." (Cap. 5, sec. 26.)

Let our separate schools that have been and may be established, in which the children receive a proper religious training, receive their due proportion of the public fund, and by the inspection of a board of education be kept up to the highest standard of secular learning, and the grievances under which we now suffer will be removed.

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FROM THE GERMAN.

THE HOLY GRAYLE.

"'HERE on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true,
Ere day create the world anew.'
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew."
LOWELL.

SIR LAUNCELOT DU LAC—without his peer of earthly, sinful man—had taken the Quest of the Holy Grayle. One deadly sin gnawed at the heart of the flower of chivalry; but a mighty sorrow struggled with and subdued his remorse, and a holy hermit assoiled him of his sin. With purified and strengthened heart, he won his way to a sight of that wondrous vessel, the object of so many knightly vows. It stood on a table of silver veiled with red samite. A throng of angels stood about it. One held a wax light and another the holy cross. A light like that of a thousand torches filled the house. Sir Launcelot heard a voice cry, "Approach not!" but for very wonder and thankfulness he forgot the command. He pressed toward the Holy Grayle with outstretched hands, and cried, "O most fair and sweet Lord! which art here within this holy vessel, for thy pity, show me something of that I seek." A breath, as from a fiery furnace, smote him sorely in the face. He fell to the ground, and lay for the space of four and twenty days seemingly dead to the eyes of all the people. But in that swoon marvels that no tongue can tell and no heart conceive passed before his face. . . .

The history of the wondrous vessel was in a measure made known to him. His purified eyes saw in the dim past a long line of patriarchs and prophets, who had been entrusted with this sacred charge almost from the beginning of time. The San Greal was revealed to his ardent gaze:

First: in the hands of white-robed men, who met Noah as he went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives, with him into the ark, bearing with him the bones of Adam—great Progenitor. Its origin and history were revealed to Noah, and that it was destined to be used in the most mysterious of rites.

Next: Abraham was standing before an altar on a hillock in the valley of Jehoshaphat. His flocks were grazing around or drinking from the brook Cedron; his camels and beasts of burden and armed servants in the distance. The patriarch, flushed with victory, stood as if in awe and expectation. Majestic, white-winged Melchizedek came from Salem. His tall, slender frame was full of tempered majesty. He wore a garment of dazzling whiteness, confined by a girdle on which were embroidered characters of mystic import. His long hair was fair and glossy as silk; his beard white, short, and pointed. His face shone with divine splendor. A holy calm seemed diffused in the air around him. He bore in his hands the holy vessel handed down from Noah. He placed it upon the altar, behind which rose three clouds of smoke; the one in the midst rose higher than the other two. On the altar lay the bones of Adam—long after buried beneath the great altar of Calvary—and both prayed God to fulfil the promise he had made to Adam of one day sending the great Deliverer who would bruise the ser-

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pent's head. The priest of the most high God then took bread and wine —emblems of the great Eucharistic Sacrifice—raised them toward heaven, and blessed them, and gave thereof to Abraham and his servants, but tasted not thereof himself. They who ate of this bread and drank of this wine seemed strengthened and devoutly inspired thereby. And Melchizedek blessed Abraham, and said: "Blessed be Abram by the most high God, who created heaven and earth." And he renewed to him the promise that in him should all the families of the earth be blessed.

The San Greal seemed, in the vision, left with Abraham as a pledge of that promise, and afterward, was carried down into Egypt by the children of Israel. Moses took it with him when he fled to the land of Midian, and was using it for some mysterious oblation on Mount Horeb, when the Lord appeared to him in a flame of fire out of the burning bush.

Sir Launcelot saw the vessel long after in the temple of Jerusalem among other precious objects of antiquity; its use and origin nearly forgotten. Only a few remembered its strange history, and *felt*, rather than knew, that it yet awaited its most glorious use. Its holy guardians had always watched over its safety with jealous care, until the abomination of desolation entered the holy place. But a divine Eye seemed to watch over it. At the institution of the Mass, it was in the possession of a holy woman, since known as Veronica—her who took off her veil to wipe the dust and sweat and blood from the divine face of suffering Jesus, which was left thereon so miraculously imprinted. Veronica brought the vessel to the disciples of Jesus to be used at the Last Supper.

The Holy Grayle revealed to the astonished eyes of Sir Launcelot was composed of two parts, the cup and the foot. The cup alone had been handed down from the time of the holy patriarchs. Its very form was wonderful and significant, and its composition mysterious. Jesus alone knew what it was. It was dark, compact, and perhaps of vegetable origin. It was covered and lined with gold, and on it were two handles.

The foot of the chalice, added at a later period, was of virgin gold, wrought with the skill of a cunning workman. It was ornamented with a serpent and a bunch of grapes, and gleamed with precious stones.

The whole chalice rested on a silver tablet, surrounded by six smaller ones. These six cups had belonged to different patriarchs, who drank therefrom a strange liquor on certain solemn occasions. They were used by the holy apostles at the Last Supper, each cup serving for two persons. (These cups Sir Launcelot saw belonging afterward to different Christian churches, where they were held in great reverence.) The Holy Grayle stood before our blessed Lord. . . . Let not sinful hand depict the vision of that unbloody sacrifice, so clearly revealed to the adoring eyes of Sir Launcelot, and so affectingly told in Holy Writ. . . .

The San Greal, fashioned with mysterious care for the most mysterious of oblations, and handed down from remote antiquity by righteous men, to whom it was the pledge of a solemn covenant, was henceforth to be the object of the veneration of the Christian world. Only the pure in heart could guard it. Angels with loving reverence folded their wings around what contained most precious Blood. Its presence conferred a benediction on the land in which it was preserved.

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Sir Launcelot saw afterward the hand that came from heaven right to the holy grayle and bare it away. But a comforting voice told him that it should reappear on the earth, though for him the quest was ended.

At the end of four and twenty days, Sir Launcelot awoke. The vision had passed away, but the place was filled with the sweetest odors, as if of Paradise. Wondering thereat, he cried: "I thank God of his infinite mercy for that I have seen, for it comforteth me." And he rose up and went to Camelot, where he found King Arthur and many of the Knights of the Round Table, to whom he related all that had befallen him.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH CARDINALS; INCLUDING HISTORICAL NOTICES OF THE PAPAL COURT, FROM NICHOLAS BREAKSPEAR (POPE ADRIAN IV.) TO THOMAS WOLSEY, CARDINAL LEGATE. By Folkestone Williams, author of, etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 484, 543.

Wonders will never cease. A few years since, the present pope, willing to do honor to a great nation, conferred on one of its subjects the highest dignity in his gift. The new cardinal was a man honored alike in England and America for his learning and ability, as well as for his never departing from the strict line of his priestly and episcopal functions. One would have supposed that the English government and people would have felt flattered, and that the English sovereign, who is queen not only of certain Protestant Englishmen, but of a mass of Catholic subjects who cannot number much less than twenty millions, would, while thanking his holiness, have hinted that her twenty millions should have more than one representative in the Sacred College. Instead of this sensible course, a period of insanity ensued—England frothed, England foamed, England grew rabid.

To judge by this book, England is actually becoming sane. The author seems to feel that England is slighted because she has no cardinal. "There has recently been a creation of cardinals, and, though some disappointment may have been caused by the omission of an eminent English name from those so honored, the extraordinary claims of one of the most active of Roman Catholic prelates are not likely to be overlooked by so discriminating a pontiff as Pio Nono."

Mr. Williams here, in two goodly octavos, gives the lives of the English cardinals, from Robert le Poule to Wolsey, as he conceives it; and a rapid examination of the whole, and careful scrutiny of portions, leads us to the judgment that seldom has a work been attempted by a man so utterly unfitted for the task. As though his proper task did not afford him a field sufficiently large, he gives an introduction of eighty pages on the Papacy, the Anglo-Saxon Church, and the Anglo-Norman Church. The whole history of the church down to the Reformation is thus treated of, and to the mighty undertaking he brings only the usual superficial reading of our time, with a more than ordinary amount of religious flippancy, and false and prejudiced views of Catholic dogma, practice, polity, and life. There is not a silly slander against the church that he does not adopt and give, with all the gravity imaginable, as undisputed fact, not even deigning to quote vaguely any of his second-hand authorities or modern treatises, while, to

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make a parade of his learning, he gives us a four-line note in Greek to support his opinion as to a topographical question as immaterial to the history of the English cardinals as a discussion on the Zulu language would be. As instances of his utter unfitness, we might refer to his treatment of such points as St. Gregory VII., Pope Joan, and the institution of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

What his own religious stand-point may be is not easily decided. He lays down (p. 146) that Christ's divinity is his humanity; that the idea of the Good Shepherd, put forward by our Lord and ever deemed so typical of him, was of pagan origin, (p. 8,) and, from the note on the same page, that the church, as founded by Christ, was a grand failure. He maintains, too, that the Christianity, as introduced into England, was and is only the old paganism, the names of the days of the week settling the question, (p. 24.) On one point only he seems clear and positive, and this is, that on general principles popes must always be wrong, and that to deny anything they lay down must be pre-eminently right.

As a specimen of his style, take the following: "The Good Shepherd was the recognized emblem of the divine Founder of their religion, but as the community enlarged it required a human director." We are left in doubt whether this community of primitive Christians required this human director as a new emblem, or a new founder, or a new religion. He proceeds: "He who by his superior sanctity gained authority as well as admiration was invested with that character. His flock became a church, and he undertook its spiritual management in the capacity of presbyter." This is a very pretty fable, but he fails to give us any authority. An expression of our Lord shows that church authority began at the other end: "*Non vos me elegistis; sed ego elegi vos, et posui vos ut eatis*," "You did not elect me, (your God and Redeemer,) but I picked you out and set you up to go and teach." And they did go and did teach, and such as listened to their teaching and became their disciples became Christians with human directors from the outset.

During the period covered properly by these volumes, from the beginning of the twelfth to that of the fifteenth centuries, England had comparatively few cardinals; English kings seemed to have cared little to exercise any influence on papal councils, and never sought to obtain for an English prince an honor given to members of many reigning families. The English cardinals whose names at once suggest themselves are Cardinal Nicholas Breakspear, (subsequently Pope Adrian IV.,) Cardinal Stephen Langton, Cardinal Beaufort, and Cardinal Wolsey. Of all except the first, the general idea in men's minds is drawn less from history than from Shakespeare. Of these especially, really well-written lives, with sketches of the less known and less important English cardinals, would indeed be a valuable addition; but such Mr. Williams's book certainly is not.

In beginning his life of Adrian IV., he quotes Matthew of Paris, who makes him son of Robert de Camera, said by William of Newburgh to have been a poor scholar; then cites Camden's statement that he was born at Langley, near St. Alban's; but he slips in a charge, hunted up in the filth of the wretched Bale, that he was illegitimate; as though the assertion of such a man, in the most virulent stage of the Reformation abuse, could be authority as to a fact of a period so long past. Even Fuller, as he admits, with all his readiness to belittle the papacy, only "insinuates that he was an illegitimate son." Yet Mr. Williams, on the assertion of a Bale and the insinuation of a Fuller, says, "There is reason to believe that he was the natural son of a *priest*," and on this supposition he proceeds to erect his whole superstructure.

From such a writer no book can emanate that any man can read who does not wilfully wish to be misled.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER. An Historical Romance. By L. Mühlbach, author of "Joseph II. and his Court,"

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"Frederick the Great and his Court," "The Empress Josephine," "Andreas Hofer," etc., etc. Translated from the German by Chapman Coleman. Illustrated by Gaston Fay. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 283. 1868.

A careful perusal of this, the author's latest production, has not caused us to modify, in the slightest degree, the opinion heretofore expressed in these pages concerning the volumes comprising what is now known as the Mühlbach series of historical romances. That they are ably written we admitted then, and we are not now disposed to deny. But this, their only merit, in our judgment, can be claimed equally as well for many literary works which no prudent father, no careful mother, would dream of keeping within reach of, much less of placing in the hands of, their guileless offspring. Illicit love, in some instances covered by a thin veil of Platonism, the intrigues of courtiers, duplicity and meanness, are the pivotal points on which the incidents principally turn. For these and similar offences against morality, the author has no word of censure, while as for the *dramatis personæ*, their *virtuous* indignation, when given utterance to, is always directed against the criminal and not the crime. In fine, we look upon these as books by which not a single person can become better or more enlightened, while very many will rise from their perusal worse than before.

FATHER CLEVELAND; OR, THE JESUIT. By the authoress of "Life in the Cloister," "Grace O'Halloran," "The Two Marys," etc., etc. Boston: P. Donahoe. Pp. 178. 1868.

An affecting tale, founded on fact. The main incident, the heroine withering beneath the breath of calumny and finally dying of a broken heart, truly depicts the fatal consequences too often resulting from the sin of slander. The scene is laid in England, Ireland, and the New World. The incidents being principally descriptive of the fallen fortunes of the Desmonds, the sad reverses of Squire Cleveland, and the untimely fate of the amiable heroine, give a rather sombre tone to the narrative, which is somewhat relieved, however, by the filial affection of Aileen Desmond, the quaint humor of Pat Magrath, and the unaffected piety and zealous ministrations of Father Cleveland, the good Jesuit.

OUTLINES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY. Illustrated by numerous Geographical and Historical Notes and Maps. Embracing: Part I. Ancient History. Part II. Modern History. By Marcius Willson. School Edition. Published by Ivison, Phinney & Co., New-York.

Messrs. Ivison, Phinney & Co. are among the most extensive publishers of school books in the United States. They are the publishers of Sanders s series of Union Readers, Robinson's Arithmetics and Mathematical Works, Kerl's Grammars, and many other school publications. All of these are largely used in our Catholic institutions, and extensively used in the public schools all over the country. At present we will confine our remarks to the *Outlines of Ancient and Modern History* at the head of this notice. We are fully satisfied that any candid, intelligent, fair-minded reader of this misnamed history, after the most cursory examination, would pronounce its introduction into the schools of the country as highly calculated to mislead such as should rely on its statements, and corrupt such as should adopt its principles. In note 1, p. 332, he tells us that the "Albigenses is a name given to several heretical sects in the South of France, who agreed in opposing the dominion of the Roman hierarchy, and in endeavoring to restore the simplicity of ancient Christianity," and that "the creed of the unfortunates had been extinguished in blood." The Protestant historian, Mosheim, speaking of these "unfortunates," says that "their shocking violation of decency was a consequence of their pernicious system. They looked upon decency and modesty as marks of inward corruption. Certain enthusiasts among

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them maintained that the believer could not sin, let his conduct be ever so horrible and atrocious." (Murdock's Mosheim, note, vol. ii. b. iii. p. 256.*) But our object is not to refute or expose its inconsistencies, contradictions, misrepresentations, falsehoods, and calumnies, as the book, left to itself, is far below our notice. But the case is different when Messrs. Ivison, Phinney & Co. set their machinery in motion for introducing this SCHOOL-BOOK into all the schools in the country, send their agents from school to school soliciting their introduction, and advertise in school publications throughout the country that "this *History* has an extensive circulation, has received the highest recommendations from hundreds of presidents and professors of colleges, principals of academies, seminaries, and high-schools." It is these powerful and, we are sorry to say, successful efforts that have caused us to take any notice whatever of this demoralizing book; for left to itself it would be of very little consequence. In the same page from which we have already quoted, p. 332, the author assents that "the avarice of Pope Leo X. was equal to the credulity of the Germans; and billets of salvation, or indulgences professing to remit the punishments due to sins, even before the commission of the contemplated crime, were sold by thousands among the German peasantry." And then he goes on to tell us that Luther bitterly inveighed against the traffic in indulgences, and that he was a man of high reputation for sanctity and learning. Here the author is so anxious to falsify the Catholic doctrine of indulgence, and to blacken the character of Leo X., that he goes so far as to slander and misrepresent even his idol, Martin Luther. For Luther did not inveigh against the pope for the sale of indulgences, or ever say that an indulgence was a pardon for sin past, present, or to come. It was left for his followers to coin this falsehood, and it is a slander on Luther to accuse him of the fabrication. He has enough to account for without charging him with what he is not guilty of; and he knew and taught while a Catholic priest that an indulgence does not pardon sin, and that a person in mortal sin cannot gain an indulgence. We may return to Willson's *Histories* again, for he has written others besides the one referred to, and all in the same strain; but we trust we have said enough to draw the attention of our readers to the character of the work, and we hope that neither the solicitations of agents, nor the high-sounding recommendations of interested parties in its favor, will prevent them from opposing its introduction into our schools, public and private, and preventing its introduction whenever they can. Count de Maistre has testified that history, for the last three hundred years, is a grand conspiracy against truth; and although the Willsons and their tribe are still numerous, active, and powerful, the progress of the age warns them that they cannot delude the public.

* This note was omitted in the English translation.

1. THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS, with Explanatory Notes, and a life of the author. By James Currie, M.D.—2. THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. To which is prefixed a Biography of the author, by his nephew, Edward Phillips.—3. THE MONASTERY and HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Paper.—4. MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY. By Captain Marryatt. Paper.—5. THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT and AMERICAN NOTES. By Charles Dickens. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

We give above the titles of six different works, by well-known authors, new editions of whose writings are now being reprinted, in a cheap and popular form, by the Messrs. Appleton. As long as the majority of people will read little else than fiction, we are glad to see the Messrs. Appleton give them such works as Walter Scott's and Charles Dickens's, for the trifle of twenty-five cents a volume. They are certainly remarkably cheap, and if this will have the effect, even in a slight degree, to make

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the youth of the country turn from the sickly trash of newspaper stories, and read these instead, the Messrs. Appleton will have done good for the rising generation. If we are to have cheap literature spread broadcast over the land, it is better to have such works as those of Scott, Dickens, etc., than the dime novel and the weekly-paper stuff now so widely prevalent.

MODERN WOMEN AND WHAT IS SAID OF THEM. A reprint of a series of articles in the Saturday Review. With an introduction by Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun. New York: J. S. Redfield. Pp. 371. 1868.

This volume contains thirty-seven articles on modern woman in her various phases. That they are, in a certain sense, ably written, it is needless to assert; and as the majority of them have been extensively copied on this side of the Atlantic, it may be equally unnecessary to state that, as regards the subject under discussion, they are generally denunciatory. Hence we are at a loss to understand what could induce one of the sex attacked to take upon herself the ungracious task of a compiler, even with the opportunity of self-vindication afforded by the introduction. Perhaps, however, this advocate of woman's rights acts on the principle that even kicks and cuffs are better than being entirely ignored.

ALTON PARK; OR, CONVERSATIONS ON RELIGIOUS AND MORAL SUBJECTS. Chiefly designed for the amusement and instruction of young ladies. New edition. Philadelphia: Eugene Cummiskey. Pp. 408.

Alton Park is so well and favorably known to Catholics, that praise at our hands and at this late day is supererogatory. We must, however, compliment the publisher for the very handsome style in which he has brought out this volume.

A PYSCHE OF TO-DAY. By Mrs. C. Jenkin, author of "Who breaks pays," "Skirmishing," "Once and Again," "Cousin Stella." New York: Leypoldt & Holt. Pp. 280. 1868.

This tale represents to us certain aspects of Parisian life, which are interesting, not as always exciting pleasurable emotions, but as being evidently drawn from life. The story is told in a pleasing, unaffected manner, and the main incidents are only too probable.

LOGIC FOR YOUNG LADIES. Translated from the French of Victor Doublet, Professor of Belles-Lettres. New York: P. O'Shea. Pp. 148. 1868.

An excellent text-book; clear, simple, comprehensive. We would suggest, however, in order that its sphere of usefulness may not be even apparently circumscribed, that the title for the next edition read, not "Logic for Young Ladies," but "Logic for the Young."

ACADEMIC EDITION. A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, explanatory, pronouncing, etymological and synonymous. With an appendix, containing various useful tables. Mainly abridged from the latest edition of the quarto dictionary of Noah Webster, LL.D. By William G. Webster and William A. Wheeler. Illustrated with more than three hundred and fifty engravings on wood. Pp. xxxii. 560. 1868.

A HIGH-SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, explanatory, pronouncing, and synonymous. With an appendix containing various useful tables. Mainly abridged from the latest edition of the quarto dictionary of Noah Webster, LL.D. By William G. Webster and William A. Wheeler. Illustrated with more than three hundred engravings on wood. Pp. xxiv. 415. 1868.

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A COMMON-SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, explanatory, pronouncing, and synonymous. With an appendix containing various useful tables. Mainly abridged from the latest edition of the American dictionary of Noah Webster, LL.D., by William G. Webster and William A. Wheeler. Illustrated with nearly 250 engravings on wood. Pp. xix. 400. 1868.

A PRIMARY-SCHOOL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, explanatory, pronouncing, and synonymous. With an appendix containing various useful tables. Mainly abridged from the latest edition of the American dictionary of Noah Webster, LL.D., by William G. Webster and William A. Wheeler. Illustrated with more than 200 engravings on wood. Pp. xii. 352. 1868.

A POCKET DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE; abridged from the American dictionary of Noah Webster, LL.D. Prefixed is a collection of words, phrases, mottoes, etc., in Latin and French, with translations in English. William G. Webster, editor. Pp. iv. 249. 1868.

THE ARMY AND NAVY POCKET DICTIONARY. By William G. Webster. Pp. iv. 319. 1868.

The peculiar claims of these books to professional and popular patronage are so fully set forth in the titles prefixed, that it only remains for us to say that we heartily recommend them to teachers and others, as among the best dictionaries of their class now before the public. They are published by Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co., New York.

THE "Catholic Publication Society" has in press *The Holy Communion: its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice.* By John Bernard Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. A new edition of the *Illustrated History of Ireland*, by a member of the Poor Clares, Kenmare, Ireland, and sold for the benefit of that community. This edition will have additional engravings, and over 100 pages more matter than the first edition. It will also contain a chapter on the Irish in America. The work will be ready about October 15th. Canvassers are wanted to sell it in the country.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY, New York: Symbolism. By John Adam Moehler, D.D. 1 vol. crown 8vo, pp. 504. Price, $4.—The Illustrated Catholic Sunday-School Library Second series. 12 vols. in box, $6 per box.

From PATRICK DONAHOE, Boston: The works of Rev. Arthur O'Leary, O.S.F. Edited by a Clergyman of Massachusetts. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 596. Price, $2.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. VIII., No. 44—NOVEMBER, 1868.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

THE phrase which forms the title to this article does not originate with us. We find it floating in the columns of various recent periodicals. Our attention is especially directed to it, as the expression of a definite idea, in a late number of the *Galaxy*, and by an editorial in the *Churchman* for the 25th of July of the present year. From these we gather that, in the opinion of certain modern prophets, some one of the existing Protestant denominations is destined to achieve pre-eminence over all the rest, and, gathering into its single fold the population of America, become the "Church of the Future" in our land.

The author of the article in the *Galaxy* writes in the interest of Methodism. In its past successes and its present characteristics he beholds an omen of its ultimate supremacy over all other Christian bodies, if not over infidelity and rationalism itself. The *Churchman*, on the contrary, claims the laurels of this future victory for Protestant Episcopalianism—predicting that, through its inconsistency with republican institutions, the influence of the Catholic Church must eventually be destroyed; that Presbyterianism, being a growth of but three hundred years, and never yet attaining, or likely to attain to, the *semper, et ubique, et ab omnibus* of mature and stalwart age, must soon decay; that Methodism, having lost its pure vitality when it departed from the sacred unity of "*Mother Church*," can never meet the needs of coming generations; he thence concludes, that the diminutive society once called the "*Protestant Episcopal*," but now rejoicing in the title of the "*Reformed Catholic*" Church, is to absorb into its bosom the teeming millions of this country, and become the guide and teacher of the Western continent.

The expections of these dreamers are well calculated to provoke a smile. While the great fact remains uncontradicted that the united strength of Protestant Christendom has failed to check the spread of irreligion in the bosom of modern society, while nearly every one of its

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denominations is struggling to maintain its present spiritual powers, it seems a time for humiliation rather than for boasting, for prayer and labor rather than for triumph. Far be it from us to discourage Christian hope, or snatch away from Christian zeal the vision of those future glories to which it should aspire. But the impression is strong upon our mind that such "*castles in the air*" as those to which we have referred, imply worse than time wasted in their building, and manifest an increase of that indolent consciousness of strength which, in communities as well as individuals, is the forerunner of a swift decay.

With this remark, we leave the thoughts suggested by the advocate of Methodism, and pass on to discuss the question raised by the assumptions of the *Churchman*, namely:

Whether the Protestant Episcopal Church is destined to attain pre-eminence over the other sects of Christendom in this country, and become the church of the future people of America?

This question is susceptible both of a divine and human answer. It may be said that the Protestant Episcopal Church is the true Church of God, and therefore that its ultimate supremacy, not only here but everywhere, is certain. It may be also said that, as its internal structure and external operations are such as will adapt it to control and harmonize the elements of which American society is now and will hereafter be composed, so is it likely to attain the relative position which its advocates with so much assurance claim, and to wear the crown which already glitters in their dazzled eyes. Together these two answers stand or fall; for, if the Protestant Episcopal Church be the true church of God, then must it, *ex necessitate rei*, be adapted to control and harmonize, not only the society of this age and country, but the societies of every other age and clime; and, *vice versa*, if it be adapted to control and unify the faith, and, through the faith, the acts and lives of men, then must it also, *ex necessitate rei*, be the church of God.

The writer of the *Churchman* appears to us to have chosen the former method of reply. He says:

> "Our own church is to be the church of the future in our country. It is a church of apostolic constitution and derivation, with a pure, uncorrupted faith, with a duly authorized ministry, with the word and sacraments of the gospel, and, with and through these, the dispensation of the supernatural grace of God, without which everything else would be but ineffectual words and forms. Whatever may be alleged of others, it cannot be denied that all this is true of our church. We do not find it to be true, in all particulars, of any church in the land but ours."

The two syllogisms of which this allegation forms a part, seem to be logically complete as follows:

(1.) The true church of God will be the church of the future in our country.

The church, which is alone of apostolic constitution and derivation, with a pure and uncorrupted faith, a duly authorized ministry, the word and sacraments of the gospel, and, with and through these, the dispensation of the supernatural grace of God, is the true church of God.

Ergo, The church, which is alone of apostolic constitution and derivation, with a pure and uncorrupted faith, a duly authorized ministry, the word and sacraments of the gospel, and, with and through these, the dispensation of the supernatural grace of God, will be the church of the future in our country.

(2.) The church, which is alone of apostolic constitution and derivation, with a pure and uncorrupted faith,

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a duly authorized ministry, the word and sacraments of the gospel, and, with and through these, the dispensation of the supernatural grace of God, will be the church of the future in our country.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is alone of apostolic constitution and derivation, with a pure and uncorrupted faith, a duly authorized ministry, the word and sacraments of the gospel, and, with and through these, the dispensation of the supernatural grace of God.

Ergo, The Protestant Episcopal Church will be the church of the future in our country.

With both the premises and the conclusion of the former syllogism we presume that nearly every Christian, Catholic or Protestant, will heartily agree. But we believe the conclusion of the second to be erroneous, and its fallacy we find in what we conceive to be the utter falsehood of its minor premiss, as a simple matter of fact. We know that the writer says: "Whatever may be alleged of others, it cannot be denied that all this is true of our church." But, whether it can or cannot, it most certainly *is* denied. We here deny it. We deny the apostolic constitution and derivation of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We deny that she holds a pure, uncorrupted faith. We deny that she has a duly authorized ministry. We deny that she possesses the word and sacraments of the gospel. We deny that through that ministry, that faith, that word, those sacraments,* she retains the dispensation of the supernatural grace of God. And, in support of our denial, we point to Holy Scripture, to the unanimous tradition of the fathers, to the vast treasures of historical and theological learning which have accumulated in the past eighteen hundred years, and to the united voice of the holy Catholic Church throughout the entire world.

Nor only we. In our own country these bold assertions, and the extravagant pretensions which are based upon them, are also constantly denied. Two million Methodists deny them. One million six hundred and ninety thousand Baptists deny them. Seven hundred thousand Presbyterians deny them. Six hundred thousand Universalists deny them. Three hundred and twenty-three thousand eight hundred Lutherans deny them. Two hundred and sixty-seven thousand four hundred Congregationalists deny them. Of the one hundred and sixty-one thousand two hundred Episcopalians, how many dare maintain them? How many are at open warfare with that party, within their communion, from whom these rash and groundless allegations come? Among the extremest of "*Reformed Catholics*," how many actually believe that the ecclesiastical organization to which they protestingly belong, is, in truth, that glorious fabric which our Lord built upon the Rock, St. Peter, and to which he communicated the infallibility of his perpetual presence? Even the subtle *Churchman* will hardly venture to affirm distinctly his belief of such an extravagant proposition, but will most likely take refuge in the declaration that his is a reformed *branch* of the Catholic Church, a declaration that destroys the value of his whole argument, unless he also demonstrates the impossibility, to other branches, of the reformation which has sprung from within his own.

To argue that the Episcopal Church alone possesses those characteristics which indicate the true church of God, and that, as such, she must eventually predominate over all the rest, is thus as useless

* Except baptism.

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as it is unwise. It opens up a series of disputes which no generation would be long enough to exhaust, and no acknowledged authority be sufficient to determine. It creates in advance an adversary in every Christian outside her exclusive pale, and puts him on his guard against the courtesy and solicitude with which she seeks to win his personal devotion. It thrusts into the face of the inquirer a proposition whose absurdity annoys him, whose positiveness discourages him, whose arrogance repels him. If our Episcopal brethren wish to realize the dreams of their modern seer, they must abandon this species of argument and betake themselves to the adaptation of their church to meet, more fully, the wants and necessities which surround them upon every side.

In their ability or inability to do this resides the human answer to the question whose discussion we pursue.

The syllogism in which this answer is embodied may be thus constructed:

The church which is best adapted, by internal structure and external operations, to control and harmonize American society, will be the church of the future in our country.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is best adapted, by internal structure and external operations, to control and harmonize American society.

Ergo, the Protestant Episcopal Church will be the church of the future in our country.

The major premise of this syllogism is evidently sound. If the minor is reliable in fact as well as form, the conclusion is unmistakable. Our inquiry is thus reduced to this:

Whether the Protestant Episcopal Church is best adapted, by its internal structure and external operations, to control and harmonize American society?

The answer to this inquiry will unfold our own view of the matter now in issue, and will, we trust, set forth some of the principal *criteria* by which the church of the future may, at this day, be humanly discerned.

I. The "church of the future" is a "church of the people."

The American nation is now, and always must remain, in the strictest sense, "*a people.*" The order of our political and civil institutions, the vast area of our territory and the unlimited susceptibility of its development, the achievements of art and mechanism by which alone that development can be secured, all necessitate, in the future, as in the present, a nation of working-men, homogeneous in principles, in intelligence, and in toil. Classes of society, except so far as based upon the accidents of personal friendship, cultivation, or locality, are practically now, and must hereafter become more and more, unknown. The distinctions by which its divisions in the Old World were created and maintained, lost the last hold upon America when slavery went down in the fierce tempest of the recent war. The proud prerogatives of race and birth are henceforth without value. Every man must receive himself from the hands of his Creator just as that Creator made him, and carve out for himself a destiny, limited only by his individual ambition, and by his fidelity to the end for which his life and independence were bestowed upon him.

Unfavorable as such a state of things may be for the extreme cultivation of the few, that the great masses gain immeasurably by it, is undeniable. A race of farmers, of mechanics, of tradesmen, of laborers, can never be illiterate, immoral, or impoverished. A race whose future

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embraces the population and political direction of a continent, into whose veins the choicest blood of the eastern hemisphere pours itself with an exhaustless tide, whose wisdom is the experience of six thousand years, and whose labors already testify to the vigor of its ripe and lusty manhood, must be a people in whose ranks each individual counts one, and by the overwhelming pressure of whose progress ignorance and pauperism must eventually disappear.

The church which gathers this grand race of the future into her bosom, and holds them by her spiritual hand, must, therefore, be a church adapted to the wants, the sympathies, the tastes of workingmen. Its creed must be within the scope of their intelligence. Its worship must give form to their devotion. Its teaching must be simple, earnest, hearty, like themselves. Its pastoral care must be at once familiar, constant, and encouraging. Just what the so-called "*masses*" need to-day, in faith, in ceremony, in the pulpit, in the priest, will the whole nation seek for in those years of coming labor. Just that internal structure and external operation which now most fully and most readily supplies that need, will characterize that church which then absorbs the rest and guides and governs this great people in all heavenly things. And if, of all the clashing sects of Protestantism, there is one which is destined to occupy this exalted station, it is that one which is to-day the "church of the people," and whose trophies, won in warfare with the toiling multitudes of past and present generations, are the sure omens of complete and final victory.

Judged by this standard, what prospect has the Protestant Episcopal Church of becoming the "church of the future" in our country?

This question merits a most serious and thorough answer; not merely as a speculative problem, but as a matter eminently practical, affording a fair test of her divine commission, and of the quality of the spiritual workmanship which she performs. For this reason, we attempt to pass upon her no verdict of our own, but, turning to her best authorities, gather from them the *data* of her progress, and the measure of her churchly capabilities.

The first few years of this half-century were a season of unusual prosperity to the Episcopal Church. From 1850 to 1856 the numerical increase of her membership far exceeded that of any former period. The ranks of her clergy gained largely in extent and influence. A spirit of unprecedented activity seemed aroused within her; and, above all, was manifested a disposition to rally round herself the other Protestant denominations, and unite them with her into one ecclesiastical body.

This disposition met with much encouragement from those outside her fold. Many who never yet had called themselves by any distinctive Christian name were attracted, by her dignity and order, to regard her as the most desirable of Protestant societies. Eminent "*dissenters*" looked to her for the solution of that entanglement of schism in which their various barks were already well-nigh overwhelmed. Large charity on both sides, and a full meeting of the issue upon her part, alone seemed necessary for the consummation of that "union" for which distracted Christendom had so long yearned and prayed.

It was her golden opportunity. The iron was hot for the hammer.

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The wheat was ripe for the harvest. The profound peace, which rested on the entire country, gave leisure for sedate and kindly inquiry. The spirit of organic life was kindling over all the land, and men were drawing into closer brotherhood, and prejudices waned and lost their power. It needed but a strong will and skilful hand to sweep away the few remaining obstacles, and the triumph of Episcopacy in this country might have been secured.

Perhaps the most startling of the events which marked this important period, and certainly the one which most clearly manifested its awakening vitality, was the presentation of a *Memorial* to the General Convention of 1853. Therein was suggested the important question, whether "the posture of our church with reference to the great moral and social necessities of the day" was all that could be desired or expected, and whether her usefulness might not, by specified means, be greatly enlarged.* The convention referred the subject to a commission of bishops, which met six times during the interval between the date of its appointment and the convention of 1856. At its first meeting this commission published a *Circular*, propounding certain questions, and requesting answers to them, from any persons interested in the subject into whose hands the circulars might fall. A large number of communications were received in reply, both from Episcopal and non-Episcopal divines, most of which united in admitting the necessity for some decisive change, and in recommending the improvements suggested in the *Memorial* itself. At the general convention of 1856, the commission made their report, warning the church of the great popular destitution which surrounded her, and advising the adoption of extemporary preaching, the curtailment of the liturgical services, the employment of lay workers, the association of unmarried women into sisterhoods, the better training of her ministry, and the thorough Christian cultivation of the young, as the principal means by which her ability to meet these necessities might be extended.* The house of bishops therefore passed a series of resolutions, expressing their opinion that certain variations might be lawfully made in public worship, and appointing a "Commission on Church Unity" to confer with other churches as occasion might require.† But no legislation followed. No practical recognition of the emergencies in which the nation lay, or of her urgent duty to meet the wants which cried so loudly for her interference, marked the proceedings of this chief council of the church. Not one of the important measures which the *Memorial* suggested, which many leaders of the church recommended, and which the Episcopal commission had itself advised, received the sanction of her legislative will. On the contrary, at the next session of the convention, in 1859, a strong and determined effort was made, by the house of clerical and lay deputies, to move the house of bishops to rescind their resolutions, and permit the representative branch of the convention to take part in the discussion of the subject and in determining what steps should be adopted. This the bishops refused,‡ and there the matter rested and still rests—a solitary report of the "Commission on Church Unity" that *they have done nothing*§ alone marking the

* *Journal* of 1853, p. 181, *et seq.*

* *Journal* of 1856, p. 339. † *Ibid.* p. 204.
‡ *Journal* of 1859, pp. 55, 72, 100, 143.
§ *Ibid.* p. 382.

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spot where the vast hopes and aspirations of the *Memorialists* exhaled and disappeared.

And thus the golden opportunity of Protestant Episcopalianism passed by. The terrible events which followed in the next six years, put far away that quiet calm in which religious differences grow dim, and love for God and man overcomes human pride. Through her own bisection into *Confederate* and *Federal* her unifying influence has sustained a shock from which it will not, for long years, recover. The *evangelical* churches have, at once, lost confidence in her disposition to meet them with a fair and open compromise, and in her separate ability to do the work which, in the providence of God, is placed before her; while her internal difficulties have augmented year by year, and rendered less and less likely the revival of that spirit which promised such achievements only fifteen years ago. Her golden opportunity passed by. But that hour of trial, in the great crucible of national emergencies, can never be forgotten, either by her friends or foes, and both will look to it for the disclosure of her real abilities, and for the revelation of her character, as human or divine.

The *Memorial*, the report of the commission, and many of the communications which were received in answer to the *Circular*, were collected into one volume, and published by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, in 1857. For some reason, (which we never could explain,) the publication of this volume was soon afterward suspended, and such portions of that edition as could be reached were called in and destroyed. The last monuments of the *great uprising* were thus levelled with the dust; and, to-day, except for the few copies of *Memorial Papers* which escaped destruction, and the scattered records of *Convention Journals*, reliable statistics of that eventful period are almost unattainable.

Fortunately, however, we have these authorities at hand, and thus are able to try the Episcopal Church by her own evidence, and rest the truth or falsehood of her claims to be the "church of the people" on her own solemn and well-weighed admissions.

First, then, in the *Memorial* itself, which bears the date of October 14th, 1853, we find the following statement:

"The actual posture of our church, with reference to the great moral and social necessities of the day, presents to the minds of the undersigned a subject of grave and anxious thought. Did they suppose that this was confined to themselves, they would not feel warranted in submitting it to your attention; but they believe it to be participated in by many of their brethren, who may not have seen the expediency of declaring their views, or, at least, a mature season for such a course.

"The divided and distracted state of our American Protestant Christianity; the new and subtle forms of unbelief, adapting themselves with fatal success to the spirit of the age; the consolidated forces of Romanism, bearing with renewed skill and activity against the Protestant faith; and, as more or less the consequence of these, the utter ignorance of the gospel among so large a portion of the lower classes of our population, making a heathen world in our midst, are among the considerations which induce your memorialists to present the inquiry whether the period has not arrived for the adoption of measures, to meet these exigencies of the times, more comprehensive than any yet provided for by our present ecclesiastical system; in other words, *whether the Protestant Episcopal Church, with only her present canonical means and appliances, her fixed and invariable modes of public worship, and her traditional customs and usages, is competent to the work of preaching and dispensing the gospel to all sorts and conditions of men, and so adequate to do the work of the Lord in this land and in this age? This question, your petitioners, for their own part, and in conso-*

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nance with many thoughtful minds among us, believe MUST BE ANSWERED IN THE NEGATIVE." *

"The undersigned," who passed this severe and searching criticism upon the practical efficiency of the Episcopal Church, were such men as Dr. Muhlenberg, founder and chaplain of St. Luke's Hospital, New York; Dr. Crusé, librarian, and Drs. Turner and Johnson, professors at the General Theological Seminary; Drs. Bedell and Coxe, both since made bishops; Drs. Hobart and Higbee, of Old Trinity; Drs. Francis and A. H. Vinton, two of the most eminent of her parochial clergy; and Dr. Harwood, late professor at the Berkeley Seminary of Connecticut. Certainly no Episcopalian, either of that day or our own, could ask for more reliable authority.

Second, the report of the commission of the house of bishops, made to the convention of 1856, after some preliminary statements, thus continues:

"An examination into the relative increase of the various bodies of Christians in the United States within the last thirty years will exhibit some startling facts, which may well rouse us to serious considerations, and lead us to ask ourselves the questions, 'What have we been doing? and what shall we do?' We have been in the habit of looking merely at the increase of our ministers and members within given periods as the proper exponent of our growth, without considering how that increase compares with the rate of increase in the population at large. Making our estimate in this way—and it is the only accurate method to ascertain the ratio of our growth or increase as a church—*it will be found that we are by no means keeping pace with the population of the country* in the provision we make for their religious instruction, to say nothing of our duty to heathen and foreign lands; that we are consequently falling very far below the measure of our responsibility, and *that our growth in the last half century*, which has been dwelt upon with complacency, if not with a spirit of vainglory, *furnishes matter of deep humiliation and shame, rather than of boasting.*" *

And again:

"Ministers are found, who yet do not minister; rectors who cannot govern; pastors who do not feed the flock; teachers send forth theological essays, for the instruction of the church, who might find better employment in studying the Bible and catechism, while the necessary means for maintaining religious services too often have to be wrung from those who appear reluctant to recognize it as a Christian obligation to give of their ability, as God has prospered them, with liberality, with cheerfulness, and with simplicity. *On every side the complaint is heard, that the work of the church languishes, or is not done.*' †

The bishops over whose signatures these statements were made were Otey of Tennessee, Doane of New Jersey, Potter of Pennsylvania, Burgess of Maine, and Williams of Connecticut; all of whom, except the latter, have since closed their earthly career, leaving behind them reputations for prudence, learning, and earnestness in their official labors which are sacred in the heart of every member of the church over which they ruled.

Third, in the communications sent to the commission, in answer to their *Circular*, the same sentiment prevails. The Rev. Dr. Craik, of Louisville, Ky., in speaking of the constitution of the apostolic church, remarks:

"Nearly the whole church has sanctioned the wisdom of this seemingly apostolic arrangement by imitating it. The refusal of the church in the United States to imitate it, has sanctioned its wisdom in another way, *by our comparative failure to do the work of the church in this country.*" ‡

The Rev. Dr. Gregory, of Syracuse, writes:

"It is said that the Episcopal Church is

* *Memorial Papers*, p. 27, et seq.

* *Memorial Papers*, p. 53, *et seq.*
† *Ibid.* p. 58. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 232.

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the church of the educated and the rich. *This is so* to a considerable extent, particularly in the cities."*

Then, speaking of certain remedial measures, he continues:

"It cannot be done, in the present state of feeling—the pride of social distinction is against it; and all the canons and councils in Christendom cannot make a church *efficient* in which this feeling prevails."†

And again, in concluding, he says:

"The great body of our people are at ease—satisfied to have a *valid* ministry, and *valid* sacraments, and a *sober* liturgy, and a *conservative* ecclesiastical system. And the rest of the world have *no evidence* that we *care* very much about them."‡

The Rev. Dr. Howe, of Philadelphia, declares:

"Having been through my whole ministry (now of more than twenty-two years continuance) in a position to observe the relation of our church to the middling and lower classes as they are found in and around great cities, I cannot forbear the confession that we do not, by the authorized appliances of the church, reach and interest them. Individuals of these classes, by the force of early association, or a refinement of taste unusual in their sphere, do retain or acquire a strong attachment to our worship, and derive unspeakable benefits from its use. But the fact is too glaring to be denied, that mechanics and laboring men are not in any considerable numbers reckoned among our people; and pastors who will expose the truth in this behalf, must confess that of those who are reared among us to these industrial pursuits very many desert the church, and find religious associations more acceptable to them among other denominations. This is too general to be attributed to the unfaithfulness of ministers. There must be some lack in the system of means under which such disastrous issues occur."§

These are but a few out of the many writers whose communications were collected into the volume before alluded to, and even those were few in number, when compared with those whose letters were omitted from lack of room. Of these, Bishop Potter, in his *Introduction*, says:

"A large proportion plead for change in one or more respects more earnestly than most of those inserted;"*

and then significantly adds:

"That a spirit of self-depreciation and of change for the mere sake of change is not that to which as a communion we are most obnoxious."†

Fourth, at the same general convention before which the *Memorial* was first discussed, another document was presented, in tone and application almost exactly similar, which forms a valuable corroboration of the statements which we have already cited. This was the report of the Committee on the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, of which the Rev. Dr. Stevens, now Bishop of Pennsylvania, was chairman. In this report the following occurs:

"Not only have we to deal with these multitudes of emigrants, spreading their ignorance, their irreligion, and their superstitions over the land, but we should also carefully provide for another and deeply interesting class, those who come to us from countries and churches holding like principles of ecclesiastical polity and Christian faith, the sons of Sweden, and the children of the Church of England, and the brethren from Moravia. . . . . *Thousands of emigrants from these foreign churches, who, if properly looked after, would unite themselves to our church, are lost to us, and either relapse into infidelity or unite themselves with the sects around them, because we make no effort to win them to our bosom.*"‡

The report then calls attention to the new missionary fields opening in the West, and says:

"Every other evangelical denomination in the land has gone before us in this matter, and the Romish Church has planted bishops, clergy, schools, churches, convents,

* *Memorial Papers*, p. 250. † *Ibid.* p. 251.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 254. § *Ibid.* p. 255.

* *Memorial Papers*, p. ix. † *Ibid.* p. ix.
‡ *Journal* of 1853, pp. 80, 81.

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and colleges, while we have been debating about one bishop and two or three ministers. As in too many previous instances, our church has been too much stiffened with dignity to run, like the prophet, before the chariot of some political or commercial Ahab, but, like a laggard in the race, treads daintily and slowly in others' footsteps, and then, when almost too late, discovers her error."*

Such was the deliberate verdict of the bishops and the leading clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, concerning her efficiency, during and prior to the year 1856. Such was the intensity of the conviction which forced itself upon the minds of committees and conventions, and swept from one end of her communion to the other, that, without great changes in her mode of dealing with the masses of our people, no considerable influence over them could ever be obtained. It is no wonder that Bishop Upfold should have written, concerning these admissions, that

"Her worst enemies could not have said a worse thing of the church; and, *if it be true, involves a cogent argument for at once abandoning a church so radically and essentially defective in its organization and working agencies.*"†

Surely if evidence of any kind could satisfy us that, at any time at least, the Episcopal Church was not adapted, by internal structure and external operations, to control and harmonize American society, the evidence which the *Memorial* movement thus elicited, has done it. If it ever has been, or can ever be, made manifest that any given church is not the "Church of the People," it was then demonstrated that the Protestant Episcopal Church is not so.

Since that golden epoch twelve years have passed away. That the people of America have materially changed, either in intelligence or religious feeling; that their necessities are lessened or more easily supplied, no one will venture to assert. All the world knows that the spiritual destitution of the nation has increased, and that the same means which failed to relieve it then meet with like failure now. All the world knows that the Protestant Episcopal Church is the same dignified and stolid organization, moving on in the same beaten track, its ponderous and cumbersome machinery revolving heavily round the same well-worn axis, and limited on every side by clamps and bands, which tremulous conservatism dare not offer to unloose.

The records to which we have heretofore referred show also that, in both of these particulars, all the world is right. Not one of the measures advocated by the *Memorialists* has ever been adopted. No law has ever passed, requiring that her clergy preach instead of read. No general attempt has yet been made to organize the lay element, either male or female, into a body of efficient laborers. No change has taken place in the canon which requires that upon every occasion of public worship the Prayer-book, and it only, should be used. And, worse than this, no disposition to so modify existing modes of labor as to secure their wider range or surer efficacy has ever since been manifested. Even when, at the convention of 1865, a memorial was presented, signed by nearly fifty leading clergymen, repeating the statements of the *Memorial* of 1853, and praying for the institution of an association of "*Evangelists*," in the hope that "these statements may be so regarded as to secure to the church the important instrumentalities." . . . "which were never more urgently demanded than at the present

* *Journal* of 1853, p. 81.

† *Memorial Papers*, p. 189.

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time," the house of bishops coolly resolved that "*it was not expedient to entertain the subject*," and the other house tacitly concurred in the decision.*

If, in the face of facts like these, we judge of the future by the present and the past, what shall we say? Is there a hope that, in that mighty era when this great continent shall swarm with prosperous, intelligent, industrious millions, a church, which during a whole century, with every advantage of respectability and wealth, has met with such signal failure, shall rise into supremacy? Is there a probability great enough to justify our serious contemplation that a church, whose claim to be the "Church of the People" is thus denied by that unerring voice of history which is the echo of the voice of God, should be the "Church of the Future" in our country?

We know no better answer to these questions than the thrilling exhortation given by the venerable Dr. Muhlenberg to the Memorial Commission concerning their own duty to their church:

"Bid her," said he, "look over this vast continent, filling with people of all nations and languages and tongues, and see the folly of hoping to perpetuate among them an *Anglican* communion, that will ever be recognized as aught more than an honorable sect. Bid her give over the vain attempt to cast all men's minds into one mould.

"Bid her cherish among her own members mutual tolerance of opinion in doctrine, and taste in worship; remembering that uniform sameness in lesser matters may be the ambition of a society, a party, a school in the church, but is far below any genuine aspirations of the church herself. It is the genius of Catholicism which is now knocking at her doors. Let her refuse to open. Let her, if she will, make them faster still with new bolts and bars, and then take her rest, to dream *a wilder dream than any of the Memorial of becoming the Catholic Church of these United States.*"†

* *Journal* of 1865, pp. 361, 190.
† *Memorial Papers*, p. 288.

The conclusions to which the experience of a hundred years has thus directed us will be extended and confirmed by an examination of certain characteristics which the "Church of the Future," as a "Church of the People," must necessarily present, and by a comparison of these with the internal structure and external operations of the Episcopal Church. In the course of this examination we shall also probably discover the causes from which the past failures of the latter have resulted, and the means by which she might adapt herself more fully to the wants of the country and the age, if, in fact, such adaptation were any longer possible. Therefore we proceed:

II. The "Church of the Future" is a church of stability in principle and flexibility in operation.

The work of the church of God upon the earth is to teach and govern men. The truth, by which alone the intellect can be enlightened, the law, by which alone the heart and life can be subjected to the will of God, are both entrusted to her keeping. Doctrine informing and directing discipline, discipline realizing and preserving doctrine—such is the system by which her Lord commanded her to subdue the world, and by which to this day the world has been subdued.

The people whose church the "Church of the Future" is to be, and of whom, as its members, it must be composed, will be a *free* people. The race from which they spring long ago recognized, as fundamental truth, that the will of the people is the highest law, and every civil and political institution which is or is to be derives its origin and permanence from the sole fiat of the citizen. There is no power above it by which its errors may be corrected or its excesses

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be restrained. The popular vote is the tribunal from whose decision there can be no appeal. The ballot-box is the throne of state, from which supreme authority comes down only to take up the thunderbolts of war.

The sturdy independence which results from such a national cultivation will place a burden of no common order upon the church into whose hands the control and unification of American society must fall. The bearer of divine illumination, the custodian of unalterable truth, the spiritual government of the people, will be also on her shoulders; and she must be able to withstand not only persecution from without, but the more dangerous assaults of innovation and revolt within. She must have *no capacity for compromise.* The organic principle which binds into one body her integral elements must be beyond the power of popular tumult to disturb or political dissensions to destroy. In every storm and tempest she must be immovable, and, with a will of divine firmness and an arm of godlike might, must bend the tempest and control the storm.

Again, the people over whom the "Church of the Future" will extend its sway embraces men of every nation, color, class, and tongue. The offspring of the African, the Saxon, and the Indian dwell here together with the children of the Hebrew, the Mongolian, the Teuton, and the Celt. Religions of all forms offer contemporaneous and discordant worship to their several divinities. Prejudices of every complexion and against every truth mingle in the religious atmosphere. Vices of every name, grown, through long apathy or longer ignorance, into a second nature, contaminate the public heart. Every possible diversity of ideas, of tastes, of impossibilities, is found among them, and, under all, the same great wants, the same unceasing aspirations, the same formless void.

The church which heals the spiritual wounds of such a people must both possess and use appliances of infinite variety. Her *pharmacopœia* must contain all remedies which ever have been suitable to man. Her learning and ability must extend to their appropriate selection and bestowal. She must, indeed, be "all things to all men," high with the high and lowly with the low, wise with the learned and simple with the ignorant, firm with the headstrong and gentle with the meek, sublime with the imaginative, cold with the severe, in every way adapting the method of her operations to the dispositions of the people whom she seeks to save, if by any means their salvation may be made secure.

Thus, in herself immovable, eternal, and in her labors as flexible and various as the needs she must supply, the "Church of the Future" will not only conquer, but wherever and whatever she has conquered she will thenceforth unceasingly retain.

But can the church which does this be the Episcopal Church? Let us test her immobility of principles. Let us measure the flexibility of her operations. The result will teach us much that is worth learning, and should not be without its influence on her.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States consists "of thirty-four confederated dioceses, under the care of bishops, using the same liturgy, and yielding obedience" to the same canon law.* The organic principle by which this confederation was originated and has been maintained is a written constitution.† Its organic life is manifested

* *Church Almanac* for 1867, p. 17.

† Law writers define a "constitution" as either a

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through a general convention, in which the supreme legislative and judicial authority of the whole church resides.

Each of these several dioceses consists of various parishes, united under one bishop, and yielding obedience to the same local law. The organic principle of the diocese is a written constitution; and its organic life is manifested in a diocesan convention, in which the supreme legislative and judicial authority of the diocese resides.

Each of the several parishes which compose a diocese consists of a greater or less number of lay-people, united under one pastor and occupying certain fixed and well-known territorial limits. Its organic principle is usually a written constitution; and its organic life is manifested through a body of vestrymen, to whom the management of its parochial affairs is entrusted.

With the exception that the church possesses no chief executive, corresponding to the President of the United States, her organic system is almost identical with the political order of the government under which she lives.

The general convention of the church is composed of two houses, a house of bishops and a house of clerical and lay deputies. The house of bishops consists of all the bishops of the various dioceses, as members *ex officio*. The house of deputies consists of four delegates—two clerical and two lay—from each diocese, appointed in diocesan convention. A concurrence of both orders in the lower house, and of both houses, is necessary to a vote of the convention.*

The convention of each diocese is composed of the clergy, canonically resident within its limits, and of a certain number of lay-deputies, appointed by the various congregations of which the diocese consists.

The vestrymen of each parish are elected annually by the people.

In each of these three bodies the lay element possesses the virtual supremacy. In general convention, no law can be enacted, no lax discipline can be reformed, no erroneous doctrine can be corrected, without the express acquiescence of the lay-deputies. In the diocesan convention, no bishop can be elected, no delegates to the general convention can be appointed, and no local diocesan regulations can be established, until the laity agree. In the parish, no pastor can be called, no church-building be erected, no regular order be determined, while the people withhold their permission. And though, upon the face of it, this power may seem to be entirely negative, yet it is not so; for, in the right to choose their pastors and convention-delegates, the real control of the diocesan conventions, and, through these, of their bishops and the general convention, is placed ultimately in their hands, and, whenever they might choose to organize for such a purpose, a single generation would suffice to overturn the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the church itself.

In this respect, also, the Episcopal Church has practically conformed herself to the model which our national institutions set before her. If she believes that, in religious as well as secular affairs, "all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," her

"limitation" or a "grant" of power. Did the general convention of 1789, in adopting the constitution of the Episcopal Church, thereby *grant* to the church of Christ, or to any part thereof, powers of which it was previously destitute, or limit powers which Christ himself conferred upon it? Or, on the contrary, is not the idea of a "constitution" essentially repugnant to the idea of the Christian church?

* See Constitution, appendix to *Journal* of 1865, arts. 2 and 3.

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system and belief are certainly consistent, but it can hardly be pretended that either of them is divine. Nor will it be denied that all the objections to which the temporal is open on the score of instability and weakness are doubly pertinent to the ecclesiastical, so long as those whom Christ intended that his church should govern on the contrary really govern her.

But however unstable and insecure in all her fundamental and organic principles the Episcopal Church has thus been rendered by the inherent nature of her system, she certainly is far from flexible in her methods of external operation. Here all the strength of her conservatism concentrates itself. The Prayer-Book is "the apple of her eye." It cost her less to blot out a creed in which the faith of ages was embodied, and rob her clergy of the power of absolution, than it would now to change a single syllable of her "incomparable liturgy." Yet nothing is more widely understood, even in her own borders, than that this very liturgy is the greatest barrier which stands between her and the masses of the people; and that her inflexible, unvarying use of it on all occasions is the great patent cause of her acknowledged failures.

The entire *Memorial* movement proceeded upon the assumption that this inflexibility exists, and that to it must be attributed the uselessness of efforts which, under different methods, should have accomplished great results. The *Memorialists* did not hesitate to say that, with "her fixed and invariable modes of public worship," her "canonical means and appliances," "her traditional customs and usages," she was "inadequate to do the work of the Lord," and that, in their view, it was necessary to define and act upon a system "broader and more comprehensive" than that which then existed, and "providing for as much freedom in opinion, discipline, and worship as is compatible with the essential faith and order of the gospel."* The commission boldly acknowledged that "we have to labor in places where very much of our work is outside of that contemplated in the plans of our offices,"† and that "our methods of dealing with men should be more direct and manifold."‡ They admitted the "necessity of that diversity in our modes of operation which has not been heretofore sufficiently appreciated,"§ and that "we have refused or neglected to use many gifts which Christ has bestowed on his church."‖ Different bishops declared that her ministers "must often preach the gospel where the attempt to perform the entire service would be incongruous, unsuccessful, and injurious;"** that at such times the clergy were "like David in Saul's armor,"†† and objects of compassion in the eyes of others. The late Bishop Polk, with characteristic frankness, stated:

> "I am satisfied our liturgical services as now used are to a certain extent impediments in our way. . . . There are circumstances in which all the services help us. . . . There are other circumstances in which the use of all the service is a manifest and felt hinderance. . . . We are not as powerful a church as we might be if we had more liberty. Of this I am fully persuaded."‡‡

The missionary bishop of Oregon and Washington, out of his large experience, concludes:

> "There are undoubtedly great advantages resulting to the church from a general uniformity of worship; but if that uniformity be so minute and fixed as to refuse adaptation to the actual condition and wants of

* *Memorial Papers*, p. 30.
† *Ibid.* p. 50.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 53.
§ *Ibid.* p. 52.
‖ *Ibid.* p. 58.
** *Ibid.* p. 126.
†† *Ibid.* p. 160.
‡‡ *Ibid.* pp. 160, 161.

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Christian men, or to restrain in any degree the preaching of the gospel to every creature, then it becomes a yoke of bondage and a damage to Christ's kingdom."*

The Rev. Dr. Howe remarks:

"I do not believe, sir, that the difficulty lies in the organization of the church, . . . but in the unvarying and (in the esteem of many) invariable use of our forms and other usages of worship. . . . The church may be entirely Catholic in her doctrine and polity, yet she can never be *practically* so while she requires all men to worship everywhere in precisely the same forms."†

The Rev. Dr. Trapier asserts that

"in the country-places, among the rural population, it has proved to be an almost hopeless task to introduce our services, that is, in their integrity."‡

And so great an advocate of formal worship as the Rev. Dr. Francis Vinton is reputed to have been exclaims:

"You cannot fulfil the Lord's will while the canons of our church are left in their stiffness."§

We have already seen how much effect the movement, of which these well-considered statements form a part, finally produced upon the external system of the church, and it is only too well known that at this day the declarations of the *Memorialists* are as applicable as they were twelve years ago. The evangelical leaders, hopeless of legitimated liberty, have grown more and more restless under the unyielding yoke, and here and there some bolder spirit has burst away from the intolerable servitude, and asserted his right and duty to do "the Lord's work" unhampered by her human institutions. Ever and anon some anxious writer ventures to repeat the declarations and the prayers of the *Memorial*. But those who dare to look for any change are few in number, and the high hopes of former days, that the iron bars were soon to be unloosed and the eager wings of Christian zeal unbound, are already well-nigh buried in despair.

That, in reference to either of these two essential characteristics, any improvement will take place we see no reason to believe. It would be contradictory to all experience if the Episcopal laity should voluntarily relinquish their share in the government and administration of the church which they uphold, or that, by any exercise of spiritual power, the clergy could compel them to its resignation. It seems to us almost equally impossible that the inflexibility of operation which prevents her success can ever be materially diminished. Her liturgy is her *centrum unitatis*, her teacher, her authoritative law. It is the golden band which binds her members to one another; which unites bishop to bishop, diocese to diocese, priest to priest; which links her with the centuries of the past, and reaches onward to the future; which keeps her heterogeneous elements in contact with one another, as the electric coil binds into one repellent particles of steel. In it her denominational existence is bound up, and with material changes in it she herself is fated to dissolve and die.

It cannot be. No day will ever come when Protestant Episcopalianism can convert this people. No day will ever come when, if converted, she could govern them. Honored for her learning, her decorum, and her wealth, she may endure to witness many generations pass away. Great names will be in her and great men will be of her. She will do her work in the world, whatever that may be; but her continuance will be that of a sect, and a sect only, until the day of her absorption comes.

* *Memorial Papers*, p. 213. † *Ibid.* p. 256.
‡ *Ibid.* p. 316. § *Ibid.* p. 330.

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III. The "Church of the Future" is a church of uniform and consistent faith.

It seems almost superfluous for us to argue in support of this proposition. That divine truth is one, that what God teaches is unchangeable and every way harmonious with itself, are axioms which even the unlearned can see to be infallible. And that the thoughtful, earnest, practical people who must by and by cover this great continent will ever acknowledge as God's representative and their spiritual teacher a church whose faith is variable and undefined, whose theologians are at issue concerning fundamental points of doctrine, and whose public preaching is in perpetual self-contradiction and uncertainty, is utterly impossible. The "Church of the Future" is a "Church of Truth," a church of divine origin and of divine authority, over whom is one Lord, and in whom is one spirit; a church whose voice is ever clear and certain, whose unity with herself is evidence of her unity with God, and who, in gathering the nations to her footstool, maketh them all "to be of one mind in the house," through "the faith once delivered to the saints."

Will the Episcopal Church justify this description? Has she that "pure and uncorrupted faith," that "word of the gospel," which is "always, and everywhere, and by all" invariably taught and held?

Everybody knows better. She herself denies it. Years ago one of her bishops described her as a church in which parties were "arrayed in bitter hostility to each other;" in which there was "so much difference of opinion upon important points of doctrine that the bishops and other ministers could not be brought to agree;" in which "one part denies all claim to an evangelical, that is, a gospel, character, to all who do not agree with them in every particular," while "the other party denies to the former any just right to the name of churchman."* Years ago a venerable presbyter declared that the prime source of all her difficulties was that "*the house*" was "*divided against itself*," and that so long as men were "ordained to her ministry, clothed with her authority, and seated in her high places, who cannot conscientiously teach her Catechism for children, and whose work of love it is to revile her doctrines, her institutions, and her faithful people, her enemies"† would rejoice, and the world repudiate her claims. The church in the United States has not yet brought forth a Colenso, neither has a Pusey yet arisen in her midst; but the diversity between these leaders of the Anglican communion is hardly greater than obtains between the congregations on this side of the Atlantic. The rector of old Trinity with his confessional, the rector of St. George's with his prayer-meeting, are exponents of parties, the gulf of whose separation cleaves downward to the bottom of the great plan of man's salvation. "Father" Morrill at St. Alban's, and the younger Tyng beneath the missionary tent in the public square, represent creeds and principles as different as any that divide the world. Under the shelter of a liturgy which each interprets according to his personal views, they dwell together, and through its rigid formularies preserve external uniformity. But everywhere outside of it their unity is wanting. Pulpit is arrayed against pulpit, seminary against seminary, society against society. Her bishops are catalogued as "high" and "low," and

* *Memorial Papers*, p. 187.
† *Ibid.* p. 236.

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looked to as the leaders of her hostile factions. Her general convention seeks safety in inaction. Her ecclesiastical existence hangs upon the thread of compromise.

How long this state of things can continue we venture not to prophesy. Whether the Episcopal Church is destined to disintegrate like other sects around her, or whether she will overcome the dangerous schismatic miasm which infests her members and be once more the home of peace and unity, are questions which we have no need to answer. But that this state of things was ever possible proves that her uniformity, wherever it exists, is merely *accidental*, and never can confer upon her teachings that authority which a clear-sighted and sensible people will demand as a condition of their faith.

There are still other characteristics which the "Church of the Future" will possess, but the limits of this article forbid us to examine them. The three to which we have directed our attention are those which were most easily discernible, and concerning which material for research and comparison lay most readily at hand. They have answered our question as definitely as if the whole ground had been gone over, and have told us that, so far as human calculations can extend, the Protestant Episcopal Church will never be the "Church of the Future" in our country.

In attempting to demonstrate this proposition we have been actuated by no feeling of hostility toward the Episcopal Church. Too many sacred memories, too many years of deep and fond affection, have made her priests and people dear forever to our hearts. We believe that, in the inscrutable providence of God, she has a work to do; a work which, stained with heresy and rent with schism as she is, none else can do so well. Standing between the Catholic Church and the remoter darknesses of Rationalism and Infidelity, she catches the light of its eternal truth more fully, and breathes a far diviner atmosphere than they. She drinks in the solemn beauty of its apostolic order. She feels the power of its infallible authority. She wonders at its vast and perfect unity. She strives to reproduce these marks of the true church upon her own exterior, and calls her neighbors to examine and admire.

Thus she becomes the school-mistress to lead them to the truth. How many, who by birth, by prejudice, by old associations, appeared to be for ever aliens to the Catholic fold, have yielded first to the modified Protestantism of the Episcopal Church, and through her have been led straight home to the real mother of their souls! The names of Newman and Spencer, Faber, Ives, and Baker, teach us how much Catholics may owe to her who, even since her fall, has nursed the spiritual infancy of many saints of God. And we, who from her breast drew our first reverence for Holy Church, and, guided by her hand, at last beheld the beacon-light which led us to the Rock of Peter and the Home of Peace, can never cease to love her, or to pray that her great work may spread until the people of this nation, entranced by her reflected beauty, may turn their eyes to whence her light proceeds, and hasten onward to the Catholic Church, in which the sun of truth for ever shines.

Let, then, the general convention of 1868, so soon to gather in this great metropolis, awake to the emergency and quit themselves like men. The task imposed upon them is worthy of their toil, and, though the church for which they legislate reap not the harvest, they shall have their reward. The influence of their grand

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and solemn worship, of their fixed, conservative ideas, is necessary to keep down this restless age, and make it look with calmness on the questions of the day. Let that worship be established and those ideas extended in every town and hamlet to which the Catholic Church has not preceded them. Let her bishops and her clergy imbue the people with veneration for apostolic order and with a spirit of submission to apostolic power. Let her maintain the truths which she preserves, and with them build foundations in the national heart for the erection of the divine temple of the Christian faith. Let her do this and so fulfil the work which lies before her, doubting not lest the Lord forget her labor, but hoping that the way of grace she paves for others it may be finally her lot to tread.

And when the "Church of the Future" counts the trophies of her victory, and reviews the means by which it was accomplished, the work of Protestant Episcopalianism shall not be forgotten, and the workmen who performed it shall receive the meed of praise which is their due.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN AND CHATRIAN.

THE INVASION; OR, YEGOF THE FOOL.

CHAPTER IV.

All this while, everything was pursuing its usual course at the farm of Bois-de-Chênes. Yegof's strange behavior was almost forgotten, and war was for the time unthought of. Old Duchene, while Hullin plodded back, was driving his cattle home, the herdsman Robin spreading the straw on which they were to rest, and Annette and Jeanne were skimming the daily tribute of their dairy. Catherine Lefevre alone, silent and gloomy, mused over what had passed, as she superintended the work of her people. She was too old, too grave, to so soon forget events which had agitated her so strongly. At nightfall, after the evening repast, she entered the large kitchen where the farm-servants awaited her, and there took down her register and placed it upon the table, ready, as was her wont, to regulate the accounts of the day.

It might have been half-past seven, when footsteps were heard at the gate. The watch-dog sprang forward growling, listened for a moment, sniffed the air, and then quietly returned to his bone.

"It is some one belonging to the farm," said Annette; "Michel knows him."

At the same moment old Duchene exclaimed:

"Good-evening, Master Jean-Claude! You are back."

"Yes—from Phalsbourg, and I will remain here a few moments to rest before going to the village. Is Catherine at home?"

"She is within," replied Duchene. And brave Jean-Claude entered into the bright light, his broad hat drawn over his eyes, and the roll of sheepskin upon his shoulder.

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"Good-evening, my children," said he, "good-evening. Always at work, I see."

"Yes, Monsieur Hullin," answered Jeanne, laughing. "If we had nothing to do, life would be tiresome indeed."

"True, my dear, true. There is nothing like work for giving rosy cheeks and shining eyes."

Jeanne was about to reply when the door opened, and Catherine Lefevre advanced into the room. She cast an anxious glance on Hullin, as if to divine beforehand the news he was bringing.

"Well, Jean-Claude, you have returned."

"Yes, Catherine, and with good and ill tidings."

"Let us have them!" exclaimed she, presenting a seat to the sabot-maker, as he deposited his roll upon the table.

"Well, the news from Gaspard is good; the boy is well, although he has had a hard time of it; so much the better — hardship strengthens youth. But the war goes badly, badly!"

He shook his head as he spoke, and the old woman, seating herself in her arm-chair directly in front of him, fixed her eyes upon his.

"Then the allies are in France; the war is to be brought home to us?"

"Yes, Catherine; we may any day expect to see the enemy in our mountains."

"I feared it—I was sure of it—but go on, Jean-Claude."

Hullin, in a low voice, proceeded to relate all he had seen and heard; he told of the works around the city, the proclamation of the state of siege, the wagons loaded with wounded on the Place d'Armes, and his meeting with the old sergeant. From time to time he paused, and the old lady half-closed her eyes, as if graving his words upon her memory, and when Hullin spoke of the wounded she gasped:

"But Gaspard has escaped?"

At the end of the sabot-maker's sorrowful story there was a long pause. How many bitter thoughts were burning in the minds of both! At last Catherine broke the silence:

"You see, Jean-Claude," said she, "Yegof was right."

"He was right," replied Jean-Claude, "but what does that prove? It would, indeed, be astonishing if a fool—wandering, as he does, everywhere, from village to village—in Alsace, in Lorraine—saw nothing, heard nothing; and if he should not occasionally utter a truth in the midst of his nonsense. Everything is mingled in his head, and you imagine you understand what he does not understand himself. But enough of the fool, Catherine. The Austrians are coming, and the question is whether we shall let them pass quietly through our mountains, or defend ourselves like mountaineers."

"Defend ourselves!" cried the old woman, her pale cheeks flushing. "Think you we have lost the courage of our fathers? Did not the blood of their men, women, and children flow like water, and no one think of yielding?"

"Then you are for defence, Catherine?"

"Ay! while a drop of blood remains in my body. Let them come. The old woman will be in their path.'

Her long, gray hair in her excitement seemed to quiver upon her head; her cheeks trembled and glowed, and her eyes flashed fire. She seemed even full of a fierce beauty—of a beauty like that of Margareth of whom Yegof spoke. Hullin stretched his hand to her in silence.

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"I knew you, Catherine," said he with enthusiasm; "I knew your true heart. But we must look calmly at what is before us. We shall fight, but how? Where are our munitions?"

"Everywhere! axes, scythes, pitchforks—"

"Yes, yes; but muskets and bullets are the best. Muskets we have; every mountaineer's cottage has one hanging over the door; but where is our powder? where are our bullets?"

The old woman became suddenly calm; she pushed back her hair beneath her cap, and looked around thoughtfully.

"Yes," she replied; "we lack powder and ball, it is true, but we shall have them. Marc-Dives the smuggler has plenty. You will see him for me to-morrow, and tell him that Catherine Lefevre will buy all that he has, and pay for it too; yes, though it cost her house, lands, and cattle—all she possesses. Do you understand, Hullin?"

"I do. This is splendid, Catherine!"

"Splendid! Bah! To drive from our doors those Austrians, those Prussians, the red-bearded race who once already all but exterminated ours! They are our mortal foes! You will buy the powder, and the wretches will see whether their old castles are to be rebuilt by us!"

Hullin saw that Yegof's story yet preyed upon her mind, but he said simply:

"Then it is understood. I go to Marc-Dives's to-morrow?"

"Yes," replied Catherine; "and you will buy all his powder and lead. You must also go to all the villages in the mountains, to warn our people of the danger and agree upon a signal to be used in case of attack."

"Rest easy as to that," said Jean-Claude; "it shall be my care."

Both had risen and turned toward the door. For half an hour past the noise in the kitchen had ceased; the people of the farm had retired. The old woman placed her lamp on the chimney-shelf and drew the bolts. The cold without was sharp, but the air clear and still. The peaks around, and the fires on the Jaeger that stood out against the dark-blue sky in masses of silver or jet, and no sound broke the quiet save the short bark of a far-off fox.

"Good-night, Hullin," said the old woman.

"Good-night, Catherine."

Jean-Claude walked rapidly down the heath-covered slope, and his late hostess, after following him for a few moments with her eyes, closed the door.

I must leave you to imagine the joy of Louise when she learned that her Gaspard was safe. Hullin was careful not to mar her joy by a view of the dark cloud rising upon its horizon. All night he heard her talking to herself in her little chamber, murmuring the name of Gaspard, and opening drawers and boxes to find tokens he had left.

Thus does the linnet, unmindful of the coming storm, sing in the fast-receding sunshine.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Jean-Claude, the next morning, pushed open his window-shutters, he saw the neighboring mountains—Jaegerthal, Grosmann, Donon—covered with snow. This first sight of winter—when it overtakes us in our sleep—has a strange attraction about it. The old firs, the moss-covered rocks, were yesterday still clothed in their verdure, but now they glitter with frost, and fill our soul with an indescribable sense of sadness. "Another year has passed

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away," we murmur to ourselves; "another rude season must pass away before the flowers return!" And we hurry to don our great-coat or to light a roaring fire. Our little retreat is full of white light, and without we hear the sparrows—the poor sparrows crouching beneath the eaves and bushes—who with ruffled feathers seem to cry, "No breakfast this morning—no breakfast!"

Hullin put on his heavy double-soled shoes and his thickest jacket. He heard Louise walking over his head in the little garret.

"Louise," he cried, "I am going."

"What! to-day again?"

"Yes, my child; I must. My business is not yet finished."

Then pulling his broad felt hat over his head, he went half-way up the stairs, and said in a low tone:

"You must not expect me back very soon, child, for I must go a long way off. Do not be uneasy. If they ask you where I am gone, say to Cousin Mathias, at Saverne."

"Will you not have some breakfast before starting?"

"No; I have put a loaf of bread and the little flask of brandy in my pocket. Farewell, my child. Be happy, and think of Gaspard."

And, without waiting for more questions, he seized his staff and left the cottage, directing his steps toward the hill to the left of the village. At the end of a quarter of an hour he had passed it and reached the path of the Three Fountains, which winds around Falkenstein by an old wall. The first snow never lasts long in the damp shadows of the valleys, and it had already begun to melt and form a stream in the pathway. Hullin mounted the wall to escape the water, and throwing a glance toward the village saw a few old women sweeping the snow from before their doors, and a few old men exchanging their morning greetings and smoking their morning pipes at their thresholds. He pursued his way along dreamily, murmuring: "How tranquil all is there! None suspect that danger is nigh, and yet in a few days what tumults, what shrieks, what crashing of cannon and clattering of muskets will fill the air!"

Powder was the first necessity, and we have seen how Catherine Lefevre turned her thoughts to Marc-Dives the smuggler; but she did not speak of his amiable helpmate, Hexe-Baizel.

The couple lived at the other side of Falkenstein, beneath the cliff on which the ruined castle stood. They had hollowed out for themselves a very comfortable den, although it possessed but one entrance and two little windows, but rumor hinted that it communicated with ancient subterranean passages. These last, however, the custom-house officials were never able to discover, notwithstanding several visits they made the worthy pair with this object in view. Jean-Claude and Marc-Dives knew one another from infancy; they had many a time together driven the owl and the hawk from their nests, and still saw one another at least once a week at the saw-mill. Hullin placed full reliance upon the smuggler, but he somewhat mistrusted Madame Hexe-Baizel. "However," said he, as he neared their domicile, "we shall see."

He had lighted his pipe, and from time to time turned to contemplate the immense stretch of country spread out before him.

Nothing can be more magnificent than the view of snow-covered wooded mountains, rising peak after peak far into the pale-blue sky until sight is lost in distance, and separated by dark valleys, each with its torrent

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flowing over mossy stones, green and polished like bronze.

And then the silence—the silence of winter—broken only by the foot-fall on the soft, white ground, or the dash of snow falling from the higher branches of the firs to the lower, which bend beneath the weight; or mayhap the shrill screams of a pair of eagles, whirling far above the tree-tops, startle the ear. But all this must be seen and felt; it cannot be described.

About an hour after his departure from the village, Hullin, climbing over rock after rock, reached the foot of the cliff of Arbousiers. A sort of terrace, full of stones, and only three or four feet in width, entirely surrounds this mass of granite. The narrow way, itself surrounded only by the tops of trees shooting from the precipice below, seems dangerous, but is scarcely so in reality, for dizziness is all that is to be feared in passing along it. Above the ruin-covered rock overhangs the path.

Jean-Claude approached the smuggler's retreat. He halted a few moments upon the terrace, put his pipe back into his pocket, and then advanced along the passage, which described a half-circle and terminated in a notch in the rock. At its end he perceived the two windows of the cave and the half-open door.

At the same moment Hexe-Baizel appeared, sweeping the threshold with a huge broom of green twigs. She was short and withered; her head covered with a mass of dishevelled red hair, her cheeks hollow, her nose pointed, her little eyes glittering like burning coals, her mouth small and garnished with very white teeth. Her costume consisted of a short and very dirty woollen gown, and her small, muscular arms were bare to the elbow, notwithstanding the intense cold of winter at such a height; a pair of worn-out slippers half-covered her feet.

"Ha! good-morning, Hexe-Baizel," cried Jean-Claude, in a tone of good-natured raillery. "Stout, fat, happy, and contented as usual, I see."

Hexe-Baizel turned like a startled weasel. She shook her hair, and her eyes flashed fire. But she calmed herself at once, and said, in a short, dry voice, as if speaking to herself:

"Hullin the sabot-maker! What does he want here?"

"I want to see my friend Marc, beautiful Hexe-Baizel," replied Jean-Claude. "We have business together."

"What business?"

"Ah! that is our affair. Come, let me pass; I must speak to him."

"Marc is asleep."

"Well, we must wake him. Time presses."

So saying, Hullin bent beneath the door-way, and entered the cave, which was irregular in shape and seamed with numerous fissures in its walls. Near the entrance the rock, rising suddenly, formed a sort of natural hearth, on which burned a few coals and some branches of the juniper. The cooking utensils of Hexe-Baizel consisted of an iron pot, an earthen jar, two cracked plates, and three or four pewter forks; her furniture, of a wooden stool, a hatchet to split wood, a salt-box fastened to the rocky wall, and her great broom of green twigs. At the right, her kitchen opened upon another cavern by an irregularly shaped aperture wider at the top than below, and closed by two planks and a cross-bar.

"Well, where is Marc?" asked Hullin, seating himself at the corner of the hearth.

"I have already told you that he

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is asleep. He came home very late last night, and he must not be disturbed; do you understand?"

"I understand very well, Hexe-Baizel, but I have no time to wait."

"Then leave as soon as you please."

"That is very fine, but I don't intend to leave just yet. I did not make this journey to return empty handed."

"Is that you, Hullin?" interrupted a rough voice in the inner cavern.

"Ay, Marc."

"Wait a moment, I am coming."

A noise of rustling straw was heard, then the planks were removed, and a tall man, three feet at least from shoulder to shoulder, bony, bent, with ears and neck of a dull brick color and disordered brown hair, bent in the aperture, and then Marc-Dives stood erect before Hullin, gaping and stretching his long arms.

At first sight the countenance of Marc-Dives seemed mild enough; his broad, low forehead, temples only thinly covered with hair, pointed nose, long chin, and calm, brown eyes would seem to betoken the quiet, easy-going man, but one who should so class him would sooner or later discover his mistake. Rumor said that Marc-Dives had little scruple in using his axe or carbine when the custom-house officials invaded his premises, but proofs were wanting. The smuggler, thanks to his complete knowledge of all the defiles of the mountain, and of all the roads from Dagsbourg to Sarrebrück, from Raon l'Etape to Bâle in Switzerland, always seemed twenty miles from the place where such conflicts occurred. Then he had such a harmless air—in short, the rumors against him inevitably recoiled upon those who started them.

"I was thinking of you last night, Hullin," cried Marc, coming out of his den, "and if you hadn't come I should have gone all the way to the saw-mill to meet you. Sit down. Hexe-Baizel, give Hullin a chair."

He himself sat upon the wide hearth, with his back to the fire, opposite the open door, around which blew the winds of Alsace and of Switzerland.

The view through the narrow opening was magnificent—a rock-framed picture, but how grand a one! There lay the whole valley of the Rhine, and beyond the mountains melting into mist. The air, too, was so fresh and pure, and when the blue expanse without tired the eyes, the little fire within, with its red, dancing flames, was there to relieve them.

"Marc," said Hullin, after a moment's silence, "can I speak before your wife?"

"It is the same as speaking to me alone."

"Well. I have come to buy powder and lead of you."

"To shoot hares, I suppose," returned the smuggler, half-closing his eye and gazing keenly at Jean-Claude.

"No; to fight the Germans and the Russians."

There was another silence.

"And you want a good deal, I suppose."

"As much as you can furnish."

"I can furnish three thousand francs' worth to-day," said the smuggler.

"I will take it."

"And as much more in a week," continued Marc calmly, still gazing steadily at his friend.

"I will take it."

"You will take it!" cried Hexe-Baizel—"you will take it! I believe you, but who will pay for it?"

"Silence!" said Marc roughly.

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"Hullin will take it; his word is enough."

Then, stretching out his broad hand to the sabot-maker, he exclaimed:

"Jean-Claude, here is my hand! The powder and lead are yours; but I wish to stand my share of the expense. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Marc, but I intend to pay at once."

"He will pay himself," cried Hexe-Baizel. "Do you hear?"

"Am I deaf? Baizel, go fetch us a bottle of *Brimbelle-wasser* to warm us. What Hullin tells me fills me with joy. Those beggarly *Kaiserliks* won't have things go as easily as they imagine. Our people will defend themselves, and well!"

"They will! they will!"

"And there are those among them who will pay for what is needed."

"Catherine Lefevre will pay, and it is she who sends me here," said Hullin.

Then Marc arose, and, extending his hand toward the precipice, exclaimed:

"She is a woman among a thousand. Her soul is as great as yonder rock, Oxenstein. Never saw I a grander. I drink to her health. Drink too, Jean-Claude."

Hullin drank, and Hexe-Baizel followed the example.

"The bargain is made," cried Dives; "but, Hullin, it will not be easy to beat back the foe! All the hunters, the workmen, and the woodcutters in the mountain will not be too many. I have just come from beyond the Rhine. The earth is black with Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, Prussians, Cossacks, hussars. The villages cannot contain them, and they are encamped upon the plains, in the valleys, on the heights, in the cities, everywhere, everywhere!"

A sharp cry pierced the air.

"It is a buzzard chasing its prey," said Marc.

At the same instant a shadow passed over the rock. A cloud of chaffinches and small birds swept over the cave, and hundreds of buzzards and hawks dashed on above them, with loud screams. So dense and broad was the feathered mass, that it seemed almost immovable while the fluttering of so many thousand wings sounded like dead leaves driving before the wind.

"It is the birds leaving Ardennes," said Hullin.

"Yes, the last of them. Their corn and seeds are buried in the snow. But there are more men in the enemy's armies than birds yonder. No matter, Jean-Claude; France will live though the world assail her. Hexe-Baizel, light the lantern; I wish to show Jean-Claude our stock of ammunition."

Hexe-Baizel could not willingly obey this command.

"No one," said she, "has been in the cave for twenty years. He can as well take your word for it. We take his for payment. I will not light the lantern—not I!"

Marc, without saying a word, stretched forth his hand and grasped a stout stick. The old woman, trembling in every limb, disappeared like a ferret through a small aperture, and in a moment returned with a large horn lantern, which Dives tranquilly lighted at the hearth.

"Baizel," said he, replacing the stick, "you know that Jean-Claude is my friend, and has been since we were boys, and that I would trust him much sooner than I would you, old snarler; for you know well that if you did not fear being hung the same day, I would long since have danced at the end of a rope. Come, Hullin, follow me."

They went out together, and the

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smuggler, turning to the left, kept on toward the notch, which projected over the Valtin two hundred feet in the air. He pushed aside the foliage of a stunted oak, and then disappeared as if hurled into the abyss. Jean-Claude trembled, but he saw at the same moment Dives's head advancing along the wall of rock. The smuggler called out:

"Hullin, place your hand on the left side; there is a hole there; stretch out your foot boldly; you will feel a step, and then turn upon your heel."

Master Jean-Claude obeyed, not without fear and trembling; he felt the hole in the rock, found the step, and, turning half-way around, presently stood face to face with his friend in a niche which must formerly have belonged to some postern. At the end of the niche a low vault opened.

"How in the world was this discovered?" cried the wondering Hullin.

"I came on it while hunting for nests, thirty-five years ago. I had often seen a magnificent eagle with his mate upon this rock; they were splendid birds, full six feet across the wings. I heard the cries of their young beyond the notch, and, after many a trial, found myself here. What a battle we had! They tried to tear my eyes out, and when I killed them I cleared their nest of the bones that lay there after I had twisted the necks of the young; then I kept on, and you shall see what I found. Come."

They glided together beneath the low and narrow vault, formed of enormous red stones, over which the lantern threw a sickly glare.

At the end of about thirty steps a vast circular cave, formed from the living rock, appeared, on the floor of which were perhaps fifty piles of little kegs, and on the sides a great number of bars of lead and bags of tobacco. The air of the cavern was strongly impregnated with the strong odor of the last.

Marc placed his lantern at the entrance and gazed around with a well-satisfied smile.

"Here is what I found," said he, "only the cave was empty, save that in the middle of the floor yonder lay the skeleton of an animal—of a fox, which had probably died there of old age. The rogue had discovered the way before I did, and he could sleep in safety here. At that time, Jean-Claude, I was twelve years of age. I thought then that the place might some day be useful to me, I knew not how; but afterward, when I made my first essays at my trade with Jacob Zimmer, and when for two winters the revenue officers were on our track, the remembrance of my cave returned. I had made the acquaintance of Hexe-Baizel, who was a servant at the farm of Bois-de-Chênes, then owned by Catherine's father. She brought me twenty-five louis by way of dowry, and we set up our establishment in this cavern of the Arbousiers.

Dives was silent, and Hullin asked:

"You like this den, then?"

"Like it! I would not change it for the finest house in Strasbourg. For twenty-three years have I kept my goods here—sugar, coffee, powder, tobacco, brandy—and no one the wiser. I have eight horses always on the road."

"But you enjoy nothing of your wealth."

"Enjoy nothing! Think you there is no pleasure in mocking and outwitting the police—in defying the shrewd officials of the custom-house? And, besides, the people all love you; you sell at half-price; you are the benefactor of the poor."

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"But the danger!"

"Bah! What revenue officer would dare come here?"

"I believe you," muttered Hullin, as he thought that he must again brave the precipice.

"But I am used to it," continued the smuggler, "although, when I first made my way hither with a cask on my shoulder, my heart fluttered as it had not for many a day before."

He took up the lantern and held it so that the light might fall upon the heaps of kegs.

"It is fine English powder," said he; "it rolls like grains of silver in your hand, and is strong as fate. A little goes a long way; a thimbleful is enough for a charge. And there is lead that Europe cannot beat. This evening, Hexe-Baizel shall run some into balls. She knows how, as you shall see."

They turned to leave the cavern, when suddenly a confused noise of voices was borne upon the air. Marc instantly blew out the lantern, and the two men were in a moment plunged in darkness.

"There is some one above," whispered the smuggler. "Who in the fiend's name could have climbed Falkenstein in the snow?"

They listened breathlessly, their eyes fixed upon a ray of pale-blue light which descended through a narrow fissure in the top of the cave. Around this opening hung glittering spars of frost; above it could be seen the crest of a ruined wall. While they gazed thus in profound silence, a head shaggy with disordered hair, a glittering circlet binding the brow, the face long and ending in a pointed red beard—all sharply outlined against the white wintry sky—became visible.

"It is the King of Diamonds!" cried Marc, laughing.

"Poor wretch," murmured Hullin; "he is making a progress to his castles, his bare feet upon the frozen ground, and his tin crown protecting his head from the cold. Look, Dives, he is giving orders to the knights of his court; he stretches his sceptre north and south—all is his. Poor wretch, he makes me shiver to see him with nothing but his dog-skin robe around him."

"He makes me think," laughed the smuggler, "of some round-paunched burgomaster, or village mayor, rolling back in his chair as he dilates upon his wealth: 'H'm, I am Hans Aden; I have ten acres of fine meadow-land; I have two houses, a vine, my orchard, my garden—h'm, I have this, that, and the other.' The next day a colic seizes him, and then, good-night! We are fools, all of us. Come, Hullin, after all, the sight of that miserable creature talking to the winds and of his famine-stricken crow makes my teeth chatter too."

They passed on to the entrance of the vault, and the glare of day breaking suddenly upon them dazzled Hullin. The tall form of his companion guided him, however, and he pressed on after him.

"Step firmly," said Marc, "and do as you see me; your right hand in the hole, right foot on the step, half a turn, and here we are!"

They returned to the kitchen, where Hexe-Baizel told them that Yegof was among the ruins.

At the same moment the raven sailed past the door over the abyss, and uttered its hoarse cry; they heard the frozen heather bend beneath steps, and the fool appeared on the narrow terrace; he was wan and haggard, and cried, looking toward the fire:

"Marc-Dives, try to leave this soon; I warn you. The fortifications of my domains must be free

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from such vermin. Take your measures accordingly."

Then perceiving Jean-Claude, he knit his brows.

"Thou here, Hullin?" said he. "Art thou yet far-sighted enough to accept the proposals I deigned to make thee? Knowest thou that the alliance I offered is the only means of saving thyself from the destruction that broods upon thy race?"

Hullin could not avoid laughing.

"No, Yegof," he replied; "my sight is not yet clear enough; it is dazed by the honor you offer me. But Louise is not yet old enough to marry."

The fool seemed at once to grow more gloomy and thoughtful. He stood at the edge of the terrace, his back to the abyss, as if in his own hall, and the whirling of the raven around his head disturbed him not in the least.

At length he raised his sceptre, and said, frowning:

"I have twice demanded her, Hullin; twice thou hast dared to refuse me. Once more shall the demand be renewed—but once—dost hear?—and then the decrees of fate shall be accomplished."

And turning upon his heel, with a firm step and haughty carriage, notwithstanding the steepness of the descent, he passed down the rocky path.

Hullin, Marc-Dives, and even the acrid Hexe-Baizel, burst into peals of laughter.

"He is a fool!" said Hexe-Baizel.

"I think you are not altogether wrong," sneered the smuggler. "Poor Yegof is losing his head entirely. But listen, Baizel; you will begin at once to cast bullets of all calibres; I am off for Switzerland. In a week, at latest, the remainder of our munitions will be here. Give me my boots."

Drawing on the last, and wrapping a thick red woollen scarf about his neck, the smuggler took from a hook on the wall a herdsman's dark-green coat which he threw over his shoulders; then, covering his head with a broad felt hat and seizing a cudgel, he cried:

"Do not forget what I say, old woman, or if you do, beware! Forward, Jean-Claude!"

Hullin followed his host without even bidding Hexe-Baizel farewell, and she, for her part, deigned not to see her departing guest to the door. When they had reached the foot of the cliff, Dives stopped, saying:

"You are going to the mountain villages, are you not, Hullin?"

"Yes; I must give the alarm."

"Do not forget Materne of Hengst and his two sons, and Labarbe of Dagsbourg, and Jerome of Saint-Quirin. Tell them there will be powder and ball in plenty; that Catherine Lefevre and I, Marc-Dives, will see to it."

"Fear not, Marc; I know my men."

They shook hands warmly and parted, the smuggler wending his way to the right toward Donon, Hullin taking the path to the left toward the Sarre.

The distance was rapidly widening between them, when Hullin called out:

"Halloo, Marc! Tell Catherine, as you pass, that all goes well, and that I have gone among the villages."

The other replied by a nod, and the two pursued their different ways.

CHAPTER VI.

AN unusual agitation reigned along the entire line of the Vosges; rumors of the coming invasion spread from village to village. Pedlars, wagoners, tinkers, all that wandering popu-

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lation which is constantly floating from mountain to plain, from plain to mountain, brought each day budgets of strange news from Alsace and the banks of the Rhine. They said that every town was being put in a state of defence; that the roads to Metz, to Nancy, Huningue, and Strasbourg, were black with army and provision wagons. On every side were to be seen caissons of powder, shells, and shot, and cavalry, infantry, and artillery hurrying to their posts. Marshal Victor, with twelve thousand men, yet held the Saverne road, but the draw-bridges of all the fortified towns were raised from seven in the evening until eight in the morning.

Things looked gloomy enough, but the greater number thought only of defending their homes, and Jean-Claude was everywhere well received.

The same day, at about five in the evening, he reached the top of Hengst, and stopped at the dwelling of the hunter-patriarch, old Materne. There he passed the night; for in winter the days are short and the roads difficult. Materne promised to keep watch over the defile of Zorn, with his two sons, Kasper and Frantz, and to respond to the first signal that should be made from Falkenstein.

Early the next day, Jean-Claude arrived at Dagsbourg to see his friend Labarbe the wood-cutter. They went together to the hamlets around, to light in all hearts the love of country. Labarbe accompanied Hullin to the cottage of the Anabaptist Nickel, a grave and respectable man, but they could not draw him into their glorious enterprise. He had but one reply to all their arguments. "It is well," he said; "it is doubtless right; but the Scriptures say that he who takes up the sword shall perish by the sword." He promised, however, to pray for the good cause, and that was all they could obtain of him.

They went thence to Walsch, where they found Daniel Hirsch, an ancient gunner in the navy, who promised to bring with him all the men of his commune.

Here Labarbe left Jean-Claude to pursue his route alone.

For a week more our brave friend wandered over the mountains, from Soldatenthal to Leonsberg, from Meienthal to Voyer, Cirey, Petit-Mont, Saint-Sauveur, and the ninth day he found himself at the shoemaker Jerome's, at Saint-Quirin. They visited together the defile of Blanru, after which Hullin, entirely satisfied with the results of his journey, turned once more toward his village.

Since two o'clock in the afternoon he had been pressing on at a brisk pace, thinking of the life of the camp, the bivouac, the crash of battle, marches and countermarches—all those details of a soldier's life which he regretted so often and which he now looked forward to with ardor. The twilight shadows had begun to fall when he discovered the village of Charmes, afar off, with its little cottages, from which curled wreaths of light-blue smoke, scarcely perceptible against the snow-covered mountain-side, its little gardens with their fences, its slate-covered roofs, and to the left the great farm-house of Bois-de-Chênes, and below, in the already dark ravine, the saw-mill of Valtin.

And then, without his knowing why, a sadness filled his heart.

He slackened his steps; thoughts of the calm, peaceful life he was losing, perhaps for ever, floated through his mind; he saw his little room, so warm in winter and so gay in spring, when he opened his window to the breezes from the woods; he heard

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the never-changing tick of the village clock; and he thought of Louise —his good little Louise—spinning in silence, her eyes cast down, or, mayhap, singing in her pure, clear voice at evening. Everything in his home arose before his eyes: the tools of his trade, his long, glittering chisels, the hatchet with the crooked handle, the porringers of glazed earthenware, the antique figure of Saint Michael nailed to the wall, the old curtained bed in the alcove, the lamp with the copper beak—all were before him, and the tears forced their way to his eyes.

But it was to Louise—his dear child, his Louise—that his thoughts turned oftenest. How she would weep and implore him not to expose himself to the dangers of war! How she would hang upon his neck and beg him not to leave her! He saw her large, affrighted eyes; he felt her arms around him. He would fain deceive her, but deceit was no part of Jean-Claude's character; his words only deepened her grief.

He tried to shake off his gloom, and, passing by the farm of Bois-de-Chênes, he entered to tell Catherine that all went well, and that the mountaineers only awaited the signal.

Fifteen minutes later, Master Jean-Claude stood before his own door.

Before opening it, he glanced through the window to see what Louise might be doing. She was standing in the alcove, and seemed busily arranging and rearranging some garments that lay upon the bed. Her face beamed with happiness, her eyes sparkled, and she was talking to herself aloud. Hullin listened, but the rattling of a passing wagon prevented his hearing her words.

He pushed open the door and entered, saying:

"Louise, here I am back!"

She bounded like a fawn to him and threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming:

"It is you, Father Jean-Claude! How I have been waiting for you! How long you were gone! But you are home again, at last."

"My child—many things"—said the good man, putting away his staff behind the door—"many things kept—"

But his heart was too full; he could say no more.

"Yes, yes, I know," cried Louise, laughing. "Mother Lefevre told me all."

"How is that! You know all and only laugh? Well, it proves your good sense. I expected to see you weep."

"Weep? And why, Father Jean-Claude? Oh! never fear for me; I am brave. You do not know me."

Her air was so prettily resolute that Hullin could not help smiling; but his smile quickly disappeared when she added:

"We are going to have war; we are going to fight, to defend the mountains!"

"*We* are going! *We* are going!" exclaimed the good man, astounded.

"Certainly. Are we not?" she asked, her smile disappearing at once.

"I must leave you for some time, my child."

"Leave me? Oh! no, no. I will go with you; it is agreed. See, my little bundle is all ready, and I am making up yours. Do not be uneasy; let me fix everything, and you will be satisfied."

Hullin stood stupefied.

"But, Louise," he cried, "you are dreaming. Think, my child! We must pass long winter nights without a roof to cover us; we must bear hardship, fatigue, cold, snow, hunger, and countless dangers! A musket-ball would mar my pretty bird's beauty."

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"You are only trying your little Louise," cried she, now in tears, and flinging herself upon his neck. "You will not leave me here alone."

"But you will be better here; you will have a good fire and food. Besides, you will receive news of us every day."

"No, no! I will go with you; I care not for cold. And I have been shut up here too long; I want the fresh air. The birds are out; the redbreasts are out all winter; and did I not know what hunger was when a child? Mother Lefevre says I may go; and will you whom I love so much be more cruel than she?"

Brave Jean-Claude sat down, his heart full of bitter sorrow. He turned away his head that she might not see the struggle going on within, while Louise eagerly continued:

"I will be safe; I will follow you. The cold! What is the cold to me? And if you should be wounded—if you should wish to see your little Louise for the last time, and she not be near to take care of you—to love you to the last! Oh! you must think me hard-hearted!"

She sobbed; Hullin could hold out no longer.

"Is it indeed true that Mother Lefevre consents?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, oh! yes, she told me so; she said, 'Try to get Father Jean-Claude to let you; I am satisfied.'"

"Well," said the sabot-maker, smiling sadly, "I can do little against two. You shall come! It is agreed."

The cottage echoed with her cry of joy, and with one sweep of her hand her tears were dried, and her face, like an April sky, beamed in smiles.

"You are a little gypsy still," cried Hullin, shaking his head. "Go trap a swallow."

Then, drawing her to him, he continued:

"Look you, Louise: it is now twelve years since I found you in the snow. You were blue with the cold, poor child; and when I brought you to the fire and warmed you, the first thing you did was to smile at me, and since that day your smile has ruled old Jean-Claude. But let us look at our bundles," said the good man with a sigh. "Are they well fastened?"

He approached the bed, and saw in wonder his warmest coats, his flannel jackets, all well brushed, well folded, and well packed. Then in Louise's bundle were her best dresses and her thick shoes. He could not restrain a laugh, as he cried:

"O gypsy, gypsy! It takes you to pack up."

Louise smiled.

"Then you are satisfied with them?" she asked.

"I must be; but in the midst of all this fine work, you did not think, I'll wager, of getting ready my supper."

"That is soon done," said she, "although I did not know you would return to-night, Papa Jean-Claude."

"That is true; but get something ready quickly; no matter what, for my appetite is sharp. In the meantime I will smoke a pipe."

"Yes, smoke a pipe."

He sat at the corner of his workbench and drummed dreamily upon it. Louise flew to right and left like a veritable fairy, kindling up the fire, breaking eggs, and in the twinkle of an eye she had an omelette ready. Never had she looked so graceful, so joyous, so pretty. Hullin leaned his cheek upon his hand and gazed at her gravely, thinking how much firmness, will, resolution, there was in that little form, light as an antelope, but decided as a cuirassier. In a moment she had laid the omelette before him on a large plate, ornament-

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ed with blue flowers, a loaf of bread, his glass, and his bottle of wine."

"There, Father Jean-Claude, eat your supper."

The fire leaped and crackled in the stove, throwing ruddy stains on the low rafters, the stairs half in shadow and the large bed in the alcove, and lighting up the poor dwelling so often made joyous by the merry humor of the sabot-maker and the songs of his daughter. And Louise would leave all this without regret to brave the wintry woods, the snow-covered paths, and the steep mountain-side, and all for love of him. Neither storm, nor biting wind, nor torrents staid her. She had but one thought, and that was to be near him.

The repast ended, Hullin arose, saying:

"I am weary, my child; kiss me for good-night."

"But do not forget to awake me, Father Jean-Claude, if you start before daybreak."

"Rest easy; you will come with us," he answered, as he climbed the narrow stairs.

All was silence without, save that the deep tones of the village clock told the hour of eleven. Jean-Claude sat down and unfastened his shoes. Just then his eyes fell upon his musket hung over the door. He took it down, slowly wiped it, and tried the lock. His whole soul was in the work in which he was engaged.

"It is strange—strange! The last time I fired it was at Marengo—fourteen years ago, and it seems but yesterday."

Suddenly the frozen snow crunched beneath a foot-fall. He listened. Two taps sounded upon the window-panes. He ran and opened the door, and the form of Marc-Dives, his broad hat stiff with ice, emerged from the darkness.

"Marc! What news?"

"Have you warned Materne, Jerome, Labarbe?"

"Yes, all."

"It is none too soon; the enemy are advancing."

"Advancing?"

"Yes, along their whole line. I have come fifteen leagues since morning to give you warning."

"Good. We must make the signal: a fire upon Falkenstein."

Hullin's face was pale, but his eyes flashed. He again put on his shoes, and two minutes after, with his cloak upon his shoulders and his staff firmly clinched in his hand, he opened the door softly, and with long steps followed Marc-Dives along the path to Falkenstein.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM midnight until six o'clock in the morning a flame shone through the darkness from the summit of Falkenstein.

All Hullin's friends, and those of Marc-Dives and Mother Lefevre, with high gaiters bound around their legs, and old muskets upon their shoulders, trooped in the silence of the woods to the gorges of the Valtin. The thought of the enemy pouring over the plains of Alsace to surprise their glens and defiles nerved every heart and arm. The tocsin at Dagsbourg, at Walsch, and at Saint-Quirin ceased not to call the country's defenders to arms.

Imagine the Jaegerthal, at the foot of the old *burg*, in the early morning hour, when the giant arms of the trees begin to break through the shadows, and when the approach of day softens somewhat the intense cold of the night. The snow lies deep upon the ground. Imagine the old saw-pit with its flat roof, its heavy wheel glittering with icicles;

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a fire of sawdust shining from within, but paling before the morning twilight, and around the fire fur caps and slouched hats and dark faces crowded together; further on, in the woods, and along the winding valley, were other fires lighting up groups of men and women seated on the snow.

As the sky grew brighter friends began to recognize each other.

"Hold! There is Cousin Daniel of Soldatenthal. You here too?"

"As you see, Heinrich, and my wife too."

"What! Cousin Nanette! But where is she?"

"Yonder, by the large oak, at Uncle Hans's fire."

They clasp each other's hand. Some slept, some piled branches and broken planks upon the fires. Flasks passed around, and those who had warmed themselves made way for their shivering neighbors. But impatience was gaining upon the crowd.

"Ah!" cried one, "we have not come here only to stretch our legs. It is time to look around, to agree upon our movements."

"Yes! yes! let us organize and elect our leaders!" cried many.

"No; all are not yet here. They are yet coming from Dagsbourg and Saint-Quirin," replied others.

Indeed, as day advanced, the pathways of the mountain seemed full of people. There were already some hundreds in the valley—wood-cutters, charcoal-burners, and others—without counting the women and children.

Nothing could be more picturesque than that halt in the snow, at the bottom of a defile covered to the clouds with high firs; to the right, valley following valley as far as the eye could reach; to the left, the ruins of Falkenstein, reaching, as it seemed, to the sky; and before you groups of thickly bearded men with gloomy brows, broad square shoulders, and hands callous from labor. Some of them, taller than their fellows, were red-haired and white-skinned, and seemed strong as the oaks of the forest. Of this number were old Materne of Hengst and his two sons, Frantz and Kasper. These three, armed with short Innspruck rifles, their high gaiters of blue canvas with leather buttons reaching above the knee, their bodies covered with hare-skin jackets, and their slouched hats pushed far back upon their heads, did not deign to approach the fire. Since one o'clock they had sat upon the felled trunk of a fir by the border of the brook, their eyes constantly on the watch, and their feet buried in the snow. From time to time the old man would say to his sons:

"What are they shivering for yonder? I never saw a milder night at this season; it is a fine hunting night; the brooks are not yet frozen."

Every hunter as he passed pressed their hands, and then joined his fellows, who formed a separate band, among whom but few words passed, for silence is one of the great virtues of the chase.

Marc-Dives, standing in the middle of another group, over whom he towered by a head, talked and gesticulated, now pointing to one part of the mountain, now to another. Opposite him was the old herdsman Lagarmitte, in his gray smock-frock, his dog at his side. He was listening open-mouthed to the smuggler, and from time to time gravely nodded his head. The remainder of the group was composed of wood-cutters and workmen with whom Marc had daily dealings.

Between the saw-pit and the first fire sat the shoemaker Jerome of Saint-Quirin, a man between fifty and sixty years of age; his eyes

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were sunken, his face long and brown, and his yellow beard descended to his waist; his head was covered with an otter-skin cap; and as he leaned forward upon a heavy knotted staff, in his long woollen *great-coat, he* might easily have been *mistaken for* some hermit of the wilds. Whenever any one approached with news, Father Jerome slowly turned his head and listened with bent brows.

Jean Labarbe sat motionless, his elbow resting upon his axe-helve. He was a pale man, with an aquiline nose and thin lips, and exercised a great influence over the men of Dagsbourg by the resolution and force of his character. When those around him cried out for action, he simply said, "Wait; Hullin has not arrived yet, nor Catherine Lefevre. There is no hurry," and all around became quiet.

Piorette, a little, dry, thin, energetic man, with eyebrows meeting over his nose, and a short pipe between his teeth, sat at the threshold of the saw-mill, and gazed with a quick but thoughtful eye at the scene.

Nevertheless, the impatience increased every minute. A few village mayors in cocked hats called upon their people to deliberate. Happily the wagon of Catherine Lefevre at last appeared, and a thousand enthusiastic shouts arose on all sides.

"Here they are! They have come!"

Old Materne stood up upon the trunk of a tree and then descended, gravely saying:

"It is they."

Much excitement now prevailed; the scattered groups collected. Scarcely could the old woman be seen distinctly, seated upon a truss of straw with Louise by her side, when the echoes rang with the cry:

"Long live France! Long live Mother Catherine!"

Hullin, behind, his musket strapped upon his back, was crossing the field of Eichmath, grasping hands and saluting his friends:

"Is it you, Daniel? Good-morning, Colon!"

"Ha! Things look stormy, Hullin."

"Yes, yes; we shall soon have lively times. You here, old Jerome! What think you of the state of affairs?"

"All will yet go well, Jean-Claude, with God's help."

Catherine, when she arrived in front of the saw-mill, ordered Labarbe to open the little cask of brandy she had brought from the farm-house. Hullin, approaching the fire, met Materne and his two sons.

"You come late," said the old hunter.

"True, but there was much to be done, and too much yet remains to be done to lose more time. Lagarmitte, wind your horn."

Lagarmitte blew until his cheeks seemed bursting, and the groups scattered along the path, and at the skirts of the wood hastened to assemble, and soon all were collected before the saw-mill. Hullin mounted a pile of logs, and spoke amid the deepest silence:

"The enemy," said he, "crossed the Rhine the night before last. He is pressing on to our mountains to enter Lorraine. Strasbourg and Huningue are blockaded. In three or four days at most the Germans and the Russians will be upon us."

A shout of "Long live France!" arose.

"Ay, long live France!" cried Jean-Claude; "for, if the allies reach Paris, all our liberties are gone! Forced labor, tithes, privileges, and gibbets will flourish once more. If

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you wish that they should, let the allies pass."

A dark scowl seemed to settle on every man's face.

"I have said what I have to say!" cried Hullin, pale with emotion. "As you are here, you are here to fight!"

"Ay, to fight!"

"It is well; but one word more. I would not deceive you; I see among you fathers of families. We will be one against ten—against fifty. We must expect to perish! Therefore, let those whose hearts may grow faint ere the end comes, go. All are free!"

Each in the crowd looked round to see his neighbors' faces, but no one left his place. Jean-Claude spoke in a firmer tone:

"No one moves! All are ready for battle! A chief—a leader—must be named, for in times of danger everything depends on order and discipline. He whom you shall appoint must be obeyed in all things. Reflect well, for on him depends the fate of every one of us."

So saying, Jean-Claude descended from his tribune, and earnest voices began at once to whisper in the crowd. Every village deliberated separately; each mayor proposed his man; time passed; Catherine Lefevre burned with anxiety and impatience. At length she could contain herself no longer, and rising upon her seat she made a sign that she wished to speak.

"My friends," said she, "time flies; the enemy is advancing. What do we need? A man whom we can trust; a soldier acquainted with war, and knowing how to profit by the strength of mere positions. Well, why not choose Hullin? Can any among you name a better? I propose Hullin!"

"Hullin! Hullin!" cried Labarbe, Dives, Jerome, and many others. "Let us have a vote!"

Marc-Dives, climbing the pile of logs, shouted in a voice of thunder:

"Let those who are opposed to having Jean-Claude Hullin for our leader, raise their hands!"

Not a hand rose.

"Let those who wish Jean-Claude Hullin to be our chief, raise their hands!"

Every hand rose.

"Jean-Claude," said the smuggler, "you are the man. Come hither. Look!"

Jean-Claude mounted the logs, and seeing that he was elected, said calmly:

"You name me your chief. I accept. Let old Materne, Labarbe of Dagsbourg, Jerome of Saint-Quirin, Marc-Dives, Piorette the sawyer, and Catherine Lefevre enter the saw-mill. We will hold a council, and in twenty minutes I will give my orders. In the meantime let every village detail two men to go to Falkenstein with Marc-Dives for powder and ball."

CHAPTER VIII.

THOSE whom Hullin named met in the hut attached to the saw-mill around the immense chimney. A sober sort of merriment seemed to play about the face of more than one.

"For twenty years I have heard people talking of these Russians and Austrians and Cossacks," said old Materne, smiling, "and I shall not be sorry to see one at the muzzle of my rifle."

"Yes," answered Labarbe; "we shall see enough of them at last, and the little children of to-day will have many a tale to tell of their fathers and their grandsires. And how the old women of fifty years hence will chatter of it at evening around the winter fire!"

"Comrades," cried Hullin, "you

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know the country—you know our mountains from Thann to Wissembourg. You know that two grand roads—the imperial roads—traverse Alsace and the Vosges. Both starting from Bâle, one runs along the Rhine to Strasbourg, and enters Lorraine by Saverne. Huningue, Neuf-Brisach, Strasbourg, and Phalsbourg defend it. The other turns to the left to Schlestadt. Leaving Schlestadt, it enters the mountains, and passes on to Saint-Dié, Raon-l'Etape, Baccarat, and Lunéville. The enemy would like to force the passage of these two roads, as they are the best for cavalry, artillery, and wagons; but, as they are well defended, we need not trouble ourselves about them. If the allies lay siege to the cities upon them, the campaign will be dragged out to a great length, and we shall have nothing to fear; but this is not probable. After having summoned Huningue to surrender, and Belfort, Schlestadt, Strasbourg, and Phalsbourg, on this side of the Vosges, and Bitche, Lutzelstein, and Sarrebrück, on the other, they will fall upon us. Now, listen. Between Phalsbourg and Saint-Dié there are several defiles practicable for infantry, but only one for cannon, that is, the road from Strasbourg to Raon-les-Leaux, by Urmatt, Mutzig, Lutzelhouse, Phramond, and Grandfontaine. Once masters of this road, the allies can debouch in Lorraine. This road passes us at Donon, two leagues hence, to our right. The first thing to be done is, to establish ourselves upon it at the place most favorable for defence—that is, upon the plateau on the mountain; to break down the bridges, and throw heavy abatis across it. A few hundred large trees, with their branches, will do the work, and under their cover we can watch the approach of the foe. All this, comrades, must be done by to-morrow night, or by the day after, at the latest. But it is not enough to occupy a position and put it in a good state of defence. We must see that the enemy cannot turn it."

"That is just what I was thinking," said old Materne. "Once in the valley of the Bruche, and the Germans can bring their infantry to the hills of Haslach, and turn our left; and there is nothing to hinder their trying the same movement upon our right, if they gain Raon-l'Etape."

"Yes; but to prevent their doing either, we have only to occupy the defiles of the Zorn and of the Sarre on our left, and that of Blanru on our right. We must defend a defile by holding the heights, and, for that purpose, Piorette will place himself, with a hundred men, on the side of Raon-les-Leaux; Jerome, on Grosmann, with the same number, to close the valley of the Sarre; and Labarbe, at the head of the remainder, on the mountain, will overlook the hills of Haslach. You will choose your men from those belonging to the villages nearest your stations. The women must not have far to come to bring provisions, and the wounded will be nearer home. The chiefs of each position will send me a report each day, by a messenger, on foot, to Donon, where will be our headquarters. We will organize a reserve also; but it will be time enough to see to that when our positions are taken, and no surprise from the enemy is to be feared."

"And I," cried Marc-Dives, "am I to have nothing to do? Am I to sit with folded arms while all the rest are fighting?"

"You will superintend the transporting of our munitions. No one among us understands keeping pow-

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der as you do—preserving it from fire and damp—or casting bullets and making cartridges."

"That is a woman's work," cried the smuggler. "Hexe-Baizel can do it as well as I. Am I not to fire a shot?"

"Rest easy, Marc," replied Hullin, laughing; "you will find plenty of chances. In the first place, Falkenstein is the centre of our line—our arsenal and point of retreat, in case of misfortune. The enemy will know by his scouts that our wagons start from there, and will probably try to intercept them. Shots and bayonet-thrusts will not be wanting. Besides, we cannot confide the secret of your cave to the first comer. However, if you insist—"

"No," said the smuggler, whom Hullin's reflections upon the cave touched at once. "No; all things well considered, I believe you are right, Jean-Claude. I will defend Falkenstein."

"Well, then, comrades," cried brave Jean-Claude, "we will warm our hearts with a few glasses of wine. It is now ten o'clock. Let each one return to his village, and see to the provisions. To-morrow morning, at the latest, the defiles must be occupied."

They left the hut together, and Hullin, in the presence of all assembled, named Labarbe, Jerome, and Piorette chiefs of the defiles; then he ordered those who came from the Sarre to meet, as soon as possible, near the farm of Bois-de-Chênes, with axes, picks, and muskets.

"We will start at two," said he, "and encamp on Donon, across the road. To-morrow, at daybreak, we will begin our abatis."

He kept old Materne, and his two sons, Frantz and Kasper, by him, telling them that the battle would surely begin on Donon, and sharp-shooters would be needed there. Mother Lefevre never seemed so happy. She mounted her wagon, and whispered, as she embraced Louise:

"All goes well. Jean-Claude is a man. He astonishes me, who have known him forty years. Jean-Claude," she cried, "breakfast is waiting, and a few old bottles which the Austrians will not drink."

"Good Catherine, I am coming."

But as he struck the horses with the whip, and as the mountaineers had just begun to scatter on their way to their villages, they saw, on the road to Trois-Fontaines, a tall, thin man, mounted upon a red mare; his hare-skin cap, with a wide peak, pulled well down upon his head. A great shepherd-dog, with long black hair, bounded beside him; and the skirts of his huge overcoat floated like wings behind him.

"It is Dr. Lorquin, from the plain," exclaimed Catherine; "he who attends the poor for nothing; and that is his dog Pluto with him."

It was indeed he, who rushed among the crowd, shouting:

"Halt! stop! Halt, I say!"

His ruddy face, large, quick eyes, beard of a reddish-brown, broad, square shoulders, tall horse, and dog, in a moment appeared at the foot of the mountain. Gasping for breath, he shouted, in his excitement:

"Ah the villains! They wanted to begin the campaign without me! They shall pay for it!"

And, striking a little box he carried at his crupper, he continued:

"Wait awhile, my fine fellows, wait awhile! I have some things here you'll want by and by; little knives and great ones—round and pointed ones—to cut out the bullets and canister your friends yonder will treat you to."

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So saying, he burst into a gruff peal of laughter, while the flesh of his hearers crept. After this agreeable pleasantry, Dr. Lorquin said gravely:

"Hullin, your ears should be cut off! When the country was to be defended, was I to be forgotten? It seems to me that a surgeon might be useful here, although may God send you no need of one!"

"Pardon me, doctor; it was my fault," replied Hullin, pressing his hand. "For the last week I have had so many things to think of that some escaped me, in spite of myself. But a man like you need not be called upon by me to do his duty."

The doctor softened.

"It is all well and good," he cried; "but by your fault I am here late. But where is your general? I will complain to him."

"I am general."

"Indeed!"

"And I appoint you surgeon-in-chief."

"Surgeon-in-chief of the partisans of the Vosges. Very good, Jean-Claude." And, approaching the wagon in which Catherine was seated, the doctor told her that he relied upon her to organize the hospital department.

"Very well," she answered; "forward. You dine with us, doctor."

The wagon started, and all the way the brave doctor laughingly told Catherine how the news of the rising reached him; how his old housekeeper Marie was wild with grief, and tried to keep him from going to be massacred by the Kaiserliks; the different episodes of his journey from Quibolo to the village of Charmes. Hullin and Materne and his sons marched a few paces in the rear, their rifles on their shoulders; and thus they reached the farm of Bois-de-Chênes.

CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

NUMBER ONE.

INTRODUCTORY.

MAN is made for truth. The ray of intelligence beaming from his countenance and kindling his looks with life marks his superiority over all inferior creation, and loudly proclaims this fact. Intelligence must have an object; and what can this object be but truth? As a necessary consequence from this fact, it follows that error can be nothing else than fragments of truth; ill-assorted, improperly joined together. Error does not consist in what logicians call simple ideas, or self-evident propositions; but in complex ideas, the result of a long chain of syllogisms. Another consequence, closely allied to the first, is, that the greater the error, the more universal and more widely spread, the more particular truths it must contain. Or, if it does not contain a greater number of partial truths, it must have the power of apparently satisfying a real and prevalent tendency of our mind, otherwise it would never exert dominion

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over the intelligence; or else it must possess the secret of awakening and alluring a true and imperative aspiration of our nature.

It is through these views that we have been enabled to explain to ourselves the prevalence of Pantheism. The simple utterance of the word Pantheism, the Deity of everything, would seem to carry its refutation with it, so plain and evident is its falsehood, so glaring its absurdity.

Pantheism, however, has been the universal error in time and space. In India, Persia, China, Greece, Rome, Pantheism flourished; now under a religious, and then under a philosophical form. After the Christian era it was the religion or system of those who did not understand the Christian dogmas as taught by the church; and the fathers of the first centuries, in battling against Gnosticism, Eclecticism, and Neoplatonism, were struggling with this old error of the world—Pantheism. Depressed for awhile by the efforts of the doctors of the church, it arose with fiercer energy under the forms of all those heresies which attacked the dogma of the Incarnation of the Word.

In the middle ages there were many philosophers who held Pantheism; and in modern times, since the dawn of the Reformation, it has become the prevalent, the absorbing error of the world. Always the same as to substance, it assumes every variety of form: now you see it in a logical dress, as in the doctrine of the German school; again it takes a psychological garb, as in that of the French school with Cousin at its head; or it assumes a social and political form, as in the Pantheism of Fourier, Leroux, Saint Simon, and all the progressists of every color or shade; and finally, it puts on a ghostly shroud, as taught by the American spiritualists. Under whatever garb it may appear, it penetrates and fills all, and pretends to explain all. It penetrates philosophy, natural science, history, literature, the fine arts, the family, society and the body politic, and religion. It holds its sway over all, and exhibits itself as having the secret of good and evil. How is this to be explained? If the falsehood of Pantheism be so evident, whence is it that it is the universal error in time and space, and has made such ravages in man's intelligence? The greater its falsehood, the more inexplicable becomes its prevalence. Has the nature of man changed? Has his intelligence lost its object? It is true, man's intelligence is not perfect. Since the fall it is weakened and obscured, but doubtless it has not ceased and could not cease to be intelligence; truth has not ceased to be its natural essential object. How, then, are we to explain the prevalence of so mighty an error?

By the fact that it is a system which by its generality seems to satisfy a supreme tendency of our mind, and to appease one of the most imperative cravings of our souls. Man's intelligence has a natural tendency to synthetize, that is, to bring everything into unity. This tendency arises both from the essential oneness of the mind and from the nature of its object. The object of the mind is being or reality in some form or other. That which does exist cannot even be apprehended, and hence cannot be the object of the mind. To understand and to understand nothing is, at the same time, the affirmation and the negation of the understanding. Now, if the object of the intelligence, in order to be known and understood by the said faculty, must represent itself under the form of being or reality, it

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is under this respect necessarily one. Under whatever form it may exhibit itself, under whatever quality it may be concealed, it must always be reality or being, and, as such, one. But if being, reality, or unity, taken in the abstract, was the sole object of the intelligence, there would be an end to all its movement or life. All science would be at an end, because science is a process, a movement; and movement is not possible where an abstraction is the sole object of the mind. Being and unity, then, abstractly considered, would be the eternal stupor of the mind. This cannot be so, however. Intelligence is action, life, movement. Now, all this implies multiplicity; hence the object of the intelligence must also be multiple. But does not this second condition also destroy the former, which requires that the object of the intelligence should be one? Here reason finds a necessary, though, as we shall see, only an apparent contradiction, both in the logical as well as ontological order. In the logical order, because the intelligence seems to require unity and multiplicity as the conditions without which its action becomes impossible. In the ontological order, or the order of reality, because if the object is not at the same time one and multiple, how can those conditions of the mind be satisfied?

The intelligence, then, in order to live, must be able to travel from unity to multiplicity in an ascending or descending process, and to do so, not arbitrarily, but for reasons resting on reality.

In this lies the life of the intelligence; science is nothing but this synthetical and analytical movement. Let the mind stop at analysis or multiplicity, and you will give it an agglomeration of facts of which it can neither see the reason nor the link which connects them: and hence you place it in unnatural bonds, which, sooner or later, it will break, it matters not whether by a sophistical or a dialectic process. On the other hand, let it stop at unity, and you condemn it to stupor and death.

The foregoing ideas will explain the fact how a particular error will either have a very short existence or fall into the universal error of Pantheism. For in this, so far as we can see, lies the reason of the universal dominion of Pantheism. Because it proposes to explain the whole question of human knowledge, it takes it up in all its universality, and the solution which it sets forth has all the appearance of satisfying the most imperative tendency of our mind. To be enabled to explain the numberless multiplicity of realities, no matter how, and, at the same time, to bring them into a compact and perfect whole, strikes to the quick the very essence of man's intelligence and allures it with its charms. If this be not the main reason of the prevalence of Pantheism, we acknowledge we do not understand how such a mighty error could ever take possession of man's mind; we are tempted to say that human understanding was made for falsehood, which is to deny the very notion of intelligence.

What Pantheism proposes to do for the mind it also promises to accomplish for the soul.

There is, in man's heart or soul, impressed in indelible characters, a tendency after the infinite, a craving almost infinite in its energy, such is the violence with which it impels the soul to seek and yearn after its object. To prove such a tendency were useless. That void, that feeling of satiety and sadness, which overwhelms the soul, even after the enjoyment of the most exquisite

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pleasure, either sensible or sentimental; the phenomenon of solitaries in all times and countries; the very fact of the existence of religion in all ages and among all peoples; the enthusiasm, the recklessness and barbarity which characterize the wars undertaken for religion's sake; the love of the marvellous and the mysterious exhibited by the multitude; that sense of terror and reverence, that feeling of our own nothingness, which steals into our souls in contemplating the wide ocean in a still or stormy night, or in contemplating a wilderness, a mountain, or a mighty chasm, all are evident proofs of that imperious, delicious, violent craving of our souls after the infinite. How otherwise explain all this? Why do we feel a void, a sadness, a kind of pain, after having enjoyed the most stirring delights? Because the infinite is the weight of the soul—the centre of gravity of the heart—because created pleasures, however delightful or exquisite, being finite, can never quiet that craving, can never fill up that chasm placed between us and God.

The pretended sages of mankind have never been able to exterminate religion, because they could never root out of the soul of man that tendency. I say pretended sages, because all real geniuses have, with very few exceptions, been religious; for in them that tendency is more keenly and more imperiously felt.

This is the second reason of the prevalence of Pantheism. To promise the actual and immediate possession of the infinite, nay, the transformation into the infinite, is to entice the very best of human aspirations, is to touch the deepest and most sensitive chord of the human heart.

Both these reasons we have drawn *a priori;* we might now prove, *a posteriori*, from history, how every particular error has either fallen into Pantheism or disappeared altogether. But since this would carry us too far, we will exemplify it by one error—Protestantism.

The essence of Protestantism lies in emancipating human reason from dependence on the reason of God. It is true that at its dawn it was not proclaimed in this naked form, nor is it thus announced at the present time; but its very essence lies in that. For if human reason be made to judge objects which God's reason alone can comprehend, man is literally emancipated from the reason of God.

What does this supreme principle of Protestantism mean, that every individual must, by reading the Bible, find for himself what he has to believe?

Are the truths written in the Bible intelligible or superintelligible; that is, endowed with evidence immediate or mediate, or are they mysteries?

If they be purely intelligible, endowed with evidence mediate or immediate, there is no possible need of the Bible, for, in that case, reason could find them by itself. If they be mysteries, how can reason, unaided by any higher power, find them out? It will not do to say, They are written in the Bible, and reason has merely to apprehend them. Suppose a dispute should arise as to the right meaning of the Bible; who is to decide the dispute? Reason? Then reason must grasp and comprehend mysteries in order to decide the dispute. For none can be judge unless he is qualified thoroughly to understand the matter of the dispute. From this it is evident that to make reason judge of the faith is to make it judge of the mysteries of the infinite, and, therefore, is to emancipate the reason of man from subjection

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to the reason of God. Hence, Protestantism was rightly called a masked rationalism.

It soon threw off the mask. The human mind saw that it can never be emancipated from the reason of God unless it is supposed to be independent, and it could never be supposed independent unless it was supposed equal to the reason of the infinite.

The result of all this is necessarily Pantheism. And into Pantheism Protestants soon fell, especially the Germans, who never shrink from any consequence if logically deduced from their premises. Such was the latent reasoning of Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and others, in building up their form of Pantheism.

To understand is to master an object, to mould it so as to fit our intelligence. We can understand the infinite, we can master it. Therefore, we are at least equal to the infinite, 'we are ourselves the infinite,' we ourselves lay it down by a logical process. Hence the astounding proposal which Fichte made to his disciples, that the next day he would proceed to create God, was nothing else but the echo and logical consequence of the cry raised by the unfrocked monk of Wittenberg, proclaiming the independence of reason from the shackles of all authority.

On the other hand, the denial of human liberty and the absolute predestination of the Calvinists give the same result. If we are not free agents, if God can do what he lists with us, we are no longer agents in the strictest and truest sense of the word. Now, every substance is an act, a *monos*, a force; if, then, we are not agents, we are not substances, and hence we become qualities, phenomena of the infinite substance. All this as regards doctrine. But Protestantism ran into Pantheism by another road almost as soon as it arose, for the action of the feelings is swifter and more rapid than logic. Protestantism being rationalism in doctrine is necessarily naturalism with regard to the soul; and by presenting to the soul only nature, its authors left the craving after the supernatural and the infinite thirsty and bleeding. What was the consequence? Many Protestant sects fell into mysticism, which is but a sentimental Pantheism, a species of interior theurgy. History is too well known to render necessary any proof of these assertions. These are the consequences at which active minds must arrive when, in their researches, they do not meet with truth.

As to those minds which are not active, or not persevering in their inquiries, they fall into indifference, which is but a scepticism of the soul, as doubt is the scepticism of the mind.

Now, the question arises, What is the best method of refuting Pantheism? Many have been the refutations of Pantheism, but they are limited to pointing out the absurd consequences following from it, which consequences, summed up, amount to this: that Pantheism destroys and makes void the principle of contradiction in all the orders to which it may be applied; that is to say, it makes void that principle in the ontological order or order of realities, in the logical order, etc.

But, notwithstanding the truth and force of this refutation, we do not know that it has converted a single Pantheist. From the fact that Pantheism is more prevalent at the present time than ever it was, we should conclude that it has not. We say this with all the respect and deference due to those who have exerted their talents in the said arena. For we know that some of the noblest intellects have

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brought their energy to bear against this mighty error. But, if we are allowed to express our opinion, we say that all former refutations have been void of effect for lack of completeness, and a determination on the part of their authors to limit themselves to the abstract order, without descending to particulars, and to the order of realities. The result was, that while Pantheism, without any dread of consequences, applied its principles to all orders of human knowledge, and to all particular questions arrayed under each order, and was, as it were, a living, quickening system—false, indeed, in the premises, but logical and satisfactory in the consequences resulting from those premises—the refutations of it, confined within the limits of logic, were a mere abstraction; true, indeed, and perfectly satisfactory to any one who could apply the refutations to all the orders of human knowledge, but wholly deficient for those who are not able to make the application. We think, therefore, that a refutation of Pantheism should be conducted on the following principles:

1st. To admit all the problems which Pantheism raises, in all the generality of their bearing.

2d. To examine whether the solution which Pantheistic principles afford not only solves the problem, but even maintains it.

3d. If it is found that the Pantheistic solution destroys the very problem it raises, to oppose to it the true solution.

These are the only true principles, as far as we can see, which will render a refutation of Pantheism efficient. For, in this case, you have, in the first place, a common ground to stand upon, that is, the admission of the same problems; in the second place, if you can prove that the Pantheistic solution of the problems destroys them, instead of solving them, it will be readily granted by the Pantheist for the sake of the problems themselves. When you have done all this, you do not leave the mind in doubt and perplexity, but you present to it the true solution, and it will then be ready to embrace it.

A refutation conducted upon those principles we have attempted in the articles we now publish.

We take Pantheism in all its universality and apparent grandeur; we accept all its problems; we examine them one by one, and we show that the Pantheistic solution, far from resolving the problems, destroys them; and we substitute the true solution. In a word, we compare Pantheism with Catholicity; that is, the universality of error with the universality of truth—the whole system of falsehood with the whole system of truth. We make them stand face to face, and we endeavor to exhibit them so plainly that the brightness and splendor of the one may thoroughly extinguish the phosphoric light of the other. We show the Pantheist that, if he ever wants a solution of *his* problems, he must accept Catholicity, or proclaim the death of his intelligence.

To do this it will be necessary for us to compare Pantheism and Catholicity in all orders; in the logical order, in the ontological order or the order of reality; and under this order we must compare them in the moral, social, political, and æsthetic orders. The truth of the one or the other will appear by the comparison.

It is true we undertake a great task; great especially as regards the positive part of the refutation. For it embraces the whole of theology; not only with relation to what is commonly regarded as its object, but in the sense of its being the supreme

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and general science, the queen of all sciences, the universal metaphysic in all possible orders. We own that we have felt the difficulty of such a task, and many times have we abandoned it as being far above our strength. But a lingering desire has made us return to the work. We have said to ourselves: Complete success and perfection are beyond our hope, but we can at least make the attempt; for, in matters of this kind, we think it well to reverse the wise maxim of the Lambeth prelates, and rather attempt too much than do too little.

FRIENDSHIPS.

THE glowing wreaths that 'mid curled locks repose,
Through night of pleasure worn,
Myrtle and jasmine, orange-flower and rose,
Fall shrivelled by the morn.

The simple immortelles for loved ones twined—
With many a tear and sigh,
Hung round the cross—the rain-compelling wind
And winter snows defy.

Thus gilded friendships, knit by pleasure brief,
Fade when joy's scenes have passed;
But duller links, annealed by burning grief,
Through checkered years shall last.

The Lamp.

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TRANSLATED FROM LE CORRESPONDANT.

DISCOURSE BY THE REV. PÈRE HYACINTHE.*

"Misericordias Domini in æternum cantabo," "I will sing eternally the mercies of the Lord."—*Psalms.*

MADAM and my sister in Jesus Christ: It is you who have given me the text and the subject of this exhortation. It is you who, overflowing with gratitude toward him who has called you from darkness to his admirable light, have asked me to forget this audience and to think only of you and of God, and to speak only of his loving-kindness which has been manifested in every event of your life. I will obey you; and, taking this life in its three divisions which mark time, I will endeavor to speak in simple truth, and the pious confidence of an overflowing heart, of the mercies of God over your past, your present, and your future career.

The history of Christian souls is the most marvellous and yet the most hidden of all histories. The more exterior events which agitate society find only in these interior histories their true sense and their highest reason; and when we shall read these entire in the book of life, and by the light of eternity, we will find therein the unanswerable justification of the providence of God over human affairs, and the true titles of the nobility of mankind in the blood and by the grace of Christ. "We will sing eternally the mercies of the Lord!"

I.

AND first, madam, what were these mercies of your past life? Or, to be better understood, what were you? What have you been until now? I acknowledge some embarrassment in giving an answer to my own question. Although born in the bosom of heresy, you were not a heretic. No, by the grace of God you were not a heretic; and nothing shall force me to give you this cruel name—justly cruel—against which cries out all the knowledge I have of your past. One of the doctors—the most exact and the most severe—of Christian antiquity, Saint Augustine, refuses in several of his writings to class among heretics those who, born outside the visible communion of the Catholic Church, have kept in their hearts the sincere love of truth, and are disposed to follow it in all its manifestations and in all its requirements.*

That which makes heresy is the spirit of pride, of revolt, and of schism, which burst forth in heaven when Satan, separating the angels of light, attempted to remodel, according to his liking, the theology of eternity, and reform the work of God in the world; it is that breath blown from the nostrils of the archangel in wrath to stir up about him his propagandists throughout time. Gentle and humble of heart, you have never

* Delivered on the occasion of a profession of Catholic faith and the first communion of an American Protestant lady, in the chapel of the convent of "Les Dames de l'Assomption," at Paris, July 14th, 1868.

* See particularly the letter xliii. of the edition of the Benedictines of Saint-Maur: "Qui sententiam suam, quamvis falsam atque perversam, nulla pertinaci animositate defendunt, præsertim quam non audacia præsumptionis suæ pepererunt, sed a seductis atque in errorem lapsis parentibus acceperunt, quærunt autem cauta sollicitudine veritatem, corrigi parati, cum invenerint; *nequaquam sunt inter hæreticos deputandi.*"

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breathed that breath. You are not, then, a heretic.

But then, what were you? One day I interrogated one of your most distinguished fellow-countrymen, Protestant by birth, now a Catholic and a priest, and in the outburst of that pious curiosity which is awakened by the history of souls I asked him this same question: "What were you?"

He answered me thus: "I did not belong to any Protestant communion; I had been baptized in the church of my parents, but I had never professed their faith." "You were, then, a rationalist?" said I. "No," responded he smilingly; "we of the United States know nothing of that mental malady of the Europeans." I blushed and was silent an instant, then pressed him to explain further, when he gave me this noble reply: "I was a natural man, seeking the truth with my whole intelligence and heart."

Well, madam, you were like that: you also—a noble, womanly nature—seeking the truth in love, and love in truth. But you were more: you were a Christian; ay, a Catholic.

This is a fundamental distinction without which it becomes impossible to be just toward communions separated from the Catholic Church, and toward the souls which compose them. All religious schisms contain within their bosom two elements entirely contrary: the negative element, which makes it a schism and often a heresy; and the positive element, which preserves for it a portion more or less great of its ancient heritage of Christianity. Not only distinct, but hostile, these two elements are nevertheless brought together in constant combat; the darkness and the light—life and death—meet without mingling, or without either being vanquished; and then results what I shall call the profound mystery of the life of error. As for myself, I do not give to error that undeserved honor to suppose that it can live of its own life, breathe of its own breath, or nourish of its own substance souls who are not without virtue, and peoples who are not without greatness.

Madam, Protestantism, as Protestantism, is that negative element which you have repudiated, and which with the Catholic Church you have condemned and abjured. But the spirit of Protestantism has not been alone in your religious life: by the side of its negations there were its affirmations, and, like savory fruit confined within its bitter husk, you were in possession of Christianity from your infancy.

Before coming to us, you were a Christian by baptism, validly received, and when the hand of your minister poured the water upon your forehead with the words of eternal life, "I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," it was Jesus Christ himself that baptized you. "Of little importance is the hand," writes Saint Augustine, "whether it be that of Peter or that of Paul: it is Christ that baptizes."

It was Christ who affianced you, who received your plighted faith and pledged you his. The depths of your moral being—that sacred part which in noble souls feels instinctively a repugnance to error — the Word consecrated to himself, and like a chaste virgin he reserved it for the skies! "*Virginem* castam exhibere Christo."*

Christian by baptism, you were also one by the gospel. The Bible was the book of your infancy; and therein you have lisped at once the secrets of this divine faith, which is

* 2 Corinthians xi. 2.

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[illegible] comes from [illegible] of that [illegible] which is of all [illegible] over the [illegible] Without doubt [illegible] private judgment, so- [illegible] under which you [illegible] is the source of [illegible] but again, let us [illegible] to God, besides the [illegible] with the Protest- [illegible] is the Christian [illegible] private judgment, [illegible] of that superna- [illegible] in baptism, and [illegible] of which Saint [illegible] "We have the mind of [illegible] and of which Saint John [illegible] from the [illegible] know all things." [illegible] together that [illegible] which has separated [illegible] I was agreeably [illegible] that we understood [illegible] in the same sense [illegible] in reading it [illegible] the Church, you have [illegible] without the spirit of [illegible]

[illegible] and the Holy [illegible] that [illegible] and [illegible] that language [illegible] to God [illegible]

[illegible]

but because you were Christian: we were of the same blood, both royal and divine. You were a child of the family like myself; but your cradle was carried away in a night of storm by imprudent hands from the paternal mansion—that mansion of which your eyes could no longer retain the image, of which your lips knew [illegible] the name, but which you [illegible] by your tears, by your [illegible] all the emotions of your [illegible] you needed, my [illegible] find it again [illegible] old, to embrace [illegible] dwell [illegible]

You [illegible] of Saint [illegible]

[illegible]

Catholic [illegible] can [illegible] "Les [illegible] 1868.

II.

I HAVE tried, madam, to tell what was your past, and how the mercy of God prepared you in it by his far-reaching hand for the marvels of the present. What is now this marvel? It is the mystic marriage with Jesus Christ, by the communion with his real body and with his real blood, in the sacrament of his true church. Affianced of God in baptism, you become his spouse in the Eucharist. 'Oh! blessed are you to have been alled to the marriage feast of the amb."*

It is not without a touching motive at you have chosen the 14th of ly to consummate this solemn act. is is the anniversary of your mar-ge—of that marriage sundered by th. You have made your entry the Catholic Church the epoch a great transformation in your itual life: you have chosen the day t appropriately, desiring that this , so full of the remembrances of erness and grief, should mark entire union with your crucified , to be no more separated for

w beautiful is he—in his blood, rough your tears—this Spouse vary, and how lovely, and how he made for you, my daughter! ot

ence on a monument smiling at grief:"

e transported with sorrow and g in death.

nember well the day when I u for the first time in the f my humble convent. The crucifix you already wore our breast, and from time your eyes were turned toward er cross suspended against , and which presided over view, full of light and full of tears, with an expression which revealed your whole soul—all that it still lacked—all that it already foresaw.

I would exaggerate nothing, and above all I would offend no one; but can I not say that the orbit wherein, ordinarily, Protestant piety moves is the divine, rather than God himself? It is conscience, with its steel-like temper, which is at the same time evangelic and personal. It is respect for truth—the instinctive taste for what is moral and religious. All these are what I call the divine: it is not God. It is the glorious ray of the sun, but it is not that resplendent disk. Where, then, is the elevation of the soul to the living God? "My soul has thirsted for the strong and living God; when shall I come, and appear before his face?"* Where is the habitual communion of the heart and its works with the Word made flesh? and the tears poured out like Magdalen at his feet? and the bowed head—like that of John—upon his breast? and all that which the book of the *Imitation* so well calls the familiar friendship of Jesus? Where, in a word, is that Real Presence which, from the holy sacrament, as from a hidden fountain, flows forth to the true Catholic, like a river of peace, all the day long, fructifying and gladdening his life? It was this Emmanuel—this God with us—who awaited you in our church, and in the sacrament which attracted you with so much power even when you but half-believed in it. As in the ancient synagogue, you found in your worship only symbols and shadows; they spoke to you of the reality but did not contain them, they awakened your thirst but did not quench it. Weak and empty elements which have no right to existence since the veil of the temple has been rent

* Apocalypse xix. 9.

* Psalm xli. 3.

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asunder and the eternal reality discovered. "Old things have passed away, and all things are become new."* Oh! blessed are you to have been admitted into the nuptial chamber of the Lamb.

However, madam, if Christ has taken captive your heart, it is the language of the prophet: "Thou hast beguiled me, O Lord, and I am beguiled: thou hast been stronger than I, and thou hast prevailed."† But he has respected all the rights of your reason and of your liberty. That which you have resolved, that which you are about to accomplish, you have weighed well and long in the balance of investigation, study, reflection, and prayer; and I owe you this justice to say that you have carried your reflection to the utmost scruple, and completion almost to delay—so much have you feared, in this great religious act, any other argument but of personal conscience; to such a degree have you persisted in rejecting the shadow of any human influence, or the shadow of the influence of imagination or sentiment.

It is thus, however, that Jesus Christ would have you to himself. Spouse of love, he is at the same time the Spouse of truth and liberty, and this is why, in drawing souls to him, he never deceives nor constrains them. He is the eternal Word, begotten of the reason of God the Father; born in the outpouring of infinite splendor, he remembers his origin, and when he comes to us it is not under cover of our gloom, but in the effulgence of his light. And because he is the truth he is also liberty. He bows with respect‡ before the liberty of the soul, his image and daughter, and forgets the language of command that he may only employ that of prayer. As in the sacred song, he says: "Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is full of dew, and my locks of the drops of the nights."*

"Here am I." He says again in the Apocalypse, "I stand at the door, and knock: if any one shall hear my voice, and open to me the door, I will come in, and will sup with him, and he with me."† He never forces an entrance into the heart; he enters it only when it is opened for him. How tender and beautiful those words that prove that with God as with man there is the same love and the same tenderness! True love respects as much as it loves, and disdains triumph at the expense of liberty!

Is this all, however? For his love is jealous and liberty is not enough; there must be the combat and the sacrifice. What were the desperate conflicts, free though you were, that rendered your decision so difficult and so painful? I may not speak of them. Family, friends, country: I have seen these sacred wounds too near to dare to touch them. I will only say that I was ignorant until now of what it costs even to the mind most perfectly convinced, and to the strongest will, to leave the religion of their mother and of their country!

Ah! why is it that on that noble soil of the United States our church is still, I do not say unknown, but despised, by so many souls? Would to God it were only unknown! A new apostle will invoke upon her shores the God whom Paul invoked before the Areopagus, *ignoto Deo*, the church which they love in the ideal, without knowing it in its reality; and, free from prejudices, the sober-minded Americans will receive it

* 2. Cor. v. 17. † Jer. xx. 7.

‡ "Cum magna reverentia disponis nos." (Sap. xii. 18.)

* Canticle v. 2. † Apocalypse iii. 20.

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better than did the frivolous Athenians. But they think they know us, while they see us through such base report that even our name excites disgust and hatred. How much longer must these sectarian misapprehensions continue? and when will God at last command that the walls of division shall be thrown down? At all events, it depends upon us to prepare for that much desired day, by coming together, not with doctrinal concessions, which would be criminal if not chimerical, but by abandoning our respective prejudices before the better known reality, and by the formation of those kindly relations, while esteem and charity could yet unite those whom diversity of beliefs still separate. As for me, this is my most ardent prayer, and as far as I understand and appreciate the situation of religious affairs in this century, this feeling is invested with a quickened and more pressing character. And since, then, the time has come when judgment should begin at the house of God,* let us Roman Catholics know how to give the example; let us arise resolutely and give a loyal hand to our separated but well-beloved brethren.

But what do I say? Is it not you, madam, who have come to us first, surmounting obstacles which I cannot recount? You have overcome them not only with the sweat of your brow, but by the blood of your soul; for, as Saint Augustine so truly says, "there is a blood of the soul." And it is this which you have poured out; you have removed by your heroic hands the hewn rocks which shut you in. Like the daughter of Zion, you have made straight your way and have come.†

Ah! let me welcome you with these words of your own, in which you expressed the inspiration which was your strength: "My love, my beautiful, calls me: I know his voice, and though I am weak and trembling I will come to him."

III.

LET us finish this song of the loving-kindness of God in your soul. Affianced by baptism, even in the bosom of your involuntary errors, espoused by the Eucharist in the integrity of Catholic faith and charity, what remains for you to complete the cycle of divine love and to consummate your life therein, except to become a mother in the apostolate?

Our Lord was speaking one day to the multitude, when he was told that his mother and his brethren were without and had asked for him. Surveying the people with his look of inspiration, he asked, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" Then stretching out his hand over the listening multitude, he said, "Behold my mother and my brethren. For whosoever shall do the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother and my mother."*

The Pope Saint Gregory the Great, explaining, in one of his homilies, this teaching of the Master, found some difficulty in his saying, "This is my mother." "We are without doubt his brothers and his sisters, by the accomplishment of the will of the Father; but how could any being other than Mary be called his mother?" And the great pope remarks, as soon as a soul by a word, by example, by a spiritual influence, whatsoever it may be, produces or develops in another soul the Word, the God, the Truth, substantial and living, justice and charity, in fact, Jesus Christ—for Jesus Christ is all

* "Quoniam tempus est ut incipiat judicium a domo Dei." (1 Peter iv. 17.)

† "Conclusit vias meas lapidibus quadris, semitas meas subvertit." (Lam. iii. 9.)

* Matthew xii. 49, 50.

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these—she becomes in a way superior to the reality of maternal conception, the mother of Jesus in that soul, and the mother of that soul in Jesus.

Well, madam, if I mistake not, God reserves for you a part in his choice of this spiritual maternity. It is of those cherished ones of whom I cannot speak—respect and emotion forbid—but you will be their mother in Jesus, their mother in the integrity of their liberty as you have been his spouse in the plenitude of your own. Since there are other souls without number and without name, at least to our feeble minds, but who are counted and inscribed in the book of divine election, and who, by the mysterious power of your apostleship, shall be gathered from the four winds of heaven; for the Lord hath not spoken in vain: "And many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven."* Yes, many, born like you in heresy without having been heretics, ignorant without being culpable, are hastening to the banquet of Catholic truth, to the joys of a refound unity; while, alas! some there are among us, zealous for the letter, but using it to smother the spirit, who will see themselves perhaps excluded from the kingdom of God, for which they do not bring forth fruit.†

Go, then, as a missionary of peace and of light to the land that awaits you, and of which by an especial design of Providence the moral future is almost entirely in the hands of women. You will not regret the public preaching which is forbidden your sex; you will speak in the modest and persuasive eloquence of conversation; you will speak by your person and your entire life, free yet submissive, humble yet proud, austere yet tolerant, carrying the love of God even to aspirations the most sublime, and the love of your fellow-beings to condescensions the most tender.

But I would define more clearly the special character of your apostolate. In recounting to me the history of your soul, with its loves and hates, you have said, "I have hated three things: slavery, the Catholic Church, and immorality." Of the three hates only one remains. Slavery is no more: God has effaced the sign of Cain from the brow of your people with a baptism of blood. As for the Catholic Church, when you came to know it your hate was turned to love, and you have espoused it to battle more efficiently with it against the last enemy; and it is in the firm foundation of her dogmas, replacing the slippery sand whereon your uncertain feet trod; it is in the fecundity of its sacraments, substituted for the sterility of your worship; it is under the guidance of its hierarchy, and in the force of its unity, that you will combat the double immorality which dishonors the Christian world—the immorality of mind, which we in Europe call Rationalism, which you in America call Infidelity; two wounds unlike I know, but two wounds equally mortal: and the immorality of the heart, that which corrupts the senses as the former does thought. These two immoralities are sisters; one attacks the virginity of faith, the other the virginity of love, and both have found in woman a special enemy. To the serpent which crawls on its belly and eats the dust of the earth, the Lord has said from the beginning, in pointing to woman, who is the ideal being springing from the heart of man: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy

* Matthew viii. 11. † Matthew xxi. 43.

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head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel." *

But now, behold the woman above all women! Mary, the young wife, the young mother, going over the hills of Judea to visit her friend, advanced in years, and hopeless as it seemed in sterility. She carries in her womb the infinite weight of the Word, but her step is light like truth, like love. Under the charm of the chaste love of God she greets Elizabeth, who feels at her approach the germ of nature quicken within her breast. "From whence cometh this happiness that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" The children were yet mute, but their mothers prophesy, Elizabeth before John the Baptist, Mary before Jesus Christ. "Already," to speak with St. Ambrose, "already the day of the beginning of the salvation of man had begun," † and because sin had commenced by woman, regeneration commenced by her.

It seems to me I see now the Christian woman, espoused of Jesus and his mother, advancing toward this century, bowed down like Elizabeth in the sadness of sterility. The obstacles which have repelled us do not hinder her. She will imbibe in the inspirations of her charity, faith, and hope, which we have too often failed to show; rising like Mary upon the delectable heights, walking in the paths of the spring-time and of the dawn; she will cause to be heard in the ears of the men of this century this cry of the heart which recognizes the presence of Jesus: "Behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the child in my womb leaped for joy." *

Arise, daughter of Zion, unbind the cords about your neck, you who were captive: "*Solve vincula colli tui, captiva filia Sion.*" † How beautiful are the feet of those who stand upon the mountain-top, proclaiming peace and bringing the glad tidings of salvation, crying: "The Lord shall reign!"

* Genesis iii. 15.

† "Serpunt enim jam tentamenta salutis humanæ." In Luc.

* Luke i. 44. † Isaiah lii. 2.

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GLIMPSES OF TUSCANY.

SANTO SPIRITO.

III.

SANTO SPIRITO is not as well known to strangers as the other large churches of Florence. It is on the south, or less frequented, side of the river, and is so hemmed in, hidden away, and thrust out of sight, by compact masses of tall dwellings and old palaces, that, although just round the corner from the Pitti, it was a month before I found it out. Indeed, I was only then apprised of its existence by the drums of the Sixth grenadiers beating for military Mass.

A piazza in Florence means an acre, more or less, of oblong, open, flat, macadamized, unornamented ground; without tree, or shrub, or flower, or even the picturesque grasses of the deader Italian towns. The Piazza of Santo Spirito is peculiarly bald and insipid. The exterior of the church itself is dreadful; shabbiness and dilapidation unrelieved by a single line of beauty. The cupola, for which Brunelleschi is responsible, is mean almost to vulgarity; almost as mean as the cupola of San Lorenzo. Two such cupolas would ruin any other reputation than his who vaulted Santa Maria del Fiore. The only redeeming feature in the whole quadrilateral is the charming Campanile, or belfry of Baccio d'Agnolo's, which hovers like the dream of a poet over Ser Filippo's prose. The façade of the church is unfinished, and, what is worse, disfigured by the introduction of the scroll, that poorest, falsest, shallowest of architectural devices. The scroll is properly the symbol of the fleeting; a line described through air or water with wand or wheel; the scriptural type of evanescence: "*And the heavens shall be rolled away like a scroll.*" (Isaiah.) "*And the heaven withdrew, as a scroll rolled up together.*" (Revelation.)

How monstrous a violation of all fitness to adopt it as part of the fixed form and outline of an edifice—to fasten the sign of the transient on the front of mansions dedicated to the service of the Eternal! The front is the weakest elevation of the basilica, but the scroll only makes it worse. See how well the matter can be mended by the gold mosaic and linear grace of San Miniato, by the arched colonnades of Pisa, by the pointed buttresses—*not* the wretched windows—of Milan. You are in a rage with Ser Filippo and the Renaissance at once.

But enter; push the green baize aside; step fairly in. Heaven, how beautiful! What breadth, what calm, what repose! Round-arched aisles of dark Corinthian columns, not stopping at the choir, but running clean round transepts and apsis, traversing a Latin cross of more than three hundred by nearly two hundred feet. No stained glass—all in transparent shadow, like the heart of a forest. A church built for use, not show; yet lofty, spacious, beautiful, with an atmosphere of its own which is luxury to breathe. Not the gloom of the Duomo, nor the glow of St. Peter's, nor yet the gray of San Lorenzo; the place is haunted

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by a dim, mysterious gladness. Although in the round style, and comparatively barren of detail, it looks larger even than it is; larger than Santa Maria Novella or Santa Croce. Its real magnitude is enhanced by its perfect proportions; a fact which should keep us from flippantly imputing to the same cause the illusive littleness of St. Peter's.

But the grenadiers are marching in, "fifty score strong;" their bayonets are flashing in nave and aisle. You would think the church would never hold them all; yet there is room beneath those brown arches for thrice as many more. As soon as the men are formed, the officers march down the nave amidst complete silence—their breasts covered with decorations won at Magenta and Solferino—and range themselves before the choir. In the transept on their right is stationed their band, much the best in Florence—some forty instruments, admirably led, and nearly as good as the Austrian. Just as the music begins, the chaplain, a handsome, grave young ecclesiastic—followed by two tall grenadiers who serve his Mass—advances from Cronaca's beautiful sacristy; and, without the least appearance of haste, and with the utmost dignity, Mass is said in fifteen minutes. No noise, no shuffling, no whispering, none of the effort and formality of a festa; the charm is that of a ceremony first beheld just as the celebrants are first at home in their parts. The cavalry Mass at Santa Maria Novella is far less imposing; dismounted troopers are always awkward, and their band, in this instance, is a poor one. But it was very fine at La Novella—the two dragoons flanking the altar with naked sabres, else motionless at their sides, flashed forward in swift salute at the elevation.

As soon as Mass was over, the troops dispersed and I was at liberty to explore the church. What a relief to find the pictures covered! it almost reconciled me to Lent. What a delight to find all the details unobtrusive—all the chapels modestly in the background, instead of parading their comparative insignificances. Nothing blank or bald: a broad, single effect like the Sistine Sibyls and Prophets, or the Madonna of the Fish, or the Idylls of the King.

In the ages of faith, the monk, the noble, and the state went hand in hand in erecting and adorning the house of God—in making it gigantic, beautiful, imperishable, complete. Not only in Italy, but throughout Europe, there was a silent compact between the present and the future—an assurance that the inspiration of to-day would remain the inspiration of to-morrow—an abiding conviction that the creed of the sire would remain for ever precisely the creed of the son. In this belief, the founders of the great churches cut out work for three centuries with less misgiving than we should now have in projecting for as many years. The builders of the English abbeys foresaw not the day when the torch and sword and hammer of the descendant would be uplifted to burn, to stain, to shatter a repudiated inheritance; when the rites of new and hostile doctrines would affront the few ancestral temples that were spared. The architects of St. Peter's foresaw not the large revolt for which they were unconsciously paving the way in Germany. Like ourselves, to be sure, they had the record of the past before them. They knew, as well as we, that naught was left of Corinth, and next to nothing of Athens, and little of ancient Rome save her Colosseum and her Pantheon; that the temple of Solomon was ashes; that the obelisks were pilgrims to the West;

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that the *tented* sepulchres of the *shepherd* kings stood solitary and meaningless in the desert. But, in spite of all this panorama of mutation and decay, they could not subdue the sacred instinct of building for eternity. Christianity was so charged with promise, triumph, and immortality that they fancied her tabernacles as indestructible as herself. There was a joyous trust, too, that "the time was at hand," a confident expectation that those domes and spires would abide till the coming of the Son of man in the glory of his Father with his angels.

But the English Reformation, the French Revolution, and Italian Unification have taught us that the monuments of the new faith, instead of being specially exempt from injury, are peculiarly liable to insult and mutilation. Men and nations have measurably ceased to care or expect to perpetuate themselves through the temple and the tomb. The soul of architecture has received a shock. Her throne is the solitude or the waste. She lurks amidst ruins and relics, the very Hagar of art. She that seemed mightiest has proved weakest; her daintier sisters, sculpture and song, have triumphed where she failed. The statues that adorned her porticoes are upright still, but the porticoes themselves are overthrown. The lay, the legend, the chronicle, committed with plying finger to paper or parchment, are living, while the forms of beauty and grandeur entrusted to marble are broken or beneath the sands. Here and there you meet her skeleton in the wilderness, her white arm upraised in sublime self-assertion; but though the story of Zenobia is immortal, there is scarcely a column of Palmyra standing. The very mummy, with his dry papyrus which a spark might annihilate, may chance to survive his pyramid! Nature has turned against her; matter has played her false. She has toiled a thousand years in granite, iron, cedar—in all that seemed solidest, hardest, firmest: her back is bent with honest toil, her hands are roughened with mallet and chisel; yet the dream of a poet traced on calfskin outlasts the vision embodied in travertine or porphyry. If an earthquake shook the Val d'Arno, the canvas of Giotto would survive his campanile.

What mockery, then, to persist in attempting the indestructible when dissolution or disintegration is the inevitable doom of the material! Time has demonstrated that the more ponderous the instrument of expression, the less easy of perpetuation the art. The obliterated manuscript can be forced to reappear, but no chemistry can reproduce the vanished temple. The greatest forces of the universe are precisely those which are subtlest and least substantial. Steam and electricity are well-nigh impalpable and invisible. It is the spirit, not the body, save as purged and spiritualized by decay, that exists for ever. Away, then, with the unattainable! Away with a miscalled *real!* If it, too, is a cheat, may it not be counterfeited with impunity? Away with column of stone, with lacework of fretted marble, with blazonry in oak and walnut! Away with all stubborn, difficult truth, and welcome brick and mortar, lath and plaster, paint and whitewash, gilt and varnish. If the cheap will look as well or nearly as well as the dear, why not use it? It is no falser, only *sooner* falser. When it wears out or burns up or tumbles down, try it again. Be done with the tower of Babel: its curse clings faster to architecture than to speech. And as for the gigantic, drop it! It is always a disappoint

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ment—a disappointment in nature and art, in minster, mountain, stream—a disappointment in all things save the broad dome of the empyrean with its floor of emerald, its ceiling of unfathomed blue or studded bronze, its draperies of shifting, winged, ethereal cloudland.

Yes, art, like the artist, must encounter death. But shall we embrace the mean because sooner or later we must relinquish the great? Shall we forsake the permanent for the transient because the enduring falls short of the everlasting? Shall we inaugurate a reign of sham because the real is not always the perpetual?

"Il pessimo nemico del bene é l'amator del ottimo."

The muses should never pout: each art should reverently accept its limitations. Though the pen is mightier than pencil or chisel, though only the word and the song are privileged to pass intact from age to age, yet a portion of the soul of plastic art may sometimes baffle decay. Even in ruin, architecture is not without its prouder consolations. *Ex pede, Herculem.* While a bone of her survives, imagination can approximate a resurrection of the departed whole. The malice of her sworn enemies, the elements, is sometimes providentially her salvation; the shrouded lava of Vesuvius embalmed a more vivid presentation of Roman life and manners than lives in the pages of Terence or Plautus. A broken shaft, a fragmentary arch, a section of Cyclopean wall, is at once a poem, a chronicle, and a picture. The ruin is time's authentic seal, without which history were as inconclusive as the myth. The past is a present voice as long as a vestige of its architecture remains. The Column of Trajan is the best orator of the forum now; there is a deeper charm in the living eloquence of the Colosseum than in the dead thunder of the Philippics.* We are as awed and startled when unexpectedly confronted by some mouldering but still breathing monument of antiquity, as if the form of the deathless evangelist stood bodily before us.

We perfectly understand and sympathize with the modern instinct that recoils from imparting a more than needful permanence to private dwellings. The home of man is sullied with low cares and offices; beneath the screen and shelter of its roof the worst passions are often nourished, the darkest mysteries are sometimes celebrated. In many an ancient manor, there is scarcely a chamber without its legend of sin, scarcely a floor without its bloodstain. But the *House of God* is the witness of the virtues, not the vices, of humanity; within its hallowed precincts the casual profanity and levity of the few are quite lost in the earnest adoration of the many; the whispers of blasphemy drowned in the ceaseless tide of general thanksgiving; the rebellious beatings of passion hushed in the solemn chorus of penitence and praise. The longer it endures, the holier it becomes. Its aisles are impregnated with prayer, its vaults enriched with ashes of the blest, its altars radiant with the wine of sacrifice. Behind the doors of the palace and the dwelling, time is sure to plant the spectre and the thorn; behind the doors of the cathedral, the angel and the palm.

The primary charm of church architecture is veracity. The interior of Santo Spirito is perfect truth. The columns are, what they claim to be, stone; the balustrade of the choir is, what it claims to be, bronze;

* "Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!"

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the altar what it claims to be, *pietra dura*. You do not sound a pillar and hear a lie, or scratch a panel and see a lie, or touch a jewel and feel a lie. All is fair, square, honest —not even the minutest lurking insincerity to vex the Paraclete. I soon learned to love Santo Spirito as well as any Florentine; to love it better than the Duomo with its windows of a thousand dyes; better than the bride of Buonarroti with her frescoes of Masaccio, her Madonna of Cimabue's, her Crucifix of Giotto's; better even than Santa Croce with its ashes of Angelo, its Annunciation of Donatello's, its Canova's Alfieri. I used to sit for hours in its spacious choir, undisturbed even by the dull, nasal, inharmonious chanting of the good Augustinians, and listen to the sermons preached by those dim, unending arches.

TRANSLATED FROM THE REVUE DU MONDE CATHOLIQUE.

THE STATUE OF THE CURÉ D'ARS, INAUGURATED AT ARS, AUGUST 5, 1867.

I.

GOD'S purposes sometimes reveal themselves in a manner greatly to perplex us. They move contrary to all foresight or to any human logic. Day succeeds to night, light to darkness, hope to despair, without any apparent reason, indeed in spite of reason itself. When all seems lost, then everything is regained, and even death itself appears to live anew. The history of religion is full of such decay and such regeneration.

After the frightful crisis of the eighteenth century, one would have thought the Church entirely abandoned, and that no new breath could revive the fallen ruins which the efforts of a hundred years had accumulated. "The pinnacle of the temple is crumbled, and the dew of heaven comes to moisten the face of the kneeling believer," says, in his theatrical and pseudo-biblical style, the most celebrated enemy of our time.*

* M. Renan.

Many Christians were distressed, and the timid braved with difficulty the universal defection. That which they believed in was denied, that which they adored was burned, and that which they loved was disgraced.

God permits these humiliations, to show us that "the work is all of his hand," and sustained only by him. To the triumphant cries of his adversaries, to the cry of distress from his faithful, he has responded by the glorious miracle which eternally attests his power. Lazarus was in the tomb; he has restored him to life! The Church, said its enemies, was crushed to the earth; he has revivified it. To the eighteenth century, the most impious and corrupt of centuries, he has caused the nineteenth to succeed, which will remain in history one of the most fruitful and beautiful of the Church. To speak properly, the nineteenth century seems to have for its mission the raising of the ruins made by its predecessor. Following it over all the

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earth, and taking up its work as a counterpart, the present century repairs the breaches made before it and re-establishes at each point the fortresses and ramparts of virtue.

Without doubt the enemy is still vigorous; he is far from being vanquished, and puts forth his last efforts. The nineteenth century is a list where truth and error, good and evil, give themselves up to solemn combat. The ground is cleared, the intermediate questions laid aside, and each party knows well what he wishes and where he goes. Scepticism and materialism never had a more brilliant career; never have truth and Christian virtues shone with greater *éclat*. In which camp will rest the victory? This is God's own secret, and only from the past may we predict the future. In no age, perhaps, even in its best days, has the Church collected around her so many and such valiant champions. The greatest bishops, the greatest writers, the greatest orators, have succeeded each other for nearly a hundred years, and have formed for their spiritual mother a magnificent crown of science and genius. Speaking in a literary point of view, the age belongs to Catholics; our adversaries, by the side of our apologists, make but a paltry figure.

Works, too, are on a level with the minds that inspire them. Never have they been so numerous, and never so fruitful. Foundations of all sorts, churches, monasteries, orders, missions, schools, hospitals, orphan-asylums, have multiplied in emulation of each other. A small part of the works of our day would suffice for the glory of any epoch. The clergy encourage and direct these movements; they display zeal and self-abnegation; and, devoted to their chiefs, they become more and more devoted to the church. The *élite* of society do them honor by following in their footsteps. Disabused of the unhealthy and destructive ideas by which their fathers were lost, and instructed by a hundred years of experience and misery, the higher classes, in France especially, return with simplicity to the faith and to the Christian virtues. Obedient to the eternal law which regulates society, the lower classes by degrees model themselves according to their example. The centenary *fêtes*, the canonizations, the pilgrimages of Salette, Lourdes, and others, are living witnesses of the fervor of the clergy and the public faith.

And, to crown all, the Church never attested its supernatural fecundity by such a number of saints and martyrs. The nineteenth century is the richest in canonizations. When the Church is accused of being exhausted, she replies by showing a new harvest. And what saints! what models! The Labres, the Germaine Cousins, the Marie Alacoques, the Curés d' Ars! The greatest defiance thrown at our time, and the most violent antithesis of its ideas and instincts, is the actual Christianity in our midst —so hostile to the spirit of the world and the spirit of the age.

II.

Two men seem to represent and renew the periods that follow them, and the eternal tendencies of humanity. These two men offer a similitude and a contrariety so strange, that it seems as if God had opposed the one to the other to make the balance equal. Their skulls even, and the form of their faces, present striking analogies. The expression is contrary, but the mark is the same. Both, born a hundred years apart, have inhabited the same country; both have passed the greater part of

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their lives in two villages that touch each other, and these two villages, so obscure before their time, have through them attained extraordinary celebrity. Each has been the object of the world's attention, and each the goal of eager pilgrimages. The eighteenth century rushed with ardor to Ferney ; the nineteenth goes to Ars in greater transports. As the nineteenth century is to Catholics the retaliation for the eighteenth, so Ars is the retaliation for Ferney.*

These are the resemblances, and great they are. The differences are greater still.

One, to speak properly, personifies the genius of evil. Scepticism, wicked irony, hardness of heart, corruption of mind and senses, egotism and cupidity, united in forming a modern corypheus. The other personifies the spirit of good. Truth, purity, self-abnegation, love of God and man, the spirit of sacrifice and mortification, in a word, all of moral grandeur revealed to man by Christ himself, has rarely an exemplifier more perfect. One is the type of the Christian, elevating himself to the saints, to the angels; the other is the anti-Christian type, descending to the cursed, to the demons.

Each has attracted the attention of man by the most opposite means : the first by his delicacy of wit equalling his duplicity ; the second by his integrity and a simplicity of character brightened apparently by supernatural rays ; the first by his pride, the second by his humility ; the first by noise, the second by silence. Each has exercised toward his contemporaries results the most contrary. The refined in wickedness, the utterly corrupted, visited the scholar to plunge deeper in perversity. Entire populations, just men and men of good will, visited the priest to establish themselves in justice, or submit their doubts to him, and go on toward perfection. Both still effect by their minds and their remembrance—from one portion of the world to the other—the same consequences.

And that is not all.

The world flies from the first, as his character and doctrines become better elucidated. It approaches the second, as he is better known, and the beauty of his character developed. Ferney was abandoned shortly after the death of him who was its centre ; the factitious or true admiration accorded him by the most brilliant and perverted of his age could not survive the perishable attraction which Voltaire exercised. To-day Ferney is only visited by amateurs in human curiosity. Ars, on the contrary, grows greater and greater. The sentiment which attracts people thither increases hour by hour, and the entire world knows the name of the obscure village, whose echo even seems to arouse the most indifferent. Multitudes flock there incessantly, and when Ferney and the memory of Voltaire, the hero of impiety of the last age, shall by degrees have disappeared, Ars and the memory of its curé, the hero of truth and of the present age, will attract still greater crowds, still greater homage.

By a circumstance not less strange than those already mentioned of these two men so totally different, the erection of a statue to each is now occupying the public mind. Unheard of efforts have been made to erect that of Voltaire—as Raymond Brucker says—by the hand of the executioner, for the meanest stratagems and the most trifling falsities have been resorted to ; and by dint of puffing and scandal, our little

* This expression is from the Abbé Monnin, a missionary at Ars, who has given to the life of the Curé d'Ars several popular works of rare merit.

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Voltairians, whom Voltaire himself would disown, will perhaps attain their glorious end. And without effort, without puffing, without scandal or imposture of any kind, by the simple emotion of love and of Christian veneration, to the saint of the nineteenth century is being erected a statue worthy of him.

Before criticising this work, lately inaugurated at Ars with great solemnity, I will relate its history. It is sufficiently striking to merit being known, and places in bold relief one side of the person it is destined to represent.

III.

THE Curé d'Ars obstinately refused to sit for his portrait. On this point he was more obdurate than a Mussulman, and never lent himself to any proposition or stratagem the end of which was to reproduce his person. Several artists, working openly, had been rejected; others, using hidden means, watching for the priest, and following him in the street or in church, had been warned to keep quiet. Under these circumstances, M. Emilien Cabuchet, the author of the statue of which we are going to speak, presented himself at Ars. He was furnished with a letter from the bishop, and numerous recommendations. He did not doubt his success, and accosted the curé, and spoke of his business with a deliberate air. "No, no, I do not wish it," said the curé; "neither for monseigneur, nor for you, my artist-friend! At least," added the priest, changing his mind, and taking up a favorite idea, "unless monseigneur will permit me to go away immediately, and weep over *my poor life!*" "But, Monsieur le Curé—" "It is useless."

The discomfited artist ran to relate his adventure to the missionaries established near the curé. They gave him new courage. "Persevere!" said they to him. "You are not here to make your court to the Curé d'Ars, but to make his portrait. Go on, we will sustain you."

Thus reassured, the artist risked everything, and commenced by following the curate to church. During the Mass he was behind the curate, at the sermon back of the good women, and at the catechism behind the children. Every one assisted him, and took part in the enterprise. The artist held the wax between his fingers, and modelled in the bottom of his hat—his eye now on the curé, now on his work. Sometimes, to mislead the priest, he pretended to pray with fervor, or to follow attentively the instruction. He thought he was very adroit.

One day the curé bent toward him.

"You are well aware, monsieur,' said he in a gentle tone, "that you are causing distraction to every one —and to me also!"

What was he to do? How defend himself to a man so very polite! "I would have preferred harshness," said the artist to me. "This gentleness disconcerted me."

He returned to the monastery decided to renounce the enterprise. "Persevere!" again said the missionaries.

The artist renewed his work.

Two days after, in the street, where he now worked from choice, the curé again addressed him:

"Have you, then, nothing to do at home?"

"O Monsieur le Curé! one would think that you would turn me out of doors."

This time the curé was disconcerted.

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"No, no," said he eagerly, and slightly embarrassed. "Stay as long as you choose, but don't begin again!" . . .

The next day, seeing the curé so surrounded that he could not disengage himself, and in danger of leaving his cassock in the hands of the pilgrims, the artist ran to his relief and offered him his arm.

"I constitute myself your body-guard," said he gallantly.

"Then I am emperor! . . . But this is not the question. Do you know, I would like to excommunicate you?"

"Really, Monsieur le Curé, what a tremendous word! Have I, then, committed so shocking a crime?"

"Bah! you understand me well enough."

"Well then, what?"

"You cause me constant distraction; and when you think seriously, would it not be far better to take the head of the first dog you meet?"

"O Monsieur le Curé!"

And when the model was finished and the curé saw it,

"Well," said he, "it is not a subject of rejoicing! Look at the poor Curé d'Ars! How odd it is," added he, "your power of giving life to plaster!"

IV.

I HAVE given this dialogue at length, as it was repeated to me by the artist. If I am not deceived, it represents well the character of the good priest; his humility, his humor, his brusqueness touched with raillery, his politeness and goodness—all are well portrayed. All this is reproduced in the statue. It gives us the character of the dialogue, and the almost legendary figure that our contemporaries have seen, and which will pass to posterity.

The Curé d'Ars is kneeling in his cassock, with the surplice, rabat, and stole. His hands are joined, his eyes uplifted to heaven. A sweet smile brightens his face. His hair, cut off square, falls on his neck in abundant locks, and shaven closely on the top of his head; his forehead is left free. The priest prays with such fervor and such faith, I may say a passion which makes us think of paradise. Angels must pray in this way. His hands are extended toward heaven with an intensity of emotion; the eyes have so much ardor in their expression that the spirit of prayer seems to lift the body from earth and carry it to heaven. I know no work with more life in it; there does not exist a more impassioned statue. Faith, love, and desire, transfigured in this marble block, animate it and give it a striking reality.

As a whole, the work offers a new and excellent type of the religious sculpture of our age. The artist has set aside classical lessons and proved himself in the right. The remembrances of antiquity should not interfere in the realization of an ideal taken from the very heart of contemporary life and the present Christian age. Gothic traditions are even neglected, and the author has been careful to give the figure the seal of its own time, his good taste causing him to avoid the quicksands into which so many others have fallen. Wishing to represent a man of our time, the sculptor would have committed an anachronism to be regretted if he had impressed his character with a mysticism and power which distinguished the personages of the art of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In the spirit of truth he was to give to the world a saint, and in this saint the beatific expression which is the prerogative of the saints

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of every age; but over and above this general feature there was an order of secondary shades he was obliged to respect, to give to the figure its age and physiognomy.

M. Cabuchet has admirably seized and rendered the double character I have tried to define. His saint is as mystical as the saints of the middle ages, yet he has the reality of a man of our time. Gothic, or rather Christian, in sentiment, he is modern, and even French, in his exterior aspect. Such, in a few words, is the exact appreciation shown in this work of M. Cabuchet, and the double reflection gives him, in my opinion, the highest rank among sculptors of his age.

The imitation of antiquity would have produced a dead work; the imitation of the middle ages would have produced a work impersonal and hieratic; but going out of himself and all national traditions, inspired only with his subject and his time, the artist has brought to light a new and striking piece of work, a true specimen of religious and modern sculpture.

It is easy to see what remembrances and what masters have directed this statue. French sculpture, as its painting, has particular traits which are easily recognized. Less correct, perhaps, and less noble than Greek or Italian sculpture, it has an ease, a power, a life, that has no equal. Puget and Houdon are the two foremost artists in our school, so essentially French. Using Greek models only to simplify and enrich their style, they have sought beyond everything expression and the power of motion. M. Cabuchet has followed their example, and, walking in their footsteps, has given us a work of which his masters could not be ashamed.

In looking at the statue of the Curé d'Ars the spectator is reminded of the celebrated statue of Voltaire by Houdon; not only that the resemblance of the two faces is unaccountably striking, but because the build and the exterior appearance of the marbles offer incontestable analogies. In both statues we find the same amplitude, the same facility, the same light and soft manner; in both the details are uniformly sacrificed to the whole, and the whole owes to this mode of execution a more decorative and lifelike representation.

Voltaire is seated, his hands leaning upon, almost clinching, the arms of his chair. The Curé d'Ars is on his knees. Voltaire smiles with a cynical air, as if rejoicing in the ruin he has made. "*Dors tu content, Voltaire, et ton hideux sourire.*"* The Curé d'Ars smiles with the ineffably sweet smile of those who see God and dream of the happiness of their equals. In the two marbles, the head is the same; the forehead is the same; the two cheek-bones, so prominent, are the same; the receding chin is the same; the mouth opens by the same smile. In one it has a repulsive and satanic character; in the other it is angelical and attractive. Everything is similar except the expression. The features are brothers —twins, I might say; the souls that animate these features are as divided as the poles. In each face the cornea of the eye is represented by a deeply cut circle, a style of carving peculiar to the best age of statuary. This has given to each an intensity of look; and while that of Voltaire is lowered toward the earth, and only expresses the baser passions, that of the Curé d'Ars is uplifted to

* "Rest content, Voltaire, and thy hideous smile. —ALFRED DE MUSSET.

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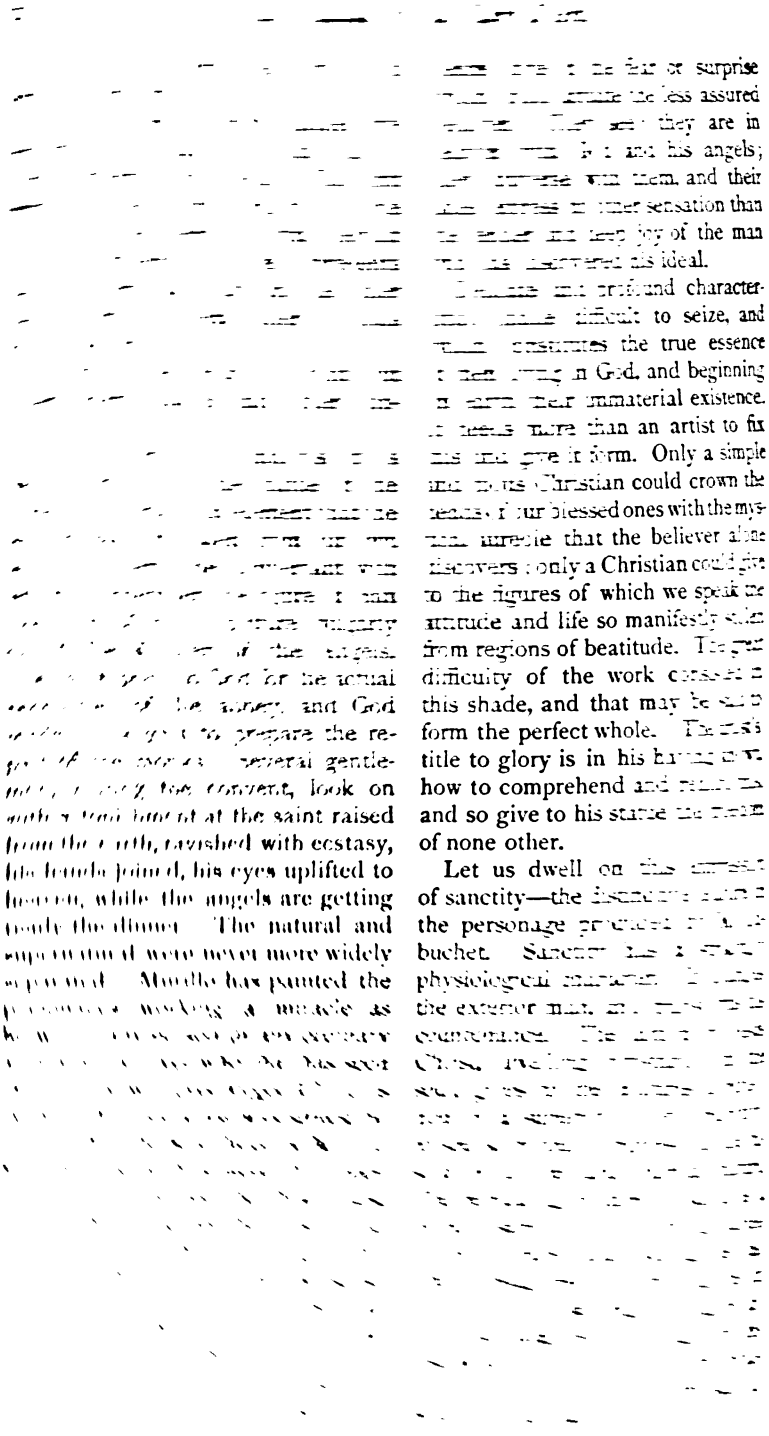

[illegible] the fear or surprise [illegible] the less assured [illegible] they are in [illegible] and his angels; [illegible] them, and their [illegible] sensation than [illegible] joy of the man [illegible] his ideal.

[illegible] profound character- [illegible] difficult to seize, and [illegible] constitutes the true essence [illegible] in God, and beginning [illegible] immaterial existence. [illegible] more than an artist to fix [illegible] give it form. Only a simple [illegible] Christian could crown the [illegible] of our blessed ones with the mys- [illegible] aureole that the believer alone discovers; only a Christian could give to the figures of which we speak the attitude and life so manifestly [illegible] from regions of beatitude. The [illegible] difficulty of the work [illegible] this shade, and that may be [illegible] form the perfect whole. The [illegible] title to glory is in his [illegible] how to comprehend and [illegible] and so give to his statue [illegible] of none other.

Let us dwell on [illegible] of sanctity—the [illegible] the personage [illegible] buchet. Sanctity [illegible] physiological [illegible] the exterior man, [illegible] countenance. [illegible]

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The statue of the Curé d'Ars possesses to a striking degree this *suprasensible* aspect that I have just noticed. By contact with divinity the marble itself is transfigured—grace sheds its beams and gives to the features a kind of immaterial transparency. Jesus Christ is present and breathes into the passionate and ravished eyes, into the lips and the blessed smile; the personage lives in another world; his attitude, his movements have nothing in common with earth. If the spectator could ignore the name of the priest represented, his attention would not be less arrested, and he would easily recognize in his face the presence of a supernatural element, heightening the human personality.

Here, however, I will make a remark. The body of the Curé d'Ars is not in unison with his face; it is too material, too vigorous, too vulgar even, if I dare speak from my heart. "The cassock of the Curé d'Ars seems to have nothing under its large folds," said the biographer. . . . "He was a shadow," added he still further. Now, the Curé d'Ars of the artist has nothing of a shadowy appearance. His shoulders are strong, his breast large, his hands knotty. The sculptor has wished to express the humble origin of the priest, but in my opinion he has forgotten the transformation which the contemplative and mystical life had necessarily operated in the organization of the saint.

This remark, necessary to be made, detracts nothing, or almost nothing, from the merit of the work; it could only be appreciated by those who have personally known the Curé d'Ars, and ceases to be of import since his death.

V.

We can now understand the character and various merits of the statue of M. Cabuchet. All who see it retire satisfied, and the mass of spectators are struck by the pious and compassionate expression of the holy priest. Connoisseurs admire the freedom of the effect and of the execution. The author may be proud of his success. He has paid for it by effort and anguish of every kind, and it is well to know sometimes these artist-struggles, that we may rightly value the works that charm us so much.

When the statue came from the workshop of the finisher, the sculptor did not recognize it. He had expected his model to be reproduced on a less grand scale, and the difference of proportion rendered it not easy to be known again. At such a result Cabuchet experienced one of those counter-blows which have made certain young artists of twenty grow old in a quarter of an hour, and only those who have tried to realize an ideal can perfectly understand such emotion. Benvenuto and Palissy in similar moments were taken with fevers which brought them to the very portals of the tomb. Sigalon, noticing his picture of Athalie compromised by difference of light, saw his hair turn gray in two minutes. Cabuchet had no less trouble, and the wonder is he escaped a similar shock; he withstood it, however, and, seeing no other means, he did what any valiant artist would have done in his place; he took his chisel and mallet, and in the style of Michael Angelo and Puget he attacked the marble. Each blow knocked off a piece, but each blow soothed the heart of the sculptor, for in reducing his statue he re-established it in its first form, and restored its true physiognomy.

Cabuchet has devoted a year to such labor. For a whole year he

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has worked with chisel and mallet, seeking the form, the movement, the life; and finding, little by little, this form, movement, and life at the end of his tools. He played a dangerous game; the first stroke of the hammer could have destroyed his work. Driven to a corner, the artist acted as a great captain. He risked all to gain all. Fortune, which encourages audacity, or rather the good God who sustains energetic and faithful artists, came to his aid; and at the end of a year Cabuchet saw his statue re-created by his chisel, and become truly and doubly the daughter of his brain and of his hands. He gained more than one wrinkle at this task and more than one white hair. According to his own expression, he *sweated many shirts.* But he forgot difficulties and anxieties when he saw the long dreamed of figure, the ideal of his days and nights, realized and looming before him!

VI.

They have given this excellent work a reception worthy of it. At its arrival at the dock at Villefranche, near the village of Ars, a numerous cavalcade, and a multitude composed of the entire surrounding population, rushed to meet it, and received it with transports of love and admiration. The faithful, the penitents of the holy curé, saw again their master and their model. The parish saw again its venerated father. They surrounded the marble, they tried to touch it; many fell on their knees, and prayed as before the images of the saints. On the day of the inauguration the demonstrations were the same; every moment a newly collected crowd prostrated itself at the foot of the statue; flowers were hung on it, and rosaries and medals laid on the pedestal. Each believed that new and strengthening virtue would escape from the marble and regenerate those happy enough to approach it; and yet this marble was nothing more than a work of genius; it had not even been blessed, it had no place in the church, it had received no certificate or consecration from Rome—no matter! the crowd saw none of these obstacles. Abandoning themselves without afterthought to the impression which sanctity always produces on the masses, they rushed to the image of the man who appeared to them a saint, as we seek the Consoler and Alleviator of all human suffering.

The inauguration was conducted with a ceremony befitting the occasion. Monseigneur de Langabrie, Bishop of Belley, a prelate as remarkable for the urbanity of his manners as his superior mind, came himself to preside over the occasion. A great admirer and friend of the Curé d'Ars, he wished to give to his memory some proof of his affection. More than a hundred priests of neighboring parishes accompanying him, presented an imposing *cortége.* Quietly, calmly, and with recollection, they rendered homage to the remembrance and virtues of a saint. The secular and official element was represented by the Comte de Garets, a true Christian gentleman, and for thirty years the friend of the Curé d'Ars. A numerous crowd from all the neighboring country testified by repeated manifestations the ardor of its faith and sentiment. The church of Ars, enlarged by a talented architect, was entirely too small for all this wealth of offering.

The Mass was celebrated with pomp; at the gospel the Abbé Oznam, vicar-general, mounted the pulpit, and described the most striking points of physiognomy of the Curé d' Ars. Inspired by his text from St. Paul,

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he showed how God always employed the same means to act upon and govern the earth; weakness to confound strength, humility to confound pride, and littleness to confound grandeur; all that is despicable in the eyes of man to confound all that is powerful and worthy his respect. A staff in the hands of an old man is sufficient for God, and well represents the instruments he sometimes employs to rule the world. The Curé d'Ars was of obscure parentage; the Curé d'Ars was humble, ignorant, illiterate, according to the world, without power, without birth, without *prestige*. He seems of still less repute, in that before God he so completely annihilated himself. Son of a poor farmer, with difficulty he reached the seminary, with difficulty he staid there, with difficulty he attained the different grades. Everywhere, always, the weakness of his faculties proved the signal of distrust from his superiors, of contempt from his equals. He knew but one thing, to love, to pray, to humble himself—above all to humble himself. The less he felt himself, the less he made himself; the more he was despised, the more he despised himself. But wait! the hand of God appeared, and the ordinary movement of the see-saw was reproduced. The lower the world placed him at one end, the higher God uplifted him at the other, and he became the instrument God always uses for his great works—an instrument lowly yet powerful, and that confounds, attracts, and subjugates the whole world. This humble priest — powerless, lacking ability, and awkward in appearance—saw millions of men, great and small, wise and ignorant, known and unknown, flock from all corners of the earth to hear his word, see his countenance, listen to his advice, feast on his holy expressions—to touch his vestments. He will govern consciences and hearts; he will read their souls, enlighten them, touch them. He will predict the future, will overcome nature, and subject to his will the world of mind and the world of matter. . . . Admirable effect of humility which produces sanctity! The most humble shall become the most celebrated, and his name resound from pole to pole. He shall agitate multitudes, and no living man can hear him without thrilling with love or anger. His image will provoke enthusiasm. The world will prostrate itself before it and kiss its very traces; and when other images, other glorified, other renowned conquerors, poets, legislators, politicians, are only a remembrance, a vain sound which cannot thrill a single human fibre, the name of the obscure, the despised Curé d'Ars will radiate in an ever new orbit of splendor, and produce emotions and effects ever new in millions of hearts. Strange consequence! Contrast truly striking; which shows that Catholicism by a brilliant overthrow of events is alone heard to give glory and immortality!

After the Mass, monseigneur was heard in his turn, and related the efforts made at Rome to obtain the canonization of the defunct whose memory was then and there celebrated. He spoke of the hope which he cherished to see ere long the Curé d'Ars and his image among the glorified ones, and placed on those altars where public veneration had already given them a place.

VII.

After the ceremony was over, the priests and some of the pilgrims coming to the solemnity united in an old-fashioned feast at the house of one of the missionaries.

The day was passed in recalling

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the virtues and actions of the saint, while the crowd continued its homage and demonstrations.

Nothing could be more striking than the appearance of the village of Ars during this *fête*. The spectator goes backward several centuries; he lives in the earliest age; legend becomes reality in his eyes, and the natural world is entirely forgotten in the consciousness of the supernatural that surrounds him. M. Renan speaks somewhere with contempt of times and populations for whom the natural and supernatural have no exact limit. Ars presents every day, and especially those days in which the saint is honored, the same character. The natural and supernatural touch and mingle. The multitude kneels, it intercedes, it asks; and sometimes, in the simplest manner, extraordinary favors are granted, which strike with wonder the Christians of our day, so much less habituated than others to the manifestations of the immaterial world. The church is always full; the tomb of the good pastor, recognizable by a black slab, covered perpetually by an eager crowd. Some are kneeling, others standing awaiting their turn, and prostrating themselves as soon as a vacant place offers itself. They dispute a corner of the tomb of the Curé d'Ars, as during his life they disputed a corner of his confessional or an end of his cassock. All pray, some weep, others kiss the funereal marble. Mothers bring their sickly children, and rest them on the slab. Paralytics and the lame take their places. Each one touches the tomb with his cross, his medals, or his beads, and carries it away persuaded of its renewed efficacy. Every object, every part of the church, bears the trace of what I may call a pious vandalism. The confessional, the pulpit in which the holy priest passed nearly all his life, are cut in a thousand places. Each one has chipped the wood to carry off a relic.

Outside of the church the eagerness and veneration are no less. The places frequented by the defunct are pointed out, and into the old presbytery they hurry and almost smother each other on the stairs. One has to pause on his way a quarter of an hour sometimes before reaching the bedroom of the Curé d'Ars. The chamber has been barricaded, and provided with an opening in the wall, that it may escape the general devastation. The door is armed with a strong grating and plated with iron. Without such precaution all would have been long since broken open, demolished, and carried away. As it is, there is more than one hole in the wood-work, and even the walls are broken in, in places. It is said that workmen armed with crow-bars have attempted to throw down the wall. The shrubs and herbaceous plants in the court-yard are spoiled incessantly; as if the visitors, unable to molest the walls, revenge themselves on the flowers and verdure. But they cannot penetrate into the chamber and are forced to stay behind the barricade. They succeed each other, as on some grand occasion of public curiosity in Paris, when the crowd is unusually large. From the kind of vestibule which forms the opening in the wall the visitor can take in the whole apartment, if not entirely at his ease, on account of the pressure of the crowd, at least without losing any detail. Everything remains as it did during the life of the Curé d'Ars. Here is the bed, sheltered under its green tapestry, a present from the Comte de Garets, in place of another bed which was burned under extraordinary circumstances. Here is the wooden chimney where the priest came each day—after

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spending from sixteen to eighteen hours in the confessional—to revive his exhausted body by the still living flame of a simple branch. The table is always set, as if it awaited its old companion. An earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon, a little pitcher, also of earth, which held the milk, an earthen plate, and a coarse linen napkin; and nothing more. This modest service, and the necessarily modest repast it supposes, had sustained, for nearly forty years, the most valiant and fruitful life of the age. Man lives not by bread alone; this man lived almost without it; a little milk sufficed him, and on this he existed nearly all his life—a trait not less astonishing than the power and energy with which this milk seemed to inspire him. Two oaken chests, presented also by pious persons, some sacred engravings, enough books to fill the simple shelves, two or three straw chairs, complete the furniture of this poor chamber, as popular today as the apartments of the Louvre or the Museum of Sovereigns. A niche in the wall, covered with a glazed partition, preserves and exposes to the piety of the pilgrims the cassock and cap of the poor priest.

The presbytery is no longer inhabited. No one has been reported, or felt himself, sufficiently worthy to occupy it after its last possessor. There is no longer a Curé d'Ars, there never will be a Curé d'Ars—no one feeling strong enough to struggle with such a remembrance, nor bear the legendary title. The missionaries who during his lifetime were established near the presbytery, do the duties of the parish and suffice for the pilgrims.

VIII.

Such is the *prestige* of the Curé d'Ars since his death; and the influence he exercised during his life was no less astonishing. We are amazed at hearing or reading the details of this exceptional existence. Eighty to a hundred thousand persons came to Ars every year, and from all parts of the world. France, Belgium, Germany, England, Italy, America, Asia, by turns sent their pilgrims; and the enthusiasm of old—of the days of Bernard, Dominic, Francis d'Assise, Vincent Ferrier, Philip de Neri—has been renewed. Petitions were addressed to the Curé d'Ars as to a superior being. Every day he received letters, demands, confidences, and prayers. "One must come to Ars," said he sometimes, "to know the sin of Adam and the evils he has caused his poor family!" Sinners, the ill in body and mind, the suffering of all kinds, went to the Curé d'Ars as the healer sent by God himself. His faith, his humility, his love of God and man, his frightful austerity, his perfect abnegation of self, astonished and ravished souls; the gift given him to read the human heart, his marvellous intuition, his power over nature, his predictions, his miracles, ended by according him the supernatural aureole, and the signs of election which in all ages have carried away multitudes. At Ars one could learn how the Christian religion was founded; by what virtues, what miracles, its initiators had acted on the public mind and conquered. The life of the gospel and the glorious days of the church reappeared; hagiography lived again; the supernatural and legendary history of Catholicism became comprehensible and impressed itself on every mind.

According to calculations which may be called official, nearly three millions of pilgrims have been admitted to the Curé d'Ars. Every kind of human misery has presented itself

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before him, and how many have been comforted! The blind have seen, the deaf have heard, the paralyzed have walked; bread, wine, and corn have been multiplied; and all the miracles of the gospel, except the resurrection of the dead, have been reproduced. The greatest miracle of the Curé d'Ars was, perhaps, the resurrection of the living and the conversion of sinners, to which the holy priest had dedicated his life, and was the principal end of all his efforts. Notwithstanding his ardent desire for death and heaven, he would have consented to remain on earth until the end of the world to gain hearts for Jesus Christ. It was in this *rôle* that so brilliantly shone the supernatural character of the life and mission of the Curé d'Ars. When we think of the sixteen to eighteen hours of the confessional, of the eighty to a hundred penitents who knelt daily at the feet of the holy priest, we may form some idea of the attraction that he exercised, and the deep furrow he ploughed in the soul of the present age.

So many shining traits give to the Curé d'Ars the most wide-spread fame of his time. Chateaubriand, De Maistre, Goethe, Voltaire even, and others less famous, are only known to the more refined. Their names have not penetrated the stratum of an immense humanity. The Curé d'Ars was known to all, and his name had traversed every country, every ocean, every race. In Europe, America, Asia, it echoed and wakened souls; and everywhere we find his portrait, in every town, in every country. Siberian huts can show the Curé d'Ars. No face—not even that of Napoleon I.—is as popular. His hair, his cap, his cassock, his shoes, his furniture, his books, his breviary, have been sold over and over again for more than their weight in gold. His blood, if taken from him in illness, was collected and treasured as a relic; and we see still at Ars, in several places, vials containing this blood, as pure as the day it flowed: can science account for this? The phenomenon is, to say the least, unique, abnormal. The objects that he blessed were almost taken by assault, and before his death rival countries disputed for his body, and the dispute came near degenerating into a bloody conflict. No honor, homage, or public respect was wanting to the Curé d'Ars, and once again piety and Christian virtues have proven themselves the surest means of acting on the world and attracting the masses, because they represent the superior and eternal ideal of life and of humanity.

IX.

But I must pause. I have wished to sketch in a few words the appearance of this remarkable man, but yesterday our contemporary, and of whom an extraordinary work of art has given me the opportunity to speak. I fear I have been prolix, and, forgetting the statue, have occupied my readers' attention with the person represented; but I hope to be forgiven, as the best way, surely, to impress the merit of a portrait is to make known the model the artist has wished to depict. The statue will be better appreciated as the Curé d'Ars himself is fully understood.

Again, it seems to me that the appearance and actions of such a man, in the uncertain times in which we live, are a symptom and hope of something better, to which we cannot give too much weight. Truly the age is bad enough; hardened against God, it is hardened against his church, and tries to sap every foundation of virtue and honesty. It de-

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stroys faith, attacks good principles and the virtuous instincts that prompt them, and endeavors to replace the ancient order of consciences by a sort of individual independence which, sowing division, can only produce ruin. Character and manners are falling as low as ideas; cupidity, egotism, unbridled pleasure, sensual enjoyments, sought for and held up as the only end of life; the expansion of luxury by every ingenuity gives to society an ideal of Babylonian civilization; revolution, that is to say, revolt and universal overthrow, cap the climax, and threaten to swallow up everything: behold the situation and its dangers! Seldom have ages been more troubled, or the symptoms more terrible.

But hope revives and the mind is elevated when it contemplates the opposing camp. So long as an age is able to produce a Curé d'Ars, it is full of strength; and if the Catholic faith can excite such a sensation as that of which I have just spoken, she assures her future. Monarchs, generals, politicians, legislators, writers, may become powerless. They could not preserve the society of old, and saints alone saved it, walking in the footsteps of Christ. They reconstructed and regenerated it, because they were the last and unique expression of the true and beautiful in morals, the only pivot of progress, the only lever which lifted a people to lead them onward to God, the only source of life. Producing the same men, modern society may hope for the same regeneration; its cure and its future health will not depend on human means or agents, but on the divine grace exercised by its saints.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

THE fame of the *Fiero Ghibellino*, as the Italians are wont to call Dante Alighieri, is great, not in extensiveness, but in weight. Wherever and to whomsoever he is known, his name and his works carry a charm and an authority vouchsafed to only a few in the department of authors. Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare are *the* poets, whose names are enshrined on an elevation above the rest; they breathe, so to speak, in an atmosphere of their own. They are, indeed, masters and guides,

"Maestri di color che sanno."

In truth, to understand their works, the study thereof must needs be made a specialty. Yet even those who have lisped their names in their mothers' tongue find that "*ars longa, vita brevis.*" The student will drink at those pure fountains with ever-increasing pleasure. "How often have you been in St. Peter's?" asked of us a venerable monk, the first time we entered the Vatican. "Never before, sir." "Well," replied he, "I have been coming here almost every day for the last thirteen years, and every day I find some new thing to admire and study!" The same has been averred by those who have been familiar with Dante, Homer, and Shakespeare.

We well remember how, in our youth, and in our native schools, we were so trained in the study of Ali-

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ghieri that it was an easy matter to discover whether an author, be he poet or prose-writer, had been formed on Dante, whether he had drunk at the head fountain or at side streams. Only few poets we remember whose verses we read with an enchanted devotion—Gasparo Leonarducci, of Venice; Vincenzo Monti, of Milan; and Alfonso Varano, of Ferrara. Of the prose-writers, Paolo Segneri, Sforza Pallavicino, of the seventeenth, and Pietro Giordani, of the nineteenth century, are the only *Danteschi* in whom we delighted, as we were delighted in reading Homer transformed into the *succum et saporem* of the *Æncid.* Those above mentioned were poets, historians, and orators, than whom more ardent and persevering students of Dante are not recorded in the annals of Italian literature. Theirs was not, however, a pedantic servility: Dante was the father that engendered their style, the eagle who provoked them to fly; and they did fly, and soared above the rest, and fixed their pupils on the brightness of the sun. Which remarks afford us also the measure by which to value the success of those who have attempted to translate Dante into foreign languages, an attempt which to the Italian scholar sounds almost presumptuous. For, if the style and the meaning of Dante have proven a matter of so much difficulty and labor to the countryman of Dante, how much more laborious and difficult must they prove to the foreign-born student?

Whoever attempts to translate a poet must join "the fidelity of rendition to the spirit of a poet." The former presupposes a thorough knowledge of the two languages, even to the commonest idioms. Then, unless one is born a poet, the attempt will be the very madness of folly. Which truth receives additional evidence when the work to be translated is one of transcendent merit in its originality; ay, more, when it is *incomparable:* incomparable, we mean, as a human work can be.

Such is the *Divina Commedia* of Dante Alighieri. Pindaric in flights, supernatural in conception, inventive in expression and language, (for Dante is "the father of the Italian tongue,") Dante stands before the scholar as a most difficult author. Nor are the numberless commentators and voluminous comments, agreeing or conflicting, ingenious or absurd, a mean proof of our assertion!

Commentators have, in fact, pushed their folly and their presumption to an excess equalled only by the absurd twisting of Holy Writ in favor of the thousand and one senses which defenders of opposite doctrines have fancied they read in one and the same text. A witty Italian imagines he sees Dante crouching low, and vainly endeavoring, with wild gesticulations and lusty cries for help, to parry the blows by which clergymen and laymen, *laico o cherco*, endeavor to force him to admit such meanings into his words as he never dreamt of; at the same time they, falling out among themselves, exchange blows, and throw at each other's head their heavy comments, bound in wood, and rudely embossed with brazen studs. It is related that once the stern poet, while passing by a smithy, heard snatches of his poem sung, but so interlarded with strange words, and the ends of verses so bitten off, that the grating upon his ears was unendurable: whereupon he entered the shop, and fell around wantonly throwing into vast confusion the tools of the churl, who, thinking him mad, rushed upon him and yelled: "What the — art thou about?" "And what art *thou*

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doing?" retorted Dante, sobering down at once. "I am at my work, and thou art spoiling my tools!" replied the smith. "If thou wishest me to leave thy things alone, leave mine alone also." "And, pray, what am I spoiling of thine?" "You are singing my verses, but not as I made them; it is the only art I possess, and you spoil it." *

On another occasion the poet met a churl driving before him a mob of donkeys, and enlivening his wearisome journey by singing also snatches of the divine poem. But, very naturally, he would intersperse his songs with an occasional pricking of the haunches of his asinine fellow-travellers with the goad, and the shout of *arri, arri*—the Italian *g'long, g'long*. Dante at once visited the fellow's back with an earnest blow, and cried: "That *arri, arri*, I never put it in that verse!" The poor *asinaro* shrugged his shoulders, and darted to one side, not well pleased with the uncouth salutation; but when at a safe distance, ignorant as he was of the cause of the blow and of the man who had inflicted it, he thrust his tongue out, and said, "Take that," an indecent act even for an Italian boor. Dante replied: "I would not give mine for a hundred of thine!"

What the smith and the drover did, in their own way, and in Dante's time, has been repeated down to our days. Volumes might be filled with merely the titles of essays, treatises, and theories, at times ingenious, seldom interesting, always betraying the conceit of the writer. Editions innumerable are crammed with interpretations conflicting with each other, and by which the sense of the poet has been cruelly distorted. We, who have been reared in the deepest reverence for Dante's orthodoxy, have always felt indignant at the irreligious and unphilosophical inordinations to which the *Divina Commedia* has been made to afford foundation and development.

For the nonce we mean to deal with translations, yet not in a general or comprehensive treatise; for to treat of all English translations of Dante, down to Sir J. F. W. Herschel's, the latest of all, would carry us over fields too extensive and uninviting. We have been led to beg for a corner of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, in order to introduce to its readers what, after a close and careful study, we deem the best of all translations of Dante. We allude to *The First Canticle (Inferno) of the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Thomas William Parsons. Boston: De Vries, Ibarra & Co. 1867.

That Mr. Parsons possesses the spirit of a poet, no one who has read ever so little of his original compositions will gainsay. Whatever he writes has the true ring; there is nothing transcendental in him, and no mannerism; his sentiments are spontaneous, and flow into his diction with a naturalness that takes hold of the heart of the reader at once, like a peaceful streamlet mingling its waters with kindred waves. Opening a collection of his poems at random, we do not hesitate to transcribe, without any studied choice, what first offers itself to our eye. He writes on the death of his friend, the sculptor Crawford, and thus he suddenly gives vent to his feelings:

"O Death! thou teacher true and rough!
Full oft I fear that we have erred,
And have not loved enough;
But, O ye friends! this side of Acheron,
Who cling to me to-day,
I shall not know my love till ye are gone
And I am gray!

* Had Shakespeare this anecdote in mind when he made Orlando cry out, "I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly"? (*As You Like It*, act iii. sc. 2.)

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Fair women, with your loving eyes,
Old men that once my footsteps led,
Sweet children—much as all I prize,
Until the sacred dust of death be shed
Upon each dear and venerable head,
I cannot love you as I love the dead!

"But now, the natural man being sown,
We can more lucidly behold
The spiritual one:
For we, till time shall end,
Full visibly shall see our friend
In all his hands did mould—
That worn and patient hand that lies so cold!"

On a Palm-Sunday, as he wends his way to the bedside of a dying young convert, he begs of a little Catholic girl a twig of the blessed palm she is carrying home. Whereupon he extemporizes the following:

"TO A YOUNG GIRL DYING: WITH A GIFT OF FRESH PALM-LEAVES.

"This is Palm-Sunday: mindful of the day,
I bring palm branches, found upon my way:
But these will wither; thine shall never die—
The sacred palms thou bearest to the sky!
Dear little saint, though but a child in years,
Older in wisdom than my gray compeers!
We doubt and tremble—*we*, with 'bated breath,
Talk of this mystery of life and death;
Thou, strong in faith, art gifted to conceive
Beyond thy years, and teach us to believe!

"Then take my palms, triumphal, to thy home,
Gentle white palmer, never more to roam!
Only, sweet sister, give me, ere thou go'st,
Thy benediction—for my love thou know'st!
We, too, are pilgrims, travelling toward the shrine:
Pray that our pilgrimage may end like thine!"

Mr. Parsons's poetical gift manifests itself most sensibly in what might be called "fugitive pieces." They are gems, like the above, and as they are offered to the reader they are at once set in the most fitting corner of his heart. We regret our limited space will not allow us to transcribe the poems *To Magdalen*, "Mary from whom were cast out seven devils;" or the death of *Mary Booth;* or the *Vespers on the Shores of the Mediterranean*, when the Italian mariner

"In mare irato in subita procella
Invoca Te nostra benigna stella."

But we must be allowed to quote one little poem; an impromptu one, written on the death of a Catholic prelate (February 13th, 1866) whose memory is held in benediction by a vast number of our readers:

"Son of St. Patrick, John, the best of men,
Boston's blest bishop bids good-by again.
Not long ago we parted on the shore,
And said farewell—nor thought to see him more:
That brain so weary, and that heart so worn
With many cares! The parting made us mourn.
But he came back—he could not die in Rome.
Tho' well might those bones rest by Peter's dome,
Or Ara Cœli—and the sacred stair
That climbs the Capitol—or anywhere
In that queen city. . . .

"Scholar and friend! old schoolfellow, though far
Past me in learning, that was ne'er a bar
To our free intercourse; for thou hadst thine
One muse to worship—leaving me the nine.
Thy faith was large, even in thy fellow-men:
And it pleased thee to patronize my pen
When I turned Horace into English rhyme,
And thought myself a poet for the time,
In Latin school-days—but, alas! thy shroud
Drives from remembrance all this gathering crowd
Of tender images; farewell to all!
I cannot think of these beside thy pall.
Thine, good Fitzpatrick, noble heir of those
Who went before thee—Fenwick and Bordeaux's
Gentle apostle Cheverus, and Toussaint—
Whom in my boyhood I was blest to know.

"But the bell moves me. Christian, fare thee well.
I loved my bishop and I mind his bell."

Let us now approach our subject more closely. But here the difficulty is how to enable our readers, who are not acquainted with the original Italian, to appreciate the fidelity of the American translator—a fidelity the beauty whereof consists in that Mr. Parsons translates almost *literally* and at the same time his translation *is* poetry. After all, he is not entitled to extraordinary praise who, being endowed with poetical genius, catches the sense of the original and gives it in foreign verses. The best plan seems to us to give the text, then a literal (pedantic or lineal) translation, and afterward Parsons's. Thus, for instance, Dante reads on the architrave over the entrance to hell:

"Per me si va nella città dolente.*
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore:

* *Dolente* means sorrow without any mixture of hope—*wailing and gnashing of teeth.*

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Per me si va tra la perduta* gente.
Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto Fattore:
Fecemi la divina Potestate,
La somma Sapienza, e 'l primo Amore.
Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne, ed io eterna duro:
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, che 'ntrate."

To wit: Through me you go into the doleful city; through me you go into eternal grief; through me you go among the lost people. Justice moved my lofty Builder; Divine Power made me; and the supreme Wisdom and the first Love. Ere me were no things created—unless eternal, and I eternal last; relinquish all hope, you who enter.

Now compare with Parsons's:

"Through me you reach the City of Despair:
Through me eternal wretchedness ye find:
Through me among perdition's tribe ye fare.
Justice inspired my lofty Founder's mind:
Power, Love, and Wisdom—Heavenly First Most High—
Created me. Before me naught had been
Save things eternal—and eterne am I:
Leave ye all hope, O ye who enter in!"

Can any translation be more literal? Can it be more faithful? We have tried to find fault with it, but gave it up in despair; yea, the more we strain our critical eye, the more perfectly does the original beauty appear reflected in the translation. It is not the reflection of the mirror; it is the reflection of the sun's light on the moon's face.

To economize room, we shall give no more text: we will only add a lineal translation by way of note, presuming on the reader for his trust in our knowledge of both languages, and in our honesty.

The long extract we are going to make is, perhaps, the noblest specimen of descriptive poetry in the Italian language. It is, however, founded on a historical mistake, inasmuch as Ugolino was starved to death not by Archbishop Ruggieri, but by Guido da Montefeltro, Lord of Pisa. The true account runs thus: Ugolino dei Gherardeschi, Count of Donovatico, and a Guelf, had, with the connivance of the archbishop, made himself master of Pisa. But having put to death a nephew of Ruggieri, and sold some castles to the Florentines, that prelate, at the head of an infuriated mob, and aided by Gualandi, Sismondi, and Lanfranchi, three powerful leaders, attacked the count in his own palace, and made him prisoner with his two sons Gaddo and Uguccione, and three nephews, Ugolino Brigata, Arrigo, and Anselmuccio. Thus bound, they were all thrown into the donjons of the Tower at the Three Roads. Montefeltro, having meanwhile got the power into his own hands, forbade any food to be administered to his prisoner rival, whereby Ugolino and the rest died of hunger. Dante, (*Inferno*, c. xxxii. and xxxiii.,) admitted to the ninth circle, or bolgia, on entering that part of it which was called Antenora, witnessed the horrible punishment of the traitor and of the murderer:

* "In a single gap,
Fast froze together other two I saw,
So that one head was his companion's cap:
And as a famished man a crust might gnaw,

* *Perduta*, in the sense of that *pecunia sit tibi in perditionem*, (Acts viii. 20,) absolute condemnation. *Uomo perduto* in Italian is the *ruptus disruptusque* of Cicero, a "gone" man, beyond all hope of moral recovery.

* I saw two *persons* frozen in one hole,—so that one head to the other was hat:—and as bread in hunger is eaten,—so the uppermost his teeth into the other stuck,—there where the brain is joined to the nape.—Not otherwise did Tydeus gnaw—the temples of Menalippus through disdain—than he did the skull and the other things.—O thou who showest by so bestial token—hatred over him whom thou eatest,[1]—tell me the why, said I: on such condition,—that, if thou with reason of him complainest,—knowing who you are, and his offence,—in the world above I also may repay thee for it,—if that [tongue] with which I speak does not *become* dry.

The mouth [he] raised from the beastly[2] food,—that sinner, wiping it on the hair—of the head which he had disfigured (maimed) behind.—Then [he] began: Thou wishest that I renew—desperate grief, which

[1] *Ti mangi*, "thou selfishly holdest for thy dainty food." This is one of those idioms expressed by the reciprocal pronoun "ti," almost impossible to translate. Its meaning is felt only by the native Italian.

[2] *Fiero*, here as the carcass on which a beast of prey will feed, from *fiera*, savage beast.

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So gnawed the upper one the wretch beneath,
Just where the neck-bone's marrow joins the brain:
Not otherwise did Tydeus fix his teeth
On Menalippus' temples in disdain.
While thus he mumbled skull and hair and all,
I cried: 'Ho! thou who show'st such bestial hate
Of him on whom thy ravenous teeth so fall,
Why feedest thou thus? On this agreement state:
That, if thou have good reason for thy spite,
Knowing you both, and what his crime was, I
Up in the world above may do thee right,
Unless the tongue I talk with first grow dry.'
From his foul feast that sinner raised his jaw,
Wiping it on the hair, first, of the head
Whose hinder part his craunching had made raw.
Then thus: 'Thou wouldst that I renew,' he said,
'The agony which still my heart doth wring,
In thought even, ere a syllable I say;
But if my words may future harvest bring
To the vile traitor here on whom I prey
Of infamy, then thou shalt hear me speak,
And see my tears too. I know not thy mien,
Nor by what means this region thou dost seek;
But by thy tongue thou'rt sure Florentine.
Know then, Count Ugolino once was I,
And this Archbishop Ruggieri: fate
Makes us close neighbors—I will tell thee why.
'Tis needless all the story to relate,
How through his malice, trusting in his words,
I was a prisoner made and after slain.
But that whereof thou never canst have heard,
I mean how cruelly my life was ta'en,
Thou shalt hear now, and thenceforth know if he
Have done me wrong. A loophole in the mew
Which hath its name of Famine's Tower from me,
And where his doom some other yet must rue,
Had shown me now already through its cleft
Moon after moon, when that ill dream I dreamed
Which from futurity the curtain reft.
He, in my vision, lord and master seemed,
Hunting the wolf and wolf-cubs on the height
Which screeneth Lucca from the Pisan's eye:
With eager hounds, well trained and lean and light,
Gualandi and Lanfranchi darted by,
With keen Sismondi—these the foremost went;
But after some brief chase, too hardly borne,
The sire and offspring seemed entirely spent,
And by sharp fangs their bleeding sides were torn.
When before morn from sleep I raised my head,
I heard my boys, in prison there with me,
Moaning in slumber and demanding bread.
If thou weep not, a savage thou must be:

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me to the heart oppresses,—even only thinking, before I speak of it.—But if my words must (may) be a seed—that will bear fruit of infamy to the traitor I gnaw,—thou shalt see me both speak and weep.—I know not who thou be nor by what means—art thou come here below; but Florentine—*thou* seemest to me truly, when I hear thee.—Thou shouldst know that I was Count Ugolino,—and this Archbishop Ruggieri:—now I'll tell thee why I am such[3] neighbor.—How by the means of his evil mind,—trusting in him, I was taken—and then killed, there is no need of telling.—But that which *thou* canst not have heard, (known),[4]—that is, how cruel my death was,—thou shalt hear; and [thou] shalt know whether he hath done me wrong.—A narrow hole within the mew[5]—which from me has the title of Hunger,—and in which it needs that others be confined,—had shown me through its opening—many moons already, when I had the fatal dream—which tore from me the veil of the future.—This [man] seemed to me leader and lord,—driving the wolf and wolf-cubs[6] to the mountain,—for which the Pisans cannot see Lucca.[7]—With hounds, [she-hounds,] lean, keen on the scent, and well trained, (*cagne magre studiose e conte,*)—Gualandi with Sismondi, and with Lanfranchi—had [he] put before him in the van.—After a short run they seemed to me borne down,—the father and the sons, and by those sharp teeth—I deemed their sides torn open.—When I became awake ere the morning—I heard weeping in their sleep my children,—who were with me, and ask for bread.—Indeed thou art cruel if thou dost not already grieve,—thinking of what to my heart was then foreboded:—and if thou weepest not, at what art thou wont to weep?—They were now awake, and the hour was drawing near—when food used to be brought in,—and his dream gave each misgivings.—And *then*

[3] *Tal vicino*, a neighbor so barbarously distressing another.

[4] *'nteso Udire*, hear by chance; *ascoltare*, to listen, *intendere*, to understand what you hear, or are told.

[5] *Muda*, the place where the republic's eagles were kept during moulting-time. *Mudare*, to moult.

[6] Ugolino had the dream while suffering the acute pangs of hunger. He dreamt of a famished wolf and its whelps, hunted by she-hounds, under which allegory he recognizes the Ghibellines, himself being a Guelf.

[7] *San Giuliano*, a mountain between Pisa and Lucca.

I heard the door bolted[8] below—in the horrible tower: whereat I looked—into the face of my children without saying a word.—I was not weeping, so was I petrified (*impietrai*) within:—they were weeping; and my little Anselm—said: Thou lookest so! Father, what aileth thee?—Yet I shed no tear, nor answered I—all that day, nor the following night,—until another sun arose over the world.—As soon as a little gleam of light (*un poco di raggio*) began to creep—into the doleful prison, and I saw in four faces my own very image,—both my hands through pain I bit;—and they, thinking that I did it for wish of food, instantly arose,—and said: Father, far less painful will it be to us—if thou eatest of us; thou didst dress—[us with] this miserable flesh, do thou take it off.—I then calmed myself, not to make them more wretched.—That day and the next we all lay silent:—alas! cruel earth, why didn'tst thou open?—After we had reached the fourth day—Gaddo threw himself prostrate at my feet,—saying: Father mine, why dost thou not help me?—There he died; and, as thou seest me,—did I see the three fall one by one,—betwixt the fifth day and the sixth, whereat I began,—already blind, to grope over each:—and three days I called them after they were dead.—Then more than the grief did the fasting overwhelm me.—When he had said this, with eyes distorted—he resumed the loathsome skull between his teeth,—which, like a dog's, stuck to the bone.—Ah Pisa! disgrace to the people—of the fair land where the *si* sounds;[9]—as thy neighbors are slow to punish thee,—let Capraja and Gorgona[10] arise,—and build a dam on Arno's mouth—that may drown every mother's child in thee.—For if Count Ugolino had the name—of having defrauded thee of thy castles,—thou shouldst not have put the children to such torture.—Innocent were by their youthful age,—Modern Thebes! Uguccione and Brigata,—and the other two whom my song has mentioned."

[8] The Pisans, about eight months after Ugolino's imprisonment, bolted the dungeon's massive doors, locked them, and threw the keys into the Arno.

[9] Dante calls the language of Southern France the language of *oc*, and the Italian the language of *si*; both *oc* and *si* meaning "yes."

[10] Two small islands at the mouth of the Arno.

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Nay, if thou weep not, thinking of the fear
My heart foreboded, canst thou weep at aught?
Now they woke also, and the hour was near
When used our daily pittance to be brought.
His dream made each mistrustful; and I heard
The door of that dread tower nailed up below:
Then in my children's eyes, without a word,
I gazed, but moved not; and I wept not: so
Like stone was I within, that I could not.
They wept, though, and my little Anselm cried,
'Thou look'st so! Father, what's the matter, what?'
But still I wept not, nor a word replied,
All that long day, nor all the following night,
Till earth beheld the sun's returning ray:
And soon as one faint gleam of morning light
Stole to the dismal dungeon where we lay,
And soon as those four visages I saw
Imaging back the horror of my own,
Both hands through anguish I began to gnaw:
And they, believing want of food alone
Compelled me, started up, and cried, 'Far less,
Dear father, it will torture us if thou
Shouldst feed on us! Thou gavest us this dress
Of wretched flesh—'tis thine, and take it now.'
So to relieve their little hearts, at last
I calmed myself, and, all in silence, thus
That and the next day motionless we past.
Ah thou hard earth! why didst not ope for us?
On the fourth morning, Gaddo at my feet
Cast himself prostrate, murmuring, 'Father! why
Dost thou not help me? Give me food to eat.'
With that he died: and even so saw I,
As thou seest me now, three more, one by one,
Betwixt the fifth day and the sixth day fall;
By which time, sightless grown, o'er each dear son
I groped, and two days on the dead did call:
But, what grief could not do, hunger did then.
This said, he rolled his eyes askance, and fell
To gnaw the skull with greedy teeth again,
Strong as a dog upon the bony shell.
Ah Pisa! shame of all in that fair land
Where *si* is uttered, since thy neighbors round
Take vengeance on thee with a tardy hand,
Broke be Capraja's and Gorgona's bound!
Let them dam Arno's mouth up, till the wave
Whelm every soul of thine in its o'erflow!
What though *'twas said* Count Ugolino gave,
Through treachery, thy strongholds to the foe?
Thou needst not have tormented so his sons,
Thou modern Thebes!—their youth saved them from blame—
Brigata, Hugh, and those two innocent ones
Whom, just above, the canto calls by name."

We had marked one or two more pieces for transcription, but we deem it useless; for a diligent collation of Mr. Parsons's text with the literal translation we have given *ad calcem* will at once convince the reader of the faithfulness of the work. Of course, it would be absurd to expect that words were rendered for words. It is simply impossible. Again: there are words which cannot be rendered. We know the Italian language pretty well—and why shouldn't we?—yet we have never been able to find the Italian word corresponding with the English "home"; nor have twenty-three years of close and earnest study of the English language yet enabled us to find an English word corresponding with the Italian *vagheggiare*. We say, "He was lost in the contemplation of a picture:" the Italian will simply say, "*Vagheggiava la pittura.*" Translate, if you can, "*L'amante vagheggia la sua bella!*" You can do it no more than the Italian can render with corresponding meaning the words, "Home! sweet home!"

In our opinion a too literal translation will not give us Dante; it will only give his words. Although we must admit that the meaning of the word, as it conveys the idea, must be scrupulously rendered as well as the idiom, yet it is evident that too great an anxiety in translating the word into that which bears the greatest resemblance to the original may lead into a misconception or misrepresentation of the author's idea. In an elaborate article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, of August, 1867, the word *height*, employed by Mr. Longfellow in his translation of Dante, (*Purgat*, xxviii. v. 106,) receives the preference over *summit*, employed by Cary. True, *height* is the literal rendition for *altezza;* yet Dante there employs *altezza* not in its literal meaning, which is one of measurement, but in that of a *summit*, or a *top*. A comparison with parallel cases in the *Commedia* will bear us out in our remark. We must not be understood as if we meant to prefer Cary to Longfellow. By no means: for the former gives us Cary's Dante, whereas the latter gives us, if we may be allowed the expression, *Dante's Dante.* Which remark, however, must not be taken as if we were disposed to endorse the fidelity of every line of the American translator. The very narrow limits to which he has

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confined himself often place him under the necessity of employing words which convey not the original's idea; while, on the other hand, often must he add words in order to fill up his line; for example,

"When he had said this, with *his* eyes distorted."

That *his* Dante never put there; why, it is a pleonasm.

While we do not like nor did ever like the freedom of Cary, nay, have felt indignant at the liberties he has taken with the text, we are amazed at the boldness with which Mr. Longfellow has endeavored to master his Procrustean difficulties; but we give preference to the work of Dr. Parsons, because his translation is easy (*disinvolta*, the Italians would call it) and yet faithful; it is poetical, and yet we challenge our readers to point to any idea which is not conveyed to the English mind in scrupulous fidelity to Dante's ideas. He sits in Alighieri's chair, and he is at home.

Were we requested by him who knew Italian only moderately as to the easiest method to understand and enjoy Dante, we would say: Read the text, collating it verse for verse with Longfellow; then read Parsons. Yet, to be candid, we hope no American scholar will form his idea of Dante's transcendental merit on the translation of Mr. Longfellow, who, it must be admitted, has done more meritorious work in behalf of Dante than the one hundred thousand and one who have written comments on him. But one feels a painful sensation in alighting from Dante's text on Longfellow's translation, whereas the transition from the perusal of the original to Parsons's causes no jerking in our soul, and the pleasure, *decies repetita*, never abates. To the Italian scholar Mr. Longfellow's translation will never prove satisfactory.

Lest our readers should think that we are *blind* admirers of Dr. Parsons, we will conclude this part of our paper with the remark that we wish different words were in a few occasions employed by him. Thus, for instance, the word, "in blackest letters," (*Inf.* c. iii, v. 10,) do not convey the full meaning of Dante's "parole di colore oscuro." Of course the doctor can easily defend his rendition (and we know he long pondered on the suitableness of the word) with the obvious remark that a *scoundrel* may be *black* without being an Abyssinian, hence his "blackest letters" must be taken in a moral sense; yet it requires an after-thought to understand it, whereas the word "oscuro" at once hints at something black in itself and dreadful in its forebodings. But what English word will convey the idea?

Our article, incomplete as it is, would yet appear more deficient were we not to give our readers a general idea of what the *Divina Commedia* is, what it proposes to convey to the reader's mind. Were we to form an idea of the nature of this poem from what has been written about it, we should call it *a saddle.* For there is no system, theological, philosophical, or political, the supporters whereof have not taken their proofs from Dante. According to some, Dante was a Catholic devotee; while others, especially in these our days, will represent him as the most determined and conscientious foe of everything Catholic, *et sic de ceteris.*

In the language of an accurate modern Italian scholar, "Dante lifted the Italian language from its cradle, and laid it on a throne: in spite of the rudeness of the times not yet freed from barbarism, he dared to conceive a poem, in which he embodied whatever there was most abstruse in philosophical and theologi-

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cal doctrines; in his three canticles he massed whatever was known in the scientific world; after the example of Homer and Virgil, he knew how to select a national subject which would interest all Italy, nay, all whose hearts were warmed by the warmth of Catholic faith; in a word, he became the mark either of decay or of prosperity in the Italian literature, which was always enhanced according as his divine poem was studied and appreciated, or laid aside and neglected."*

Dante was born in Florence, in March, 1265, and died in Ravenna an exile in 1321, September 14. His father's name was Alighiero degli Alighieri. His education was as perfect as the times could afford in science, belles-lettres, and arts. When only nine years old he became acquainted with Beatrice di Folco Portinari, a young damsel of eight summers, but endowed with great gifts of soul and body, and her praises he sang in prose and verse, and to her he allotted a distinguished place in paradise. Dante served his country faithfully both in the councils of peace and under the panoply of war. When only thirty-five years old, he attained the highest dignity in the gift of his countrymen. On the occupation of Florence by Charles of Valois, whose pretensions he had opposed and so far thwarted, Dante was banished from Florence, (Jan. 27, 1302.) At the time, he was in Rome endeavoring to interest Pope Boniface VIII. in behalf of his dear Florence. Dante never saw his native place again, but after nineteen years of exile and poverty he died highly honored and very tenderly cared for by the Polentas, the masters of Ravenna.

Dante was the author of many excellent works; but to the *Divina Commedia* he owes that fame by which he stands of all the Italians *facile princeps*. At first, it was his intention to write his poem in Latin verse; but seeing that that language was not understood by all, and many even among the educated laity could not read it, and just then the great transformation of the new language taking place he wisely conceived the plan of gathering all the words which were then used from the Alps to the sea, and exhibited a uniformity of sound and formation, and thus to write a poem that might be called national, and at the same time be a bond that would unite all the Italian hearts. This may be looked upon as the political or patriotic aim of his work. A moral end had he then in view: thus, laying down as the principle of common destiny that man was created for the double end of enjoying an imperishable happiness hereafter, to be attained by securing a happiness in this world, which should arise from attending to the pursuits of virtue, in *Paradise* he described the former, which cannot be attained without a soul entirely detached from the affections of this earth, a process of schooling one's self and purification so well represented by what he imagines to have witnessed in *Purgatory*. But as the soul needs be animated to do works of justice by the promise of reward, as well as by the intimidation of deadly punishment, so he depicts the horrors to which the lost people, those who were dead to even the aspiration of a virtuous nature, will be doomed in *Hell*.

Naturally, this triple state of the soul, lost, redeeming herself, glorified, gave him a chance of embodying into his work theological expositions of the duties of man, of the working of grace, and of the economy of religion; revelation, natural religion, and science, all in turn lend him a helping hand. And because examples should

* Cav. G. Maffei, *Storia Lit. Ital.* I. iii.

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be adduced to practically prove the truth of his assertions, he freely quotes from the past and from the present; and while he is perfectly alive to the importance of placing in high relief the beautiful deeds of those who gained glory in paradise because of their being faithful to the behests of faith and religion in whatever concerns our relations to God, ourselves, and our neighbors, at the same time, his heart burning with love for his country, he will admit of no mitigation in the conduct of such as he considers unfaithful to it or in the least hostile to that Florence he loved so well.

And here we pause. We have not done justice to the subject: we have not said all we could wish about Dante and Mr. Parsons. Yet we hope the few remarks we have made will enkindle in the breast of some of our readers a desire of becoming better acquainted with the father of Italian literature, the idol of the Italian student, the *Fiero Ghibellino:*

"Onorate l' altissimo Poeta."

ASPIRATIONS.

O DREAD Jehovah! who before the world
Had being dwelt eternal and alone,
Ere yet our planet on its path was hurled
Through space, ere angel or archangel shone,
Ere waves had learned to roll or winds to sweep,
And darkness brooded on the mighty deep!

Thy glance searched through infinity around,
And there was none save thee; thy spirit warm
Moved over chaos, and its vast profound
Heaved up a thousand worlds, dark, without form.
"Let there be light!" And, kindled at thy ray,
Burst radiant morning teeming with the day.

And what am I to thee? A raindrop placed
In an o'erteeming cloud?
A snowflake drifting o'er the northern waste
When winds are loud?
An atom or a nothing where sublime
Worlds, planets piled, thy praise unceasing chime?

Not so; for in thy living image made,
Conscious of will, of immortality,
In thy tremendous attributes arrayed,
Like thee, a Lord, yielding alone to thee—
What awful dignity! what power divine!
A semblance of infinitude is mine.

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Yet did thy breath no less
Create me; sprung from thy eternal fires,
I glow; without thee, I am nothingness;
Thy wisdom guides me and thy love inspires.
"Give me thy heart"—O strange benignity!
What is a mortal's heart, O God! to thee?

My bursting heart expands
To meet thee, and thy presence weighs me down:
He who contains the heavens within his hands,
Annihilating systems with his frown,
Comes clad in garments of mortality
To dwell on this dim, shadowy earth with me.

For what shall I exchange thee? For the shine
Of worldly pomp and pageantry and power?
This spark, within eternal and divine,
Spurns the false baubles of a fleeting hour.
Thou art all glory, power, infinity—
Thou *art;* what can I want, possessing thee?

Thou shalt unchanged behold
The starry host, quenched like a firebrand, die;
The firmament is as a vesture rolled
Around thee—as a vesture 'tis cast by.
A thousand years are nothing in thy sight—
Or as a watch that passes in the night.

And when this earth shall fly
To atoms; when the mountains shall be tossed
As chaff; when like a scroll rolls back the sky,
And Nature and her laws for ever lost;
When thou shalt speak in fire the dread command
And hurl it from the hollow of thy hand—

What hope for me? Thy promises sublime
That o'er the wreck of worlds I shall survey,
With eye unmoved, beyond the touch of Time,
The stars grow dark, the melting heavens decay,
And sit arrayed in immortality
In peace eternal and supreme with thee.

C. E. B.

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SHALL WE HAVE A CATHOLIC CONGRESS?

ALL our readers must have read with interest the account given of the last Catholic Congress at Malines. The importance and utility of such assemblies are generally understood. Shall we have a Catholic Congress? The feasibility of introducing it into the United States can scarcely be doubted. The people here are more accustomed to self-government than in Europe. We are thoroughly acquainted with the management and rules of popular, deliberative assemblies. We have learned members of the clergy, and educated laymen, who appreciate the value of a congress, and are competent to render its workings practical and make its deliberations effective. The episcopacy is ever ready to aid undertakings for the benefit of religion. There can, therefore, be no doubt of obtaining the necessary sanction from the ecclesiastical hierarchy for the assembling of the congress.

Who, then, will begin it? And when will it be held? Many earnest Catholics of the country, who have seen the great benefits derived to Belgium and France from the congresses at Malines; and to Germany from those at Munich and elsewhere; who have witnessed the powerful influence for propagating doctrines and concentrating forces of the sectarian or philanthropical assemblies which annually meet in New York or elsewhere, are asking these questions. Our forces are scattered; a congress would unite them. There is no centre, no unanimity, no harmony of action among us in reference to many important matters which might be treated of in a congress.

Let us briefly enumerate some of the objects which could be discussed and studied in an assembly of our learned clergy and educated laity.

FREE SUNDAY AND DAY SCHOOLS, their regulation and amelioration, might be one of the objects. In large cities like New York, Baltimore, Boston, and Philadelphia, where Catholics are, many of them, wealthy and instructed, the teachers of parochial or Sunday schools are often highly capable of conducting their establishments. The large cities afford so many opportunities of study and improvement that every one can learn. But in the poor country districts, how is it? The teachers are isolated. They need more system. There is no central point to which they may look for light. The rural clergy in remote districts are often suffering from want of some large and powerful organization which could assist them in their labors, either for the improvement of their schools, their choirs, etc., or for the counteracting of Protestant propagandism.

The influence which has been exercised on education in Belgium by the Catholic congresses is well known. The labors of the German Catholic congresses is not so public. The Nineteenth General Assembly of the Catholic associations of Germany took place at Bamberg, in Bavaria, during the interval between the 31st of August and the 3d of September, A.D. 1868. These German congresses, like those of Belgium, are composed of laymen as well as ecclesiastics. They exclude all political questions from their sessions. Their only aim is to sustain

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and support the Catholic cause. In the three first meetings, one at Mayence, in 1848, under the presidency of the Chevalier Buss; the other at Breslau, presided over by M. Lieber, while the city was in a state of siege, in 1849; and in the third, held at Ratisbon in 1850, the members organized a unity of action among the societies of St. Vincent de Paul, established schools and reading-rooms in the interest of Catholic literature, and watched over the religious wants of the Germans in Paris and throughout the rest of France. The Congress of Ratisbon, presided over by Count Joseph de Stolberg, founded the Society of St. Boniface, which has since then realized the sum of $700,000, and by this means established one hundred and ten missions and one hundred and fifty schools for the poor German Catholics living in Protestant countries.

Münster, in Westphalia, had a Congress in 1852. The president was the Baron of Andlau. In it was discussed the method which the Catholic associations could take to promote Christian education and to found a Catholic university. These deliberations were continued the following year at the Vienna Congress, where Dr. Zell presided. In 1856, at another Congress, in which Count O'Donnel was president, the foundation of children's asylums was discussed. Salzburg was proposed as the seat of the Catholic university. The Salzburg Congress, in 1857, was specially occupied with this project, and with the means of developing the power of the Catholic press, founding Catholic publication societies, and giving pecuniary aid to the Catholics of the East. At Freyburg, in 1859, the Congress, presided over by the Count de Brandis, treated of the Catholic press and religious music. The Thirteenth Congress at Münich, in 1861, founded the literary review known as the *Litterarischer Handweiser*, edited by Hulskam and Rump, at Münster.

The Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, in the following year, took up again the question of the establishment of a Catholic university. A committee was appointed to found it; but the government opposed them. This rather excited than diminished the zeal of the persevering German Catholics. Professor Moeller, of Louvain, on this occasion said: "*The word impossible is not Christian.*" There was not one of those congresses that did not oppose the secularization of education; not one of them that did not materially and morally aid the cause of Christian doctrine.

In these German congresses we have a good model to imitate. Isolated attempts to obtain public support for our own schools will rarely if ever succeed. There must be union; a union of the Catholic brain, intelligence, and wealth, not only in one state, but all over the country.

Our CATHOLIC REFORMATORIES is another object worthy the attention of a Catholic congress. No one can exaggerate the importance of these institutions. That of New York, supported and maintained by our good and zealous archbishop, has produced incalculable benefits in our city already. A Catholic congress would strengthen the hands of our zealous prelate; would increase the efficiency of the institution; would encourage the Catholics of other cities, where they are not already established, to found similar establishments for the orphaned or homeless children who swarm in our country. How many of the poor sons and daughters of our Catholic emigrants are lost for ever to faith and virtue in our cities! Will not their blood

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cry out on the last day against their fellow-Christians, who have the wealth and the intelligence, but not the zeal, to save them from a life of crime and ignominy?

The ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETIES could also profit by union of action among the different conferences throughout the country. In the South, especially, the war has multiplied widows and orphans. The poor there have not the same advantages as in the North. Some of the dioceses were poor before the war. They are now all very poor. The bishops and priests are trying to build up what the sword or the cannon destroyed. It is true there are regular assemblies of the different conferences; but they need a stronger impulse from without to make them flourish as they should and as they are needed.

Then there is the question of RELIGIOUS MUSIC,* which none of the European congresses ever omit in their deliberations. We are not disposed to find fault; but every one knows that the music of our churches is frequently anything but rubrical or ecclesiastical. We are in favor of the best music; the very best, whether it be figured or plain chant; but let it be at least CHURCH music, not rehashed operas. We know that many of the pastors are unable to procure singers who are competent to render Catholic music as it should be in our churches. We need a Catholic training-school of music. A Catholic conservatory might easily be formed in New York. It is no exaggeration to say that the best of the foreign musicians in the United States are Catholics, whether they be remarkable for their skill with instruments or for the culture of their voices. There is besides much native talent, which only needs the opportunity to become distinguished. Let there be founded a national Catholic conservatory of music, with prizes and exhibitions; let the members of it see that their efforts will be even pecuniarily and profitably remunerated, and we venture to predict that in a short time America will stand as high as her European sisters in religious music. Toward the close of the last Malines Congress, a multitude of Belgian Catholic amateurs gave an oratorio on the *Last Judgment*, which was magnificent. A Catholic conservatory of music in New York could give similar entertainments, as an appropriate termination to our Catholic congresses, and be able thereby to pay all its expenses, and have even much left with which to remunerate its members.

LIBRARIES, READING-ROOMS, and the PRESS could also be discussed. Nothing will do more good in a community than a supply of good reading matter. We have already discussed the method of founding family and Sunday-school libraries in the pages of this magazine. A Catholic congress would encourage those who wished to found them; would bring out the energies of many of the laity and clergy who only seek a good opportunity to display them. In this respect we might learn a lesson from many of the Protestant sects. Whatever we may think of the real zeal of Protestants, however much we may condemn their external show of piety, their confounding Christian charity with philanthropism, we must admire the energy which they manifest in the cause of education. No church of theirs but has its Bible class, its well-organized Sunday-school, its Sunday-school library, its young men's association, read-

* Professor Jacovacci, of the Propaganda College, in a recent circular to the bishops, urges this point on the next General Council.

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ing-room, and newspaper. No doubt these are but the accidentals of Christianity; but they help very much in propagating or sustaining the essentials.

It is certain that our CATHOLIC PRESS does not receive all the support which it deserves. We have Catholic newspapers, which could be rendered much more useful and efficient were they better patronized; and as for our magazine, our readers must judge whether we do not endeavor our utmost to satisfy their intellectual wants. In Europe, every petty, poor Catholic community is willing to support a journal. We often find many reviews flourishing in countries far less wealthy and populous than our own. Ought not the five millions of Catholics of the United States to give THE CATHOLIC WORLD a subscription list of at least fifty thousand? And if they do not, what is the reason? Is it because they are poor? No, but because there is no central point from which the current of electricity can be sent leaping through the brain and heart of our population. Let us have a congress for these purposes also.

Then there is the project of a CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY. Every day we read of wealthy gentlemen leaving donations of thousands of dollars to educational establishments belonging to the state or to religious denominations other than Catholic. In Europe this is also a common custom. We have read of Mr. Peabody's donation to Yale College. Girard, an infidel, founded the institution in Philadelphia which bears his name. Our Catholic millionaires of New York and other cities, we are sure, only need to be asked to show their generosity in the founding of a Catholic university. Several of the petty German states have theirs. Even impoverished Ireland has had the courage to originate one. Will not rich America follow her example? What is wanting? Not the money; not the patronage; not the ability to conduct it; but simply that there is no united, powerful body of Catholics to undertake it. Give us a congress, and we can have this union; a congress of the brain, good sense, and faith of the American church.

Are we to have a school of CATHOLIC ARTISTS in this country? Shall we do anything to promote the Catholic arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture? What style of church ornament shall we keep? Shall we cultivate the taste of our clergy in these matters? After what fashion shall our churches be built? Will we make no effort to unite the Catholic architects and artists of the country to consult, compare their experiences, and improve their taste and talent by mutual contact? They individually desire to be brought together. There is no true artist who does not wish for an opportunity to be appreciated; and where can so just an appreciation of an artist's work be had as in a Catholic congress of American Catholic talent which would influence even the remotest parts of our vast country?

Our priests all feel the want more or less of a central point to which they can look with safety for *proper vestments*, *altar furniture*, and *altar wine*. It may be suspected without rashness that many of the merchants who sell wines for the altar are not always reliable. In many cases the wine is adulterated. In such a state of uncertainty, would it not be well to have a "Bureau of Safety" established? Would it not be well to have some authorized and reliable agents who could transport to this country, cheaply and safely, some of the treasures of Europe—vestments, chalices, pictures, and the like—instead of

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obliging every priest to depend on his own individual knowledge, or leave him at the mercy of some purely mercantile monopoly? If there were a Catholic congress, all this state of disorder could be remedied, if not in one year, at least in two or three. There are zealous Catholics enough in the country to devote a portion of their time to the general interests of religion.

The condition of CATHOLIC PRISONERS in jails or penitentiaries could form not the least important object of a Catholic assembly. There are many unfortunate members of our church in the prisons on the neighboring islands of New York who are in the best dispositions to profit by spiritual consolation, yet they have no books, save the few which the devoted chaplain may give them when charity affords him the necessary funds. The prisoners in more remote districts are worse off. Does it not stir up the fire of zeal in the heart of a Catholic to know that he can save a soul, reclaim the vicious, and give consolation to a poor wretch who may have unfortunately forgotten the sanctity prescribed by his religion? Would not a supply of good books be a godsend to Catholic prisoners? Would it not tend to reform them, to beguile their weary hours, and sanctify them? Now, a Catholic congress could establish a permanent committee, to see that the prisons of the country were supplied with Catholic literature. If we want to convert the United States, we must be in earnest about our work. We must take every method that our means will enable us to use and our piety suggest. Let Catholic doctrines percolate through the veins of society not only by preaching in our churches, but by spreading Catholic tracts, Catholic newspapers, Catholic books in the city, in the country, in the work-house, even in the jail and penitentiary. Let our religion be like its Founder, "going about everywhere doing good:" "*pertransiit benefaciendo.*"

Although centralization, in a political point of view, when carried to excess, is injurious to liberty, too much individualism is equally pernicious, for it entails too much responsibility. A Catholic congress would not destroy individual zeal, but only concentrate it. A Catholic congress could coerce no man's will. It would only be an index to show men what they could do; to ask them to be unanimous and to pull together.

The details of the congress could be arranged at its meeting. The constitution and by-laws of the Malines congresses, or of those which succeeded so admirably in Germany, could be adopted with slight modifications. The approbation of the Holy Father would be given to it as to those in Europe. Our venerable archbishops and bishops would sanction it. The prelate in whose diocese it would assemble might preside at its deliberations or appoint a substitute. Committees would be appointed, some permanent, others transitory.

In the interest of the laity, then, we ask for a Catholic congress. We ask for it in the interest of the clergy also, who are anxious to keep up their own tone of respectability, and at the same time influence by unanimity the great work of the conversion of the whole United States to Catholicity.

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TRANSLATED FROM LE CORRESPONDANT.

THE PRESENT DISPUTES IN PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

BY DR. CHAUFFAID, OF THE IMPERIAL ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

I.

PHILOSOPHY or rather philosophical discussions are being renewed. On the one hand, materialism rages like a tempest over the regions of science; menacing our scientific, intellectual, and moral past and future with destruction. On the other side, we behold noble efforts, beautiful works, and eloquent protestations, on the part of reason and liberty, in favor of the dignity of human nature against the debasing tenets of positivism. We know what shall be the result of this struggle. Materialistic doctrines and hypotheses can never conquer the best aspirations and real glory of humanity. But if final triumph is certain, when will it take place? Immediately, or only after a passing victory of the great philosophical error of the day? This is a serious question; for a temporary victory by materialism would be a fatal sign of our time, and humiliate our race beyond anything that can be imagined. The philosophical discussions, therefore, which have been raised around us are not a mere useless noise; but they are the most important subject for our consideration, bearing with them great destinies—those of science, and perhaps of national life.

To appreciate the true character of the materialistic movement which is stirring every layer of society, and whose action the learned and the ignorant equally feel, we must examine all the remote and proximate, latent and manifest, causes which influence the currents, the ebb and flow of materialism. It would be well to determine how actual materialism has its exclusive origin and its new sources in the bowels of modern science; what new support it has met with in recent scientific discoveries, and what are the value and bearing of those discoveries.

In beholding the tumult which the partisans of the experimental method in philosophy create, the enthusiasm which they show, and the passionate defence of their theory, one would suppose they had made a new conquest of the human mind, and made some astounding discovery. Yet we know what the exact value of the experimental method is. Why, then, so much nervous excitement over it? Yet the excitement is probably only artificial; still it has an aim. The experimental method is clamorously extolled for the purpose of covering with its authority sophisms destructive of all philosophy and of all science. This method is a great flag under which all causes that are not science are sheltered. M. Caro, in his excellent book, *Materialism and Science*, has endeavored to dispel all confusion on this subject, and to re-establish facts and the truth. Positivism—which must not be confounded with positive science—tries to unite its destiny with that of the experimental method; calling itself the necessary fruit of the latter, the systematized result of a method which subjects all visible nature to man. Positivism concludes from the pre-

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mises that it has the same certainty as the experimental method.

M. Caro, with a strong hand, upsets all such pretensions. He demonstrates that, if positivism has skilfully stolen the name and some of the processes of positive science, the experimental school, to which the positive sciences owe so much, owes nothing to positivism. Taking for guide, in the study of the experimental method, one of the *savants* who understands it best, and who, after practising it successfully, has exposed its precepts with incomparable authority, M. Caro proves that this method is not bound by the tyranny of positivism. "Nothing is less evident to my eyes," he writes, "than the agreement of M. Cl. Bernard's manner of thinking with certain essential principles of positivism. His independence is clearly manifested especially in regard to two points: Firstly, in opposition to the spirit of the positive doctrine, he gives place to the idea *a priori* in the constitution of science. Secondly, contrary to one of the most decided dogmas of the positivist school, he leaves a great many open questions, and thus allows his readers to revert to metaphysical conceptions for their solution."

In the thought of M. Cl. Bernard, the *a priori* element loses all absolute sense and becomes a purely relative and accidental fact. It has no longer any of those eternal forms of the understanding, of those necessary conceptions through the aid of which the human mind sees and judges the things of nature, contingent facts, and phenomena which happen before our eyes. It is not that power, obscure yet admirable reflection of the divine power, which enables us to apprehend the immutable relations of things, and establishes science by compelling us, by an irresistible attraction, to seek in their cause the reason of phenomena. No; M. Cl. Bernard does not rise directly to that alliance of the infinite and finite, of cause and effect, which takes place in the active depths of the human mind. To this great experimentalist the idea *a priori* is revealed only in face of experience; it is an instinct, a sudden illumination which strikes and seizes the mind, when the senses act and perceive, as impassible and mute witnesses. "Its apparition is entirely spontaneous and individual. It is a particular sentiment, a *quid proprium*, which constitutes the originality, the invention, and genius of every man. It happens that a fact—that an observation—remains for a long time before the eyes of a *savant* without inspiring him with anything, when suddenly a ray of light flashes on him. The new idea appears then with the rapidity of lightning, as a sort of sudden revelation." This flash, this ray of light, is well known to medical tradition, and often called tact, sense, and medical skill. These expressions will exist notwithstanding the denials of a narrow science, which thinks to ennoble itself by suppressing art. There are physicians who, in face of the obscure manifestations of a disease, perceive, with a rapid and sure intuition, the hidden relations of the malady, its nature buried in the living depths of the organization, its future tendencies and probable solutions. This intuition has nothing mysterious in it, and is not the play of a capricious fancy; it is the flash of light, the new idea, the sudden revelation, of which M. Cl. Bernard, the learned *savant* and most severe of experimentalists, writes. This, then, is what M. Cl. Bernard calls the idea *a priori*; certainly he does not pretend nor think that he is writing meta-

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physics. Nevertheless, when we attentively consider it, is not this idea *a priori* a species of prolongation or consequence of the necessary ideas, the true ideas *a priori*, of the human mind? Is not the idea *a priori* a perception of a cause through its effects; at one time the perception of a contingent and particular cause; and again the perception of a cause in itself—of the supreme, necessary, and infinite cause? Does not M. Cl. Bernard himself seem to admit metaphysical conceptions, when, after considering the spontaneity of the intellect under a general aspect, he writes as follows, "It may be said that we have in the mind the intuition or sentiment of the laws of nature, but we do not know their form"?

The experimental school has not, however, determined this point of doctrine; it has so confusedly felt and expressed it that the positivist school could not avoid refuting those rather vague aspirations, and admit, without denying its own principles, those soarings of the understanding in presence of facts. But the experimental school, of which M. Cl. Bernard is the interpreter, puts itself in opposition to positivism. He allows those high truths which cannot be demonstrated by sensible phenomena to have some place in science. He tells us that true science suppresses nothing, but always seeks and considers, without being troubled, those things which it does not understand. "Deny those things," says M. Cl. Bernard, "and you do not suppress them; you shut your eyes and imagine that there is no light." Positivism could not be more formally condemned by positive science.

Will it be pretended that, although the experimental school accepts the order of metaphysical truths, it rejects them disdainfully when there is question of the natural sciences; and that thus rejected by science they cannot be counted among the serious knowledge of humanity? Nothing could be more unjust than such a condemnation; for nothing proves that there is not another knowledge besides that of experience. M. Cl. Bernard discovers, even in the order of biological truths, capital truths which are not at all experimental, susceptible of a *real determinism*, to use the expression of which he is so fond. When he tries to define life by using a word which expresses exactly the idea, he calls it *creation*. In every living germ he admits a *creating idea*, which is developed by organization, and is derived neither from chemistry nor physical nature.

In fine, the experimental school, such as tradition presents it to us and its ablest expounders teach it, must not be confounded with *positivism*, which tries to steal its name and flag.

The experimental school, healthy and fruitful, gives to metaphysical truths their legitimate influence, their superior and imperishable sight, and does not suppress them by a violent and arbitrary decision. Especially, it does not resolve difficulties by denying all other causes and activity than what is purely material. The experimental school is not fatally materialism.

Materialism is the legitimate consequence of positivism. The positivist sect, at the beginning of its career, pretended to take hold of materialism with a superb indifference and dogmatic insolence, in presence of those eternal problems which, to the honor of humanity, have always puzzled and tormented it. But it is easy to show that most of the definitions and teaching of positivist philosophy correspond with the materialist dogmas, from which positivism pretended to hold itself aloof. How

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[illegible] We are assured that there is *identity* between those two relations: the intellectual and moral manifestations are to the nervous substance what weight is to matter, that is to say, an irreducible phenomenon, which in the actual state of our knowledge is its own explanation. 'Just as the physicist observes that matter is heavy so the physiologist proves that the nervous substance thinks, without either of them being able to explain why the one is heavy and the other thinks.'*

"Let it be so," continues M. Caro; "yet which of the materialists has ever pretended to explain why the nervous substance thinks? They merely attest the existence of the fact. The real question is to know if it is the nervous substance which thinks, and if it can think. To affirm that it thinks is to close the question. I take as witness M. Moleschott, whose teaching is not doubtful, and which has been published with applause. What does he say in a discourse recently delivered at Zurich? 'The identification of spirit and matter is not an explanation; it is a fact, neither more nor less simple, more nor less mysterious, than any other fact; it is a fact like weight. No one assuredly pretends to explain gravitation by means of distinctions between it and matter.' Is there, I ask, an appreciable difference on this question between the language of the present chief of the positivists and that of the most decided positivists?"

A journal, devoted to the defence and propagation of scientific materialism, *La Pensée Nouvelle*, proclaimed the same doctrine: "The positivist school is a sect which proceeds from materialism; it has no value or aim except through materialism."

* M. Littré, préface au livre intitulé *Matérialisme et Spiritualisme*.

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would enjoy the full brightness of this universe, whose secrets would no longer be redoubtable, and whose eternal and necessary laws would be opposed to all idea of a higher origin, and government regulated by any exterior will.

But let us leave aside for a moment the examination of those sad illusions and past solutions and the part which experience has in them. Let us consider at first, from the stand-point of method alone, those problems of origin which materialism pretends to resolve. How are those problems capable of being solved by the experimental method? Such is the true question, and it is this one the study of which completes the beautiful book of M. Caro. "We shall not be opposed," says the eloquent author of the *Idée de Dieu*, "by any unprejudiced *savant*, when we assert that, in the actual state of science, no positivist dogma authorizes conclusions like those of materialism on the problem of the origin and ends of beings, on that of substances and causes; that to give exact knowledge on these points is contrary to the idea of experimental science; that this science gives us the actual, the present, the fact, not the beginning of things; at most, the immediate *how*, the proximate conditions of beings, and never their remote causes; finally, that from the moment materialism becomes an express and doctrinal negation of metaphysics, it becomes itself another metaphysics; it falls immediately under the control of pure reason, which may be freely used to criticise its hypotheses, as it uses them itself to establish them and bind them together."

This *a priori* dogmatism imposes itself as a necessity on materialism, and destroys the experimental character which it loves. The learned, devoted to the worship of positive

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science, are obliged to admit this, and M. Caro cites, on this point, the precious admission of an illustrious *savant*, M. Virchow, whom the materialists claim as one of themselves. "No one, after all," says M. Virchow, "knows what was before what is. . . . Science has nothing but the world which exists. . . . Materialism is a tendency to explain all that exists, or has been created, by the properties of matter. Materialism goes beyond experience; it makes itself a system. But systems are more the result of speculation than of experience. They prove in us a certain want of perfection which speculation alone can satisfy; for all knowledge which is the result of experience is incomplete and defective."

It is not a metaphysician who speaks thus; it is a *savant*, who, in Germany, ranks at the head of experimental biology, who leans to materialism, and admits, nevertheless, that materialism has no other root than an undemonstrable *a priori;* consequently M. Caro has the right with ironical good sense to draw these conclusions: "Until materialism leaves that vicious circle which logic traces around its fundamental conception; until it succeeds in proving experimentally that that which is has always been as it is in the actual form of the recognized order of phenomena; so long as it cannot strip those questions of their essentially transcendental character, and subject its negative solutions to a verification of which the idea alone is contradictory; until then—and we have good reason to think that period far distant—materialism will keep the common condition of every demonstration that cannot be verified. It may reason, after a fashion, on the impossibility of conceiving a beginning to the system of things, to the existence of matter and its properties, but it will prove nothing experimentally, which is, according to its principles, the only way of proving anything; it will speculate, which is very humiliating for those who despise speculation; it will recommence a system of metaphysics, which is the greatest disgrace for those who profess to despise metaphysics. We are continually reproached with the *a priori* character of our solutions concerning first causes. Materialism must necessarily accept its share of the blame, no matter how full it may be of illusions regarding its scientific bearing and value, no matter how intoxicated with the conquest of positive science with which it essays in vain to identify its fortune and right."

We have just seen, with M. Caro, whether materialism can call itself the faithful representation and direct product of the experimental method. M. Janet, in one of those little volumes, *Le Matérialisme Contemporain*, destined to a happy popularity, and in which high reason and good science are made clear and simple to convince better, shows us what is the value of the solutions proposed, even nowadays, by materialism. The two work of MM. Caro and Janet thus complete each other: the one discusses the question of methods, and judges materialism in face of its own work, and systematic development; the other asks it, after its labors, whither the method it has used has led it, and interrogates it on those questions of origin and end which it treats and so boldly resolves.

III.

MATERIALISM has two grand problems to solve: matter and life. No one would hesitate to say that the first of these is within its scope, and the solution easy for it. What should

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be better able to teach us what matter is than a system which recognizes nothing but matter? Has matter in itself the reason of its existence, the reason especially of the motion which impels and moves it, causes all its changes, and what seems now to be the only origin of all its properties and of all its manifestations? M. Janet, in a chapter particularly original, *La Matière et le Mouvement*, demonstrates that matter cannot present the conditions of absolute existence which are necessary to it if we admit nothing above it. Materialism, instead of arriving at a substantial and freed matter, has nothing ever before it but an intangible unknown. To find nothing for basis of its affirmations but the unknown, and pretend on this basis to build a philosophical belief, seat the destinies of humanity on the unknown, is an outrage on reason and good sense. What a chimerical enterprise! "What would signify, I ask," writes M. Janet, "the pretensions of materialism in a system in which one would be obliged to confess that matter is reduced to a principle absolutely unknown? Is it not the same to say that matter is the principle of all things, in this hypothesis; and to assert that x, that is, any unknown quantity, is the principle of all things? It would be as if one should say, 'I do not know what is the principle of things.' What a luminous materialism this is!" But let us leave pure matter aside; although it touches and bounds us on every side, it does not seem to contain the peculiar secret of our origins and destinies. Let us go further and interrogate materialism regarding life and living beings, among which we are counted, and the study of which penetrates so deeply into our own life.

Materialism pretends to explain the mysterious origin and first appearance of life; and imagines that it can establish by experience the conditions and cause of the formation of simple and rudimentary organizations. The theory of spontaneous generation answers these experimental conditions, and is the proximate and sufficient cause of the existence of life. Having obtained those primary organic forms, materialism explains the immense multiplicity of living species by the gradual transformation of the rudimentary organic forms, produced by spontaneous generation; a transformation effected by natural conditions. Spontaneous generation is consequently a primary thesis of materialism.

"We see," says Lucretius, "living worms come out of fetid matter when, having been moistened by the rain, it has reached a sufficient degree of putrefaction. The elements put in motion and into new relations produce animals." The whole theory and all the errors of spontaneous generation are contained in these phrases.

The progress of the natural sciences gradually extinguished the belief in spontaneous generation. In proportion as science studied this pretended generation it disappeared, and ancestral generation became evident. M. Pouchet has reawakened the discussion of the question by transporting it into the study of those lives of only an instant in duration, which the immense multitude of animalcula presents. Those lives, still so little known and so hard to observe in their rapid evolution, offered a favorable field for confusion, premature assertion, and arbitrary systems. To affirm their spontaneous generation, or demonstrate their generation by germs detached from infinitely small organizations in their complete development, was a task equally obscure

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and apparently impenetrable to experimentation. The one theory was opposed to all the known laws of life, while the other was in conformity with those laws. It seemed, therefore, that unless demonstrated by all the force of evidence, the spontaneous generation of animalcula should find no legitimate place in science. But not only was evidence always wanting, but thanks to the wonderful ability displayed by M. Pasteur; thanks to the beauty, precision, clearness, and variety of the experiments performed by him; thanks to the penetrating sagacity with which he has exposed the defects of the contrary experiments of M. Pouchet and M. Jolly, all the evidence is in favor of ancestral generation; and the Academy of Science, so prudent and ordinarily so reserved in its judgments, has not hesitated to pronounce openly in this sense. Let us hear the eminent M. Cl. Bernard, judging spontaneous generation; even that which, not daring to maintain the complete generation of the being, sought refuge in the spontaneous generation of the ovulum or germ, which being evolved produced the entire being:

"That generation," says M. Cl. Bernard, "which governs the organic creation of living beings has been justly regarded as the most mysterious function of physiology. It has been always observed that there is a filiation among living beings, and that the greatest number of them proceed visibly from parents. Nevertheless there are cases in which this filiation has not been apparent, and then some have admitted *spontaneous generation*, that is, production without parentage. This question, already very old, has been investigated in recent times and subjected to new study. In France, many *savants* have rejected the theory of spontaneous generation, particularly M. Pouchet, who defended the theory of spontaneous ovulation. M. Pouchet wished to prove that there was no spontaneous generation of the adult being, but of its egg or germ. This view seems to me altogether inadmissible even as a hypothesis. I consider, in fact, that the egg represents a sort of organic formula, which resumes the evolutive conditions of a being determined by the fact that it proceeds from the egg. The egg is egg only because it possesses a virtuality which has been given to it by one or several anterior evolutions, the remembrance of which it in some sort preserves. It is this original direction, which is only a parentage more or less remote, which I regard as being incapable of spontaneous manifestation. We must have necessarily a hereditary influence. I cannot conceive that a cell formed spontaneously and without ancestry can have an evolution, since it has had no prior state. Whatever may be thought of the hypothesis, the experiment on which the proofs of spontaneous generation rested were for the most part defective. M. Pasteur has the merit of having cleared up the problem of spontaneous generation, by reducing the experiments to their just value and arranging them according to science. He has proved that the air was the vehicle of a multitude of germs of living beings, and he has shown that it was necessary before all to reduce the argument to precise and well-formed observations.

"In order to express my thought on the subject of spontaneous generation, I have only to repeat here what I have already said in a report which I have had to make on this question; that is to say, that in proportion as our means of investigation become more perfect, it will be found

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that the cases of supposed spontaneous generation must be necessarily classed with the cases of ordinary physiological generation. This is what the works of M. Balbiani and of MM. Coste and Gerbe have recently proved in reference to the infusory animalcula."

These latter works, especially those of M. Balbiani,* completely overturn the basis of the doctrine of spontaneous generation. Those infusory animalcula which were supposed to be produced by a silent self-formation are really produced by sexual generation, and those germs floating in the atmosphere are real eggs, the laying of which M. Balbiani discovered.

Nevertheless, spontaneous generation has still some decided partisans. Some, like Messrs. Pouchet and Jolly, still believe the theory as *savants*. The observations which they trusted in affirming spontaneous generation or ovulation still preserve their value for them. It is not easy to give up one's ideas and works. The children of our mind are often dearer to us than the offspring of our blood. It requires a species of heroism for a *savant* to immolate what he has conceived with labor, protected and defended against all assailers. But besides these illusions and attachments which may be respected, interested passion arose and transformed into aggression and violent quarrel the peaceful discussions of science. *The Origin of Life*,† such is the title of a recent publication on spontaneous generation; such is the problem which those who nowadays maintain a cause scientifically lost pretend to resolve.

The origin of life! Observe the general meaning of the terms; there is question of life in itself, of the essence of all living beings. Human life is a particular case of this general problem; the solution of both is the same. Behind the animalcula and their spontaneous apparition is man. The higher origin, the high aspirations, the predestined end of which man thought he had the right to feel proud—all these vanish like vain dreams and puffs of pride in presence of the origin of primary life through the energy of matter alone. It alone is the true creator, the only cause, and it alone contains our end; beyond it there is nothing; science shows it, at least that science which places spontaneous generation at the top of its conceptions. The importance of the consequences explains the reason why the partisans of materialism have been so ardent in defence of their principles. If a simple problem of chemistry had no more proofs in its favor than the theory of spontaneous generation, no *savant* worthy of the name would have maintained it or founded on so fragile a basis a multitude of scientific deductions. But there was question of the order and constitution of the world, of the reason, of the being of every creature, and hence the proofs seemed good and sufficient to a materialism which calls itself scientific and experimental. An aggressive polemic represented even as enemies of progress, as retrograde spirits, all those who rejected errors to which too easy a popularity had been given.

IV.

SPONTANEOUS generation gave materialism a point of departure at once rash and weak; bold if one looked behind, almost miserable if

* Balbiani "Sur l'Existence d'une Reproduction sexuelle chez les Infusoires."

† L'Origine de la Vie: Histoire de la Question des Générations spontanées. Par le docteur George Pennetier, avec une préface par le docteur Pouchet.

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one looked ahead! What efforts to draw out of some rudimentary animalcula the regular development of the whole animal kingdom, man included—that being who thinks and wills, who is conscious of its acts and liberty, who possesses the notion of good and evil, who aspires after the true and the beautiful, who feels himself as cause and admits other causes in nature! How can the abyss which separates those two extremities of living creation be bridged? What omnipotence will be able to produce from these infusoria the prodigious number, the infinite variety of those animated beings, all those living species which, no matter how profoundly or how far the world may be investigated, are almost like each other, as it were immutable in their precipitate succession, stationary even in motion!

The same science which affirmed spontaneous generation has not balked before this enterprise, and it has pretended to prove the hidden mechanism which, from the egg spontaneously laid, produces the fearful immensity of animate forms! There have been found naturalists, eminent *savants* in other respects and possessing great authority, like Lamarck and Darwin, who have imagined that they discovered the laws of the transformation of species.

M. Paul Janet, in the book which we cited above, has made a sharp and searching criticism of the theories of Lamarck and Darwin. He asks, in the first place, in what the hypothesis of a plan and of a design of nature, otherwise called the doctrine of final causes, would be contrary to the spirit of science. We must not undertake phenomenal analysis with the premeditated design of finding the phenomena conformable to an object decreed in advance; this preconceived object should never take the place of reason and be the explanation of the facts observed; such a manner of proceeding is hardly scientific, and leads fatally to arbitrary and erroneous conceptions. But does it follow that the facts observed and analyzed in themselves should not, by their collection and connection, express to the human intelligence a superior design, a progressive and ascending harmony, which are its final reason and vivifying spirit? To refuse in advance every final cause is an error similar to that of imagining it altogether and before the observation of the phenomena. Flourens has well said: "We must proceed not from the final causes to the facts, but from the facts to the final causes." These are the fruitful principles, and this is true natural philosophy.

"The naturalists," says M. Janet, "imagine that they have destroyed final causes in nature when they have proved that certain effects result necessarily from certain given causes. The discovery of efficient causes appears to them a decisive argument against the existence of final causes. We must not say, according to them, "that the bird has wings *for the purpose* of flying, but that it flies *because* it has wings." But in what, pray, are these two propositions contradictory? Supposing that the bird has wings to fly, must not its flight be the result of the structure of its wings? And from the fact that the flight is a result, we have not the right to conclude that it is not an end. In order, then, that your materialists should recognize an aim and a choice, must there be in nature effects without a cause, or effects disproportioned to their causes? Final causes are not miracles; to obtain a certain end the author of things must choose secondary causes precisely adapted to the intended effect. Consequently, what is

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there astonishing in the fact that in the study of those causes you should be able to deduce mechanically from them their effects? The contrary would be impossible and absurd. Thus, explain to us as much as you please that, a wing being given, the bird must fly; that does not at all prove that the wings were not given to it for the purpose of flying. In good faith we ask, If the author of nature willed that birds should fly, what could he do better than give them wings for that object?

The demonstration of the reality of final causes, and of a decreed and premeditated plan in nature, furnishes a primary and powerful refutation of the systems which pretend to explain the successive formation of organized beings by the sole action of natural forces, acting fatally, petrifying, modifying, transforming living matter in an unconscious and blind manner. Lamarck and Darwin, as we have said, are the two naturalists who have substituted most successfully a fatal, necessary, and in some sort mechanical plan, instead of a premeditated plan, realized by an intelligent and spontaneous cause. Lamarck appealed especially to the action of means, habit, and want. The combined action of those agents sufficed to him to conclude from the rudimentary cell to man himself.

The action of means, exterior conditions, can modify the form and the functions of living beings; this is a fact of which the domestication of animals offers the most striking examples. But does it follow that because we can modify certain animal and vegetable species, we can therefore create their species? Can we imagine the possibility of modifications so active and powerful that they arrive at the most complex creations, at the construction of the great organs of animal life, and of those organs of the senses, so diverse and so marvellously adapted to their functions? "For instance," says M. Janet, "certain animals breathe through their lungs, and others by the bronchial tubes, and these two kinds of organs are perfectly adapted to the two means of air and water. How can we conceive that these two means should be able to produce so complicated and so suitable organizations? Is there a single fact among all those proved by science which could justify so great an extension of the action of means? If it is said that by *means* we must not understand merely the element in which the animal lives, but every kind of exterior circumstance, then, I ask, let the materialists determine what is precisely the circumstance which has caused such an organ to take the form of the lung, and such another to take the form of the bronchia; what is the precise cause which has created the heart—that hydraulic machine so powerful and so easy, and whose movements are so industriously combined to receive the blood which comes from all the organs to the heart and send it back through the veins; what is the cause, finally, which binds all these organs together and makes the living being, according to the expression of Cuvier, "a closed system, all of whose parts concur to a common action by a reciprocal reaction?" What will it be if we pass to the organs of sense; to the most marvellous of them, the eye of man or that of the eagle? Is there one of those *savants* who have no system who would dare to maintain that he sees in any way how light could produce by its action the organ which is appropriated to it? Or, if it is not light, what is the exterior agent sufficiently powerful, sufficiently ingenious, sufficiently skilled in

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geometry, to construct that marvellous apparatus which has made Newton say: "Can he that made the eye be ignorant of the laws of optics?" Remarkable expression, which, coming from so great a master, should make the forgers of systems of cosmogony reflect an instant, no matter how learnedly they may dilate on the origin of planets, and who pass with so much complacency over the origin of conscience and life!

If the action of means is incapable by itself of explaining the formation of organs and the production of species—what Lamarck calls the power of life, namely, habit and want—how can they give us the sufficient reason for those great facts? According to Lamarck, necessity produces organs, habit develops and fortifies them. But what is this necessity and this habit which are appealed to so complacently, and who proves their strange power? Let us take the necessity of breathing, of which M. Janet wrote as we have quoted. Whence comes this necessity? From the necessity of giving to the blood the oxygen which is necessary for it; and this latter necessity is derived from the necessity of keeping up the organic combustion, and furnishing the nervous system with an appropriate stimulant. Who does not see that there is here a connection of functions and organs which requires a simultaneous creation, which displays a preconceived plan, and not a successive growth of organs according to wants which find in each other the principle of their being, and which cannot be perceived and satisfied separately? What unheard-of aberration, what decadence of the scientific spirit, to transform necessity into a sort of effective and creative power; to make of a sentiment, ordinarily vague and obscure, a new and active entity, which not only animates the created being, but actually creates it!

Lamarck, it is true, admits that observation cannot demonstrate the producing power which he attributes to want; but if a direct proof is wanting, he considers an indirect proof sufficient by appealing to custom. What does he mean? Habit can develop and fortify existing organs by an appropriate and sustained exercise; but how does that prove that want can create them? How can habit develop an organ which does not exist? How can the development of an organ be compared to the creation of this organ, or make us realize the mode of creation of the organ? We can conceive want as the reason not of the creation but of the development of an organ, and habit as excited and sustained by this need; but the need of an organ which is absolutely wanting cannot be born of itself, cannot produce the organ, cannot excite habit. How can an animal deprived of every organ of seeing or hearing experience the want of sight or hearing, or acquire the habit of either? What chimerical hypotheses!

Let us hold to the judgment of Cuvier on all these hypotheses, whose authority is very great:

"Some naturalists, more material in their ideas, and relying on the philosophical observations of which we have just spoken, have remained humble followers of Maillet, (Talliamed,)* seeing that the greater or less use of a member increases or diminishes its force and volume, have imagined that habits and exterior influences, continued for a long time, could change by degrees the forms of animals so as to make them attain successively all those shapes which the different species of animals now have. No more superficial and

* Benoit de Maillet was the predecessor of Lamarck.

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foolish idea could be imagined. Organized bodies are considered as a mere mass of paste or clay, which could be moulded by the fingers. Consequently, the moment these authors wish to enter into detail, they fall into absurdities. Whoever dares to advance seriously that a fish by keeping on dry land could change its scales into feathers and become a bird, or that a quadruped by passing through narrow places would become elongated like a thread and transformed into a serpent, only proves his profound ignorance of anatomy."

The forms of scientific error change rapidly; only the principle always remains. But this principle requires to be clothed from time to time in new garments, which rejuvenate and disguise it. The system of Lamarck, for a moment popular on account of the philosophic ideas to which it gave support, could not maintain itself in lasting honor in science. It was as it were buried in deep oblivion, when Darwin undertook to awaken it from its ashes by substituting for the antiquated conceptions new ones, destined to give a similar satisfaction to the passions which had applauded the enterprise of Lamarck.

The work of Darwin—we must do him the justice to say it—is an important work, and displays rare science. The author, gifted with great penetration, employs to the greatest advantage what he knows to deduce from it what he does not know; and if he goes beyond experience, it is always in appealing to experience; so that he seems to remain faithful to observation even when he ventures far beyond its limits. Nevertheless so much science and sagacity can hardly blind us to the radical weakness of the system; and it would not have met with so favorable a reception if all the prejudices of the materialists whom it satisfied had not become its ardent champions. A first fact strikes one who studies impartially the theory of Darwin, namely, the incalculable disproportion between the means of demonstration and the immense problem to be resolved. There is question, let it be remembered, of the origin of living species. Darwin tries to explain this origin by the action of a natural selection, incessantly at work, which draws the collection of organisms out of one or several primitive, simple, and rudimentary types formed by the simple action of forces proper to matter. This natural selection is the image of the method according to which new races of domestic animals have been created, as the modern doctors maintain. In order that this natural selection should produce the powerful effects which Darwin gives to it, he imagines two agents always active—changes in the conditions of existence, and especially *vital concurrence*. The changes in the conditions of existence, the accidental characters acquired by a living individual and transmitted by inheritance to its descendants, create certain varieties of type. Vital concurrence, the battle of life, the struggle of animated beings to subsist, allow only some of those varieties to last on the scene of the world; the others are vanquished and disappear. These transformations, continued and accumulated from age to age, increased by the indefatigable labor of an immense number of ages, have produced all the animal species actually existing; which are imperceptibly their predecessors in a continuous line of transformation, under the permanent influence of the same natural forces.

The notion of species as well as that of variety and race disappear in this order of ideas, or at least lose

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the determined sense which the naturalists had attributed to them. Variety and race become species in the way of transformation, in course of development. The living form passes insensibly and by eternal motion from the one to the other, from the species to the variety, from the variety to the race, and from the latter to a new species which appears only to disappear in its turn. It is only an affair of time. The living kingdom is in perpetual transformation. No one can tell what it will become naturally.

Such is the essence of the Darwinian theory. It begins by the hypothesis of a natural selection which no direct fact proves or confirms. But can the method of selection as Darwin explains it be the foundation of such a hypothesis? But in this artificial election, due to the labor of man, man is the agent who chooses, who works; he becomes the final and active cause of the transformation undergone by the species; he takes care that the character of the races which he has obtained should be maintained by an ever-vigilant election. Can anything of this kind be invoked in the natural selection of Darwin? Who replaces the choice of man? If the natural selection is made according to a plan decreed and premeditated by the omnipotence which has created nature, this selection changes its character; it is no longer anything but one of the forms of creation; it is an interpretation of the mode of acting of the creating cause, it is no longer the negation of this cause. Darwinism, which consists in conceiving the order of things without any superior intervention, under the simple action of accidents passing fortuitously to permanence; Darwinism, hostile to all finality, disappears if the idea of plan is perceptible in the natural selection. Can vital concurrence replace the intelligent action, and assure to the natural selection that fecundity and power which are not *in* it, and which must come to it from without? But can "vital concurrence, the battle of life," be the means of creation; can they engender directly organic modifications, varieties, animal species? Evidently not; the battle of life can make subjects; it is an agent of elimination for weak and defective species; it cannot produce by itself a new species. Natural selection remains always delivered up to itself, to its blind resources, which nothing directs or regulates, which acquire fecundity only by chance. To imagine that the harmonic and infinite collection of living species can be legitimately referred to a given agent, even by granting to it thousands of years to manifest its action, seems to me arbitrary and sterile rashness, which has nothing in common with a noble rashness of science, with the intuitions of a genius which sometimes forestalls experience and the proofs which it adduces.

M. Janet has given a general refutation of the theories of Darwin, and sufficiently strong to show their folly. General facts have their own light, but it does not shine the less far or the less brilliantly for being general. Nevertheless, in a question obscured by so many prejudices, and by the assertions of a science which calls itself entirely experimental, that is to say, entirely particular, particular facts acquire a singular eloquence and power of demonstration which the most audacious systematizers cannot refuse to acknowledge.

Those facts embrace the infinite individualities of the living kingdom continued across the known ages. The source of information is inex-

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hausible. What does it teach us? Do particular facts confirm the ideas of Darwin regarding the gradual mutability of species; do they even furnish the sketch of a demonstration limited to certain determined points, to certain animal or vegetable species; do they finally show us some of those transformations which are the foundation of the system? Man has been observing and studying nature for centuries: tradition, the ruins preserved from the past, permit us to remount far up the stream of time; have they apprehended in nature any traces of those great changes which incessantly and finally transform the vegetable and animal species? Or, on the contrary, does not everything go against those supposed transformations, and prove the fixity in time and space of those real species; a fixity which is not contradictory, which rather adapts itself to a certain normal physiological variability, which always allows to subsist and be perceptible through it the type of the species, the essential and primary form? We easily conceive the importance that a sincere response to these questions may acquire. They strike at the experimental foundation of Darwin's theory; if this experimental basis is wanting, what becomes of those theories? Are they not mere personal and arbitrary conceptions; brilliant plays of an imagination strong and creative, it is true, but which cannot be substituted for Nature herself and her direct teachings?

A learned professor of the faculty of science of Lyons, M. Ernest Faivre, has just undertaken this particular and experimental study of the origin of species, of their variability and essentiality; and we signalize his work to our readers—*La Variabilité des Espèces et les Limites.* It is impossible to write, on so complex and obscure a question, a book more rich in facts, more clear in its developments, or more authoritative in its conclusions. It seems to us the condemnation without appeal of the system of Darwin.

The vegetable kingdom is considered less rebellious than the others to the theories of Darwin; variety has more extended limits in it, less fixed than in the animal; generation, increase, the exterior conditions, present the occasion of many changes often profound in appearance. M. Faivre shows that the true species exists through all these changes, and that it is reproduced of itself from modified types, when circumstances or the artificial selection of man no longer supports the latter. Nowhere has man been able to create a real and durable species; and the species from the most remote times to our days are maintained with a fixity which has become one of the essential characters of species. The ancient land of Egypt is full of moving revelations on this subject: the animals, the plants, the grains buried in the caves, are the same as the plants and animals which cover the borders of the Nile at the present time. All the naturalists have proved this identity of a considerable quantity of animal and vegetable species. Hence, Lamarck and Darwin, to lessen the value of an experience of more than three thousand years' duration, have pretended that the conditions of life and the conditions of the exterior medium had not changed in Egypt from the historical times, and that the permanency of the species became consequently an ordinary and logical fact. But history, geography, the study of the soil, prove that the situation of Egypt has been profoundly modified. The level of the Nile, the limits of the desert, the extent of the cultivated

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lands, the culture of the soil, the number of populous cities, the proximity or distance of the sea, the great public works, everything which transforms a country under the action of men, all have changed in Egypt as much if not more than in other countries, and nothing is found changed in the productions of this soil, in the living beings which it supports and nourishes. But we may go further than the historical period. The permanence of species is proved to-day from the glacial period; the bogs of Ireland, the submarine forests of England and of the United States, conceal in their depths relics of mammifera or of vegetable species exactly comparable to the vegetable and animal species actually living in those same countries. We could not enumerate all the proofs which establish the great fact of the permanency of species; the number of these proofs is immense, and no fact seriously contradicts them, and yet it is in the name of experience that the partisans of natural selection pretend to speak! The accidental, temporary, and superficial varieties which they produce become for them a sufficient warrant of absolute and permanent varieties which they cannot produce, but of which they impudently suppose the formal existence; thus destroying species by a mere hypothesis.

Natural selection has artificial selection for its ideal godfather, but what has the latter produced? Not only no species, but not even a permanent race definitively fixed and acquired. All the races made by the hand of man die if they are left to themselves, unsupported by an artificial selection constantly at work. It is a fact which M. Faivre supports with superabundant demonstration, taken from both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The collection of those facts is truly irresistible. What! the continued transformation of species is given to us as a law, and yet we cannot find a solitary transformed species! The transformation of races, which must *not* be confounded with that of species, is itself conditional and relative, is soon effaced if nothing disturbs the return of the race to the pure type of the species, and yet we are told of the power of natural selection and of the battle of life which consecrates this power! This selection, this vital concurrence, this action of means, have been all employed to modify the proximate species, as the horse and the ass; domestication offered here all its resources; the hand of man could choose, ally, and cross the types at will.

"Assuredly," says M. Flourens, "if ever a complete reunion of all the conditions most favorable to the transformation of one species into another could be imagined, this reunion is found in the species of the ass and horse. And, nevertheless, has there been a transformation? . . . Are not those species as distinct to-day as they have always been? Among all the almost innumerable races which have been produced by them, is there one which passed from the species of the horse to that of the ass, or, reciprocally, from the species of the ass to that of the horse?" Why, say we with M. Faivre, pay no attention to such simple facts, and take so much trouble to seek outside of evidence explanations which do not agree with the reality?

The theories of Darwin have become the chief support of those who attribute to man a monkey origin. "I prefer to be a perfect monkey to a degenerate Adam," says one of the partisans of these theories. But why can they not perfect an ass so as to

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make a horse of it? There is not between these two latter species the profound anatomical difference which exists between the monkey and man —a difference so well established by Gratiolet, a great mind and a true *savant*. On what, then, can be founded the theory of our descent from the monkey species, since the slightest change resists all fusion, all transition from one neighboring species to another?

The book of the *Variabilité des Espèces* is the answer of facts to the spirit of system. Calm and severe, rigorous and cold, this book admits only the testimony of nature. It will instruct and convince those who doubt on those questions. The author terminates by those conclusions which we willingly reproduce because they allow us to divine something else besides the indifferent study of facts; they are perhaps the only lines of the work where the sentiment of the moral dignity of man is apparent. "This hypothesis (namely, of the mutability of species) is not authorized," says M. Faivre, "either by its principle, which is a mere conjecture; or by its deductions, which the reality does not confirm; or by its direct demonstrations, which are hardly probabilities; or by its too extreme consequences, which science as well as human dignity forbid us to accept—the theory of spontaneous generation, the intimate and degrading relationship between man and the brute."

Notwithstanding the ability—we may almost say the genius—which illustrious *savants* have employed in defending the doctrine, reason and experience have not weakened the reserved and just judgment which Cuvier has passed upon it, and which will serve as the conclusion to this essay: "Among the different systems on the origin of organized beings, there is none less probable than that which causes the different kinds of them to spring up, successively, by developments or gradual metamorphosis."

One word more before quitting the subject. All these great forms of scientific error spring up in our old Europe, where they find at the same time numerous and passionate adherents, and firm and eloquent opponents. The attack and the struggle are kept up incessantly in the press, in our books, in our learned bodies, in our teaching faculties. If we examine the general character of these conflicts, we find in them truth almost intimidated, certainly less bold and less respected than error. Truth is self-conscious, and that is sufficient to prevent it from becoming weak or yielding to fatigue and discouragement; but it has not popular favor; it is tolerated, but hardly ever greatly encouraged. If we quit this tormented Europe, which is drawn only toward new errors, and cast our eyes toward those great United States of America, that fertile land appears to us as favorable to truth as to liberty. Let us listen an instant to that illustrious *savant* who has no superior in the domain of natural science, M. Agassiz; let us follow his teaching in the University of Cambridge. What elevation and what sincerity! How all those systems which seduce so many minds in these cisatlantic regions are brought to their true proportions—judged in their profound disregard of the laws of nature! Let us take, for instance, the influence of exterior conditions and of physical agents on animals—the basis of the system of Lamarck, and one of the principal conditions of the mutability of species in Darwinism. M. Agassiz, on this point, uses again the firm language which from the days of Cuvier natural science has not spoken in France:

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"In so far as the diversity of animals and plants which live in the same physical circumstances proves the independence as to the origin of organized beings, from the medium in which they reside, so far does this independence become evident anew when we consider that identical types are found everywhere on the earth in the most varied conditions. Let all those different influences be united—all the conditions of existence, under the common apellation of cosmic influences, of physical causes, or of climates—and we shall always find in this regard extreme differences on the surface of the globe, and nevertheless we shall see living normally together under their action the most similar or even identical types. . . . Does not all this prove that organized beings manifest the most surprising independence of the physical forces in the midst of which they live, an independence so complete that it is impossible to attribute it to any other cause than to a supreme power governing, at the same time, physical forces and the existence of animals and plants, maintaining between both a harmonical relation by a reciprocal adaptation in which we can find neither cause nor effect? . . . It would be necessary to write a volume on the independence of organized beings of physical agents. Almost everything which is generally attributed to the influence of the latter must be considered as a simple correlation between them and the animal kingdom resulting from the general plan of creation."*

* *Revue des Cours scientifique*, Mai 2, 1868.

CANADIAN CUSTOMS.

THE neighboring British provinces of the north—the new Dominion of Canada—from various reasons, claim at this time the public attention. From intrinsic merits they are worthy of notice. With much of interest in the natural prospects and the interior life of this country and its denizens, it is almost a *terra incognita* to the general traveller, and few penetrate to those remote portions where the ancient customs of the original settlers are faithfully retained and kept up in their primitive simplicity. Although closely contiguous to the American line, bordered by its lakes and its forests of dense timber, rich in valuable mines and costly furs indigenous to northern latitudes, it is chiefly for these possessions that the province is sought by the utilitarian trader, rather than visited by the pleasure-seeking tourist. And yet the general beauty of scenery and the peculiar characteristics of the people are worthy of close observation, and one might vainly seek in a wider range for material so grand, or characteristics better deserving of appreciation. The noble St. Lawrence is bordered by shores of smiling fertility in the summer months. The country rises in gradual ascent from the present boundaries of the stream, and geological inquiry demonstrates that at an earlier period the bed of the river extended to much wider limits than

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at present. Still it is a grand and noble stream, as it goes sweeping onward majestically to the ocean, gemmed with a thousand isles, and having hundreds of peaceful villages that nestle on either shore. A mere passing voyage on this route of travel presents a rich and varied panorama of natural beauty. Still more interesting to the mind of serious thought than this mere material attraction, is the suggested idea presented in every village, crowned hill, or hamlet, nestling in some nook along the shore, of the happy unity and devotion of a people who make, within their humble homes and in the practice of piety, the sacred faith of their worship the *main* object of their existence. Strangers to their zeal many deride this devotion and call it *fanaticism;* but no system can offer, in practical moral results, a higher order of virtuous life than that presented by the Catholic *Habitants** of Lower Canada. Retaining, with their French origin, the happy temperament of the Latin race—courteous, hospitable, and enthusiastic—foreign refinements have not destroyed original purity of character; and in their simple lives, wisely directed by zealous, self-denying curés, they illustrate in piety and contentment the happy results of this influence. To notice, then, the habitudes of this class, to enter their homes and penetrate the *arcana* of their inner life, is a profitable study to all who are willing to receive the high moral lessons that grandeur does not constitute comfort, and that contentment may prevail where wealth does not abound, and that piety in simple faith presents a consolation that mere material possessions fail to bestow. While the patriotic Canadian claims as his motto, "*Notre culte, notre langue, notre lois*," he properly places his religion first and above all other mundane considerations. This religion is the Catholic faith; and while the Canadian submits to political innovations, and recognizes the rights of the conquering arm of the British, he claims, in unbending adherence to his church, the observance of every ancient rite. The Code Napoleon may be modified by Saxon legislation; but the great common law of traditions in religious forms must ever remain undisturbed. Hence arises a peculiar charm in the simplicity, fervor, and unity of devotion among the Catholic Canadians. Voyaging from Montreal to La Rivière du Loup, at every intervening two or three leagues are defined the boundaries of a Catholic parish, denoted by the dome or spire of the village church. The proportions of these edifices present a solid character and generally harmonize in style; and, although lacking the finish of architectural design, they are constructed of stone, with ample accommodations for from one to two thousand worshippers. In this one edifice gathers, for miles around, the populace of the entire district; for here no discordant sects prevail to divide and weaken congregations. This one church, then, is the grand centre around which the people cluster, and which usually occupies the most commanding point of observation. If an ancient edifice, the building occupies the centre of the plateau of cottages, at once in former times the house of worship and fortress of defence. Should the approach of hostile Indians be signalled, the populace retired within the sacred precincts until after the danger passed, which was generally escaped by the appeal

*The *Habitant* is a generic name applied to the farming population of Canada East.

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for peace, on terms of mutual accommodation, by the venerable priest. The influence of moral force often served to lead the minds of the aggressive savage to better and higher purposes.

Thus in this barren and bleak land whole tribes have been reclaimed from heathenism, though many priests, especially those of the Jesuit order, fell victims to their holy zeal, and offered their lives in sacrifice to their sacred efforts. Others lingered for years, prisoners in the hands of their captors, but still teaching in bondage, and finally, gaining influence from their virtues and learning, made proselytes of their persecutors. Thus whole tribes were brought within the influence of Christianity, and Canada was reclaimed from the savage customs of the natives, who have been elevated and preserved by the happy influence of the Church. These tribes have not disappeared, as elsewhere, before the rude invading march of the Christian, so-called, but continue in their united character and distinctive habits to live prosperously with their white brethren, and to venerate the religion they have embraced. Their principal villages dot the shores of the St. John and St. Lawrence, and even approach so near Quebec as Loretto. Their church edifices are generally of a simple character; but of late years, throughout Canada, many have been rebuilt, enlarged, or superseded by magnificent structures of more modern style than the ancient village church, in which, in times of a more primitive civilization, their forefathers worshipped. But the worship, in its outward ceremonies, remains unchanged. The same faith that won amid Siberian snows the land from savage rites, is alone fostered tenaciously in all its ancient forms. The devoted zeal of the French mission priest, driven from France by the bloody Revolution, carried the seeds of the true faith to the bleak shores of the Canadas; and their influence is well maintained by the curés of the present day, who continue not only to console spiritually, but in all the affairs of life give that wise direction which their superior intelligence enables them to exercise. The efforts of modern missionaries, who exhaust themselves in temporary efforts in remote regions, might take a wise lesson from this concentration of labor and dedication of life to the service of religion within fixed limits. It is granted (for the fact cannot be controverted) that this people and country have been Christianized by the labors of the Catholic missionaries, and that the religion they inculcated is universally established and practised by the French population of the rural districts. It must, also, in fairness be admitted that the good effects of the system is demonstrated by the superior *morale* of the people under this control, who compare favorably with other sections where mixed sects predominate. Canada East, from the ocean to Quebec, is settled almost universally by Catholics, principally agriculturists, though along the shores the fisheries and pilotage occupy their attention as a means of livelihood. Among this people crime is almost unknown, so efficient have been the influences of their faith upon their moral habitudes. Notwithstanding this favorable condition of morality, emissaries from Canada West are diligently sent yearly with their stock of tracts for distribution and well-bound Bibles for sale. The preaching from one text, "Be not a busybody in other people's matters," would be a judicious commentary on this course, especially as the in-

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fluence of their own system ails to produce the benign influences of Catholicity, in freedom from the ordinary evils from which these happy, peaceful French parishes are exempted.

Devotion to their religion defends them from the influences of vice. Murder is a crime that rarely occurs among the native population, and other minor offences are equally unfrequent. To a people thus living harmoniously under an established religious influence, faithful in observance of their duties in patriarchal simplicity, and devoted to their religion, such invasion of the Protestant colporteur is a gratuitous impertinence. If the Catholic faith protects its votaries practically from sin, the substitution of another system, from the section of Canada West, (which by no means contrasts favorably with Catholic Canada East in comparative statistics of crime,) is no recommendation for the propagation of a faith that does not produce equal exemption from evil where their own influence prevails. Notwithstanding this common-sense proposition, zealots from the Bible societies yearly arrive among these devoted Christians, each one successively quarrelling about the proper construction of a book they universally recommend. The logical Canadian might well ask: "Why don't you agree among yourselves before you come to teach us? We are all happy in one opinion here!" Notwithstanding such rebuffs, the colporteurs proceed from house to house, leaving their incendiary documents, which inform the people that the creed that defends them from the influence of sin is a snare and delusion, and that to be saved they must forego its exercise, and advantageously adopt that of some one of the fifty Protestant sects. Any of these may be supposed to possess a sufficient diversity of doctrine to satisfy the most exacting inquirers in their search after religious novelties. If these so-called religious propagandists confined themselves exclusively to these statements, in conscientious diversity of belief, their action might be regarded as an ardent desire to do good to the souls of their fellow-men. But the basest means are used to proselytize, by deliberate forgeries of the truth. The following incident is recorded from personal knowledge of its occurrence, and can be verified by witnesses to the transaction: A colporteur of this beneficent class, from Canada West, entered the cottage of a poor *Habitant* family in the third range of the village of Saint-Michel, some fifteen miles from Quebec. One of the family was dying, in a room apart, and the priest of the parish was administering the last rites of the Church. The other members of the family were in the general room, during the confession preparatory to the anointing, and, although in grief, their circumstances did not protect them from the intrusion of the insidious stranger. The pedlar in piety vaunted his tracts, but as they were unable to read, these were unappreciated, and he finally displayed his costly Bible, which, he informed them, unless they possessed, studied, and read, they never could be saved. A stranger present—companion of the curé—asked the question: "Is it a Catholic edition?" "Oh! yes, certainly, a Catholic Bible," pointing to the binding with the embellishment of a large cross, the imprimatur of a bishop in France, and the recommendatory note from some Pope recommending its perusal to the study of the faithful. One had only to look within at the text to discover the perversion from the truth, and expose the fact that all these emblems were but

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a *false pretence*, to make the book sell among those who would be more attracted by its external resemblance to the authorized version of Holy Scriptures. The curé at this moment entered, and, in taxing the man with his duplicity, he answered with effrontery, "It is a Catholic Bible, but not the Romish edition;" adding, unless all read it they must certainly perish. "Then," answered the priest, "all here must be lost, for not one can read; and unless you remain, in your Christian benevolence, and instruct them, they cannot avail themselves of your written instructions." Fortunately, as a protection against the insidious wiles of such base pretenders to exclusive possession of religious truth, the laws of Lower Canada protect the people against dangerous forms of proselytism, calculated to create breaches of the peace; and the invasion of a harmonious parish by these disturbers of the contented people can be promptly punished as a penal offence. They may sell or give away their books, but here their influence for evil ends; and the trouble these colporteurs give themselves, if expended in a more legitimate manner, might prove quite as effective for their personal good in earning an honest livelihood by more worthy methods. To uproot these tares of evil is the one trouble given to the worthy curés, who diligently watch and guard their flocks from the invasions of wolves, as well as instruct and guide them truthfully in the way of life. The result of their self-denying labors is manifest; and Catholic Canada compares favorably in its morality with any portion of the Christian world. An American Catholic entering one of these rural parish churches described, though recognizing the same service in the offering of the holy sacrifice, would be struck by several distinctive features in the Mass and congregation, and perhaps more than one observance that, as a republican Catholic, he never before witnessed. Distinctions in society are observed, but the deference is paid to superior goodness only; the lines that mark the grades of superiority in society being drawn by the personal worth of the possessor in his elevation to the place of honor. Three chief officers are elected from among the congregation every two years. They occupy the seat of honor in the church on a raised *banc*, in some cases canopied, but always decorated by two candles and a crucifix. To these points the priest first proceeds at the aspersion, and, making his obeisance and blessing, proceeds with the ceremony. And they are likewise first served on the distribution of the *pain bénit*, and always take precedence in the grander ceremonies of the church, being admitted within the sanctuary to receive the palms, and on other appropriate occasions having the *place notée* assigned to their occupation. This gives the laity an active part and place of honor in the service of the church. Personal worth, and aptitude to look after the secular interests of the church, are the sole qualifications for this position, and the united voice of the congregation, in assembly, declares their choice. No alteration or repairs, or any movement connected with changes in matters pertaining to the interests of the church, can be undertaken without their approval. They are the defenders of the secular interests, as the priest is exclusively of the spiritual direction, but most generally harmonize with their curé in any plans of improvement he may suggest.

An American participating in these Canadian services could intelligently follow all that is exhibited in the

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ritual, though he would be surprised in a simple rural population at the pomp and exactitude with which on grand occasions the services would be performed. No ceremony is omitted that would give dignity to devotion, and the Roman ritual is closely followed. Although the American stranger might not understand the French sermon or hymn, generally sung during the gradual or communion service, still in common faith he would recognize the offering of the great sacrifice, expressed in the same sonorous language in which the service of the Church offers her devotions in every clime. Thus, as a foreigner, in the Catholic Church he would in the most solemn parts of the service feel at home. In common with Roman discipline, the Diocese of Quebec excludes female singers from the organ-loft, save by dispensation during the month of Mary, when this joyful season is marked by this indulgence. The choristers, composed of men and boys, sit within the sanctuary, in stalls arranged in a double row on either side, and these are chosen for their excellent character as well as vocal powers.* None would be admitted who did not possess the one qualification of piety. All are decently surpliced, and on Sundays and fête-days four of the boys wear, in addition to the surplice, pendent wings of muslin, neatly plaited, and act as the prominent assistants to the Mass. At the feast of Corpus Christi, the grandest ceremonial of the Church, (after the consecration of a bishop,) as many as eight censers are used, and the road through which the *cortége* passes is garlanded with flowers, and banners are waving from every point. The grandeur of the ceremonial exceeds that of cathedral pomp in American cities, for the procession makes the out-door circuit of the village, stopping at four sections for the benediction. Two of these are erected temporarily of boughs of trees tastefully decorated, and most villages possess two small chapels distinct from the church that are permanently constructed for these purposes, and used on various occasions, whenever the bishop prescribes peculiar devotions. Thus, at the blessing of the seeds of the earth, in invoking prayers for a plentiful harvest, in times of plague, war, or inundation, these specialty services are peculiarly enjoined, and these chapels are then ever ready for the reception of the sacrament. Otherwise they are closed and unused, and only stand as memorials of the faith of the people; marking with the emblem of Christianity the Catholic land of Canada. At every mile a black cross stands as a milestone to point the way and keep religious hope alive on every side and every step; and sometimes, to mark special blessings in answer to prayers, these crosses are handsomely carved and of stone, and almost always enclose, even when of ordinary material, some sacred statue of venerated saint. Thus in the frigid clime and snow-capped hills of Canada, a Catholic love of the beautiful, pure, and good stands in memorials as frequent as may be found in the sunny climes of Italy or of the smiling lands of the south. Who will say that these objects of veneration do not tend to keep faith alive? The rustic Canadian, as he passes the memorial, lifts his mind to the higher reality to which it points, and in respectful adoration either raises his hat or devoutly crosses himself in prayer. Call it superstition if you will, but it is at least a harmless form of decent respect to the earthly in-

* They sometimes number forty or fifty in an ordinary village church.

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signia of heavenly realities which the emblem represents. The same respect, too, is universally extended to the curé when he passes abroad; all bow or lowly make their obeisance to the man of God. These outward manifestations of human respect only teach lessons of honor for the office proper to be observed; and, to the credit of Protestant gentlemen it may be added, in Lower Canada, the character and influence of the priest are so highly esteemed that, even though strangers to the Church, in many instances they conform to the custom. A Catholic never passes the clergy of the church without the compliment of the *salut;* to omit the observance would be a mark of disrespect. These peculiarities, like the order of the church service, arrest the attention of the American Catholic. The whole Mass is uniformly performed in Gregorian tones. The versicle of the day and the *Introit* are chanted by leading voices in the sanctuary. The choir commence the *Kyrie*, and it is likewise responsively intoned alternately, first by voices in the sanctuary, and then, with organ accompaniment, answered by singers in the organ-loft. And so the service is carried on most impressively, throughout the *Gloria* and *Credo*, even unto the canon of the Mass, with the same tone that is proper to the Mass of the day. Thus is produced an effect of solemn harmony and unity with the celebrant at the altar. No light operatic air clashes with the severe ritual, but all is grave and subdued, and only relieved by the simple pathos of some French hymn, creditably chanted, and most frequently as a solo, by the best voice of the choir. The Canadians are a music-loving people, and all orders cultivate this gift of nature. Their melodies are spirit-stirring and deserving of wider cultivation. As it is, many of our popular airs spring from *la chanson Canadienne.* Frugal in their tastes, the simple pleasures of social companionship are their chief relaxation; though the games and enjoyments of their hardy clime have their many votaries, and they excel in all the manly out-door exercises, in which even their women participate. Perhaps this may be one reason, besides higher moral causes, that account for the peculiar longevity and large families of the Canadian people. If more primitive in their customs than in lands where luxurious habits prevail, they are exempted from many evils consequent on their indulgence, and the virtues of the heart flourish and abound in luxuriance as the teachings of the church prevail and are practised. Hospitality is the crowning merit of the Canadian people. The stranger ever receives a generous welcome and courteous attentions. The French origin of the people retains all the idiosyncrasies of the latter race, and that easy grace of manner inseparable from French habitude. A Canadian peasant will receive a stranger with a ready tact that is universal, even to those in the simplest rank in life. This frankness and generosity of manner are partially the influence of the Church, which inculcates the practice of courtesy springing from goodness of heart and virtuous intention, and it is especially inculcated in a rite peculiar to the Catholic Church in Canada. During the course of the Mass, every Sunday, is duly observed the generally obsolete custom called the *Agapæ*, of apostolic institution. It is one of those ceremonials which in its latent significance teaches a wholesome truth and duty, and it is to be regretted that it should have fallen into desuetude elsewhere. Significant of the

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good-fellowship that should prevail among all members of the human family, and in recognition of our common dependence one upon the other, and the duty of mutual aid and support to our brother-man, this feast of love is eaten in common by all ranks and conditions in life. If a Protestant should be present, and conduct himself orderly during the service, the courteous Canadian would extend a portion of the bread for the acceptance of his dissenting brother, as there is nothing of a sacramental character in its reception, and it is as free as the holy water fount in which the curious unbeliever often dips his hand with more superstitious dread than the Catholic believer. In this rite, large loaves of bread are prepared in rotation by the respective families of the parish, each in their order supplying the demand. This is called *le pain bénit*, blessed bread; and, after its benediction by prayer, that our daily food may be used to our advantage, which ceremony takes place from the steps of the altar, just before the *Gloria*, it is cut and divided into small pieces among the congregation, who receive it from the ushers, (the *maires* being first served,) in whatever position they may be in during the course of the service—either kneeling, seated, or standing. Its distribution usually commences during the course of the *Credo*, and, unless the congregation is very large, concludes at least before the commencement of the most solemn period of the Holy Sacrifice. The ceremony creates no confusion, but is received as an ordinary part of the day's duties. The morsel is accepted, the recipient blesses himself, with a short prayer, and the particle is consumed. The value of the observance of this rite is, the sacred lesson that it so significantly teaches. Its absence would only create remark in the mind of the *Habitant*, who is singularly tenacious of any innovation on the established customs of his forefathers, even where they manifestly are somewhat burdensome to be observed; for the preparation of bread in three or four large loaves for a thousand people is not entirely an insignificant matter. In the city churches of Quebec, the rite by dispensation is not observed, but it is universal in all the rural parishes. "*La religion est changée*," the *Habitant* would say with a sigh, should an effort be made to cut loose from any of the ancient landmarks and customs to whose practice he had been accustomed. The observance of this habit is therefore wisely retained, as teaching a wholesome lesson of charity to our fellow-man. All are recipients alike, young and old, the sinner as well as the saintly, for all have need of the tender indulgence of each other in deference to their common infirmities. Many lands of softer clime possess fairer scenes and a richer soil; but for the elevated affections of the heart in simplicity, none possess in a rarer degree those virtues calculated to render man noble and happy, and to elevate him in the social scale, than the people of these northern possessions that bound our American limits. Perhaps in the march of events, should their country ever be absorbed with our own republican institutions, the strongest bond of fellowship will be, the common religion they hold in such perfect unity with numbers of their American brethren. It is this principle that will render them adaptive to our political institutions as good citizens; and, perhaps, in simple faith, earnest devotion, and rigid standard of observances of the Catholic faith, the American Catholic could well borrow from his Cana-

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dian brethren a portion of that zeal for which they are so justly conspicuous.

Our limits forbid all that might be said of the Catholic hierarchy in Canada; a body of men who, for learning, piety, and self-sacrifice, furnish so many glorious examples worthy of imitation. Zealous in the cause of education, as fervent in their piety, they have made the sterling worth of the Canadian Church a subject for praise and imitation in every land. The simplest Canadian follows the language of the Church in his daily prayers; and as the Angelus sounds within her borders thrice a day, or the passing-bell tells of a soul departed, or the joyful chime proclaims a Christian received within the Church, the Latin prayer universally ascends from a thousand hearts, and Heaven's benisons follow in benignant response. May the sun of prosperity ever lighten her borders!

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE STORY OF MARCEL, THE LITTLE METTRAY COLONIST.

CHAPTER I.

"O GRIEF beyond all other griefs! when fate
First leaves the young heart desolate
In the wide world." MOORE.

IT was at the close of the memorable 26th of June, 1848, one of the most dreadful days of that sanguinary strife called "the Revolution," which had desolated Paris since the month of February, that a man, dressed in a torn and blood-stained blouse, his face and hands black with gunpowder, and carrying a gun on his shoulder, climbed hastily the dark, dirty staircase of a house in the Rue de la Parcheminerie. He was followed by a miserable-looking child of apparently about eight years old, whose little, trembling legs managed with difficulty to keep up with the long strides of the individual before him, who from time to time looked back to see that he was coming.

On reaching the third story, the revolutionist, for such he evidently was, opened a door, and entered a dismal, bad-smelling room of poverty-stricken aspect. A woman of about forty was there, busily occupied over a small iron furnace casting lead bullets, of which a number ready for use were lying on the dirty brick floor beside her.

"Here they are, all hot, all hot," cried she with a fierce laugh as he came in. "I don't keep you waiting for your tools, you see; there's not a citizen of Paris that has a better helpmate than you, Auguste; is there, now? And I'm as ready with my knife as—but what have you there?" And the dreadful woman strode forward a step as she caught sight of the child, half-hidden behind her husband.

"It's a poor little devil I picked up on a barricade," replied Auguste. "Ma foi! I believe that he had followed his father to the fight, where the citizen received his passport for

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the other world; the little one had hooked himself on to the corpse, and I had some trouble to loosen his hold, and afterward to put him on his legs again; but a drop of brandy did it at last, and here he is!"

"And what on earth are we to do with him?" vociferated the woman, who had listened to this explanation with many a shrug and menacing gesture. "I shall not feed him, I tell you. Where's the grub to come from, I should like to know?"

"Come, now," said Auguste soothingly, "be reasonable, do. Now that the dog's dead, you can give him the bones and lickings, can't you? It won't cost more to keep this little wretch than it did to keep the dog. Not so much, I believe."

"He's not worth either bones or lickings," screamed the wife. "Medor earned his living, while this beast of a child"—here she caught the frightened boy by the arm and whirled him violently round—"hasn't the strength of a fly!"

"He'll be able to pick up rags in a day or two, Pelagie, you will see; Come, now, let us keep him. Here, sit down, young one." And Auguste pushed the child down on a wooden stool.

Pelagie stormed, but Auguste at last gained the day, and even obtained a crust of bread for the wretched little creature, whose large eyes glanced from the one to the other of the speakers while they debated his fate. His thin, pale cheek still bore the traces of the tears he had shed when his father fell, shot through the heart, on the barricade, and his little blouse and torn trousers were stained with his father's blood!

We shall not repeat the conversation of the husband and wife on the events of the day—that day when the infatuated workpeople and proletaires of Paris murdered the venerable priest who, obedient to the call of his sacred duties, had come to the scene of strife and slaughter to preach mercy and forbearance. "The shepherd gives his life for his sheep," and, "May my blood be the last shed," were the last words of Archbishop Affre. Alas! when the torch of civil war is once lighted, men seem to grow mad; the fiercest passions of humanity are let loose, and ruin and death seem alone able to end the struggle. So has it ever been with the excitable people of Paris; so will it ever be with the ignorant and vicious.

Many fell after the good archbishop, and among them Auguste Vautrin. He had gone off, carrying with him the newly-made bullets, and leaving the child whose life he had probably saved; he returned no more. A neighbor whispered to Pelagie that same night that her husband was lying dead in the Rue St. Antoine, but the depraved and unloving wife did not care to reclaim his body, and all that was left of the miserable man was consequently thrown ignominiously into the common grave of the misguided revolutionists.

CHAPTER II.

"Pinn'd, beaten, cold, pinch'd, threaten'd, and abused,
His efforts punish'd and his food refused,
Awake tormented, soon aroused from sleep,
Struck if he wept, and yet compelled to weep,
The trembling boy dropped down, and strove to pray,
Received a blow, and trembling turned away."

CRABBE.

Pelagie Vautrin, now a widow, continued to gain her living as before. She was what is called in France a "merchant of the four seasons," that is, a costermonger, hawking about the streets in a handcart the different vegetables and fruits of each season, sometimes even venturing on a load of salt mackerel, sometimes of dried figs. She was a strong, masculine-looking virago, who might have

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gained a tolerable living, for one day with another brought her in about three francs, had she not been given to drink. Every bargain she made either to buy or to sell was ratified by a glass of brandy, so that by the time she had emptied her cart, her pocket was nearly empty too. At all times without gentleness or pity, she became almost ferocious when excited by liquor, and it was a cruel fate that had made the little orphan fall into her hands. He, poor fellow, seemed to be quite friendless. Questioned and cross-questioned by Pelagie and her neighbors, he could give no further account of himself than that he was called Marcel, and that his father was shot on the barricade; the child shuddered each time that he was forced to answer this. He appeared never to have known his mother, replying always that he had lived with his father, only with his father, and nobody else. He was a slight, elegantly formed boy, with the intelligent, delicate features peculiar to the true Parisian. Timid and nervous, he trembled each time that Pelagie addressed him, and implicitly obeyed her slightest order.

During the two days that followed the death of Auguste, Pelagie remained shut up in her dirty, close-smelling room. Whether she feared that the restoration of public order might expose her to the unpleasant observation of the law, or that the loss of her husband did really somewhat affect her, we know not; certain it is that she staid quietly at home, and even shared the bread and boiled beef that a neighbor had fetched for her from a *gargote*, or poor eating-house, near by, with Marcel. He had been provided with a heap of rags for a bed, and permitted to sleep. And for two nights, poor boy, he had slept as children, happily the poor as well as the rich, only can sleep—forgetful of the past and unthinking of the future. But on the morning of the third day, Pelagie got up in full possession of all her wonted energy and brutality.

"Out of bed, little beggar!" were her first words, as she pushed the sleeping child with her foot; "out of bed; you must begin to work for your bread. Now, listen to me," she continued, as Marcel, with a scared look, started up ready-dressed from his bed of rags; "listen, do you hear, to me. You will go search for all the bits of old iron, old nails, and things of that sort, that you can find in the streets and gutters. Here is a leathern bag to put them in; do you see? I shall tie it about your waist, and take care you don't lose it. And here is a basket and a hook; with this hook you will catch up all the pieces of paper and rag that you see, and put them into the basket. Now, mind what you're about: I shall have an eye on you, wherever you may be. Here is a piece of bread; and don't come back until your basket is full, or I shall skin you."

So saying, she thrust the bewildered, frightened boy out of the door, which she shut immediately, leaving him to grope his way down the dark, crazy staircase as he best might.

After two or three falls he reached the door of the house, and found himself in the narrow, filthy gutter called the Rue de la Parcheminerie—one of the impure, airless thoroughfares of that old Paris which the present ruler of France is levelling to give place to wide, healthful, handsome streets and squares. He stood a moment hesitating whether he should turn to the right or to the left, when the voice of Pelagie calling to him from the window above made him look up. "Be off!" she screamed. "I'm watching you, and mind you bring me back all you get!"

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The child shouldered his basket and ran on. Turning the corner and out of sight of his fierce protectress, if we may call her so, he stopped, poor little fellow! His basket and hook dropped to the ground, as with a gesture of despair he threw up his hands toward heaven and cried aloud, "O my father! my father!"

The cry and the gesture were not addressed to that Heavenly Father whose eye was then as ever upon him, full of pity and mercy though unseen and incomprehensible, for the unhappy orphan knew not how to pray; but we can believe that it was heard and answered, as if it had been a direct supplication to the throne of grace; not then, perhaps, but in the fulness of that time which he hath chosen for our consolation. A moment after, the boy gathered up his fallen basket and hook and diligently set to work. Not a rag or scrap of paper escaped his searching eye. Nails and metal buttons, and bits of old iron, and many a flattened bullet that had probably done some deadly work, all found their way into his basket or his leathern bag.

Toward twelve o'clock he found himself near the fountain in St. Michael's Place; tired and hot, he took a drink, and, seating himself on the curbstone near by, began to eat the piece of bread that Pelagie had given him that morning. His appetite was good, and he enjoyed his dry crust better than many a rich man did his sumptuous dinner that day. His little teeth went so busily and vigorously to work, that a hackney-coachman belonging to the coach-stand in the place, and who was lazily contemplating humanity from his box-seat, after watching him awhile with admiration, threw him a sou, telling him to buy some sausage, because he deserved something for the way in which he attacked that piece of brick-bat.

"He has teeth like a rat," cried the coachman, grinning, to one of his comrades; "the way he nibbles that crust, that's as hard as the stone he's sitting on, is a sight!"

Marcel took the sou, and returned a look of such smiling gratitude that the observant coachman again remarked to his friend that that little chap had eyes like the gazelle's in the Garden of Plants; "they're just as soft and tender," added he, "only blue." But the child dared not spend the money on himself—had not Pelagie told him to bring her back everything he got? So he put it into the bag with the old iron, and once more went to work. Steadily and earnestly he plodded on, all his little faculties concentrated on his task, so that at five in the afternoon his leathern bag was full, and his basket piled up and pressed down.

Glad and triumphant, with some hope of kind words this time at least, he turned toward the Rue de la Parcheminerie, and reached the wretched house just as Pelagie was pushing her empty handcart through the narrow passage into the yard, where it was put up under a shed for the night. He climbed the staircase and stood waiting for her on the landing-place before the door of her room.

"You here!" she cried when she perceived him. "What's brought you back so soon, you little *vaurien?*"*

"My basket and my bag are both full, madam," replied Marcel, trembling as he looked up into the furious eyes of the drunken virago.

"I shall soon see that." She pushed him violently into the room. "Now, give me the bag."

She snatched it from him as she spoke and emptied out the contents on the floor.

* Worth-nothing.

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"[illegible] flavor your bread, you little beggar. Good bread's not good enough for you, then! I'll flavor your bread, you idiot." And with her strong right hand she dealt him a blow on the side of the head that felled him instantly to the floor.

He hid his bruised face in his little trembling hands and lay there weeping silently.

"Get up, get up, you idle dog; you're not going to stay there, I can tell you! Come, take your basket and hook and be off again." The unfeeling woman pulled up the wretched child as she spoke. "What! crying! I'll have none of that! Come, be off! You'll get no supper, I promise you, until your baskets full again."

Down the dusty staircase once more the little orphan stumbled into the street—hungry and tired, his [illegible] with the [illegible] blow, and [illegible] heart swelling with the [illegible] which it knew not [illegible]. The [illegible] came to him [illegible] he would not return [illegible] would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

pickers of Paris, when one wet winter's night, as he passed near St. Michael's Bridge, he put his foot on something hard. To pick it up, to see by the nearest gaslight that it was a coarse linen bag, containing a quantity of gold coin, was the work of a minute; the next saw him running as if for dear life to the office of the Commissary of Police in the Rue des Noyers; he knew the place well by the red-glass lamp over the door. Almost breathless he handed his prize to the worthy magistrate, telling him at the same time where he had found it.

The commissary looked into his little, eager, intelligent face while he told his story, then taking his hand kindly, "You are a good boy," said he, "and, mark my words, your honesty will bring you good luck."

Marcel blushed with pleasure and surprise to be praised, but stood nervously twirling his ragged cap round and round.

"The man who lost the bag of gold," continued the commissary, "was here half an hour since; he is a poor clerk, and is in despair; he is afraid of going back to his employers to tell them that he has lost their money. You have saved him and his poor wife and children from much misery. Go, you are a good boy; but first tell me your name and where you live."

The child told him, it was written carefully down, and he then went away happier than he had ever been since that dreadful day when he had convulsively fastened himself to his father's dead body as it lay on the barricade.

But as he approached his miserable home, this happy feeling decreased; and he began to think of what Pelagie would say if she knew what he had been doing. To tell or not to tell, that was the question, and it was not yet decided when he opened the door of the dismal room, where Pelagie, drunk as usual, was making her preparations for going to bed.

"And where do you come from, *vaurien?*" asked she as he came in.

He did not reply; he was not prepared with a lie, and he feared to tell the truth. Pelagie, accustomed to prompt and ready answers from her victims, turned round and stared at him, surprised beyond measure at this unwonted hesitation.

"Do you hear, little beast, do you hear!" she screamed presently. "Where do you come from? Why don't you answer me?" And she seized him violently by the arm.

"Pray don't beat me!" said the child imploringly. "I will tell you. As I was passing over St. Michael's Bridge, I—I found—a bag—"

"A bag!" exclaimed Pelagie, still holding him fast. "A bag of what? Quick! quick! Speak faster!"

"Of gold," whispered the child, trembling, for he *knew* now that he should suffer for what he had done.

"Of gold? of gold? Where is it? Give it to me!" And she fumbled about his little breast, as if she thought it must be hidden there.

"I haven't got it!" said the boy, whose cheeks waxed paler and paler, but whose blue eyes met hers for once undauntedly. "I carried it to the Commissary of Police."

For one moment the drunken fury looked at him silently, and then burst forth in bitter curses and bitterer blows. Hard and fast they fell on the young head and tender face; he was knocked down and kicked up again—hurled against the wall—pushed into the fire-place—and at last thrown upon the cranky table, which fell with so terrible a crash that the noise fortunately brought up the tenants of the story beneath in

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"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed as she caught sight of the sou. "Did you find this? don't you know what it is?"

"I know what it is, madam; it was given to me to buy some sausage with to flavor my bread."

"To flavor your bread, you little beggar! Good bread's not good enough for you, then! I'll flavor your bread, you idiot." And with her strong right hand she dealt him a blow on the side of the head that felled him instantly to the floor.

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Down the crazy staircase once more the little orphan stumbled into the street—hungry and tired, his cheek blue with the cruel blow, and his young heart swelling with the sense of so much injustice and oppression. The thought came to him suddenly that he would not return again to that wicked woman; but then, where should he go? Who would take care of him? He wandered through many dirty, narrow streets while he thus meditated, and at last found himself before the old church of St. Etienne du Mont. He saw some children going in, and followed them. There was so profound a silence in the sacred edifice, such a soft, subdued light streamed in from the beautiful painted windows, that the child's agitated, angry heart seemed calmed almost by a miracle. He slunk into a dark corner, and there, doing as he saw the happier children with whom he had entered do, he knelt. He did not pray; he had never known a mother's care, never been taught to lisp "Our Father who art in heaven" at his mother's knee; but peace and forgiveness entered into the orphan's soul as he knelt, silent, unheeded, in that dark corner of God's house.

Half an hour after he slunk out again into the street, feeling better, he knew not why, poor ignorant boy, and only anxious to try to satisfy his task-mistress.

All the evening he went to and fro, filling his basket from the heaps of rubbish thrown into the streets as soon as night comes by the numerous inhabitants of Parisian houses. At last, when ten o'clock had struck from all the church-towers in the quarter, he again climbed to the third story. The door was ajar, he entered softly, and saw, by the light of a gas-lamp that was on the opposite side of the street, Pelagie Vautrin lying extended on her bed, and snoring the heavy sleep of the drunkard.

He crept, tired and hungry, to his heap of rags, and soon happily forgot for a few hours that he was motherless and fatherless, a little waif adrift on the sea of life.

Thus passed and ended Marcel's first day of labor.

CHAPTER III.

"Thus liv'd the lad, in hunger, peril, pain,
His tears despis'd, his supplications vain.
. . . . . .
Strange that a frame so weak could bear so long
The grossest insult and the foulest wrong;
But there were causes." Crabbe.

Marcel had continued to ply this business for the profit of Pelagie Vautrin about two years, most times half-starved, and ofttimes beaten, and had become one of the quickest-sighted and quickest-witted of the little rag-

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pickers of Paris, when one wet winter's night, as he passed near St. Michael's Bridge, he put his foot on something hard. To pick it up, to see by the nearest gaslight that it was a coarse linen bag, containing a quantity of gold coin, was the work of a minute; the next saw him running as if for dear life to the office of the Commissary of Police in the Rue des Noyers; he knew the place well by the red-glass lamp over the door. Almost breathless he handed his prize to the worthy magistrate, telling him at the same time where he had found it.

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time to prevent a murder; for it is too probable that would have been the end of this frightful scene, if no one had come to save poor Marcel.

"Madame, Madame Vautrin!" cried M. Poquet, as he rushed into the room, followed by his wife and a number of the neighbors, "what is the matter here? Pray, be calm. You've beaten that child too much! Now, stop, or I'll go for the police." And the strong man seized the furious woman in his arms, while his wife and one or two other women got hold of Marcel and carried him down-stairs, covered with blood and bruises, to the Poquets' room.

Covered with blood and bruises! Such was this wretched child's reward for the first act of probity he had as yet found an opportunity of performing!

Be gentle, then, in your judgment of his future errings. O children of happier fortunes! ye who are encouraged in every generous thought and honest deed by the tender caresses of a mother and the approving smiles of a father, remember that *he* was an ignorant, homeless orphan, whose first good impulses were beaten out of him, or stifled by the vicious influences which surrounded him.

Monsieur and Madame Poquet were —it is a pity to be obliged to say it of such a kind-hearted couple—no better than they should be, rather, indeed, far worse. M. Poquet called himself a cobbler, but few, very few were the boots or shoes that could show trace of his handiwork. Talking politics in the *cabaret** at the corner, with idlers like himself, seemed to be his principal occupation; but there were rumors afloat that, at night, when honest men were sleeping peacefully in their beds, he and his companions were dodging the police, and trying to *find* the money they would not *work* for. Certain it is he generally had a forty-sous piece in his pocket, and few people knew how he got it.

Madame Poquet earned or rather thieved her living as a *femme de ménage*,* and a very good living she made too; for, not satisfied with stuffing herself as full as she could of victuals at her employer's house, she regularly brought back every evening in a great basket, that was continually suspended at her arm, such a supply of cheese, charcoal, sugar, garlic, bread, cigars, cold meat, and such like, that there was not a better furnished cupboard nor better fed children than hers in the neighborhood.

These children consisted of a boy and a girl—Polycarpe and Loulou—cunning, ready-witted, unprincipled, and idle. Never had they heard a word of truth; their only teaching since they came into the world had been to lie and steal, but like their parents they were naturally merry and good-tempered; they had never been ill-treated, as children generally are among the vicious poor, and they were well-disposed to be generous with their pilfered plenty.

Such were the people who had rescued the orphan from Pelagie Vautrin's murderous hands, and who now washed away the blood from several cuts on his head, and applied such remedies to his poor bruised limbs as they were acquainted with. And Madame Poquet had a kind, motherly way with her that comforted poor Marcel wonderfully, and Polycarpe and Loulou showed much sympathy; and at last he was put into bed (a dirty one, it is true, but warm) with Polycarpe; and the boy fell asleep happier, notwithstanding his aches and pains, than he had been for many a year of his short life.

For three whole days Marcel re-

* Wine-shop.

* Charwoman.

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mained quietly with the Poquets, who would willingly have kept him altogether, and only hoped that Pelagie would let things be as they were. The fourth morning, however, brought a change. Scarcely had Madame Poquet taken herself and her great basket off for her day's work and pilfering, and M. Poquet slunk off a moment after to the *cabaret* at the corner, when Madame Vautrin appeared suddenly before the frightened eyes of the three children. She was sober, and in few words ordered Marcel to get his basket and hook and go to work. The trembling boy silently obeyed.

CHAPTER IV.

"ALAS! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate
And black misfortune's baleful train."
GRAY.

BUT Polycarpe Poquet did not drop the acquaintance so well begun; far from it; he seemed to have become really attached to the pale, weak child, who was about a year younger than himself, and proved his friendship by becoming a kind of amateur ragpicker and helping to fill the dreadful basket and leathern bag that Pelagie exacted twice a day. This business finished, he would lead off Marcel in quest of amusement, with the understood intention also of picking up a few sous as he best could, and Polycarpe was not at all particular.

All was new to Marcel; he had never yet had time to stroll through the great thoroughfares at the hours when the magnificent shops of Paris display their wonderful merchandise to tempt the luxurious rich. He had not even ever crossed the bridges since that fatal 26th of June, 1848, and knew nothing of beautiful Paris but the narrow and busy streets of the "Quartier Latin," the quarter of the great schools, of the College of France, the Sorbonne, and the Institute.

How wonder-stricken was he the day that Polycarpe conducted him to the Place de la Concorde! The sky was blue, the sun bright, the two beautiful fountains were spouting their many waters in feathery spray, the grand old chestnut-trees of the Tuileries gardens were in full bloom behind him, palaces on either side of him, and before him stretched away the magnificent avenue of the Champs Elysées, bordered by trees and flowers and grassy lawns, and bounded in the far distance by the Arch of Triumph! The boy's heart swelled within him, for the love of the beautiful was hidden in it, as well as the sense of the good and true, and he could not speak. He had never gazed before on so brilliant a scene, and he could find no words to express his feelings.

Polycarpe understood nothing of this silent admiration, and after loitering a short time around some of the *cafés* among the trees in the avenue, proposed going down on the quay to look at the river. They stopped for a glass of brandy at the nearest *cabaret* —for Marcel had learnt this dreadful habit from his friend, who had been accustomed to tipple from his very birth—and then, ready for any mischief, descended to the river's side. An old lady was standing there, gazing at the swift-flowing water, as if she were longing to throw into it a very apoplectic-looking little dog she held by a string.

"Marcel, Marcel," whispered Polycarpe, "I'm going to have some fun with that old woman. I'll squeeze some sous out of her, you see if I don't!"

He started off running as he spoke,

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then suddenly stopped close to the dog.

"What a love of a dog!" cried he in apparent ecstasy. "I never saw a prettier little animal in my life! What kind of a dog do you call that, madam?"

"It is a Scotch dog, my young friend," replied the old lady, evidently much flattered; "you have very good taste, for he is really a very pretty creature."

"He is a love!" ejaculated Polycarpe.

"I have brought him here for a bath," continued the old lady. "I think that it would do him good if he would swim a little."

"That it would, madam," answered Polycarpe, stroking and kissing the fat, wheezy little animal; "but it would be well to give him a little rubbing first; his skin is rather dirty, I perceive, madam, on looking close. I'll wash him for you, if you like. I'm used to washing dogs. I wash my mother's dog every Saturday, madam."

"Really!" said the old lady. "Well, I *should* be glad to give Zozor a good washing, but I'm afraid he's difficult; he don't like it; he never did."

"That's nothing, madam. Julius Cæsar—that's my mother's dog—don't like it, but he's obliged to, for it's for his good. You should just see Julius Cæsar when I've washed and dressed him! He's perfectly beautiful! He's a poodle, quite white, and I've cut his coat so that he has a flounce round each ankle, three rows of fringe on his hips, a fine bandelet on his side, a frill on his chest, and a magnificent tassel at the end of his tail."

"He must be very handsome," remarked the old lady, who had listened with much interest to this description.

"He is, madam. My mother says no one can dress a dog better than I can. So I'll wash Zozor, if you like; I'll not hurt him in the least."

"You're very kind, indeed," said the old lady. "I really shall be very much obliged to you. Now then, Zozor, don't be naughty; it will do you good, Zozor."

So saying, the trustful old lady undid the string attached to her pet's collar, and delivered the victim into the hypocrite's hands. In an instant the wretched little creature was smeared from head to tail with a villanous compound of black soap and soot that Polycarpe drew from one of his dirty pockets. The poor animal howled dismally as his tormentor daubed him all over, and more vehemently still when his eyes, nose, and mouth were crammed with the nasty, stinging mixture.

"Now, madam," said Polycarpe, when the poor beast was well plastered and utterly unrecognizable, "that's the first operation; and if you want me to go on, and wash it off, my charge is forty sous, paid in advance. I never give credit: it's a bad system; I've learnt that by experience."

"You wicked boy!" screamed the old lady, "you little impostor! you've killed my poor Zozor!"

The unlucky pet was rolling himself in the mud, in an agony of pain.

"You cruel, wicked boy! Oh! what shall I do? what shall I do?"

"Why, you've only to pay me the forty sous," said Polycarpe, who stood calmly contemplating the contortions of his victim, "and I'll continue my operations. Forty sous is not dear, madam, especially as I provide the soap."

The old lady, unable to endure any longer the sight of her darling's sufferings, at last drew from her purse a piece of forty sous, and put it into the outstretched palm of the young

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scamp, who no sooner had closed his dirty fingers on the coin than he burst into an insulting laugh and took to his heels, leaving Zozor's mistress inarticulate with astonishment and rage.

Marcel had stood a little distance off while this scene was enacting. At first he laughed; but when he saw how much the poor dog suffered, the innate humanity of his nature was awakened, and as soon as his friend had disappeared he approached the yelling animal, and, with much difficulty and no little danger of being bitten, managed to seize him by the nape of the neck and throw him into the water. The miserable animal struggled desperately, and so got rid of a great part of the soap and soot; with the help of a boatman who had come up just in time, Marcel got him out again, and, after a little rubbing and rinsing, restored him to his weeping mistress, clean, but with bloodshot eyes and inflamed nostrils, and certainly very much the worse for his adventure.

The poor lady was profuse in her thanks. "You have saved his life," she cried; "I shall be eternally grateful to you; I will never forget you!" And she pressed her dripping darling to her heart, while she hastily climbed the steep that led from the river's side to the quay above.

Marcel followed when she was out of sight, and soon perceived Polycarpe waiting for him, and half-hidden behind one of the kiosks on the sidewalk in which newspapers are sold in Paris.

"So you washed that old woman's little monster!" cried he, as soon as he saw Marcel. "You needn't have done that. Here I've been waiting for you to go to Mother Crapaud's for a real blow-out. Come along, now, I'm as hungry as a wolf. Did you ever see an old woman so nicely done? O my eye! poor Zozor! wasn't he well soaped?"

CHAPTER V.

"Let not Ambition mock their humble toil,
Their vulgar crimes and villany obscure;
Nor rich folks hear with a disdainful smile
The low and petty knaveries of the poor.

"The titled villain and the thief of power,
The greatest rogue that ever bore a name,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of wickedness but lead to shame."

PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY.

Polycarpe's favorite dining-saloon, the gargote, or eating-house, of the Mère Crapaud, was situated in the Rue de la Huchette, one of the narrowest, darkest, and dirtiest of the old streets of Paris. It was a large, low room, opening from the street; the whole length of one side of it was taken up by four great furnaces which cooked the contents of the four great marmites, or boilers, that were constantly suspended over them. The contents of three of these marmites consisted of beef-soup, flavored with carrots, turnips, cabbage, onions, and garlic. The fourth generally contained stewed beans, a favorite accompaniment to the boiled beef. A kind of counter, on which stood baskets of cut bread and bowls of salad, separated the furnaces and marmites from the other part of the room, which was furnished with tables of six places each, and benches, all painted dark green. The place was smoky and grimy, and not rendered pleasanter by the presence of the Mère Crapaud herself, an enormously fat, blear-eyed old woman, possessed of a most abusive tongue. Indeed, she would have seemed better fitted to drive away than to attract customers. The Mère Crapaud, however, was very popular, and with good reason; for not only were her beef and soup the very best that could be bought for the money, but she also could

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be depended on in critical moments, when those whom she recognized as regular customers were in difficulties with the authorities.

Fifteen or sixteen customers, of all ages and of both sexes, were seated at the tables when the two boys entered, and the Mère Crapaud, brandishing the great spoon with which she measured her soup, was busy behind the counter, assisted by two perspiring marmitons.*

"Bonjour, la mère," said Polycarpe, as he entered with the ease and swagger of a well-known and favored guest; "how goes it with you?"

"Bonjour, mauvais sujet," returned the hostess; "what brings you here, to-day?"

"Well, I followed my nose, good mother, which was attracted by the smell of your bouillon and beef, and brought me straight here. Permit me to present my friend M. Marcel, a young gentleman who is as yet unacquainted with the mysteries of your marmites."

"Mysteries! what do you mean by that, you little polisson? There are no mysteries in my soup-pots; good beef and good vegetables; find any better if you can."

"Why, I know I can't, Mother Crapaud, and that's why I've come."

"I don't intend running up a score for you, M. Polycarpe, I can tell you; so clear out, you and your friend, if you've nothing to pay with."

"But I have, Mother Crapaud. I'm a millionaire to-day, or very nearly so, and so I'm going to treat my friend and myself to two sous apiece of soup, and we'll see presently if you can give me change for this." And he tossed up into the air and caught again the silver piece he had extorted from poor Zozor's mistress.

The boys then seated themselves at one of the tables, and were presently served with a bowl of good bouillon and a hunk of bread.

"Now for a slice of fat beef, la mère," said Polycarpe, when the soup had disappeared; "six sous' worth will be enough for us two, and two sous each of stewed beans. What a cram! isn't it, Marcel?"

Marcel did indeed like his good hot dinner. Poor fellow! it was only when Polycarpe treated him that he knew what it was to eat his fill. No conscientious scruples prevented his full enjoyment of the present. Conscience, that mirror of the soul, which never flatters, never deceives, was veiled in him by the thick mists of ignorance, and the only kindnesses he ever received were from the hands of thieves.

They were finishing their beef and beans when two big, rough boys, dressed in dirty blue blouses and dirtier trousers of some nondescript color, rushed into the gargote and bellowed for something to eat. Throwing themselves on the bench opposite to that on which Polycarpe and Marcel were seated, they commenced a series of contortions, elbow nudges, whispers, and loud guffaws, which were only stopped by the arrival of their victuals. The elder of the two presently looked up, and, catching Polycarpe's fixed gaze, after a moment's hesitation exclaimed, "Well, yes! 'tis you, Polycarpe! I thought I remembered your face. I'm glad to meet you; you're a good one, I know."

Polycarpe was evidently much flattered by this recognition. "I thought I knew your face too, as soon as you sat down, Guguste, but you were so full of fun that I wouldn't interrupt you."

"I'll make you laugh presently," replied Guguste, bursting out afresh, as did his companion also. "I'll tell you something that'll tickle you

* Scullions.

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Come now, stop your noise," he continued to his friend, who wriggled and choked in a convulsion of merriment, "or I'll punch you quiet. I'll tell you, Polycarpe, when I've put this plateful away. My eyes, what fun!"

So saying, he and his friend fell to again, and had soon finished both beef and beans. When the plates were empty, Guguste leaned his two elbows on the table and took breath. "That matter being happily finished," said he presently, "I'll tell you the other; it's a joke, a real good joke, in my opinion; what old Gorgibus the shoemaker calls it, is another thing. What do you think he calls it, eh! Touton? A riddle, perhaps. Ha, ha, a riddle!"

His friend Touton twisted and wriggled and giggled so heartily at this idea, that he fell off the bench in his ecstasy. "What a fellow you are for fun!" exclaimed Guguste, pulling him up; "but really I don't wonder at you, to-day! You must know, Poly, that I haven't had a shoe to my feet that was decent for an age, and you'll agree that *that* was uncomfortable and unpleasant, not to say inconvenient, especially for a man of business like myself—ha, ha! So when I got up, this morning, I said to myself—while I shaved, you know, ha, ha, ha!—that I really must find some kind of covering for my trotters. But where? That was the question. So, to settle it, Touton and I strolled about the streets until we found ourselves pretty far in the Rue St. Antoine. What should we come upon all at once but a shoe-shop, and there in the window the very kind of shoes that suited my taste. Gorgibus was the name over the door. I shall always remember it; sha'n't you, Touton?"

"Don't speak to me, Guguste; I shall burst with laughing," replied Touton. "Poor old Gorgibus, at the sign of holy Saint Crispin! Oh! don't we owe him a candle, Guguste?"

"That we do, Touton, and you shall go to the church of St. Severin, it's close by, and pay it to the good saint!"

"Not now, Guguste. Go on with the story, do; I want to know how you got your shoes," cried Polycarpe.

"Well, then," continued the young reprobate, "Touton and I consulted together for a minute, and then in we went. 'I want a good pair of shoes, monsieur,' said I very politely. 'I'm just going as clerk to a notary, and I must be well shod. What is the price of this pair?'

"'Ten francs,' said he.

"So I put my hand in my pocket and pulled out my cash, and counted it over with him, and I had just nine francs. 'That's all I have,' said I, putting the money back again into my pocket; 'will you give them to me for nine francs, if they fit me?'

"'Well, yes, I will, my boy,' said the old fellow good-naturedly. Upon that I sat down and put on both shoes; they went on like gloves, so comfortable, you have no idea! Then said I, 'Now, let me see if nothing hurts when I walk;' so I walked up and down the shop, old Gorgibus standing by admiring the fit, when, just as I was passing near the door, this great vaurien of a Touton gave me a punch in the nose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" screamed Touton, unable any longer to restrain himself, "how I cut up the street when I'd done it! and Guguste cried, 'Stop, you rascal, I'll make you pay for that!' And he ran and I ran, and old Gorgibus looked after us and laughed till he cried, and he's crying still very likely!—ha, ha, ha!—and waiting for Guguste to come back and pay for the shoes! Ha, ha, ha!"

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"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the listeners.

"And then the neighbors," continued Guguste, wiping his eyes, "came to their doors, and kept calling out, 'He'll catch him, he'll catch him!' O Lord! what fun! And what a capital pair of shoes!" And the scamp put a foot on the table to show his prize, while the numerous customers around who had overheard the story applauded him with enthusiasm. Excited by the universal admiration, Guguste now invited the two boys to accompany him and his friend to the cabaret at the corner of the street to take a glass, an invitation most willingly accepted. The four unfortunate children accordingly, after paying for their dinners, adjourned to the wine-shop, where, in the society of bad men and worse women, they were initiated still deeper into the mysteries and the practice of crime.

Poor Marcel! poor little orphan!

TO BE CONTINUED.

TREATISE ON PURGATORY.*

BY SAINT CATHARINE OF GENOA.

WHEN the gates of purgatory opened to Dante and his companion with awful thunderous roar, he heard mingling with the sound a chorus of voices—"We praise thee, O God!"—rising and fading away like a solemn chant and sound of the organ under the arches of some vast cathedral.

And afterward, while pursuing their journey, they felt the whole mountain of purgatory tremble. A shout arose—"Glory be to God in the Highest!"—swelled by the voice of every suffering soul in that vast realm. It was the expression of universal, unselfish joy over the deliverance of one soul from its bounds.

Such are the tones that ring all through the *Treatise on Purgatory* by St. Catharine of Genoa—full of praise, of holy joy, and of unselfish love. It ought to be read beneath the mild eyes of the Madonna in some old church, to the sound of solemn music. If you do not meet in it the dazzling angels of the great Florentine poet, you feel their presence, and you rejoice like him in the nooks of beauty where "spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence," refreshed by the fragrant dews of God's mercy.

The patient, silent suffering of the tried souls she describes, which are living on the glimpse they had of the divine Splendor at the moment of death, is full of eloquence. They suffer intensely, but peace and joy rise above pain, as in the beautiful bay of Spezia, we are told, the sweet

* The month of November is usually set apart by pious Catholics for commemoration of the souls in purgatory, and for prayers and offerings in their behalf. As specially befitting the season, therefore, we republish anew the beautiful *Treatise on Purgatory* by St. Catharine of Genoa, with the above prefatory remarks by the translator. There have been several translations of the treatise heretofore published, and it might seem a needless work to give another. But besides its appropriateness to the season, and that many will read it in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD who might not elsewhere see it, the new translation we now give has special merits of its own which will justify its publication.—ED. C. W.

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water rises up out of the salt and bitter sea.

While reading this production of genius and of inspiration, we no longer shrink from that dark region, lighted up, as it is, by rays of God's wonderful goodness. With St. Catharine, we regard it as a provision of great mercy which the soul gladly avails itself of as a means of purification, which will fit it for the awful presence of him in whose sight the very stars are not pure—a presence the soul could not endure till it had purged "the world's gross darkness off." As Faber says, "The moment that in his sight it perceives its own unfitness for heaven, it wings its voluntary flight to purgatory, like a dove to her proper nest in the shades of the forest." It cries:

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possessed
Of its sole peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see him in the truth of everlasting day."*

M. le Vicomte de Bussierre, in writing of this treatise, says: "But is the state described by the saint that of all the souls detained by divine justice in this place of expiation?" The reply to this question requires some preliminary observations.

The dogma of the church respecting purgatory is very brief. The Holy Council of Trent is satisfied with declaring that there is a purgatory, and that the souls therein detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful.

* *Dream of Gerontius*, by Father Newman.

The church does not define the nature of the sufferings endured there, but this is our idea of them:

This world is a place of probation. In it are prepared the materials for the construction of the New Jerusalem. Not only stones are wanted for its walls, but jewels for its decoration. Diamonds are not cut in the same manner as common stones. Thence we can perceive the necessity of different ways of preparing the righteous for a higher state of existence. The place each one will occupy in heaven is irrevocably fixed at the moment of death, but, before taking possession of it, he must have the highest polish of which he is susceptible, and be without any defect or stain.

Take two persons who are entering purgatory. One has passed his life in gross sensual pleasures, but absolution with the necessary dispositions has restored him to the paths of righteousness; the other has always lived in innocence and in the closest union with God, but slight imperfections deprive him for a time of the beatific vision. Shall it be said that the manner of purifying these two souls is the same, and that their purgatory only differs in point of duration? It does not seem probable. We do not use the same means for removing a stain from a garment that we should for a particle of dust on a polished mirror.

This explanation will better enable us to understand St. Catharine's treatise. Most Christians believe there are sensible pains in purgatory. It is the view commonly taken of that state by our preachers. Our saint does not contradict this opinion. She speaks of a special purification for certain souls, but without excluding any. The soul in question in her treatise is a diamond already cut with wonderful exactness, and from which the Divine Artist is re-

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moving the last stain before placing it among his choicest jewels.

Faber says there are two views of purgatory prevailing among Christians, indicative of the peculiar tone of the mind of those who have embraced them.

One is, that it is a place of sensible torture, where the least pain is greater than all the pains of earth put together—an intolerable prison-house, full of wailing and horror; visited by angels, indeed, but only as the instruments of God's awful justice. The spirit of this view is a horror of offending Almighty God, a habitual trembling before his judgments, and a great desire for bodily austerities.

The second view does not deny any of these features, but it gives more prominence to other considerations. "The spirit of this view is love, an extreme desire that God should not be offended, and a yearning for the interests of Jesus." It is not so much a question of selfish consideration with the soul, as of God's will and glory. "Its sweet prison, its holy sepulchre, is in the adorable will of its Heavenly Father, and there it abides the term of its purification with the most perfect contentment and the most unutterable love."

In short, this second view is that of St. Catharine of Genoa, which comes home to our hearts, as we read her treatise, with joyful conviction—giving new conceptions of that holy realm of pain.

This treatise is not the production of human vanity. St. Catharine only wrote by the express wish of her spiritual director, who fathomed her genius and knew her familiarity with the secrets of the Most High. It is, in the estimation of judges of the highest authority, one of the most astonishing and admirable productions of mystical theology, says M. de Bussierre. And it has been approved of by the Holy See, and by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

It was one of the favorite books of St. Francis de Sales, with whose spirit it is so greatly in harmony, and he calls the authoress a seraph.

And Faber styles her, "The Great Doctress of Purgatory."

St. Catharine was contemporary with Christopher Columbus, being born a few years later in the same city. And she was the grand-niece of Pope Innocent IV., who first gave, authoritatively, the name of Purgatory to the Intermediate State, and who was, like her, of the noble house of the Fieschi.

The French author so often quoted says: "There are many expressions in this work to which a forced meaning is not to be given. St. Catharine represents a soul as strictly united to God as it can be without being absorbed in the divinity. But she does not annihilate individuality. She does not teach pantheism. She only expresses the doctrine of St. Paul, '*In ipso vivimus, et movemur, et sumus:*' 'In him we live, and we move, and we are.'"

How she makes us long for that union, and welcome all that hastens it! We would join with all our earth-worn heart in that "liturgy of hallowed pain." "O world!" we cry with Faber—"O weary, clamorous, sinful world! who would not break away, if he could, like an uncaged dove, from thy perilous toils and unsafe pilgrimage, and fly with joy to the lowest place in that most pure, most safe, most holy land of suffering and of sinless love?"

(Hector Vernaccia, who first published the works of St. Catharine of Genoa, wrote the following preface to her *Treatise on Purgatory:*)

"The soul of Catharine, still clad in the flesh, was plunged in the fur-

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nace of God's ardent love, which consumed and purified her from every imperfection, so that at the end of her life she was fitted to pass at once into the presence of God, the only object of her affection. This interior fire made her comprehend that the souls in purgatory are placed there to be purified from the rust and stain of the sins which they had not expiated on earth. Swallowed up in this divine and purging fire, she acquiesced in the will of God, rejoicing in all his love wrought in her; she clearly understood what must be the state of the souls in purgatory, and thus wrote thereof:"

CHAPTER I.

STATE OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY—THEY ARE DIVESTED OF ALL SELF-LOVE.

The souls which are confined in purgatory, as it is given me to understand, can wish for no other dwelling-place than that wherein God hath justly placed them.

They have no longer the power of reviewing their past lives. Nor can they say: "I deserve to remain here for such and such sins. Would that I had not committed them! Then should I be participating in the joys of heaven." Neither can they compare the duration of their punishment with that of others. They have neither in good nor evil any remembrance which aggravates their pains, not even respecting others; but they feel a great satisfaction in being at the disposal of God, who doeth all that seemeth to him good, and as it pleaseth him, so that in their greatest sufferings they cannot think of themselves. They regard only the goodness of God, whose infinite mercy would draw all men to himself. They anticipate neither the pain nor the solace that may be their portion: if they could, they would not be in a state of pure love.

Nor do they see that they are suffering in punishment of their sins. They cannot retain such a view in their minds, for that would be an active imperfection, and impossible in a place where there is no actual sin.

Only once, at the moment of quitting this world, do they see the cause of purgatory which they have in themselves, but never afterward, or there would be some selfish consideration. Being in a state of pure love, from which they cannot deviate by actual fault, they can only will and desire what is conformable to that pure love. For in the flames of purgatory they are under the divine ordinance and will; that is to say, in that state of pure charity from which they can no longer be separated by any cause whatever, because it is as impossible for them to commit actual sin as it is to acquire actual merit.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE JOY OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY—COMPARISON WHICH SHOWS HOW THESE SOULS BEHOLD GOD MORE AND MORE CLEARLY—DIFFICULTY OF DESCRIBING THIS STATE.

I do not believe that there can be any peace comparable to that felt by the souls in purgatory, unless that of the saints in paradise. And each day this peace increases by the influence which God exercises over the soul. It increases in proportion as the impediment to that influence is consumed.

This impediment is nothing else than the rust of sin. The fire consuming the rust, the soul is more and more exposed to the divine influence. An object which is covered cannot correspond to the reverberation of the sun's rays; not by any

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fruit of the sun, which ceases not to shine, but because of the covering on the object. If that be consumed, the object beneath is laid open to the sun; and the more completely the covering is consumed, the more perfect the reverberation.

So the fire of purgatory wears away the rust of sin which covers the soul, exposing it to God—the true sun—in proportion to its purity, and, in the same proportion, increasing its peace. So that its happiness goes on increasing and the rust wearing away till the time be fully accomplished.

The pain which results from the desire of beholding God does not diminish, but the time of its duration does. As to their will, these souls can never say their pains are pains, so satisfied are they with the will of God, with which their will is united in perfect love.

On the other hand, nevertheless, they endure a torment so extreme that no tongue can depict it—no understanding grasp the least comprehension of it, unless by a special grace from God. He has given me some idea of it, but I cannot well express it. What the Lord has revealed to me has always remained imprinted on my mind. I will relate what I can of it. They will understand me to whom God giveth the intelligence.

CHAPTER III.

SEPARATION FROM GOD THE GREATEST TORMENT OF PURGATORY—WHEREIN PURGATORY DIFFERS FROM HELL.

All pain is the consequence of original or actual sin. God created the soul perfectly pure, and gave it a certain instinct for happiness which forces it toward him as its true centre.

Original sin enfeebles this instinct in the soul at the beginning. Actual sin diminishes it still more. The more this instinct diminishes the worse the soul becomes, because God's grace to the soul is withdrawn in proportion.

All goodness is only by participation in the goodness of God, which is constantly communicated, even to those creatures which are deprived of reason, according to his will and ordinance. As to the soul endowed with reason, he communicates his grace to it in proportion as he finds it freed from the obstacle of sin. Consequently, when a guilty soul recovers in a measure its primitive purity, its instinct for happiness also returns and increases with such impetuosity and so great an ardor of love, drawing it to its chief end, that every obstacle becomes to it an insupportable torment. And the more clearly it sees what detains it from union with God, the more excessive is its pain.

But the souls in purgatory being freed from the guilt of sin, there is no other impediment between God and them but this pain which prevents the complete satisfaction of their instinct for happiness; and they see in the clearest manner that the least impediment delays this satisfaction by a necessity of justice: thence springs up a devouring fire, like to that of hell, excepting the guilt.

This guilt constitutes the malignant will of the damned, which obliges God to withhold his goodness from them; so they remain in a fixed state of despair and malignity, with a will wholly opposed to the divine will.

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CHAPTER IV.

STATE OF THE SOUL IN HELL—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN IT AND THAT OF THE SOUL IN PURGATORY—REFLECTIONS UPON THOSE WHO NEGLECT THE AFFAIRS OF SALVATION.

It is, then, clear that the perverse will of man in revolt against the will of God constitutes sin, and that the guilt of sin cannot be effaced from the soul while it is under the dominion of that evil will.

Now, the souls in hell departed this life with a perverse will; consequently, their guilt has not been washed away, and now cannot be, because death has rendered their will unchangeable. The soul is for ever fixed in a state of good or evil, according to the disposition of the will at the moment of death. Wherefore it is written: *Ubi te invenero*, that is to say, Wherever I find thee at the hour of death—with a will to sin or to repent of sin—*ibi te judicabo*, there will I judge thee; and from this judgment there is no appeal, because, all freedom of choice ceasing with life, the soul must remain unalterably fixed in the state in which death finds it.

The souls in hell are guilty to an infinite degree, being found with a sinful will at the moment of death. Their pain is not so great as they merit, but it will never end.

As for the souls in purgatory, they only endure pain. Guilt was effaced before death by a true sorrow for having offended the divine goodness. This pain is finite, and the time of its duration is constantly diminishing.

O misery transcending all other woes, and so much the greater because the blindness of man takes no precaution against it!

The torments of the damned, we have said, are not infinite in their rigor. The great goodness of God extends a ray of mercy even to hell. A man expiring in a state of deadly sin merits a punishment infinite in duration and in intensity. God, in his justice, could have inflicted on the damned torments far greater than they have to endure; but while he has rendered them infinite as to their duration, he has limited their intensity.

Oh! how dangerous is voluntary sin; for repentance is difficult, and, unrepented of, the guilt of sin remains, and will remain as long as man retains his affection for past sins or has the will to commit them anew.

CHAPTER V.

OF THE PEACE AND JOY IN PURGATORY.

The souls in purgatory, being entirely freed from the guilt of sin, and thus far restored to their original purity, and their volition being entirely conformed to that of God, they are constantly participating in his goodness.

Their guilt is remitted because, before departing this life, they repented of their sins and confessed them with a firm purpose not to commit any more. They retain, then, only the rust of sin which is worn away by those penal fires.

Being thus cleansed from all sin and united to God by their will, they contemplate him clearly according to the degree of light which is given them. They comprehend how important it is that they should enjoy God, the end for which they were created. They feel so united to him by entire conformity of will, and are attracted so powerfully toward him by a natural instinct, that I find no comparison, or examples, or way by which I can express this impetuosity as I understand it. Nevertheless, I will

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give a comparison which has been suggested to my mind.

CHAPTER VI.

COMPARISON ILLUSTRATING THE ARDENT LOVE WITH WHICH THE SOULS IN PURGATORY LONG FOR UNION WITH GOD.

If in all the world there were but one loaf, the mere sight of which would satiate the hunger of all creatures, what would be the feelings of a man, with a natural instinct to eat when he is in health, if he were neither able to eat, nor yet to be ill or to die? His hunger would always be increasing with its undiminished instinct, and, knowing that he could be satiated by the very sight of this loaf of which he is deprived, he remains in unbearable torments. The nearer he approaches it, the more ravenous is his hunger, which draws him toward this food, the object of his desire.

If he were sure of never beholding this bread, he would endure a kind of hell, like that of the eternally lost, who are deprived of the Bread of Life and of the hope of ever beholding Christ our Redeemer.

The souls in purgatory, on the contrary, hope to behold this bread and to eat their fill thereof; but meanwhile they suffer the torments of a cruel hunger after it—that is to say, after Jesus Christ, the God of our salvation and our love.

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE WONDERFUL WISDOM OF GOD IN THE CREATION OF PURGATORY AND HELL.

As the purified soul finds its repose only in God, for whom it was created, so the soul defiled by sin has no other place but hell assigned it for its destination.

The soul, at the moment of its separation from the body, naturally gravitates toward its true centre. If in a state of deadly sin, it goes to its appointed place, carried there by the very nature of sin. If it did not find this place provided for it by divine justice, it would remain in a worse hell; for it would no longer be under the ordinance of God, still participating in his mercy, and where the pain is less than the soul merits.

Not finding, then, any place better suited to it, or less fearful than hell, by divine appointment it goes thither as to its own place.

It is the same with purgatory. The soul, separated from the body, not finding in itself all its primitive purity, and seeing that this impediment to its union with God can only be removed by means of purgatory, voluntarily throws itself therein. If the place prepared for the removal of this impediment did not exist, there would instantaneously be generated in the soul a torture far worse than purgatory, for it would comprehend that this impediment would hinder it from union with God, its aim and its end.

This end is so ardently longed for, that the torments of purgatory seem as nothing, although, as we have said, they are like those of hell in some respects. But, I repeat, they seem as nothing compared with the soul's true end.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE NECESSITY OF PURGATORY AND THE TERRIBLE NATURE OF ITS TORMENTS.

Furthermore I will say: the gates of heaven, through the goodness of God, are closed against no one. Whoever wishes can enter, for the Lord is full of mercy, and his

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arms are constantly extended to receive us into glory.

But I see also that this divine essence is of such purity, surpassing all we can imagine, that the soul which perceives in itself the slightest mote of imperfection would cast itself into a thousand hells rather than remain with a single stain in the presence of infinite Majesty.

Therefore, seeing purgatory ordained for the removal of these stains, the soul plunges into it, esteeming it a provision of wonderful mercy by which it can be freed from the impediment it finds in itself.

No tongue can express, no mind conceive, the nature of purgatory. As to the severity of its torments, they equal those of hell.* Nevertheless, the soul with the slightest stain endures them as a merciful dispensation, regarding them as nothing in comparison with what opposes their union with God.

I seem to understand that the sorrow of the souls in purgatory for having in themselves the cause of God's displeasure, resulting from their past offences against his great goodness—I seem to understand, I say, that this sorrow surpasses all the other torments which they endure in this place of purification. Being in a state of grace, they comprehend the force and seriousness of the obstacle which hinders their union with God.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MUTUAL LOVE OF GOD AND THE SOULS IN PURGATORY—DIFFICULTY OF FINDING EXPRESSIONS ON THIS SUBJECT.

Everything which has been revealed to me upon this subject, and which I have comprehended according to the capacity of my mind, is of so much importance that, compared therewith, all the knowledge, all the sayings, all the opinions, all the reason, and all the wisdom of man in this life seem as vain trifles and as things of no account. I acknowledge, to my confusion, that I can find no other words to express my meaning.

I perceive so great a conformity between God and the soul in purgatory that, in order to restore the latter to its original purity, God inspires in the soul an ardent love which draws it toward him—a love forcible enough to annihilate it, were it not immortal. It transforms it to such a degree that the soul beholds nothing but God, who draws and inflames it continually, without ever abandoning it, till he has brought it back to the source whence it issued, that is to say, to the perfect purity in which it was created.

And when the soul, interiorly enlightened, feels itself thus attracted by the fire of God's great love, it melts completely in its ardor. It sees, by a supernatural light, that God never ceases to lead it on, with constant providential care, to its entire perfection; it sees that God is prompted only by pure love, and that the soul, impeded by the effects of sin, can only follow the divine impulse, that is to say, that attraction which draws it toward God; it comprehends also the greatness of the obstacle which hinders its admission to the presence of the divine light; finally, it is drawn by that powerful instinct which would have nothing hinder it from yielding to the divine attraction: it sees and feels all these things, I say, and therein is the source of the soul's torments in purgatory.

But it does not regard its pain, however great: it regards infinitely more the obstacle the will of God finds in it, that will which it clearly sees is

* Except that the souls in purgatory are not separated from the love and will of God, and have hope.

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full of the purest and most ardent love for it.

This love and this unitive attraction act so continually and so powerfully upon the soul, that if it could find another purgatory more terrible than this, in which it could be sooner delivered from all that separates it from the Sovereign Good, it would speedily plunge therein, through the impetuosity of the love it bears to God.

CHAPTER X.

HOW GOD PURIFIES THE SOUL IN PURGATORY—THE SOUL ACQUIRES THEREIN SUCH PERFECT PURITY THAT WERE IT TO REMAIN THERE AFTER ITS PURIFICATION IT WOULD SUFFER NO MORE.

I behold, also, the ardent rays of divine love toward the souls of men penetrating and potent enough to destroy, not only the body, but the soul even, if that were possible.

These rays produce two effects: they purify, and they annihilate.

Look at gold: the more you melt it the purer it becomes, and you could go on refining it till every impurity is destroyed. Such is the effect of fire upon material things. Though the soul cannot annihilate itself in God, it can in its own self; and the more it is purified, the more completely is it annihilated in itself, till at last it rests quite pure in God.

It is said that gold, when it is purified to a certain degree, no longer diminishes, whatever degree of heat it may be exposed to, because nothing but the dross can be consumed. The divine fire acts in like manner upon the soul. God holds it in the fire till every imperfection is consumed. He thus reduces all souls to a state of purity, each one according to its own degree of perfection.

And when the soul is thus purified it rests altogether in God, without retaining anything in itself. It has its being then in God. And when he has brought the soul to himself, thus purified, it becomes impassible, for there is nothing left in it to be consumed. And should it still remain in the fire after being thus purified, it would suffer no longer. That fire would be to it a flame of divine love, itself eternal life, in which the soul could experience no more contradictions.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY DESIRE TO BE PURIFIED FROM EVERY STAIN OF SIN—OF THE WISDOM OF GOD IN IMMEDIATELY CONCEALING FROM THESE SOULS THEIR FAULTS.

The soul was originally endowed with all the means of attaining its own degree of perfection, by living in conformity with the laws of God and keeping itself pure from all stain of sin. But, being contaminated by original sin, it loses its gifts and graces. It dies, and can only rise again by the assistance of God. And when he has raised it to life again by baptism, a bad inclination still remains in the soul, leading it, if unresisted, to actual sin, by which it dies anew. God raises it again by another special grace; nevertheless it remains so soiled, so fallen back upon itself, that, to be restored to the state of purity in which God created it, it has need of all the divine operations before mentioned to enable it to return to its primitive condition.

When the soul is on its way back to this state, its desire of being lost in God is so great as to become the purgatory of the soul.

Purgatory is nothing to it *as* purgatory. The burning instinct which forces it toward God, only to find an impediment, constitutes its real torture.

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By a last act of love, God, the author of this plan for the perfection of the soul, works without the concurrence of man; for there are in the soul so many hidden imperfections that if it saw them it would be in despair. But the state of which we have just spoken destroys them all. It is only when they are obliterated that God shows them to the soul, in order that it may comprehend the divine operation wrought by this fire of love consuming all its imperfections.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW JOYFULLY SUFFERING IS ENDURED IN PURGATORY.

Remember that what man considers perfect in itself, is full of defects in the eyes of God. Everything man does which has the appearance of perfection from the point of view in which he sees it, or feels, understands, wills, or recalls it, is soiled and infected if he does not attribute it to God.

Our deeds are perfect only when they are wrought by us, without considering ourselves the principal agents, and when they are referred to God, we being only his instruments.

Such are precisely the final operations of pure love wrought by God himself in the soul, without any merit on our part. These operations are so ardent and so penetrating in their effects upon the soul, that it seems as though the body which envelops it would be consumed as in a great fire where death alone could give relief.

It is true that the love of God which fills the soul in purgatory inspires it, according to my comprehension, with a joy that cannot be expressed. But this satisfaction does not take away one particle of the pain. Nay, it is the hindering of love from the possession of its object which causes the pain, and the pain is in proportion to the perfection of the love of which God has made the soul capable.

Thus it is that the souls in purgatory at once enjoy the greatest tranquillity and endure the greatest pain; and the one in no way hinders the other.

CHAPTER XIII.

NO MERIT IS ACQUIRED IN PURGATORY—IN WHAT MANNER THE SOULS IN PURGATORY REGARD THE SUFFRAGES MADE IN THEIR BEHALF ON EARTH.

If the stains of the souls in purgatory could be effaced by contrition, the divine justice might in an instant be satisfied, so profound and ardent is their sorrow in view of the great obstacle which opposes their union with God, their chief end and their love.

But, remember, God has decreed that the last farthing is to be demanded of these souls for the satisfaction of eternal justice. As to them, they have no choice; they can now see and wish only what God wishes. This is the unalterable state of their souls.

If some spiritual alms are given on earth to abridge the time of their sufferings, they cannot regard them with affection, only as they are weighed in the equitable scales of the divine will, leaving God to act according to his own pleasure, and to pay himself and his justice in the way his own infinite goodness chooses to select.

If it were possible for them to regard these alms apart from the good pleasure of God, they would be guilty of an act of appropriation which would deprive them of the

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knowledge of the divine will, and thus making their abode a hell.

Thus they receive every appointment of God with tranquillity, and neither joy, nor satisfaction, nor sufferings can ever induce them to fall back upon themselves.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE SUBMISSION OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY TO THE WILL OF GOD.

These souls are so perfectly conformed to the will of God that they are always satisfied with his holy decrees.

If a soul were admitted to the vision of God, having still something left to be cleansed away, it would consider itself grievously injured and its sufferings worse than many purgatories, for it would be unable to endure that excessive goodness and that perfect justice.

What an incongruity it would be in the sight of God, as well as of the soul, for his justice not to be entirely satisfied! If this soul lacked a single moment of expiation, it would feel an insupportable torture, and would plunge into a thousand hells to remove this little rust rather than remain in the presence of God without being entirely purified.

CHAPTER XV.

A WARNING TO PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.

Would that I could cry loud enough to frighten all the men who dwell upon the face of the earth, and say to them: O miserable men! why do you suffer yourselves to be so blinded by the world as not to make any provision for that imperious necessity in which you will find yourselves at the moment of death?

You all shelter yourselves under the hope of God's mercy, which you call so infinite. But do you not see that it is precisely this great goodness of God which will rise up in judgment against you, miserable men, for rebelling against the will of so good a Lord?

His goodness should incite you to the full accomplishment of his will, instead of encouraging you to sin with impunity; for, be fully assured, his justice can never fail, and it must, in some way, be entirely satisfied.

Do not reassure yourself by saying: I will confess all my sins, I will gain a plenary indulgence, and thus I shall be cleansed at once from all my iniquities; and so I shall be saved. Remember that contrition and confession are necessary to gain a plenary indulgence. And perfect contrition is so difficult to acquire that, if you knew how difficult it is, you would tremble for very fear, and would be much more certain of not gaining the indulgence than of obtaining such a grace.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT THE TORMENTS OF PURGATORY DO NOT AFFECT THE PEACE AND JOY OF THE SOULS THEREIN DETAINED.

I see that the souls suffering in purgatory are conscious of two operations of divine grace in them.

By the first of these operations they willingly endure their sufferings. Considering, on the one hand, what they have merited, and, on the other, the incomprehensible majesty of an offended God, they understand the extent of his mercy toward them. For a single sin merits a thousand hells eternal in duration; but the goodness of God tempers justice with mercy in accepting the precious blood of Jesus Christ in satisfaction for sin. So that these souls endure

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their torments so willingly that they would not have them diminish one iota. They see how fully they are merited, and how righteously they are ordained: and as to their will, it no more revolts against that of God than if they were participating in the joys of eternal life.

The second operation of grace in these souls consists in the peace with which they are filled in view of the divine ordinances, and the love and mercy of God manifested in their behalf.

The knowledge of these two operations is imprinted by God on these souls in an instant, and, as they are in a state of grace, they comprehend them, every one according to his capacity. They feel a great joy, which, far from diminishing, goes on increasing in proportion as the time for their union with God approaches.

These souls do not view these things in themselves or as belonging to themselves; they view them in God, with whom they are far more occupied than with their own torments. For the least glimpse man has of God transcends every pain and every imaginable joy.

Nevertheless, their excessive joy does not in the least detract from their pain, nor their extreme pain in the least from their joy.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH ST. CATHARINE APPLIES WHAT SHE HAS WRITTEN OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY TO WHAT SHE HAS FELT AND EXPERIENCED IN HER OWN SOUL.

My own soul has experienced the same state of purification as that of the souls in purgatory—especially within two years—and each day I see and feel this more clearly. My soul remains in the body as in a purgatory, but only in such a degree of suffering as the body can endure without dying. And this suffering will go on increasing by degrees till the body is no longer able to support it, and will really die.

My mind has become unused to all things, even spiritual, which could refresh it, such as joy, pleasure, or consolation. It is no longer able, by will, understanding, or memory, to relish anything, whether of a temporal or spiritual nature, so that I can say one thing pleases me more than another.

My soul has been so besieged, as it were, that by degrees it has been deprived of all that could refresh me spiritually or corporally. Even this privation makes me feel the power these things have of nourishing and refreshing me; but the soul, conscious of this power, loathes and abhors them to such a degree that they have ceased for ever to tempt me.

For it is an instinct of the soul to strive to overcome every obstacle to its perfection—an instinct so cruelly exacting that it would, as it were, allow itself to be cast into hell to achieve its object. It goes on then depriving itself of everything in which the inner man can delight, and this with so much subtlety that the slightest imperfection is noted and detested.

The outer man, being no longer sustained by the consolations of the soul, suffers to such a degree that, humanly speaking, it can find nothing on earth to sustain it. There remains for it no other consolation than God, who ordereth all these things in infinite mercy and love, for the satisfaction of his justice. This view inspires me with great peace and joy, which, nevertheless, do not diminish the violence of my sufferings; but no pain could be severe enough to induce me to deviate in the least from the order of things established by God. Nor would I

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THE CHARITIES OF NEW YORK.

If we recur again to a subject on which we have two or three times already addressed the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, it is because we are so deeply impressed with its importance, and because we are persuaded that in any matter which so highly concerns the Catholic cause all our friends must be heartily interested. The generosity of Catholics toward their church is almost proverbial. They give more to religion than any other denomination; they give more liberally in proportion to their means; and they give spontaneously. And nowhere is their generosity more strikingly shown than in the great cities of America, where they have built so many scores of costly churches, and raised up convents and orphan asylums, and where they have given almost every parish its free school, though the law has compelled them likewise to pay taxes for the support of common-schools to which they cannot in conscience entrust their children. Here, in New York City, we have had a particularly heavy task to perform. As this is the landing-place of most of the Catholic immigrants, besides being the chief city and business centre of the country, the growth of the Catholic population has been especially rapid, and it has grown in principal measure by the influx of the poorer classes, who, while they stand in greatest need of the help of the Church, are able to do least for its support. It is a notorious fact that, while a large proportion of the more thrifty immigrants move out to the West, and help to build up Catholicism in our new States and territories, the destitute and shiftless almost invariably remain in the large cities. Hence, the growth in the material resources of the Church in New York does not keep pace with the growth in its numbers. The well-to-do immigrants who have settled here, and the American-born Catholics, children of the last generation of settlers, or else converts from Protestantism, have a task of peculiar difficulty, as they must provide not only for the natural increase in their own numbers, but for the spiritual wants of their poorer brethren, who have no means of providing for themselves. And it is a task which seems to grow harder and harder every year. The congregations increase much faster than the churches. Children multiply faster than the schools. With all the unremitting labors of our successive bishops and archbishops, and all the untiring exertions of our zealous priests, there are not yet churches enough in New York City.

We must remember this peculiar condition of our Church when we undertake to compare Catholic with Protestant charities. The noblest work of benevolence is that which assists our neighbor to save his soul; and Catholics understand perfectly well that they can make no better disposition of their alms than in contributing to supply the poor with opportunities of hearing Mass, receiving the sacraments, and learning the principles and precepts of their faith. Hence, their liberality has been directed first toward the building of churches and the education of priests, and next toward the support of Catholic schools. While there was so much to be done in these directions, they felt comparatively little disposi-

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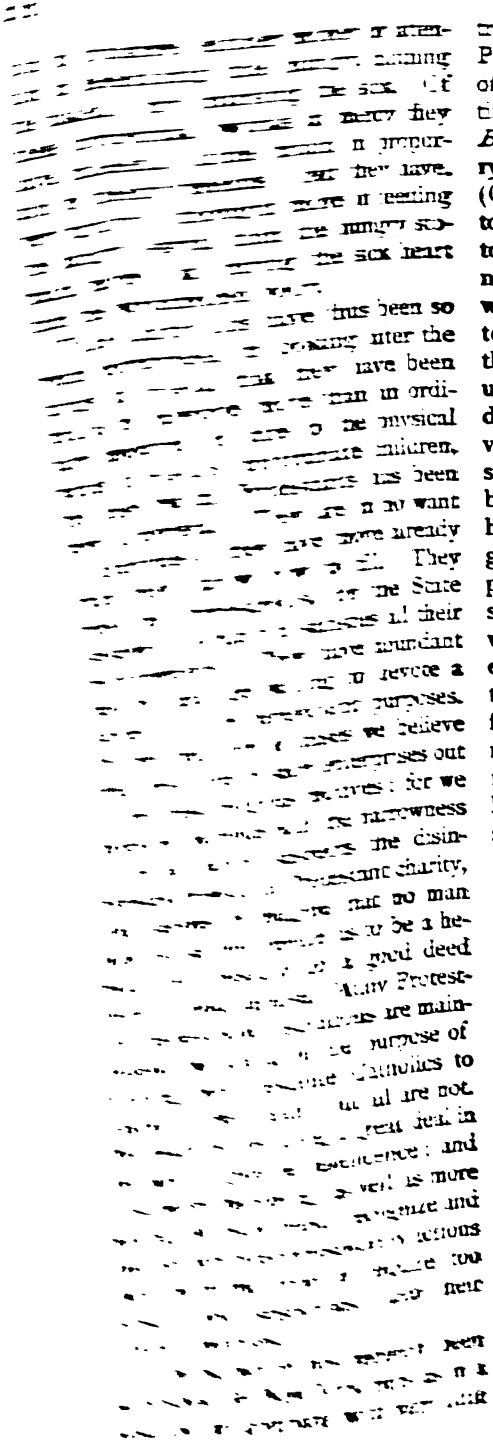

trouble, the work accomplished by Protestants and Catholics in the way of organized charity in this city. Its title is, *The Charities of New York, Brooklyn, and Staten Island*, by Henry J. Cammann and Hugh N. Camp. (Octavo, pp. 597. Hurd & Houghton.) The authors have had much to do with various institutions of benevolence—principally, we believe, with those connected with the Protestant Episcopal denomination; and their purpose in preparing this volume was to give a brief history and description of all the organized private charities of New York and its suburbs, partly to show what has been done for the relief of suffering humanity, and partly to guide almsgivers in making an intelligent disposition of their liberality. They seem to have performed their task with care and impartiality, permitting each institution to speak for itself through one of its officers or special friends, or in an official report, and making no attempt to compare the number and efficiency of the establishments of different faiths. A conscientious desire to be just toward Catholic, Protestant, and Jew is apparent throughout. The record is not a complete one; but the deficiency, we have reason to believe, is the consequence, in chief measure, of the neglect or unwillingness of the proper persons to furnish the requisite information. We have supplied these omissions as far as possible, but the story is not yet told in full; though for purposes of comparison the table which we give below is probably sufficient. We have added several important societies and institutions which are not included in the book, namely, the New York Prison Association, St. Stephen's Home, St. Francis' German Hospital, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and some others; and we have omitted all

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which are supported entirely, or almost entirely, by appropriations from the city or State, such as Bellevue Hospital, the New York Blind Asylum, etc., as well as those which do not properly belong to New York City. The figures represent the number of persons who have obtained aid or shelter from these various organizations during the past year. The admirable Mission-House in St. James' parish has gone into operation since last year, and therefore cannot be included in the table.

CATHOLIC.

1. St. Vincent's Hospital,	832
2. St. Francis's German Hospital,	592
3. St. Stephen's Home for Destitute Little Girls,	100
4. St. Patrick's Male Orphan Asylum,	550
5. St. Patrick's Female Orphan Asylum,	390
6. St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum,	150
7. St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum,	85
8. House of the Good Shepherd,	500
9. Institution of Mercy,	2845
10. St. Vincent de Paul Society,*	
Total,	6044

PROTESTANT AND JEWISH.

1. St. Luke's Hospital,	1027
2. Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled,	1684
3. Women's Hospital,	189
4. German Hospital and Dispensary,	
5. Eye and Ear Infirmary,	8038
6. Mount Sinai Hospital,	1028
7. Infirmary for Women and Children,	137
8. Nursery and Child's Hospital,	572
9. Leake and Watts Orphan House,	100
10. St. Luke's Home for Indigent Christian Females,	31
11. American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless,	5033
12. P. E. House of Mercy,	112
13. Orphan Asylum,	186
14. Colored Orphan Asylum,	254
15. Orphan Home and Asylum of the Protestant Episcopal Church,	158
16. Society for the Relief of Half-Orphan and Destitute Children,	230
17. Hebrew Benevolent and Orphan Asylum Society,	150
18. Five Points House of Industry,	1000
19. The Sheltering Arms,	157
20. Children's Aid Society,	8192
21. Five Points Mission	
22. Association for the Relief of Respectable Aged Indigent Females,	79
23. Magdalen Society,	37
24. Ladies' Union Aid Society,	65
25. Colored Home,	800
26. Union Home and School for Children of Volunteer Soldiers and Sailors,	350
27. Asylum for Lying-in Women,	395
28. Women's Prison Association,	350
29. New-York Prison Association,	
30. Presbyterian Home for Aged Women,	88
31. Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with small Children,	
32. Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers,	100
33. Working-Women's Protective Union,	
34. Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor,	
35. The Home, in West-Houston street,	112
36. Samaritan Home for the Aged,	
37. Protestant Episcopal City Mission,	
38. Working-Woman's Home,	120
39. Ladies' Christian Union,	150
40. House and School of Industry,	102
Total,	31,360

* Lack of information obliges us to leave several blanks in the above table, where figures should appear.

This is not a pleasing comparison. Out of fifty institutions here enumerated, only ten belong to us. Out of 37,904 persons annually relieved by the fifty charities, our share is only 6044. The case is not so bad, however, as it appears on first inspection. Our Sisters of Charity and Mercy perform an immense amount of benevolent work outside of their own houses and asylums, nursing the sick, consoling the afflicted, watching in public hospitals, feeding the hungry, and visiting the prisoner; work which cannot be measured by figures, because there is no record of it except in heaven. Benevolent labor of the kind to which our sisterhoods devote themselves is undertaken by various of the non-Catholic organizations enumerated in the above table, and largely increases their apparent predominance over our own establishments, because they sum up in statistical form what is done, and we do not. Then again, several of the charities set down as Protestant are entirely unsectarian in their character, and we dare say draw a fair proportion of their support from Catholic sources. Not so bad as it seems, we say; yet surely bad enough. Perhaps we ought not even to claim credit for what the sisterhoods do; for theirs are in reality labors of individual benevolence,

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present moment to consider. We trust it will be done some day, but meanwhile our church schools have a right to the most generous support. Churches and schools must come first; but when we have given them all they need, we are not to stop there. Protestants are fully awake to the danger which threatens the public welfare from this rapid increase of a destitute class, and are working hard to effect a reform. If we do not take care of our own poor, they will not only provide for their physical wants, but will soon acquire charge of their souls. Such institutions as the Five Points Mission, the Howard Mission, the Children's Aid Society, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, however honestly they may be conducted, are powerful engines of proselytism. Their managers may be actuated by the most disinterested benevolence, they may use none but legitimate means of influence; but is it any wonder that they draw many Catholics, especially children, away from the faith, when we let them have the field so completely to themselves? Against the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, we can set off, indeed, our noble Society of St. Vincent de Paul, though its resources are far smaller than they should be; but to take the place of the three other important charities mentioned above, we Catholics can show little or nothing.

First, we ought to look after the children. The adult sick and suffering are in less spiritual danger; for in most of the hospitals, except those of a strictly denominational character, they can enjoy the visits of priests and nurses. For the destitute who are strong enough to work we can find no better resource than that which the Children's Association is able to afford in the organi-

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zation of a Labor Bureau, by which the superfluous hands of the city may be distributed among the farming regions, where labor is badly needed. Sectarianism appears to have nothing to do with this enterprise, and it offers relief in the best possible way, by enabling the poor not to eat the bread of idleness, but to earn an honest living. For the aged and friendless, who are past work and have no provision for the sunset of life, we still have no asylums; but their claims must be postponed until those of the children are satisfied. We are told that our city contains no fewer than 40,000 vagrant and destitute children. What a fearful seed of crime and misery this sad multitude constitutes, growing up in every kind of ignorance and vice, and ripening for the prisons! What are we doing for them? We have orphan asylums; but most of these children are not orphans, and even if they were, the asylums have not room for a tithe of them. We have the Protectory, at Westchester; but that is only for young criminals, who must be committed on a magistrate's warrant, and must, moreover, be the children of Catholic parents. Now, thousands of these young vagrants have never yet fallen within the grasp of the law; thousands are the children of no faith whatever, and, if brought before a justice, would have to be sent to the Protestant instead of the Catholic asylum. And, even if all these children could be brought under the control of our Protectory Association, twenty such asylums as the excellent one at Westchester would not hold them. No! there is much for us yet to do; there are thousands of poor little children upon whom Catholic charity has not yet laid a finger.

We spoke, in a former number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, of the noble mission-school which the zeal and perseverance of one good priest has founded in St. James's parish in this city. If almost every church in New York were able to build an institution of a similar kind, we might rest satisfied; but what is one mission-school among 40,000 children? What can one over-worked clergyman do toward performing a task which is the duty of the entire Catholic community? It is a sad and humiliating thing to confess; but Protestants seem to appreciate the claim which these vagrant children have upon the public much better than we do. The Protestants are not idle: they have their Refuges, their Industrial Schools, their "Homes," their missionaries, right in the heart of the vagabond population; they spare neither trouble nor money to catch these souls; and we are ashamed to say they capture a great many who are rightfully our charges. If we let this continue, will not God have a terrible account to exact of us some day?

We are gratified to know that what we have heretofore said on this subject has not been without its effect. There are some good brethren who seem to believe that it is the duty of all Catholic writers to defend those of the faith from every aspersion, to cover up all their defects, to excuse all their wrong-doings, to hold them up as perfect models of the Christian life, and to ignore or decry every good work undertaken by heretics. Such as these were offended at the account we gave of the Howard Mission, and similar Protestant institutions. But others have listened to us in a more sensible frame of mind, have acknowledged the justice of our remarks, and have offered to contribute their purses whenever an effort is made to supply the want we have indicated. Made it will be and must be, before long. Now, who will make it?

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We had written thus far, when we received an unexpected answer to our question in the following letter from a charitable Catholic lady:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD:

REV. FATHER: The thought of doing something for the neglected children of New York prompts me to write to you. Since the moment that I read the letter that you published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, they have scarcely been out of my mind. I have offered up all my prayers and communions for them, and I have prayed especially for them every day. I had no thought that I could do anything else, but sometimes I think that, if all should content themselves with praying, there would be nothing done. I am afraid I cannot do much, for I do not know how to begin, and I have so little confidence and I know so few people. But I felt as if I could not pray any more without trying to do something also. Perhaps the work could be begun by an appeal something like the following:

TO CATHOLIC MOTHERS.

"Of forty thousand vagrant children in New York we cannot doubt that far more than one half have inherited the Catholic faith."—CATHOLIC WORLD for Aug. 1868.

More than twenty thousand Catholic children in New York, homeless, uncared for, ignorant, and abandoned! Can we Catholic mothers think of this and sit quietly in our homes with our little ones around us? Can we shut from our ears their cries of sorrow, from our eyes their little forms trembling with cold and hunger, or from our hearts the thought of their desolation? No, we cannot, and we would not; for is it not most especially our right, our duty, and our privilege to do for them? Our priests are overworked, they cannot do everything; let us, then, beg their blessing and begin this noble undertaking. We have not much to do, only to prepare the way. The Sisters of Charity or Mercy are ready and longing to care for these little desolate ones. We have only to put the means in their hands. Already a Catholic lady of New York has given one thousand dollars for this end, and we have only to follow her as far as we are able. I think ten others can be found in our city to imitate her example. If we can, let us give largely, for it is but lending to the Lord; if we have but little, let us give of that, not forgetting that the widow's mite was more than all else cast into the treasury. Shall we let the snows of another winter find these little ones still unclothed and unsheltered; shall we let their souls perish here in the midst of churches and altars, while our priests and missionaries in distant lands are shedding their blood for the heathen? Let us Christian mothers begin our work earnestly, let us pray and labor for these little ones; they are here in our midst, and before God we are responsible for them.

Respectfully, ****

Our correspondent, we believe, has gone to work in the right way, and, unless we greatly misjudge the Catholic ladies of New York, her appeal will be heard. The best plan, we think, would be to establish, in the heart of the poorer quarters of the city, a mission-house under the charge of Sisters of Charity, or Sisters of Mercy, who should make it their whole business to visit the destitute in their homes, teach them how to lead decent lives, see that their children were brought into Sunday and day-schools, that the whole family went to mass and confession, and that the children received proper care at home. It is much better to persuade parents to train up their offspring properly than to take the children out of their hands and rear them in mission-houses and asylums. The family relation ought to be rigidly respected; for God's plan of education is a good deal better than anything we can invent in place of it. For homeless and orphan children, the Sisters might see that admission was procured into the Catholic establishments already provided for those classes; for the sick and the starving they would ask relief from the charitable throughout the city, and whatever we placed in their hands we might be sure would be judiciously distributed. There are generous Catholic women enough in New York to the foundation of such a house, and provide for the support

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of a small community to take charge of it; and there are many who would highly value the privilege of co-operating with the Sisters in their holy work. Let them come forth, effect an organization under the sanction of the ecclesiastical authority of the diocese, begin at once to raise the money required, and a great undertaking, the parent of many others, will be effected. When we once get into the way of practical benevolence, we shall be surprised to see how easily one foundation will follow another, and how the habit of alms-deeds will become so fixed that it will seem easier and more natural to give than to refrain from giving.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SYMBOLISM; or, Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings. By John A. Moehler, D.D. Translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author, preceded by an Historical Sketch of the state of Protestantism and Catholicism in Germany for the last hundred years. By J. B. Robertson. New edition, revised and annotated by the Translator. One vol. 8vo, pp. 504. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1868.

The Symbolism of Dr. Möhler is, perhaps, the most remarkable polemical work which has appeared since the days of Bellarmine and Bossuet. Its influence in Germany has been extraordinary, and the translation by Mr. Robertson has exerted an influence of similar importance in Great Britain and the United States, as well as in every part of the world where English is spoken. The late illustrious convert from the Protestant Episcopal hierarchy, Dr. Ives, was greatly indebted to this book for the convictions which brought him into the Church, and many others might doubtless say the same of themselves. It may be well to say, for the benefit of non-professional readers, that "Symbolism" in German phraseology means the exposition of symbols of faith or authorized formularies of doctrines, and that this work is a thorough discussion of the dogmatic differences between the Catholic Church and the principal Protestant denominations. The present edition is a very convenient one, in one volume, neatly executed and well printed. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our intelligent readers, who desire thorough and solid information on the great topics of Catholic doctrine, to study carefully this great masterpiece of learning and thought.

THE POPE AND THE CHURCH CONSIDERED IN THEIR MUTUAL RELATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE ERRORS OF THE HIGH CHURCH PARTY IN ENGLAND. By the Rev. Paul Bottalla, S.J., Professor of Theology in St. Beuno's College, North Wales. Part I. The Supreme Authority of the Pope. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1868.

THE APOSTOLICAL AND INFALLIBLE AUTHORITY OF THE POPE. By F. X. Weninger, D.D., S.J. New York: Sadlier. Cincinnati: John P. Walsh. 1868.

The first named of these two works is one of the very best and most learned treatises on the subject discussed which has appeared in the English language, and will prove an invaluable addition to every clergyman's or educated layman's

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library. It is, moreover, of very moderate size, and written with remarkable logical terseness and lucidness of style and order.

The second work also contains a valuable and extensive collection of authorities and testimonies to the supreme teaching authority of the Holy See, and a *résumé* of the arguments usually given by theologians in support of the author's thesis. The moderate and gentle spirit in which the venerated author speaks of the adherents of another school of Catholic theologians is especially commendable and worthy of imitation, particularly as we are now awaiting the assembling of an Ecumenical Council, which will doubtless decide all questions heretofore in controversy in regard to which the good of the Church requires any clearer definitions than those which have been already made and universally accepted. There are some few corrections called for in the construction of the author's sentences, especially one which occurs in the note to page 206. The mechanical execution of the book cannot receive any high commendation.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY. Second Series. Twelve volumes, pp. 144 each. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 126 Nassau street. 1868.

The titles of the volumes in this series are as follows: *Nettlethorpe, the Miser; Tales of Naval and Military Life; Harry O'Brien, and Other Tales; The Hermit of Mount Atlas; Leo, or The Choice of a Friend; Antonio, or The Orphan of Florence; Tales of the South of France; Stories of Other Lands; Emma's Cross, and Other Tales; Uncle Edward's Stories; Joe Baker; and The Two Painters.*

These tales were evidently selected with good taste and sound judgment. All are interesting, of a high moral tone, and well adapted to carry out the praiseworthy object for which this "library" was intended: furnishing Catholic youth of both sexes with reading matter both useful and entertaining. These volumes, in diversity of scene, variety of incident, etc., fully equal those which appeared in the "First Series;" while in external elegance, and in beauty of illustration, they are decidedly superior. We find one fault, however. Considering how far girls outnumber boys in our Sunday-schools, we think it hardly fair that but one volume should be devoted to the joys and sorrows, the temptations and triumphs, of girlhood. In our opinion, several volumes in each series should be, in an especial manner, set apart for their particular pleasure and benefit. We hope our suggestion will be, if possible, acted upon in the next series.

LEAF AND FLOWER PICTURES, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1868.

This pleasantly written and instructive little work is dedicated most affectionately to the authoress's "Two dear little 'Doppies,'" two little girls named respectively Nellie and Anna, who one day 'dopted her for their aunt. Hence their name. Whoever H. B. may be, (for this is all that is given us to know of this good "aunt,") we are sure that many persons who are interested in the delightful recreation of making leaf and flower pictures will thank her for the composition of this book. That our readers may understand its object, we quote from the preface: "I think even quite small children, both boys and girls, as well as older persons, will find it delightful to make themselves pictures, and have a collection 'of their own' of all sorts of leaves, mosses, grasses, flowers, and lichens. Will it not add greatly to the pleasure of being out of doors, if, in every walk you take, from May to October, you carry home some leaf, or flower, or spike of grass, to add to the treasures of your *hortus siccus*, or to lay aside until the long cold hours of winter come, when, in varnishing and arranging them as pictures and decorations, you can almost restore to yourself the delight of your summer rambles, and make into a permanent and abiding

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pleasure a portion of the beauty which then charmed and refreshed your soul? Therefore, dear reader, be you child or woman, boy or man, if you would open your eyes some frosty morning next January, and behold a lovely wreath of flowers blooming upon the walls of your chamber, with all the freshness of June — a wreath that Jack Frost cannot wither, even if he has sent the mercury out of sight below zero — read this little book; for you can have one by following its directions."

PERSONAL SKETCHES OF HIS OWN TIMES. By Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of the Admiralty in Ireland, etc., etc. One vol. 12mo.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, LATE MASTER OF THE ROLLS IN IRELAND. By his son, William Henry Curran. With additions and notes by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L. One vol. 12mo.

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR. By the Right Hon. Richard Lalor Sheil, M.P. With Memoir and Notes by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L. Two volumes, pp. 388, 380. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1868.

Above we give the titles of three works which have been out of print for some time, but new editions of which have just appeared. Sheil's "Sketches," commenced in 1822 and continued until 1829, embrace short, piquant biographies of the most prominent members of the Irish Bar—O'Connell, Plunket, Burke, O'Loghlin, Norbury, etc.; with incidental allusions to other celebrities—Lady Morgan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, etc., etc. There are, in addition, the author's personal recollections of the Catholic Association in 1823; of the visit of the Catholic deputation to London in 1825, and its reception in the House of Commons; and of the great Clare Election in 1828.

Barrington's Sketches are also racy and piquant, and give an insight into Irish manners and customs fifty years ago. The "Life of Curran" has been a standard work, and this new edition will bring it anew before the rising generation.

THE WORKS OF REV. ARTHUR O'LEARY, O.S.F. Edited by a clergyman of Massachusetts. One vol. 8vo, pp. 596. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1868.

The reputation of F. O'Leary is universal among all who take an interest in Irish history and literature. His works, which abound with learning, humor, and passages of remarkably fine writing of the rich, ornate style of the old school, have been carefully edited by the learned clergyman whose name is modestly withheld on the title-page, and published in good style by Mr. Donahoe. We thank them both for this valuable service to Catholic literature, and have no suggestion to make, except that the small number of typographical errors which have escaped the vigilance of the proof-reader should be corrected in the second edition.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY; or, Margie and I, and other Poems. By Amy Gray. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1868.

The gentle authoress of these poems, which have, at least, the merit of conveying a genuine expression of her sentiments, presents the volume to the public with this preface, which we copy entire: "The object of the publication of the poems, and in view of which most of them were written, is to aid in the education of destitute little girls of the South, orphaned by the late war. The author cannot hope for more than a mite from so small a volume—the production, too, of an unknown writer; but the proceeds, whatever they may be, will be unreservedly appropriated to the object above named. To an intelligent and generous reading public the author confides this little work, feeling sure that their generosity will secure for it a

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patronage that its intrinsic merit cannot hope to obtain. It was of old the duty and privilege of the chosen people of God to offer the first-fruits of all their possessions to his service; and it is with gratitude for many mercies received, and with earnest prayers for the divine blessing, that the author would dedicate the first-fruits of her pen to an object which seems in accordance with the teachings of our blessed Lord, who has said: 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.'"

EXCELSIOR; or, Essays on Politeness, Education, and the Means of Attaining Success in Life. Part I. For young gentlemen. By T. E. Howard, A.M. Part II. For young ladies. By a lady, (R. V. R.) Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. 1868.

A capital book, and one we would like to have placed in the hands of every student, boy or girl, in the country. It is not easy to write books of this character, at least books that young persons will read; but Mr. Howard and his gentle co-author have produced a volume as pleasantly written as it is solidly instructive. It is said that it requires a high degree of moral courage to purchase at the bookseller's a book "on politeness." We trust that few among our young friends will be wanting in this courage when the purchase of the present volume is concerned, and we will guarantee that not one will fail to peruse it with very great pleasure.

MAC CARTHY MORE; or, The Fortunes of an Irish Chief in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Pp. 277. 1868.

This, the latest production of Mrs. Sadlier's prolific pen, is in no wise inferior to its predecessors. The incidents which form its groundwork are strictly historical, and can be found in *The Life and Letters of Florence Mac Carthy Reagh, Tanist of Carberry, Mac Carthy Mor*, compiled from unpublished documents in her Majesty's State Paper Office, by Daniel Mac Carthy, (Glas,) and published by Longman & Co., London. For those who cannot afford to purchase the more expensive English work, Mrs. Sadlier's condensation of the life and times of the great Irish chieftain will prove a very agreeable substitute. Besides being thus presented under the guise of a graceful little story, they will doubtless be more acceptable to most readers than the dry and prosaic details of mere historical narration.

PLAIN TALK ABOUT THE PROTESTANTISM OF TO-DAY. From the French of Mgr. Segur. Boston: P. Donahoe. 1868.

The best word we can say about this little book is to copy the first few lines of the translator's note:

"You ask me, dear sir, 'What makes me so anxious to publish this work in America?' Well, I wish to have it published for the sake of Catholic children attending common schools—of Catholic girls living out in families—of Catholic boys serving their time—of all dear and poor friends so often wounded in the affections dearest to their hearts, and whose religion is so often attacked in rude words. I herewith hope to place in their hands such arms as they can easily use, and which will have a telling effect on the enemies of their faith."

MIGNON. A Tale. Translated from the French. New York: P. O'Shea. Pp. 202. 1868.

A charming little story, neatly got up; but the pleasure to be derived from its perusal would, however, be considerably increased if the thread of the narrative were not so often and so needlessly broken by whole pages devoted to sentimentalisms of the shallowest type.

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THE

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HYPNOTICS.

THE craving for opiates indicates either pain or restlessness. The wounded man longs for that which may dull the sensation of physical suffering and procure the temporary oblivion of sleep. One who is wearied by the morbid activity of his brain, and the lassitude which is caused by it, desires some artificial remedy to give him the repose which refuses to come naturally to his sleepless eyelids. A person in health has no need, and, consequently, no desire for opiates. His activity is healthful and pleasurable; his weariness is natural, making rest pleasant, and giving sound, recreative slumbers. In like manner, when one begins to talk about a craving for an intellectual or spiritual opiate, the presence of some malady making the soul restless is manifest. Its activity is morbid and irregular, preventing that repose which is the natural consequence of a perfectly sound and normal condition of the mental and spiritual faculties.

These remarks were suggested by reading, in an article written with much refinement of taste and delicacy of sentiment in one of our principal literary papers,* the following passage on the hypnotic qualities of Catholicity:

"Mrs. Craven certainly offers very abundant and convincing testimony on this point —a point which probably no one ever dreams of controverting. Given natures like these, in which the emotional element entirely predominates; to which the pursuit of truth, as an ultimate object, is totally incomprehensible; which crave happiness and repose with a passionate longing, and the Church certainly offers a satisfactory and comprehensive solution of all their difficulties. *We should all be Catholics were it not that the Church sets too high a price upon her opiates.* One generally pays for extreme wealth of emotional power by a corresponding poverty of judgment, and though, if we had our choice, we might all be willing to be born blind, that we might never feel afraid in the dark, the settlement of the matter is certainly not optional with us. It is a congenital impossibility for some people to conceive of their natural passions, of their judgment, will, and reason, as mere counters with which they can purchase eternal rest, and a tardy but complete gratification of the wants which are here unsupplied. Such people do not, in rejecting Catholicism, necessarily disavow the yearning for this rest, nor the be-

* *The Nation*, August 18th, 1868; Review of Mrs. Craven's *Sister's Story*.

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lief that it will be attained. *The craving is universal, the Church's answer only partial—it allows the claims of the emotions, but it disallows those of the intellect.* There is no doubt that she does her legitimate work well and thoroughly, that she gives hope to the despairing, comfort to the sorrowing, and sometimes mends the morals of the vicious—we quarrel with her only because in virtue of doing this she claims the right to outrage or ignore wants yet profounder than those which she supplies."

We have selected this passage as the theme of some brief discussion, without any reference to the particular topic of the article in which it is contained, or intention of raising any special controversy with the writer of it, whose personality is entirely unknown to us. It has struck our attention simply as a remarkably tangible and felicitous expression of a sentiment or opinion shared in common by a large class of minds, and well worthy of our most serious consideration. They think that those who have embraced the Catholic religion have been driven, by the unrest and weariness of the soul, to take a spiritual opiate—a metaphorical expression, but one whose meaning is so obvious that it needs no explanation. They acknowledge the existence of the same unrest in their own souls, but refuse to accept the remedy offered by the Catholic Church, because they imagine that it can only produce its effect of relieving the pain of the soul by superinducing an artificial sleep of the intellect. The mind must slumber, intelligence must cease its activity, in order that the heart may be made peaceful and happy in the practice of the Catholic religion. They are unwilling to purchase rest at such a price, and, it may be, would be unable to do it if they were willing. Therefore, they prefer to endure the pain of doubt, the restlessness of scepticism, the weariness of a yearning after an unknown good, in the vague expectation of finding it at some distant period, if not in this world, yet in some future sphere of existence. The objection of these persons to Catholicity is, that it does not acknowledge or adequately satisfy the just demands of the intellect. Those who embrace it, they say, cannot justify their conversion on rational grounds, or allege sufficient and conclusive evidence of the truth of its doctrines. They have either never sought for a religion which satisfies reason, or have abandoned their search in despair, and laid their intellect to sleep upon the soft pillow of an unreasoning submission to an authority that supersedes all exercise of thought, and quiets all action of intelligence.

The correctness of this assumption is the precise topic of discussion we now propose. It is evidently altogether useless to frame an argument on the supposition that we have to deal with any form of Protestant orthodoxy, so-called. Persons who profess to believe in a definite system of doctrine as revealed truth cannot admit any such unsatisfied yearnings after truth as those are whose existence is denoted by the writer of the paragraphs we have cited. It is, therefore, useless to take as data any of the principles or doctrines of the common Protestant theology. It is with a sceptical state of mind we have to deal, which rejects every received version of Christianity as incomplete and unsatisfactory, however it may admit, in a general way, that Christianity itself is something divine. We think we may take it for granted that the very state of mind indicated by the language on which we are commenting has been produced by a revolt of the reason against Protestant theology. Probably those whose sentiments are represented by this lan-

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guage have been more or less strictly educated in the tenets of some one of the Protestant churches. They have found these tenets to be absurd—incredible; based on no solid evidence; mere individual theories, contradicted by the facts of history and the dictates of mature reason. They have, consequently, abjured all allegiance to any sect or school of Protestant Christianity, and have fallen back upon their own reason as the exponent of the Christian religion, and of all other religions, as the only criterion of truth in all orders of thought, and the only guide which has been given to man amid the perplexities which beset his intellect on every side. The Catholic system of doctrines is supposed to be essentially the same with orthodox Protestantism, *plus* a few more dogmas, a system of elaborate ceremonial, and a peculiar hierarchical organization, which openly claims and enforces submission to its own doctrinal decisions and moral precepts as infallible and supreme. The same absurdities which exist in the Protestant system of theology are supposed to be contained also in the Catholic system. It does not occur to these persons that these absurdities may be traced to exaggerated or distorted theories respecting the ancient dogmas of Christianity, which are rejected by the Catholic theology, and to the incompleteness of the Protestant systems, which are built up from fragments of the sublime edifice they have destroyed, without plan, order, or architectural harmony. This is, however, the fact; and when we speak of the unreasonableness of the orthodox Protestant form of Christianity as the occasion and temptation to scepticism, we must be understood to speak in accordance with this fact. We do not mean to say that the evidences of the divine revelation and truth of Christianity, and a vast body of true and reasonable doctrines, are not retained in the Protestant teaching, or that it makes scepticism justifiable. We merely intend to say that it does not satisfy reason or command assent as a system in all its essential parts, and therefore leaves the mind in a bewilderment by its partial truths and partial errors, which is the occasion of a kind of intellectual despair, resulting frequently in scepticism. The truly rational part would be to hold on to the conviction of the great facts of Christianity and its substantial truth, and to search for some more reasonable and satisfactory exposition of the true meaning of Christianity than that given by these self-constituted, unauthorized, and mutually conflicting expositors of divine revelation. Such a search would inevitably land the honest and persevering seeker in the Catholic Church, as it has done so many and will so many more in time to come. There is a divine philosophy in the Catholic religion which satisfies all the legitimate demands of reason—that same philosophy which attracted Dionysius of Athens, Sergius Paulus, Cornelius, Pudens, Justin, Tatian, Athenagoras, Clement, Pantænus, St. Augustine, and a host of other noble intellects, to Christianity in the days of old, and in which they found that perennial source of truth from which Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, Lao-Tseu and Confucius, had only drawn some rills.

It is not within the scope of our thesis to show positively the truth of the above affirmation. We merely intend to show that it is made; that the church does not "disallow the claims of the intellect," or "claim the right to outrage or ignore wants yet profounder than those which she supplies;" that "the pursuit of

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truth as an ultimate object" is not "totally incomprehensible" to those who yield the allegiance of their minds to the light of faith; that they do not "conceive of their judgment, will, and reason, as mere counters with which to purchase eternal rest." Whether the Catholic solution of the problems of reason is objectively the true one is not the direct aim of our reasoning. The point is, whether Catholic theology and philosophy propose any solution at all; whether any class of minds who seek earnestly after such a solution find one which they hold and maintain to be completely satisfactory to reason in the Catholic Church. The writer whose language we have quoted denies it, and Dr. Bellows has recently denied it, asserting boldly that those who have embraced the Catholic faith have done so by a reaction from an extreme rationalism into superstition. What is gratuitously asserted may be gratuitously denied, and we deny it accordingly. Some few persons, perceiving that they were following principles which lead logically to Pantheism and Atheism, and that there is no real logical alternative of the denial of God except Catholicity, have been led to examine and embrace the Catholic faith. Neither Dr. Bellows nor any other person professing to be rational is entitled to call this act a superstitious one, unless it can be shown that the motives of it are reducible to an irrational credulity, or a voluntary submission to some claim of supernatural authority which is destitute of probability, on grounds which are incapable of convincing a prudent man. The remark of Dr. Bellows is, therefore, simply an intolerable impertinence. The statement which he makes is, moreover, false in point of fact, since a large proportion of modern converts to the Catholic Church have travelled the road of orthodox Protestantism, and not that of rationalism.

It is no less incorrect to state that it is only persons in whom the sentimental element predominates who find satisfaction for the wants of their souls in the Catholic religion. In the first place, it is absurd to suppose that the legitimate cravings or aspirations of any one part of human nature can be satisfied completely by that which is not real, and therefore not true. Truth, goodness, and beauty are identical in respect to their being or reality. The religion which is adapted to one class of minds is adapted to all. It is, moreover, incorrect to reduce all men to two classes—those who are led by the logical faculty, and those who are led by sensibility. The intelligence has its intuitions in an order of thought far superior to the mere understanding. The will has also a sublime range in an order far superior to the sphere of sensible emotions. Those who never occupy their minds in any metaphysical or theological speculations whatever may, therefore, in their spiritual nature, apprehend divine truth far more immediately and perfectly, and may possess the truest and highest wisdom in a much more eminent sense, than the most acute philosopher. The interior or spiritual life, moreover, of those persons who are rather seeking to perfect their souls in virtue than their intellects in knowledge, is by no means a life of indulgence in pleasurable emotions, the enjoyments of sensible devotion, or anything else which gives sensitive nature the pabulum or the opiates after which it hankers. This whole order of ideas belongs to sentimental Protestantism, and is totally alien from Catholic ascetics, as is well known to the youngest novice in any religious community. Of course we cannot expect literary gentlemen

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to understand these matters, and cannot wonder at the mistakes they make when they write about them. We can justly require of them nothing more than a supreme love of truth for its own sake, and a willingness to see it when it is presented to them. Any one who loves the truth on this point sufficiently to read Rodriguez on *Christian Perfection*, F. Baker's *Sancta Sophia*, or F. Faber's *Growth in Holiness*, can satisfy himself of the very low estimate in which sensible devotion is held by our spiritual writers. If he should wish for a more extensive course of reading, we would recommend Tauler's Sermons and the works of St. John of the Cross. He will there see that the pleasures of sensibility, imagination, taste, the affections, the romance and poetry of religion, are not condemned or rudely trampled on, but simply relegated to the lowest place, made use of as the waiting-maids of the divine wisdom and strong virtue which constitute solid perfection. The Catholic religion satisfies not merely the emotional nature of man, but his spiritual nature. It could not do this unless it were capable of placing the soul in its true relation to its proper object, to its final end, to its real destiny, and furnishing it with all the means of advancing continually toward the union with God in which beatitude consists. It could not be capable of doing this unless it came from God; and, coming from God, it must teach the truth which is necessary and adequate to the perfection of the reason, as well as the perfection of the will.

We will take up the question, however, in a more historical and inductive manner, in order to show, as a matter of fact, that those minds in which the logical faculty and the taste for the cultivation of pure reason is more strongly developed and active, find an equal scope and satisfaction in Catholicity with the other class above mentioned.

One needs but a moderate acquaintance with the method and spirit which have always prevailed in the great Catholic schools to know how powerfully they stimulate the activity of the intellect, awaken the thirst for rational investigation, encourage the effort to penetrate as far as possible into the domain of ideal truth, and to trace the relations of all things in the world of thought to their first and final cause. The basis and foundation of the whole structure of the higher education, especially in the department of theology, is laid in a thorough training in logic and philosophy. The same logical and philosophical method pervades the entire system of theological instruction. Every dogma of faith, every opinion of the schools, every principle of philosophy, is subjected to a rigid and critical analysis, including an examination of all the difficulties and objections which have ever been raised by the adversaries of the Church, during all past ages and in the present. In the theses which the students of theology and philosophy are obliged to defend, covering the whole field of these higher sciences, sceptical, atheistical, pantheistic, infidel, and heretical arguments, stated with the utmost logical subtlety of which the objector is possessed, are presented without any restriction or reserve, not only by other pupils but by the professors and other learned theologians. In the universities, colleges, and religious houses, where bodies of men are collected possessing the means and requisites for a life of study and learned labor, there is every facility and inducement afforded for the most thorough prosecution of every branch of human knowledge which can possibly have any bearing on the ad-

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[illegible] the mere idea of adding a shadow to those [illegible] surround it fills me with horror. [illegible] the truth, to hide it, to forsake it [illegible] the pretence of serving the cause of [illegible] which is nothing but supreme truth, [illegible] in my opinion, to aggravate a lie by [illegible] of sacrilege. Forgive me, all timid [illegible] scrupulous souls! But I hold that in history everything should be sacrificed to truth — that it must be always spoken, on every subject, and in its full integrity."*

Hear also the language used by the eminent historian Cesare Cantù:

"After having replaced Christianity face to face with history, with reason, with conscience; after having interpreted it with all liberty of mind, we feel ourselves confirmed in our respect for the Catholic tradition. We have drawn from our studies new motives for the conviction that the actual organization of the church is excellent, both for moderating in a suitable degree the sovereignty of the smaller number, while at the same time infusing a spirit of subordination into the masses, and also for procuring the largest possible dose of happiness for men; we mean by this that happiness which arises from the voluntary submission of their minds to a mild and persuasive moral power, and not to a mere coercive restraint."†

This is not the language of superstition or of unintelligent enthusiasm, but of calm, well-reasoned conviction, the language of men supremely devoted to the pursuit of truth for its own sake; and it is but a fair specimen of the language of all the great advocates of the Catholic religion. It would be utterly impossible for [illegible] system, destitute of solid foundations and unsupported by reasonable [illegible] to endure the perpetual [illegible] thorough researches and investigations carried on by a vast body of [illegible] in the Catholic schools [illegible] with the full approbation [illegible] judgement of the highest [illegible] the church. The theories [illegible] of men could be [illegible] of an arbitrary authority with the inten-

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tion of swaying the minds of men by a systematic violation of all the rights of reason, or made the partisans and upholders of what they knew to be an imposture, is too incredible for anything less than a boundless credulity to embrace.

Let us turn our attention now to that class of minds nurtured in anti-Catholic opinions, over whom the Catholic Church has regained in part or completely an influence, bringing them to the recognition of her divine authority. What is the force which has made itself felt at the great distance to which the Protestant mind has been violently thrown by the revolution of the sixteenth century, and which has drawn back toward the Catholic centre a body of persons who cannot be either ignored or despised without the most stolid prejudice or the sheerest affectation? Is it a mere force which is capable of acting only on the emotions, the imagination, the sensible portion of the nature of individuals in whom reason does not exercise her just and rightful supremacy? Are there none who have been led by the philosophy of history, by metaphysics, by theological reasoning, by the investigation of Scripture, by the search for a supreme and universal science, by the deductions of logic, and the inductions of experience and observation, to a calm and rational conviction that the highest wisdom and the most perfect law are embodied in the Catholic Church? The statement of Lord Macaulay is familiar to all, that the doctrines of the Catholic Church have heretofore commanded the assent of the wisest and best of mankind, and may therefore command the assent of men similar to them in the future. A fair examination of the question will convince any one of the fact, which cannot be gainsaid by any one professing to love the truth supremely for its own sake, that numbers of men fully qualified to judge of evidence and to comprehend the most abstruse reasoning have given the homage of their minds to Catholic doctrine precisely because of the invincible logic both of facts and arguments by which its truth was demonstrated to their reason.

Leibnitz is one instance in point. Although he never joined the communion of the Catholic Church, yet the whole weight of his authority as a philosopher and a theologian is on the side of the Catholic principles and doctrines, which are the most obnoxious to our modern rationalists. The same is true of Baron Stark, the author of the *Banquet of Theodulus*. The celebrated Leo, one of the greatest historians of Germany, began his career as a Pantheist, and by his profound historical studies was brought to a full conviction of the divine authority of revelation, and of the necessity of a return to the communion of the Holy See on the part of all the dissentient and separated communions. His *Universal History* is an irrefutable argument for the truth of Christianity and the authority of the Roman Church. Although, therefore, none of these three distinguished men can be counted among the converts to the Catholic Church, yet their names can be cited in support of the position we have taken, since we are persuaded that our candid opponents will admit that strict logical consistency would require any one admitting their premises to draw the practical conclusion that it is obligatory on his conscience to become a member of the Catholic Church.

Hurter, Phillipps, and Stolberg are instances of German scholars whom profound and learned studies brought to a full Catholic conviction. Mayne de Biran is an example of a

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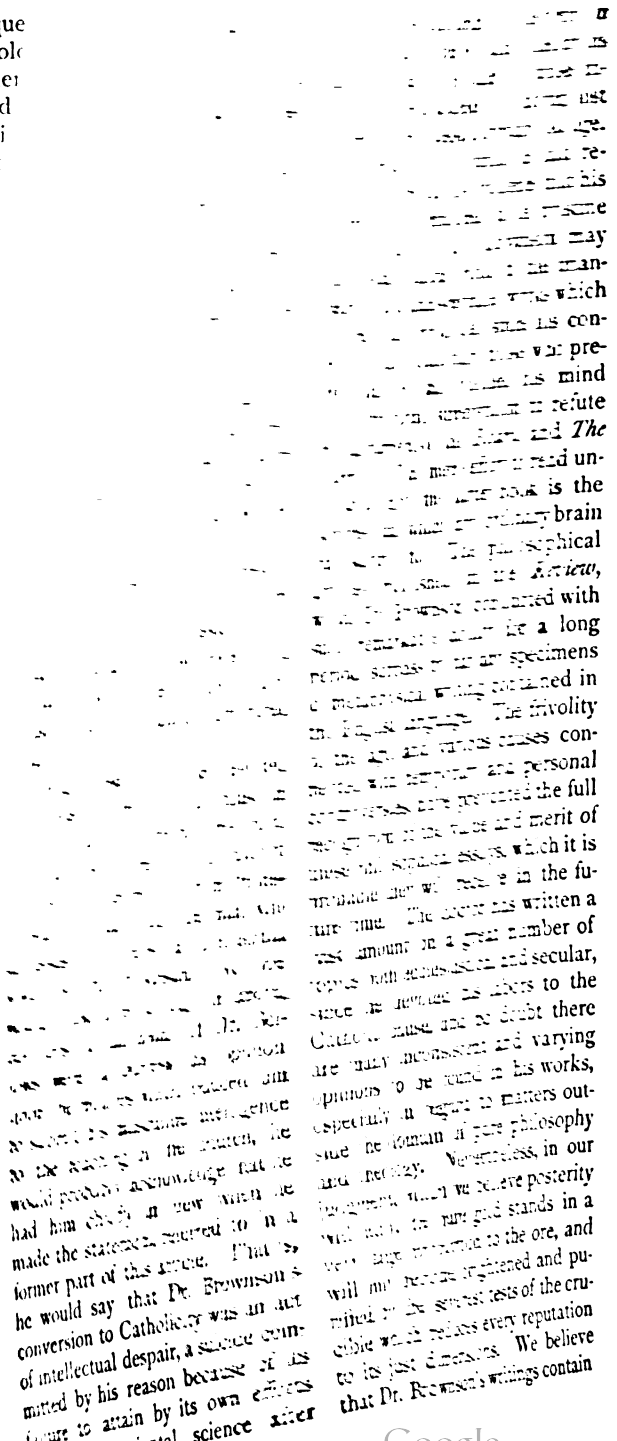

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the most complete refutation of the sceptical, pantheistic, sensist, and pseudo-inductive or positivist errors of the day, as well as of the chief heterodox systems of doctrine. In that noblest and most essential portion of philosophy which includes ontology and theodicy, he has laid down the metaphysical basis of natural theology with a Platonic depth and an Aristotelian precision of reasoning. Beside the massive structure of arguments respecting the positive evidences of the authority and infallibility of the church which he has erected, a work in which he has many able compeers, who though not more logical are more erudite than himself, he has thrown out some masterpieces in that more difficult and more rarely executed branch of labor, the exposition of the hidden, abstruse harmonies between rational truths and the mysteries of faith. Prescinding all question respecting the fact of his having presented the Catholic doctrine in such a light as to demonstrate its reasonableness, which is not the point at issue, he has at least attempted it. He has shown that a man can be a thoroughgoing, orthodox Catholic, and at the same time a philosopher in the highest and best sense of the word.

These instances are only examples and illustrations of a general rule. The two maxims of St. Augustine, *intellectum valde ama*, and *fides quærens intellectum* have always been and are now maxims of the Catholic schools. The church has no fear of light, no dread of the progress of science; in point of fact, the greatest obstacles which advocates of the Catholic cause have to contend with are ignorance, disregard of the laws of logic, and the lack of belief in the reality and certainty of the affirmations or judgments of pure reason. It is only slowly and with great difficulty that we can get the public either of writers or readers to pay attention to the facts of history, and cast away the fables with which they have been duped themselves and duping others for so long. It is equally difficult to force the controversy respecting philosophical and theological principles to the true logical issues, to get attention to our arguments, or to extract from our opponents any clear and distinct answers to them, or definite and precise statements of their own positions. Bishop England scarcely did anything else in his masterly controversies than to point out the rules of logic violated by his opponents, and the misstatements of historical facts and Catholic doctrines made by them. The truth is, that our conflict is far less with any positive system of heterodoxy or rationalism than with a vague but universal scepticism. It is not so much that men disbelieve in the specific doctrines of revelation, as that they disbelieve in the existence of any truth. The power of reason, the capacity of the intellect to grasp the intelligible, the certainty of rational principles and logical deductions, the dignity of philosophy, are not exaggerated, they are depreciated. Those who revolt from the legitimate and supreme authority of God, divine revelation, and the infallible teaching of the church over the mind of man, are not the legitimate offspring of the ancient philosophers, or the true continuators of philosophy. The ancient philosophers of Greece and China recognized the need of a divine revelation, a supernatural light, a teacher sent from God. The whole civilized world of heathenism was gasping in agony for the advent of the divine Redeemer when he appeared on the earth. Our modern self-styled rationalists have turned their backs on that light toward

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[illegible] crates. [illegible] armed; [illegible] closed [illegible] Catholicism, not only [illegible] Buddhism, but of [illegible] Mohammedanism and of [illegible] human race. Consequently [illegible] with intellectual [illegible] advance or conservatism [illegible] go backward, [illegible] groan with despair [illegible]. The modern [illegible] is either a sneer [illegible] philosophy, it has [illegible] conviction, and is generally [illegible]. Those who profess to handle these themes in earnest are [illegible] inconsequent, vague, full of [illegible] statements; [illegible] confession mere wanderers [illegible] truth who have [illegible] assertors, [illegible] who do not [illegible] having arrived, [illegible] the authority of reason, [illegible] Science. The writers who possess [illegible] have unconsciously got [illegible] Mill and Spencer, having no principles of their own with which [illegible] the great masters of modern [illegible] scepticism, Hume and Kant, and perverse reason and logic [illegible] an instrument of destroying all [illegible] sciences. Mr. Mill [illegible] that we know that [illegible] necessary and universal truth that [illegible] two and two make four. It may be [illegible] that in some [illegible] state of existence he will have the same evidence that one is equal to two which he now has that one is only equal to one, and that he is somewhere some one else as well as he is, and perhaps responsible for all the crimes committed by Caligula. Nevertheless, he assures us that the ideas of justice and right in God must be the same that they are in his own mind, and that if any punishment is inflicted on him hereafter, which does not accord with his present sense of justice, he will never admit the right of inflicting it. Yet, upon his own principles, he cannot be sure that his own ideas of right and justice will not be totally altered in the next world, and that his reason will not compel him to admit that what now seems to him unjust will then appear to be precisely the contrary. No matter, therefore, how absurd may be the doctrines which are professed as dogmas by any religious sect, no follower of Mr. Mill can have any right to reject them on purely rational grounds. Mr. Spencer laboriously argues to convince us that we are compelled by the principles of logic to admit the truth of a number of directly contradictory propositions, and that consequently all pure metaphysics are worthless, and all that is worth knowing is unknowable. When such laughable follies are seriously put forth and lauded to the skies as the sum of human wisdom in its most advanced stage of progress, and when the fanciful hypotheses of Darwin are vaunted as science by men who profess to follow the inductive philosophy, it is the turn of the advocates of revelation and the mysteries of the Catholic faith to cry out upon the outrage that is put upon reason, and to deride the credulity of those who can be duped by such crude absurdities. Human reason and the mind of man are indeed extremely weak and fallible if the estimate of them made by these sceptical writers is to be taken as correct. Weak and fallible as they are, and incapable of affirming anything in the order of pure reason and objective reality, according to this humiliating theory, yet nevertheless they can be forced to admit as much reality in the revealed truths of the Catholic faith as in anything else. The capacity of the mind to take note of particular facts and phenomena, and by in-

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duction to reduce these particulars to general laws, and also the necessity of following practical reason as an actual guide, will be admitted even by the most extreme unbelievers. The facts and phenomena produced by the action of the Catholic Church on the human race, and by Jesus Christ himself in his life, death, and resurrection, as observed and attested by competent witnesses, just as much warrant us in making the induction that he is a superhuman intelligence, as all the observations of astronomy warrant us in accepting the heliocentric theory of Copernicus. Practical reason tells us that the religion of Jesus Christ as explained by the Catholic Church is good for mankind, and the safest rule we can follow. If, therefore, we find probable evidence of the fact that Jesus Christ has taught certain doctrines through the church regarding that sphere of the unknowable into which reason cannot penetrate, it would seem to be the dictate of good sense and of a right conscience that we should submit to that teaching. The power of objecting to any doctrine that does not satisfy reason or apparently contradicts it has been surrendered. Reason cannot judge of the unknowable. We have all the certainty that the case admits of that Jesus Christ possesses a reason of higher order to which that which is unknowable to us is clearly intelligible, and that he has declared to us the truth of these doctrines. We have, moreover, evidence of his benevolence and veracity, and therefore all the motives which we are capable of appreciating combine to induce us to give the same assent to his teaching that we do to any generally received truths. Even on this low level, Christianity and Catholicity can stand their ground far better than any other subject of analytical investigation. It is true that logically and philosophically we attain only to the apparent and the abstract truth of Christianity. But if the individual asserts for himself, or the Catholic Church asserts for herself, a supernatural light, an illumination of the intellect giving certainty, how can the allegation be refuted? How can any advocate of the ignoramus theory show that, if we are naturally in such a deep darkness of the unknowable, it is not probable that God would send a ray of supernatural light to enlighten us? The natural outcry of one in such a state would be, "O my God! if there be a God, send the light of truth, if there is any truth, to enlighten my soul, if I have a soul!"

We will leave, however, this soft and marshy ground to those who like the prospect of fighting the enemies of Christianity in such a region of swamps and sloughs. We retort the charge of ignoring or outraging reason upon our adversaries in a far different way. We accuse them not only of rejecting revelation but of denying reason, and in their assault upon the supernatural order of subverting the natural order upon which it is based. We affirm that the Catholic Church not only protects revelation and grace, but reason and nature, by the ægis of her authority against a universal doubt or denial. She affirms the existence of the spiritual, thinking, reasoning principle in man as a truth known with infallible certainty by the very light of reason itself, and therefore affirms the intrinsic infallibility of reason within its proper sphere. It is to reason that it appertains to judge of the evidences of revelation. And although reason does not furnish a positive criterion wherewith to judge the intrinsic credibility of mysteries transcending the grasp of reason, yet it is acknowledged by all theologians that it is com-

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FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN AND CHATRIAN.

THE INVASION; OR, YEGOF THE FOOL.

CHAPTER IX.

THE farm-house presented a bustling scene when Jean-Claude, Doctor Lorquin, and the others arrived. The kitchen-fire had been blazing since day-break, and old Duchêne was drawing from the oven innumerable loaves of bread, the fresh, crisp odor of which filled the whole house. Annette piled them in heaps beside the hearth, Louise waited upon the guests, and Catherine saw to everything.

Hullin, from his seat, gazed at his old cousin.

"What a woman she is!" he muttered. "She forgets nothing. Comrades," he exclaimed, "to Catherine Lefevre's health!"

"To Catherine's health!" cried the others; and the glasses clinked in the midst of discussions on battles, attacks, defences, and retreats. Every one was full of cheerful confidence; every one declared that all would go well.

But heaven had still a joy reserved for that day—especially for Louise and Mother Lefevre. Toward noon, when the bright sunshine sparkled on the snow and melted the frost upon the window-panes, old *Yohan*, the toothless and almost blind watch-dog, began to bay so joyously that all present stopped talking, and listened.

"What can it mean?" thought Catherine. "Since my boy's departure Yohan has not barked like that."

Swift steps were heard crossing the yard; Louise sprang to the door; a soldier appeared on the threshold—but a soldier so worn, thin, weary, and ragged—his old grey great-coat so torn, his canvas gaiters so tattered, that a murmur of pity ran from mouth to mouth.

He seemed unable to go a step further, and slowly placed the butt of his musket upon the ground; his face was the color of bronze, but his unkempt moustaches trembled, his cheeks grew pale beneath their brown skin, and his hollow eyes filled with tears when he gazed on the party within.

Without, the old dog barked, whined, and tugged at his chain; within, you could hear the fire crackle in the deep silence. But in a moment Catherine had rushed forward, and was hanging upon the soldier's neck.

"Gaspard! Gaspard! my boy!" she cried, while the tears burst from her eyes.

"Yes, mother!" he replied, in a voice choked by a sob.

Then Louise sobbed too, and then the whole kitchen was filled with voices. Gaspard's name was on every tongue, and every hand was stretched forth to clasp his.

But the mother would not yet give up her son; the woman, a moment before so strong, so brave, so resolute, still hung weeping upon his neck, his brown hair mingling with her grey locks, as he murmured:

"Mother! mother! how often have I thought of this meeting! But where is Louise?" he said. "I thought I saw her."

And then Louise ran forward, blushing, while she exclaimed:

"I knew it was Gaspard! I knew him by his step!" And old Duchene,

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twirling his cotton cap in his hand, muttered:

"Great heaven! Is that my poor child in such a plight?"

He had taken care of Gaspard from infancy, and, since his departure, had always imagined him fresh and stout in a fine blue uniform with red facings. He struggled to collect his ideas so rudely scattered.

But his friends surrounded the young soldier; his musket, his shako, his knapsack, and his belts were warmly captured, and at last old Hullin cried, with moist eyes:

"Poor Gaspard! How glad I am to see you safe and sound! Ha! ha!" he continued, trying hard to laugh, "I would rather, though, see you as you are than with the fine round cheeks you took away with you. You are a man now; you remind me of the old days of the Sambre and of Egypt. Ha! ha! our noses were sharp enough then, my boy; and our teeth were long and sharp too."

"Yes, yes; I know what that means, Father Jean-Claude; but let us sit down and talk. What is going on? What brings you all to the farm?"

"Have you not heard? All the country is in arms, from La Houpe to Saint-Sauveur, and I am commander-in-chief."

"Hurrah! Then the Kaiserlik beggars sha'n't find a road here so easily. But pass me the knife. That ham is not yet finished. Sit by me, Louise, and help me to the bread. A few days like this would soon make my bones grow smaller. They would n't know me in the company."

All wondered at the speed with which the provisions disappeared. The soldier's eyes often turned to his mother and Louise, and he smiled sadly as he gazed upon them; but all this was without losing time in his attack. The poor fellow was well-nigh famished, and old Duchene muttered, as he looked at him:

"Great heaven! No wonder that so many die of want!"

"But tell us, Gaspard," said Hullin, "without interrupting your breakfast, how comes it that you are here? We thought you on the banks of the Rhine, near Strasbourg."

"Aha! I understand you," replied Gaspard, with a knowing wink of the eye; "you mean that there are a good many deserters running about, don't you?"

"Such an idea in regard to you never struck me, and yet—"

"You would not be sorry to know that I am all right. Well, Father Jean-Claude, you are right; for whoever runs from roll-call when the Kaiserliks are in France, deserves to be shot. But look here."

Hullin took a paper which the young man held out to him and read:

"Twenty-four hours' leave is given to the grenadier Gaspard Lefevre.

"January 3d, 1814.

"GEMEAU,

"Chief of Battalion."

"Very good," said the old man; "put it in your knapsack; you might lose it. You see, my friends," he continued gayly, "I know all about this thing called love. It is very good and very bad, but particularly bad for young soldiers who happen to be near their village after a campaign. They sometimes forget themselves and return to camp with three or four gendarmes showing them the way. I have seen it once or twice. But, now, as everything is in order, let us drink a glass to Gaspard's health. What say you, Catherine? The men from the Sarre may be here any moment, so we have no time to lose."

"You are right, Jean-Claude," replied the old woman sadly. "An-

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nette, go to the cellar and bring three bottles here! But your leave, Gaspard," she asked; "how long does it last?"

"I received it last night at eight o'clock at Vasselonne. The regiment is retreating on Lorraine, and I must rejoin it this evening at Phalsbourg."

"Then you have yet seven hours before you; you will only need six to reach there, although there is much snow on Foxthal."

The good woman sat by her son; her heart beat painfully; she could not conceal her trouble. Louise leaned on Gaspard's worn-out epaulette and sobbed. Hullin bent his brows, but said nothing until the bottles arrived and the glasses were filled.

"Come, come, Louise!" he cried, "Courage! These wars cannot last for ever; they must end one way or the other; and then Gaspard will return, and we shall have a merry wedding of it."

He filled up the glasses, and Catherine dried her eyes, muttering, however, as she did so:

"And to think that those robbers are the cause of all this! But let them come! They will rue it."

The old wine, however, cheered all, and Gaspard told the story of Bautzen, Lutzen, Leipsic, and Hanau, where conscripts fought like veterans, winning victory after victory until treason ruined all.

Every one listened in silence. Jean-Claude's eyes flashed as he heard how rivers were forded and crossed amid storms of shells and bullets; how batteries were carried by the bayonet alone; and how hussars and cossacks were hurled back from the steady squares. The doctor inquired particularly about the positions of the field-hospitals; Materne and his sons bent forward with ears erect, and lips pressed tight together, fearing to lose a word; Catherine looked with pride upon a son who had borne a part in scenes over which ages will grieve or rejoice; and the ardor of all present mounted to the highest pitch as more than one muttered that the end was not yet.

At length the hour for Gaspard's departure arrived. He arose, but when Louise clung to his neck and with sobs implored him to stay, the color left his cheeks.

"I am a soldier," he said; "my name is Gaspard Lefevre; I love thee a thousand times better than my life; but I must not disgrace that name."

He unclasped her arms, and Hullin tore them apart.

"Well said!" cried the old sabot-maker; "and spoken as a man should speak."

Catherine buckled the knapsack on her son's back; she did so calmly, but her brows were knitted, and she tried hard to press her quivering lips tightly together, while two great tears rolled down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Go—go—my child," she sobbed, "and take your mother's blessing with you, and if it should be the will of God that—that—"

But the poor woman's stout heart could sustain her no longer; she burst into an agony of weeping. Gaspard seized his musket, and, covering his eyes with his hand, rushed from the house.

All this while the men from the Sarre with picks and their axes were making their way up along the Valtin path. The sounds of their voices could already be heard, as they laughed and jested as if on the way to a festival, and not to privation, danger, and death.

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CHAPTER X.

But while Hullin and his mountaineers were thus preparing for battle, where was the tin-crowned King of Diamonds—Yegof the Fool? Wandering barefoot over the snow-covered paths, his breast open to the cutting winds, cold, hungry, and companionless, save for his grim friend the raven.

Night was approaching, the cold growing keener and keener; even the fox seemed to shiver as he pursued his unseen prey, and the famished birds of prey had hidden themselves in the rocky nooks of the mountains. But the fool, his raven upon his shoulder, kept on—on—talking to himself, gesticulating wildly, from Holderloch to Sonneberg, from Sonneberg to Blutfeld.

And that very night, Robin, the old herdsman of Bois-de-Chêne, saw a strange and fearful sight.

A few days before, having been surprised by the snows at the bottom of the gorge of Blutfeld, he left his wagon behind him and drove home the cattle, but finding upon his arrival that he had forgotten his sheepskin cloak, he started at about four o'clock that evening to seek it.

Blutfeld is a narrow gorge between Schneeberg and Grosmann, bordered by pointed rocks. A thread of water winds its way through the valley, in summer and winter, and on its sides, among the grey rocks, spots of good pasturage are found: but the place is rarely visited; something weird and ghostly seems to hang over it, and the cold, white light of a winter's moon serves to intensify its sinister aspect. Tradition says that here was fought a great battle between the Triboci and the Germans, who, under a chief named Luitprandt, attempted to penetrate into Gaul. It tells how the Triboci from the peaks around flung huge stones upon their foes, crushing them by thousands, and that from the frightful carnage the defile derived its name—Blutfeld—the field of blood. Rusted spear-heads, broken helmets, and cross-handled swords two ells in length are yet found there.

At night, when the moonlight falls upon the snow-covered rocks, when the wind whistles through the bare bushes, the cries of the surprised Germans seem borne upon the air, mingled with the wailing of their women and the neighing of steeds, and the rattling of chariots through the defile. The Triboci ceased not from the slaughter for two entire days, and on the third they retired to their homes, every man bending beneath the weight of his booty.

Such was the legend of the gorge which Robin reached just as the moon was rising.

The good man had a hundred times descended to its depths, but never had it seemed so bright or so ghastly. His wagon, at the bottom, seemed one of those masses of rock under which the invaders were crushed. It stood at the entrance of the valley, behind a thick clump of bushes, and the little stream dashed along by it, flashing like a thousand swords. The old herdsman soon found his cloak and an old hatchet too, which he had regarded as lost; but, when he turned to depart, his blood ran cold.

A tall figure was advancing straight toward him. Behind it followed five grey wolves, two full grown and three young. He recognized Yegof, and at first thought the wolves were dogs. They followed the fool step by step, but he seemed not to see them; his raven flew about, now in the clear moonlight, now in the dark shadows of the rocks; the wolves,

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with glittering eyes, sniffed the air as if scenting their prey. The fool lifted his sceptre.

Robin darted like a flash into his wagon unobserved. Yegof advanced down the valley as if walking some great castle-hall, and the raven with glittering black plumage flew to the branch of a dead tree near by, and there perched, and seemed to listen.

It was a strange scene, Robin thought. If the fool slipped, if he fell, there was an end of him; the wolves would instantly devour him.

But in the middle of the gorge, Yegof turned and sat down upon a stone, and the five wolves sat around him in the snow.

Then the fool, raising his sceptre, addressed them, calling each one by name, and they replied with mournful howlings.

"Ha, child, Bléed, Merweg, and you, my old Siramar," he cried, "here we are once more together! You have grown fat; you have had good cheer in Germany, have you not?"

Stretching his arm, after a moment's pause, over the moonlit valley, he continued:

"Remember ye not the great battle?"

One of the wolves howled plaintively as if in reply; then another, and at last all five together.

This lasted full ten minutes, the raven the while sitting motionless on its withered branch. Robin would have fled, but dared not.

Still the wolves howled, and the echoes of Blutfeld replied to their chorus, until at last the largest ceased, and the rest followed his example. Yegof spoke again:

"Ay; 'tis a sorrowful story. There runs the stream that overflowed with our blood; but others fell too, and for three days and three nights their women tore their hair. But how the accursed dogs triumphed in their victory!"

The fool seized his crown and dashed it upon the ground; then, sighing, stooped and placed it again upon his head. The wolves sat as if listening attentively, and the largest again howled mournfully.

"Thou art hungry, Siramar," said Yegof, as if replying to him; "but rejoice; flesh will soon be yours in plenty; the battle will again be fought. Our war-cry was long hushed, but the hour is near, and it will again shake these mountains, and you shall again be warriors; you shall again own these valleys. The air is full of the shrieks of women, of the flashing of swords, the creaking of wagons. They rushed down upon us and we were surrounded; your bones sleep here on every side, but your children are coming; rejoice! sing, sing!"

And he himself began to howl like a wolf, and his hearers took up the savage strain.

These cries, growing every moment more horrible, the reverberating echoes, the motionless rocks, white and ghastly, or buried in blackness and gloom, the bare branches bending beneath their load of snow—all filled the old herdsman with speechless horror.

But the scene soon ended. Yegof spoke no more, but moved slowly with his strange train toward Hazlach, and the raven, uttering a hoarse cry, spread its sable wings and followed through the dark blue air.

All disappeared like a dream, but for a long time Robin could hear the howling growing fainter and further away. It had, however, ceased for nearly half an hour, and the silence of a winter night taken its place, before the good man dared leave his wagon, and make at his best speed for the farm-house.

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Arriving at Bois-de-Chêne he found every one excited and busy. They were about killing an ox for the Donon men, and Hullin, Doctor Lorquin, and Louise had departed with those from the Sarre. Catherine was having her great four-horse wagon loaded with bread, meat, and brandy, and all were busy in the preparations.

Robin would not tell any one of his adventure. It seemed, even to himself, so incredible that he dared not speak of it. The whole affair puzzled him sorely, and it was not until he was lying in his crib in the stable that he concluded that Yegof had some time or other captured and tamed a litter of wolves, to whom he uttered his folly as men sometimes speak to their dogs; but the rencounter left a superstitious dread in his mind, and even years after, the honest old man could not speak of it without a shudder.

CHAPTER XI.

All Hullin's orders had been carried out. The defiles of Zorn and of the Sarre were securely guarded, and that of Blanru, the extreme point of their position, had been placed in a state of defence by Jean-Claude himself and the three hundred men who formed his principal force.

Thither, on the eastern slope of Donon, near Grandfontaine, must we wend our way.

Above the main road, which winds up the mountain for two thirds of its height, might be seen a farm-house, surrounded by a few acres of cultivated land—a large flat-roofed building, belonging to Pelsly, the Anabaptist. The stables and barn were behind, toward the summit of the mountain.

Here was the camp of our partisans. Beneath them lay Grandfontaine and Framont, locked in a narrow ravine; further on, at a turn of the valley, was Shirmeck, with its piles of feudal ruins; still further La Bruche stretched onward into the grey mists of Alsace. To their left rose the sterile peak of Donon, covered with huge rocks and a few stunted firs. Before them lay the road, made impassable by the wearing away of the earth caused by the melting snow, and by huge trees, with all their branches on, thrown across it.

It was a scene of stern grandeur. Not a living thing appeared on all the long road; the country seemed a desert, and only a few scattered fires, sending their long wreaths of smoke toward the sky, showed the position of the bivouac.

For three days had the mountaineers been awaiting the enemy, and the delay had told not a little upon their ardor. When, therefore, at about eight in the morning, the sentinels descried a man coming toward them, waving his hat, expectation at once stood on tiptoe, and messengers were at once despatched for Hullin, who since one o'clock had been sleeping in the farm-house, on a wide mattress, side by side with Doctor Lorquin and his dog Pluto.

The cause of the commotion was Nickel Bentz, the old forester of La Houpe, and Hullin at once saluted him with—

"Well, Nickel, what tidings?"

"Nothing, master Jean-Claude, save that toward Phalsbourg there is a noise as of a storm. Labarbe says it is artillery; for all night long we saw flashes like lightning in the wood of Hildehouse, and this morning the plain is covered with grey clouds."

"The city is attacked!" exclaimed Hullin; "but from the Lutzelstein side. They are trying to cut it off. The allies are there; Alsace is overrun."

Then turning to Materne, who stood behind him, he added.

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"We can remain no longer in uncertainty. Make a reconnoissance with your two sons."

The old hunter's face lighted up.

"Good!" he cried. "We will have a chance to stretch our legs and bring down an Austrian or Cossack or two before we return."

"Steady, my friend," said Jean-Claude sternly; "you must not think of bringing down Cossacks, but only of observing what is going on. Frantz and Kasper will be armed, but you will leave your rifle, and powder-horn, and hunting-knife here."

"Leave my arms here, Jean-Claude! And why?"

"Because you must go into the villages; and if you are caught there armed, you would be shot at once."

"Shot?"

"Yes, shot. We are not regular troops; they will not make prisoners of us; we can expect no quarter. You will follow the Shirmeck road, and your sons will follow you in the copse, half a rifle-shot off. If any marauders should attack you, they will come to your aid; but if a detachment meet you, they will let you be taken."

"Let me be taken!" cried the old man indignantly. "I would like to see them do so."

"Obey orders, Materne. An unarmed man will be released; an armed one shot. I need not tell you not to let those Germans know you come as a spy."

"I understand, Jean-Claude, and although I never parted yet with my rifle, you may take it, and my horn and knife. Who will lend me a blouse and staff?"

Nickel Bentz pulled off his blue smock-frock and hat, and passed them to the old man; and when he had donned them, no one would imagine the old hunter to be other than a simple peasant of the mountains.

His two sons, proud to be selected for such an expedition, reprimed their pieces, fixed their long, straight, wild-boar bayonets, and tried their hunting-knives in the sheaths; then, assured that everything was in proper order, they turned to go, their eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Do not forget Jean-Claude's words," said Doctor Lorquin; "a German more or less makes little difference among a hundred thousand, but we should find it difficult to replace you."

"Fear nothing, doctor," replied old Materne. "My boys are hunters, and know how to bide their time, and profit by any chance that offers. And now, forward; we must be back before night."

CHAPTER XII.

MATERNE and his sons pursued their way for a long distance in silence. The weather was fine; the winter sun shone on the dazzling snow without thawing it, so that the path was firm and solid. Afar off, in the valley, the tall firs, pointed rocks, and the roofs of the houses, with their hanging icicles and little glittering windows and steep gables, were sharply outlined in the clear air, and in the street of Grandfontaine they could see a troop of young girls around the wash-house, and a few old men in cotton caps smoking their pipes at their cottage doors; but of all the busy life so plainly seen, not a sound reached their ears.

The old hunter halted at the edge of the wood, saying:

"I will go down to the village, to Dubreuil's, the keeper of the Pine-Cone."

He pointed with his staff to a long white building, with doors and windows surrounded by a yellow border, and a pine branch hanging from the wall by way of sign.

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"Wait for me here," said the old man, "unless I come to the door and raise my hat, when you may follow, and take a glass of wine with me."

He descended the snow-covered mountain-side, gained the plain, and crossed the village common, and his two boys, resting upon their pieces, saw him enter the inn. A few moments after, he reappeared on the threshold and raised his hat. Fifteen minutes after, they had rejoined their father in the large hall of the Pine-Cone—a long, low room, warmed by a huge stove on the sanded floor,

Except for the presence of the innkeeper, Dubreuil, the fattest and most apoplectic man in the Vosges, with little round eyes, a flat nose, and a triple chin falling upon his breast—except, I say, for the presence of this redoubtable personage, who was sitting in a large arm-chair near the fire, Materne found himself alone when he entered the inn. He ordered the glasses filled as the old clock struck nine, and the wooden cock upon it flapped his wings with a strange rusty noise.

"Good morning, Father Dubreuil!" said both the young men.

"Good morning, my boys, good morning!" replied the inn-keeper, in an oily voice, smiling an oily smile. "Any news?"

"No, faith," answered Kasper. "Winter is upon us, the season for boar-hunting."

Then both, placing their rifles in a corner of the window, at hand in case of need, sat down at a table opposite their father, and drank, saying, "To our health!" as they had been taught to be always careful to do.

"So," said Materne, turning to the innkeeper, and apparently resuming a conversation that had been interrupted, "you think, Father Dubreuil, that we may hunt without fear in the wood of Baronies?"

"Oh! as for that I can't say," replied mine host, shrugging his shoulders; "I only know that at present the Allies have not got beyond Mutzig. But they don't injure any one; but receive all well-disposed people—who wish to fight the usurper."

"The usurper? Who is that?"

"Eh? Why, Napoleon Bonaparte, the usurper, to be sure. Look on the wall there."

He pointed to a large placard hanging near the clock.

"Look there, and you will see that the Austrians are our true friends."

Old Materne's brows knitted, but he repressed his feelings, and said,

"But I cannot read, Monsieur Dubreuil, nor my boys. Explain the matter to us."

Then the old publican, raising himself with much difficulty from his arm-chair, and puffing like a porpoise with the unwonted exertion, placed himself before the placard, with his arms folded across his enormous breast, and in a majestic tone read a proclamation of the allied sovereigns setting forth that they, said sovereigns, were waging war against Napoleon and not against France, and that, consequently, it behoved all good people to remain at home and to mind their own business, under pain of having their houses, goods, and chattels pillaged and burnt, and themselves shot.

The three hunters listened to all this, and then looked at each other.

When Dubreuil had finished reading, he again took his seat, saying,

"Well, you see now, do you not?"

"Where did you get that?" asked Kasper.

"It is posted everywhere."

"We are glad to hear it," said Materne, pressing the arm of Frantz, who had risen with flaming eyes. "Do you want some fire, Frantz? Here is my steel."

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Frantz sat down, and the old man proceeded good-humoredly,

"And so, our good friends, the Austrians, will take nothing from us?"

"Well-disposed people have nothing to fear, but those who rise in arms are stripped of everything; which is only right, for it is not just that the good should suffer for the bad. Thus, for instance, you would be very well received at the allied headquarters; you know the country and could serve as guides, for which you would be well paid."

There was a moment of silence; again the three hunters gazed at each other; the father placed his hands upon the table, as if beseeching his sons to remain calm, but he himself was pale with rage.

The innkeeper, perceiving nothing of this, continued,

"You have more reason to fear in the woods of Baronies those villains of Dagsberg, of the Sarre, and of Blanru, who have revolted, and wish to commence '93 over again."

"Are you sure they have?" asked Materne, struggling hard to contain himself.

"Am I sure? You have only to look out the window and you will see them on the Donon road. They have captured the Anabaptist, Pelsly, and bound him to the foot of his bed; they are pillaging, stealing, destroying the roads; but let them beware! In a few days they will have their hands full, and it is not with a thousand, or ten thousand, men they will have to deal, but with hundreds of thousands. They will all be hung."

Materne arose.

"It is time for us to be on our way," said he shortly. "By two o'clock we must be in the woods. Farewell, Father Dûbreuil."

All three rushed out, anger choking them.

"Reflect well upon what I told you," cried the innkeeper, from his arm-chair.

Once without, Materne turned with quivering lips, and cried,

"If I had not restrained myself, I would have broken the bottle over his head."

"And I," said Frantz, "would have thrust my bayonet through his body."

Kasper still stood at the threshold, hesitating. His fingers clutched the hilt of his hunting-knife, and his eyes were almost savage in their glare; but the old man seized him by the arm and dragged him away, saying:

"Away! We will meet the wretch again. To advise me to betray my country! Hullin said well when he told us to be on our guard."

They passed down the street gazing fiercely around.

At the end of the village, opposite the ancient cross, and near the church, they halted. Materne then, somewhat calmed, showed his sons the path which winds around Phrâmond, through the bushes, and said:

"You will take that foot-path. I will follow the road to Schirmeck, going slowly, so that you may get there as soon as I."

They separated, and the old hunter walked thoughtfully on, his head bowed, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, wondering all the while how he managed to restrain himself from breaking the inn-keeper's head. From time to time herds of cattle passed him, and flocks of sheep and goats, all on their way to the mountain. They came from Wisch, from Urmatt, and even from Mutzig, and the poor animals seemed scarcely able to move.

"Where are you going so fast?" cried the old hunter to the sad-looking herdsmen. "Have you not heard the proclamation of the Russians and Austrians?"

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But they seemed in no humor for jesting, and replied:

"It is easy for you to laugh at us. Proclamations indeed! We know what they are worth. Those Russians and Austrians are pillaging and stealing all they can lay hands on; laying forced contributions, carrying off horses, cows, cattle, wagons."

"Hold there; it cannot be possible!" returned Materne. "They are the saviours of France; her brave, good friends. I cannot believe it. Such a beautiful proclamation!"

"Go down into Alsace and see!"

The poor fellows went on, dragging themselves wearily along, while the old hunter laughed bitterly.

As he approached Schirmeck, things grew worse. Wagons, cattle, horses, even flocks of geese, thronged the road, mingled with women and children, carrying whatever of their household effects they could bear off, and often beating their breasts and tearing their hair. The air was filled with wailing and lamentation, while ever and anon a cry arose,

"We are lost! The Cossacks! the Cossacks!"

These words of fear passed like lightning through the mass; women fainted, children stood up in the wagons to see further along the road, and Materne blushed for the cowardice of people who might have made a stout defence against the enemy.

Just outside Schirmeck, Frantz and Kasper rejoined their father, and all three entered the tavern of the Golden Key, kept by the widow Faltaux.

The poor woman and her two daughters were standing at the window gazing at the flight, and wringing their hands; for indeed the tumult was increasing every moment, and now cattle, men, and wagons fairly blocked the street, and shouts, screams, and even curses, arose on all sides.

Materne pushing open the door and seeing the three women standing pale, groaning, more dead than alive, struck his staff angrily upon the floor, and cried:

"Are you becoming mad, Mother Faltaux! You, who should set your daughters a good example? It is shameful!"

The old woman turned round and replied in a heart-broken voice:

"Ah Materne! If you only knew—"

"Knew what? The enemy are coming, but they won't eat you."

"No, but they will devour all I have! Old Ursula, of Schlestadt, arrived here last night, and says they are never satisfied. Ah! those Russians and Austrians—"

"But where are they?" cried the old hunter. "I have not yet seen one."

"They are in Alsace, near Urmatt, on their way hither."

"Well," observed Kasper, "before they arrive you may give us a cup of wine; here is a crown for you; you can hide it more easily than your casks."

One of the daughters went to the cellar to bring the refreshment, and at the same time several strangers entered. One was a seller of almanacs, from Strasbourg; the others were a wagoner from Sarrebrück, and two or three people from Mutzig, Wisch, and Shirmeck, who were flying with their cattle: all seemed completely jaded.

They sat down at the same table, opposite the windows, so that they might look out upon the road, and, the wine served, each began to tell all he knew. One said that the Cossacks had fired a village in Alsace, because candles were refused them for dessert after dinner; another that the Calmucks ate soap for cheese, and that many of them drank brandy

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by the pint, after putting handfuls of pepper in it; that their filthiness was beyond description; and that everything had to be hidden from them, for that there was nothing they would not devour. The stories these good people told, of what they had seen with their own eyes, seemed almost incredible.

Toward noon, the old hunter and his sons rose to depart, when suddenly a cry, louder than any they had yet heard, arose without,

"The Cossacks! The Cossacks!"

The entire party rushed to the door, except the three hunters, who contented themselves with opening a window and looking out. Every one was now fleeing across the fields; men, flocks, and wagons were scattering, like autumn leaves before the wind. In less than five minutes the road was clear, except in the village street, where the crowd was jammed and blocked by its mass. Materne gazed for a while and then shut the window.

"I see nothing," he said.

"Nor I," replied Kasper.

"I see how it is," cried the old hunter; "fear adds to the enemy's strength; and fear," he added, shrugging his shoulders disdainfully, "is a miserable thing. We have only one poor life to lose. Let us go."

They left the inn, the old man taking the road to the top of Hirschberg, his sons following. They soon reached the edge of the woods, and Materne sought the highest point, whence he might obtain a view of the plain; for he utterly despised the wild tales of the fugitives he had met.

When they reached the summit of the mountain — which forms a sort of promontory extending into the plain—they could see distinctly the enemy's position, three leagues away, between Urmatt and Lutzelhouse, like long black lines upon the snow; further on, the artillery and baggage appeared in dark masses. Other lines and masses were winding among the villages, and, notwithstanding the distance, the flashing of bayonets told that a column was on the march to Wisch.

After long gazing at the picture before him, the old hunter said thoughtfully:

"There are at least thirty thousand men yonder. They are advancing toward us, and we shall be assailed to-morrow, or the day after at the latest. It will be no holiday work to check them, my boys; but if they have numbers, we have a good position, and in such masses as those there will be no balls lost."

Having made these reflections, he measured the height of the sun, and added:

"It is now two o'clock, and we know all we want to know. Let us return to the bivouac."

The young men slung their rifles upon their backs, and, leaving the valley of the Broque to the left, they pushed up the steep ascent of Hengsbach and descended on the further side, without following any path through the snow, but guiding themselves solely by the peaks, to cut short their journey.

They had thus proceeded for about two hours; the winter sun was drooping to the horizon, and night was fast approaching, but calm and light. They had only to cross the solitary gorge of Riel, which forms a wide circular basin in the midst of the forest, enclosing a blue lake, often the resort of the roebuck.

Suddenly, as they left the cover of the trees, the old man stopped short behind a clump of bushes.

"Hist!"

He pointed to the little lake, which was covered with a thin and transparent coating of ice. A strange spec-

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tacle greeted their eyes. Twenty Cossacks, with matted yellow beards, heads covered with old funnel-shaped caps of the skin of some animal, and long ragged cloaks hanging from their shoulders, were before them, seated on their little horses. Their stirrups were simply looped ropes, and the steeds, with long manes, thin tails, and flanks matted with yellow, black, and white, looked not unlike goats. Some of the riders were armed only with long lances, others with sabres, others with merely a hatchet hanging by a cord from their saddle, and a large horse-pistol in their belt. Some gazed with ecstasy upon the lines of green firs, and one tall, lean fellow was breaking the ice with the butt of his spear, while his horse drank. Others dismounted, and began to remove the snow preparatory to encamping.

They formed a singular picture —those men from afar, with their bronzed features, flat foreheads and noses, and grey fluttering rags, as they stood by the side of the lake under the tall tree-covered crags. It seemed a glimpse of another world than the one we live in, and as the three hunters gazed and caught the sounds of their uncouth speech, curiosity for a while mastered all other feelings. But Kasper and Frantz soon fixed their long bayonets on their rifles and retired once more into the cover of the woods. They reached a rock some twenty feet high, which Materne climbed; then, after a few words exchanged in a low voice, Kasper examined his priming, slowly brought his piece to his shoulder, and aimed, while his brother stood by ready to follow his example.

The Cossack whose horse was drinking was about two hundred paces from our little party. The report of the rifle rang through the forest and awoke the deep echoes of the gorge, and the horseman bent forward and disappeared beneath the ice of the lake.

It would be impossible to describe the stupefaction which seemed to seize the band. The echoes rolled like a volley of musketry; the dismounted barbarians bounded on their steeds, gazing wildly around, while a thick wreath of smoke rolled above the clump of trees behind which the hunters stood.

Kasper had in a moment reloaded, but at the same instant the Cossacks dashed toward the slope of Hartz, following in single file and shouting savagely, "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

They disappeared like a flash, and as Kasper aimed again the last horse disappeared in the woods.

The steed of the dead Cossack stood alone by the lake. His fallen master's foot yet remained in the stirrup, although the body was submerged in the water.

Materne listened on his rock, and then said joyfully:

"They are gone! Let us press on. Frantz, remain here for a while. If any should return—"

But despite this direction all three ran to where the horse yet stood, and Materne, seizing the animal's bridle, cried:

"Now, old fellow, we will teach thee to speak French. These Cossacks have famous horses, my boys," he continued, "and when I am too old to go afoot, I will keep this one to hunt with."

"Let us go," cried Kasper.

Toward six o'clock they heard the first challenge of their sentinels:

"Who goes there?"

"France!" answered Materne, advancing.

He was soon recognized, and all rushed forth to meet the three hunters. Hullin himself, as curious as

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the rest, came out with Doctor Lorquin. The partisans stood around the horse, gazing with looks of wonder and admiration.

"It is a Cossack's," said Hullin, squeezing his old friend's hand.

"Yes, Jean-Claude; we captured it at the pond of Riel. Kasper shot its master."

Kasper, leaning upon his rifle, seemed well pleased with his prize, and old Materne, rubbing his hands, added:

"We were determined to bring something back with us, for my boys and I never return empty-handed."

Hullin took him aside, and they entered the farm-house together, while the young hunters gratified the curiosity of their comrades.

CHAPTER XIII.

THAT whole night long the little farm of the Anabaptist was filled with partisans going and coming.

Hullin had established his headquarters in the large hall of the ground floor of the house; on this floor, too, was the hospital, and the farm people occupied the upper stories.

Although the night was calm and innumerable stars shone in the sky, the cold was so keen that the frost seemed almost an inch thick upon the window-panes.

Without, the cry of "Who goes there?" occasionally broke the stillness, while ever and anon the howling of wolves was borne on the air from the neighboring peaks; for since 1812 wolves had followed our armies by hundreds, and now, stretched on the snow, their pointed muzzles between their fore-paws, they called from Grosmann to Donon, and from Donon to Grosmann, until the breeze seemed filled with their plaintive cries. More than one mountaineer grew pale as he listened to them, and muttered:

"It is the song of death; he scents the battle from afar and calls us to follow him."

Then the cattle lowed in their stables, and the horses neighed with affright.

Some thirty fires were burning on the plateau where was the camp; the old Anabaptist's wood-pile had paid tribute, and log after log was heaped on; but though the face might scorch, the back quivered with the cold, and frost hung from the beards and moustaches of those who stood warming their backs.

Hullin, in the house, sat before the great fir table, absorbed in thought. From the latest reports he had received, he was convinced that the first attack would be made the next day. He had had cartridges distributed, had doubled the sentries, ordered patrols through the mountain, and fixed the posts of all along the abatis. He had also caused Piorette, Jerome of Saint-Quirin, and Labarbe to send their best marksmen to him.

The hall where he sat was lit by a dim lantern, and full of snow; and every moment his officers came and went, their hats drawn far down over their heads, and icicles hanging from their beards.

"Master Jean-Claude, something is moving near Grandfontaine; we can hear horses galloping."

"Master Jean-Claude, the brandy is frozen."

"Master Jean-Claude, many of the men are without powder."

Such were the reports and complaints that every moment assailed the leader's ears.

"Watch well toward Grandfontaine and change the sentries on that side every half-hour."

"Thaw the brandy at the fires."

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"Wait until Dives comes; he has ammunition. Distribute what cartridges remain, and let all who have more than twenty rounds divide the surplus among their comrades."

And so the night passed.

Toward five in the morning Kasper reported that Marc-Dives with a load of cartridges, Catherine Lefevre, and a detachment from Labarbe had arrived and were at the farm.

The news eased the old sabot-maker's mind, for he feared greatly the result of a delay in the supplies. He rose at once and went out with Kasper.

At the approach of day, huge masses of fog had begun to rise from the valley; the fires crackled in the damp air, and all around lay the sleeping mountaineers. All was silent, and a cloud, purple or grey, as the fire rose or fell, hung around each bivouac. Further off, the dim outlines of the sentinels could be seen as they paced to and fro with arms shouldered, or stood gazing into the misty abysses.

To the right, fifty yards beyond the last fire, horses were neighing, and men stamping to keep their feet warm.

"Master Jean-Claude is coming," said Kasper approaching the group.

One of the partisans had just thrown a bundle of dry sticks upon the fire, and by the light of the blaze Hullin saw Marc-Dives and his twelve men on horseback, standing sabre in hand, motionless around their charge. Catherine was further on, half covered with the straw of her wagon, her back leaning against a large cask; behind her were a huge pot, a gridiron, a fresh-killed hog ready for cooking, and some strings of onions and cabbages for soup. All started for a moment from the darkness, and disappeared again as the blaze fell.

Dives left his party and rode forward.

"Is that you, Jean-Claude?"

"Yes, Marc."

"I have already several thousand cartridges. Hexe-Baizel is working night and day."

"Good! good!"

"And Catherine Lefevre is here with provisions."

"We shall need all, Marc. The battle is near."

"I do not doubt it; we shall not have long to wait. But where shall I put the powder?"

"Yonder; under the shed, behind the house. Is that you, Catherine?"

"It is indeed, Jean-Claude. A cold morning."

"Always the same, Catherine. Do you fear nothing?"

"Would I be a woman if I lacked curiosity? I must see all that is going on, you know."

"Yes, you have always excuses for your good deeds."

"No compliments, Hullin. People cannot live on air, and I have taken my measures. Yesterday we killed an ox—poor Schwartz—he weighed nine hundred, and I have brought a quarter for soup. Let me warm myself."

She threw the reins to Duchene and alighted, saying:

"Those fires yonder are a pretty sight, but where is Louise?"

"Louise has passed the night making bandages with Pelsly's two daughters. She is there in the hospital, where you see my lantern shining."

"Poor child!" said Catherine; "I will run and help her. It will warm me."

Hullin gazing at her retreating figure could only mutter, "What a woman! What a woman!"

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Dives and his men took the powder to the shed; and what was Jean-Claude's surprise, on approaching the nearest fire, to see the fool Yegof, his crown upon his head, gravely sitting upon a stone, his feet at the embers, and his rags draped around him like a royal mantle.

Nothing could be stranger than his figure. He was the only one waking there, and seemed a barbarian king surrounded by his sleeping horde.

Hullin, however, only saw the fool, and gently placing his hand upon his shoulder, said in a tone of ironical respect:

"Hail, Yegof! thou art come to offer us the aid of thine invincible arm and the help of thy numberless armies!"

The fool, without showing the least surprise, answered:

"That depends upon thee, Hullin. Thy fate and that of thy people around thee are in thy hands. I have checked my wrath, and I leave it to thee to pronounce the sentence."

"What sentence?" asked Jean-Claude.

The fool, without replying, continued in a low and solemn tone:

"We are here now, as we were sixteen hundred years ago, on the eve of a great battle. Then I, the chief of so many nations, came to thy clan to demand a passage—"

"Sixteen hundred years ago!" interrupted Hullin; "that would make us fearfully old, Yegof. But no matter; go on."

"Yes," said the fool; "but thine obstinacy would hear nothing; hundreds of dead lie at Blutfeld; they cry for vengeance!"

"Ah! yes, Blutfeld," said Jean-Claude; "it is an old story; I have heard you tell it before."

Yegof rose with flushed face and flashing eyes.

"Darest thou boast of thy victory?" he cried. "But beware, beware! Blood calls for blood!"

Then his tone softened, and he added:

"Listen! I would not harm thee; thou art brave, and the children of thy race may mingle their blood with mine. I desire thy alliance—thou knowest it."

"He is coming back to Louise," thought Jean-Claude, and, foreseeing another demand in form, he said:

"Yegof, I am sorry, but I must leave you; I have so many things to see to—"

The fool bent an angry look on him.

"Dost refuse me thy daughter?" he cried, raising his finger solemnly.

"We will talk of it hereafter."

"Thou refusest!"

"Your cries are arousing my men, Yegof."

"Thou hast refused, and for the third time. Beware! Beware!"

Hullin, despairing of calming him, strode away, but the fool's voice followed:

"Woe to thee, Huldrix! Thy latest hour is nigh. Soon will the wolves banquet upon thy flesh! The storm of my wrath is unchained, and for thee and thine there is no longer grace, pity, nor mercy! Thou hast spoken thy doom!"

And throwing the ragged end of his cloak over his shoulder, the poor wretch hurried toward the peak of Donon.

Many of the partisans, half awakened by his voice, gazed with dull eyes at his vanishing form. They heard a flapping of wings around the fire, but it seemed like a dream, and they turned and slept again.

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An hour later, the horn of Lagarmitte sounded the *reveille.* In a few moments every one was upon his feet.

The chiefs assembled their men. Some went to the shed, where cartridges were distributed; others filled their flasks at the cask, but everything was done in order. Then each platoon departed in the grey dawn to take its place at the *abatis.*

When the sun rose, the farm was deserted, and, save five or six fires yet smoking, nothing announced that the partisans held all the passes of the mountain, and had so lately been encamped there.

GLIMPSES OF TUSCANY.

THE PASSION AT PRATO.

IV.

As Good Friday drew near, I was more than once asked by our *maestro di casa* if I meant to attend the Passion at Prato. Prato is an old walled town in the valley of the Arno, about ten miles from Florence. It contains some twelve thousand inhabitants, whose principal occupation consists in plaiting Leghorn straw, manufacturing Turkish redcaps, smelting copper, and quarrying the dark green serpentine, which figures so extensively in Italian church architecture. It is renowned in Christian art as the shrine of the Sacratissima Cintola. Our *maestro* explained that once in every three years, from time immemorial, the citizens of Prato had celebrated Good Friday by a nocturnal representation of the Passion; that it was a sight well worth seeing, and famous throughout Northern Italy; that he and his family were going, and that they had a window, or stand, very much at my service. My aunt, who thought nothing worth seeing but the Cascine and her native Lucca, shook her head despairingly, leaving me somehow under the impression that the affair was a large puppet-show accompanied by fireworks. So the matter dropped, and I quite forgot it, until invited on Holy Thursday by an English gentleman, long resident in Florence, to make one of a party to Prato, Friday afternoon. As the trains were uncomfortably full, and all the better public barouches engaged weeks before, we had to put up with an old blue hack, drawn by two lank, slovenly bays. But the hack-horses of Florence are singed cats. Although not unlike crop-eared mules, they can hold a trot or canter all day long, without seeming much more distressed than when they started. We were hardly through the Porta al Prato before our team struck an honest, even, steady lope that soon brought us to the Villa Demidoff.

The spring is a slow one, but the violets are out, the fruit-trees in bloom, and the roses budding. There is no dust; the road, like all Tuscan roads, smooth and firm, curbed and guttered, weeded to the edge, fringed with unbroken borders of olive, mulberry, and vines. Along the wayside, and in the doorways, old women and children are braid-

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ing straw. Men and girls, in holiday attire, are flocking to the great triennial festa; some in carts, drawn by mild-eyed, dove-colored oxen; some on foot; others in jaunty spring-wagons, jerked along by plucky little ponies. The whole country is astir, with a general concentration on Prato. It must surely be something worth seeing that provokes such a deliberate crowd. Still, I asked no questions. It is so much more interesting to anticipate a spectacle vaguely than exactly. The indefinite anxiety about the form in which a dawning unknown will finally present itself is always more engrossing than mere curiosity to realize a picture distinctly foreshadowed. Yet, while speculating on what the good people of Prato could possibly make of the awful mystery they were undertaking to represent, I must confess that I felt apprehensive lest some awkward handling should affront the unutterably sacred.

At sunset we reached the fine old walls, and came to a halt just inside the gate. To drive further was impossible. The city swarmed with *contadini* from the neighborhood; with natives and *forestieri* from Florence, Pisa, Pistoia, Lucca, and even Milan; with the beautiful maidens of Segna and the dark silk-venders of Pescia. It was evident, at a glance, that the ceremony was to be a procession. The piazzas were all ready for illumination; every window along the line of march displayed at least two lamps suspended from brackets of thick iron wire; every door and balcony was thronged with still, expectant faces.

As two of our party, a young artist and a mature cosmopolitan, were bent on seeing the cathedral, we managed to reach it after toiling through the crowd. It is wonderful how many objects your disciplined sight-seer can absorb at once. He is never satisfied with less than a constellation in his field of vision. The emotional jumble that maddens a novice serves only to tranquillize his nerves. He is utterly insensible to the charm of a separately entertained idea—the undulating, widening waves of thought dispersed evenly and unbrokenly from one central point of agitation. He is, apparently, never so happy as when the surface of sensation is pelted with fresh impressions, overshowered with novelties, tremulous and titillating with myriads of clashing circlets. But, although the Duomo is partly of the twelfth century, although it is said to enshrine the Sacratissima Cintola, although its choir contains the best specimens of Fra Lippo Lippi, I was not sorry to find the doors locked. My mind was so preoccupied with the coming Passion that I scarcely cared to do more than glance at the fine balcony built by Donatello for the exposition of the treasured girdle.

We drifted about the piazza till dark, when an electrical movement and murmur of the people announced the near approach of the initial moment. Instantly a thousand ladders are up against the house-sides; swiftly and mysteriously the throng of on-lookers melts away; the bands of Pistoia and Prato unite in a minor march; the momently deserted streets are filled with radiance and music—the great triennial festa has begun. Half-past seven; a perfect night; no moon, a low breeze, and faint starlight. We are in the rear of the starting-point; the procession must traverse the whole town—two hours—before it reaches us. But we shall have the best of it then, for the close is said to be even more solemn and better ordered than the start.

The narrow sidewalks are lined

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with spectators; doors, windows, and balconies alive with faces; but there is little movement and less conversation. Although we had a room of our own, we found ourselves addressing each other in whispers. At nine o'clock the silence deepened; the low rustling in the balconies ceased; our hostess crossed herself; the glare of coming torches lights up a living lane of men bare-headed, of women mutely praying with clasped hands; and then a solitary Roman knight, with casque and spangled robe, and steed unshod, glides noiselessly into view, like an apparition. After him a band of mounted knights, clad as at Calvary, ride slowly, silently together; then a blast from twenty trumpets, in superb unison, by twenty Bersaglieri of the Guard; and then—a sight which to this day brings the tears to my eyes as I recall it—thirty gladiatorial lictors, ten abreast, stripped to the waist, bareheaded, belted, filleted—all picked men of equal height—moving with a step that spurned the ground, light but swift and stern as fate. How that wonderful step startled us! How its determined energy transported us to Jerusalem! They have sustained it for two hours without the slightest symptom of weariness. They march on as if they could keep the pace forever.

After these, in helmet and cuirass, with shield and sword and spear, come the Roman legionaries, true to tradition in gait, garb, and array.

"Watch the sway of their spears," whispered our artist friend, as the long lances flashed through the air with the even sweep of an admiral's oars.

It was worth watching: nearly as much so as the wonderful stride of the lictors. And, all the while, you could not hear a footfall, a comment, or a murmur; the procession passed like a vision through the heart of that still, torchlit, reverent multitude. But, as the dread sequel approached, I began to tremble—began to fear they might overdo it—although the marching of those drilled lictors and the swaying of those legionary spears might have reassured me. Fresh companies of knights, fresh sections of the cohort are filing forward, every man of them as earnest and absorbed as if he were climbing the hill of the Crosses Three. Not a sign or gesture of levity, distraction, or fatigue; not even a side-glance at the living walls that hemmed them in.

As the vanguard melts away, the sudden glare of many torches, the sudden chaunt of many voices, again invade the solemn stillness with music and light. Marshalled groups of ecclesiastics, each group with its separate choir, are seen advancing in endless perspective; and in the centre of each choir, between two torch-bearers, a lovely boy, with downcast eyes and rigid face, supports some symbol of the Passion. One by one, at measured intervals, the precious emblems of salvation are thus successively displayed—each with its guard of acolytes, its escort of deacons and sub-deacons, its swelling choral, its angelic boy-bearer. Those rapt, concentrated, inspired young faces! I see them now bending in meek beauty over the Scourge, the Crown, the Reed, the Cross, the Nails, the Sponge, the Spear.

And when these too have passed, there is another pause, another interval of darkness, another pulseless silence, broken as before by the tide of radiance and song. Seven white banners inscribed with the Seven Last Words are borne by with the same mournful pomp, the same separate array. Whose the music, I know not: neither Haydn's, I am sure, nor Mercadante's, I think; but quite as

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effective, for the moment, as either. We looked and listened spell-bound; an overpowering illusion held us speechless and motionless; a dread expectation weighed at our hearts like lead; we were body and soul at Calvary, as once more the torchlight died away. And in the darkness, we asked ourselves, "Will they venture farther? Will they attempt the act of sacrifice itself? Why, the city of Prato would reel like Jerusalem—her graves would open and her dead would walk!"

But Prato is too merciful for that. After an interval of profound suspense, a lofty sable catafalque, encircled by priests arrayed in stole and surplice, is borne silently along—and on it, pale and unmoving, the shrouded image of the divine Victim, with all the agony of the Passion on the white lips and crimson brow. *Consummatum est!*—But as we sat unexpectant of more, another figure emerged from the settling gloom—the life-size effigy of the Mater Dolorosa, "following with clasped hands and streaming eyes the dead form of her Son." After all that long array of *living* actors, the introduction of any effigy, however perfect, must create a disillusion. And this one is far from perfect—far more suggestive of the Prado than of Calvary. The dead on the catafalque is appropriately represented by the inanimate; but when knights, soldiers, lictors, centurions, are moving, breathing flesh and blood, its application to the equally living Mother is a violent incongruity. The action has been too intensely vitalized to assimilate a counterfeit vitality, however sacred its significance.

"But what then?" asks the genius of Prato. "Am I to forego this tribute to my dear Padrona because it shocks the sensibilities of a speculative tourist? Does not my cathedral enshrine the very girdle of the Assumption that fell to the kneeling Thomas? Can you fix a single unorthodox or unscriptural significance upon these time-honored obsequies? In the final throes of crucifixion, was not the last thought of the dying Son, the last concern of the expiring Redeemer, for his Mother? Was not 'Behold thy Mother!' the last charge of the thirsting lips? We obey the *Ecce Homo* of Pilate: dare we disobey the *Ecce Mater* of Jesus?"

Let it be discriminated, however, that in the *Ecce Mater* we are summoned to contemplate our Blessed Lady, not in her agony, but in her maternity—in her relationship rather to the future than to the present. The Evangelists are singularly careful not to distinguish any finite sorrow—not even *hers*—from the overwhelming spectacle of immolated Deity. Had the Mater Dolorosa formed *part* of the funeral tableau, had she been pictured *Dolentem* CUM *filio*, had she been stationed directly *at* the bier so as to constitute a group or Pietà—although the inconsistency of effigy remained, yet the marbles of Angelo and the canvas of Raphael would have abundantly prepared us for the sight. But at that supreme moment, to present her, *after a distinct interval*, as a *separate* spectacle, was at variance with all the examples of Christian art. The Stabat Mater does not wander an inch from the Cross; though here, with exquisite propriety, as the sorrow of the Mother is revealed, the cross she clings to is so dimmed by her tears that we catch only mournful twilight glimpses of the DULCEM *Natum*—veiled, infinite, triumphant woe, but none of the vivid, minute, specific agony of the Passion.

The sublime reticence of the Evangelists, so far from diminishing the true glory of the Handmaid of the

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Lord, is in inspired accord both with her maiden humility and maternal dignity. The fathomless processes of redemption present themselves to our limited perceptions rather as consecutive than simultaneous. The paternal, the filial, the spiritual aspect of the Holy Trinity seems each consecutively prominent in the church. As the special work of the Redeemer is consummated, the special work of the Comforter begins. The sphere of the Paraclete is as broadly defined, as lovingly respected by the Son, as the sphere of the Padre Eterno. Infinitely dear as is the bond between babe and mother, we instinctively sympathize with the mystical courtesy that reserved the full exaltation of the Bride of the Dove, like the gift of the cloven tongues of fire, for the operation of the Holy Ghost.

"Vergine sola al mondo sensa esempio,
Che'l ciel di tue bellezze innamorasti."

And the hearts of the faithful, now as at Ephesus, are jealously alive to the full significance of her paramount title, "*Mater Dei.*"

The mission of Peter, to feed the sheep, is not more emphatic than the mission of John as the child and guardian of Mary. The apostolic inheritor of the keys, and the executor of the cross who took her as his own, walk side by side through the ages, *not in the flesh, indeed, but in the spirit,* following the Lord till his coming. In this relation, the dearest disciple is as deathless as the church; under this aspect, Christian art loves to depict him; under this aspect he becomes the preferred of the Paraclete, as he has been the best beloved of Jesus—becomes the great herald of the incarnation; the prophet to whose vision the doors in heaven are opened; the bearer of the mystic challenge, "*And the* SPIRIT *and the* BRIDE *say come!*"

Salve Regina! Much as I should have preferred the chime of the Stabat Mater to any more direct suggestion, or to aught in imitative art save the very face of the San Sisto transformed by maternal sorrow, yet no man in Prato bows with deeper heartfelt reverence than I to the image of our ever honored Lady. Tuscany is not Mariolatrous enough for me. I should like it better with a Madonna presiding over every fountain and hallowing every pathway. And, in the deep hush that precedes the stir with which Prato struggles back to herself, the *soul's* conception of the *Juxta crucem lacrymosa* takes the place of the vanishing effigy, and, aided by the inspired seers of art, constructs some tenderer semblance of the blessed countenance.

"—— ch' a Christo
Piu s' assomiglia."

There was but little conversation as we drove back in the midnight. And when at last, in the starry distance, arose the mighty cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore, I caught myself searching among the towers of Florence for the lonely spire of Santo Spirito.

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GALILEO-GALILEI,* THE FLORENTINE ASTRONOMER.

1564–1642.

"EVEN so great a man as Bacon rejected the theory of Galileo with scorn. . . . Bacon had not all the means of arriving at a sound conclusion which are within our reach; and which secure people who would not have been worthy to mend his pens from falling into his mistakes."—MACAULAY.

VERY few years of life now remain to the Galileo story as heretofore accepted. It has received more than one mortal wound, and, writhing in pain, must soon "die among its worshippers." And yet some of them still battle for its truth. For these, too, the end approaches. We therefore hasten to glean the field and gather in our harvest of historic leaves, while yet the controversial sun shines with fading warmth. We wish at once to present the Galileo story as truly told; for soon there will be nothing left of it to discuss, and the moving drama of

"The starry Galileo, with his woes,"

will cease to be played to crowded and delighted anti-Catholic audiences. A flood of historic daylight has been gradually let in behind the scenes, and our pensive public now begin plainly to discern the bungling framework, the coarse canvas, and the roughly-daubed paint, that, in a light shed by a blaze of religious bigotry, seemed the brilliancy of science and the beauty of truth.

The "persecution," the "torture," the "*e pur si muove*," the "shirt of penance," and all the other properties, scenery, dresses, and decorations, constituting the "*mise en scène*" of the wretched play that so long has had a sort of historic *Black Crook* run, are now about to be swept away with other old rubbish, and the curtain will fall never again to rise.

The Galileo controversy is of comparatively recent date in our literature. In the year 1838 a well-known article in the *The Dublin Review* gave the best statement of the case which, up to that period, had ever been presented to English readers. It was in this country generally attributed to Cardinal Wiseman, but was in fact written by the Rev. Peter Cooper. Republished in 1844 at Cincinnati, with a timely preface, it has been largely circulated among the Catholic reading public throughout the United States. Since the dates mentioned, however, there are many valuable accessions to our knowledge on this interesting subject; and, not to mention others, the publications of Marini, Alberi, and Biot have cleared up several important points heretofore in doubt, and placed some disputed facts in an entirely new light.

* *Galileo—The Roman Inquisition.* Cincinnati. 1844.
Galileo e l'Inquisizione. Marino-Marini. Roma. 1850.
Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie. Par Libri. Paris. 1838.
Notes on the Ante-Galilean Copernicans. Prof. De Morgan. London. 1855.
Opere di Galileo-Galilei. Alberi. Firenze. 1842–1856. 16 vols. imp. 8vo.
Galileo-Galilei, sa Vie, son Procès et ses Contemporains. Par Philarète Chasles. Paris. 1862.
Galileo and the Inquisition. By R. Madden. London. 1863.
Galilée, sa Vie, ses Découvertes et ses Travaux. Par le Dr. Max Parchappe. Paris. 1866.
Galilée. Tragédie de M. Ponsard. Paris. 1866.
La Condamnation de Galilée. Par M. l'Abbé Bouix. Arras. 1866.
Articles on Galileo, in Dublin Review. 1839–1865.
Articles on Galileo, in Revue des Deux Mondes. 1841–1864.
Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires. Par J. B. Biot. 3 vols. Paris. 1858.
Galilée, les Droits de la Science et la Méthode des Sciences Physiques. Par Thomas Henri Martin. Paris. 1868.

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The occasion of *The Dublin Review* article was the appearance of Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences*, and Powell's *History of Philosophy*. Its republication in Cincinnati, accompanied by an American introduction, was provoked by some remarkable statements made concerning Galileo by John Quincy Adams, in a discourse delivered before the Astronomical Society of that city. In like manner, the controversy was lately brought to the surface in France by the production of M. Ponsard's five-act drama (*Galilée*) at the Théâtre Français. Before it is put upon the stage, the play is objected to by official censorship, on the ground of historical misrepresentation. M. Ponsard justifies, censure responds. M. Ponsard's friends, the *Avenir National* and a compact phalanx of ardent young *feuilletonistes*, spring to the rescue; pamphlets fly from the press as thick as autumn leaves, and the whole controversy is once again put in agitation.

Generally speaking, English and American boys emerge from their school or college reading with an idea, more or less vague, that the moment Galileo announced the doctrine of the earth's rotation he was seized upon by the Inquisition, cast into prison, tortured in various ways until all his bones were broken; that he pretended to recant, but, with broken bones aforesaid, stood up erect, stamped his foot, and thundered out, "*e pur si muove*"—and yet, it moves. We believe this is no exaggeration of the main features of the version that in an undefined and misty form still holds possession of the public mind; and the distinguished Biot appears to recognize this fact in the title of his memoir (1858) on the subject, *La Vérité sur Galilée*—The truth at last—or, in other words, we have had enough of fiction.

And no wonder; for, up to within comparatively few years, the story has been systematically obscured by thick shades of fable and falsehood. Falsehood as gross as that of Montucla, that the astronomer's eyes were put out; or of Bernini, that he was imprisoned for five years. Falsehood as flippant as that of Moreri, (*Grand Dictionnaire Biographique*,) that Galileo was "kept in prison five or six years," prefacing his statement with "*je sais bien*." Fables as transparent as that of Pontecoulant, who says Galileo was a martyr, leaving you free to imagine the astronomer beheaded or burned, at your choice.

As liberal a quarterly as the *Westminster* says of Galileo: "For the remainder of his life he was subjected to the persecution of the Inquisition." Even the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* tells us that "at the end of a year the Grand Duke had the influence to procure his release from prison;" and Sir Benjamin Brodie informs us, in his *Psychological Inquiries*, that "the Inquisition of Rome subjected Galileo to the torture because he asserted that the earth moved round the sun, and not the sun round the earth." But for a specimen of the most daring intrepidity of statement on this topic, see an article by Libri in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1841; and for one out of a thousand silly rhetorical flourishes, see *Introduction à l'Etude Philosophique de l'Histoire de l'Humanité*, par Altmeyer, (p. 95,) "Galilée fut forcé par un clergé retrograde de demander pardon à Dieu d'avoir révelé aux hommes les éternelles et ravissantes harmonies par lesquelles il régit l'univers."

Summing up this peculiar phase of historical treatment, there is left from it a general impression that Galileo was persecuted, imprisoned, maltreat-

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ed, and tortured, wholly and solely by reason of his scientific belief; that he pretended to abjure, but said "*e pur si muove*," and did not abjure.

The Ponsard controversy in France, which had hardly died out at the latest advices, produced many assertions, strong expression of weak theories, loose statement, some fine writing, pleasing amenities, such as "exagération," "inexactitude de transcription," "menteurs," "mensonge complet," and very little historical proof.

Throughout the entire range of the discussion one capital feature appears, as usual, to be left totally out of sight. We mean

THE CONDITION OF THE SCIENTIFIC QUESTION.

The theory of the earth's motion, A.D. 1868, is demonstrated. There is no one to question it—unless, indeed, we except Pastor Knaack, an orthodox Lutheran, or, at any rate, Protestant preacher, in Berlin, who lately had an exciting controversy with Pastor Liscow, in which he maintains that the accounts given of the creation of the world in the first chapters of Genesis are literally true; that the earth does not move, etc., etc. And most persons nowadays, taking it for granted that Galileo had demonstrated the truth of his system, appear to be satisfied that the tribunal by which he was judged must have been perversely blind and disgracefully ignorant in refusing assent to a proposition so evident. Even in many books that treat this discussion with comparative thoroughness, the true condition of the scientific question in Galileo's day is passed over in silence, or presented with startling incorrectness. Thus any one might read Dr. Parchappe's pretentious work carefully through, and never suspect that Galileo had not triumphantly demonstrated the system.

For another, out of many examples, listen to M. Philarète Chasles: "Galileo accomplished the noblest conquest of modern science after that of Newton. *He determined the problem of the movement of the earth*, and thus became culpable of three crimes—against society, the *savants*, and the power of his time." So intent is M. Chasles on his antithetical three crimes, that he loses sight of the fact that this assertion prostrates the whole *échafaudage* of his defence of Rome—for, ultra-liberal though he be, his book is written with unusual fairness of intention. If Galileo did what M. Chasles thus claims for him—namely, determine the problem of the movement of the earth—*there is no excuse for Rome!* But a candid examination of the condition of astronomical science at that period, and of the extent of Galileo's acquisitions, will show that not only was

THE SYSTEM NOT DEMONSTRATED BY GALILEO,

but that, with the entire fund of astronomical and physical knowledge in existence in his day, it was not then susceptible of demonstration by him or by any one else.

This examination we now proceed to make. And we set out with the proposition that Galileo, with all the aid of the eighty years of confirmation that grew with the theory of Copernicus, with the light of his own remarkable discoveries, with his brilliant genius and intimate conviction of the truth of his theory, was yet not only powerless to prove it, but was so far wide of demonstration that he assigned as evidence in its support rea-

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[illegible] erroneous and [illegible]

[illegible] it is no deroga- [illegible] magnificent talent to [illegible] was not given to any single [illegible] men below to solve a pro- [illegible] It was not possi- [illegible] to concentrate the [illegible] of centuries within the [illegible] one short life, to master all [illegible] of all the sciences that [illegible] to storm the firmament [illegible] the stars. No! only [illegible] genius and ceaseless toil [illegible] illustrious men of science of [illegible] Christendom barely succeeded in accomplishing the demonstration of which we speak, nearly two centuries after the grave had closed over Galileo and his judges.

It would require a volume to do the entire subject the merest justice; for, in addition to the examination proposed, it is absolutely necessary, if only for the sake of chronological clearness, to present at least a sketch of Galileo's career, the main events of his personal and scientific life, and a statement of the difficulties that brought on his trial. This we will endeavor to do.

BIOGRAPHY.

Born at Pisa, February 28th, 1564, Galileo-Galilei was, at the age of twenty-six, noticed by the Cardinal Del Monte, and on his recommendation installed lecturer on mathematics in his native city. At this period the doctrines of Aristotle reigned in the schools, although Leonardo da Vinci, Nizzoli, Benedetti, and others, had, by many valuable experiments, already shaken the authority of the Stagyrite on matters of science. The young Pisan followed diligently in their path, and, with the favoring locality of the Leaning Tower, demonstrated the incorrectness of the accepted axiom that the velocity of falling bodies is proportionate to their weight. He was also the first to whom the mechanical principle, since denominated that of the *virtual* velocities, had occurred in its full extent; and in pure geometry there is no doubt that, at a later period, he anticipated Cavalcanti in the discovery of the calculus of the indivisibles.

Unfortunately, his indiscreet zeal had only words of harshness and rebuke for those who hesitated to accept his demonstrations, and his sarcasms rapidly begot alienation and ill-will. For a prejudice respectable by age he could make no allowance, and with the blindness that in a blaze of light is unable to command vision he had no patience. Galileo was, however, still young, and not yet, if ever in his life, wise enough to reflect, with another great astronomer, that men are not necessarily obstinate because they cleave to rooted and venerable errors, nor are they absolutely dull when they are long in understanding and slow in embracing newly discovered truths.

The young lecturer made so many enemies at Pisa that he was glad to leave it and accept the chair of mathematics at Padua.

THE TELESCOPE.

Here he invented, or rather improved, the telescope. Galileo expressly states in his *Nuncius Siderius* (March, 1610) that he had heard that a certain Hollander constructed *(elaboratum)* a glass, *(perspicillum,)* by means of which distant objects were made to appear near. Whether this unknown optician was Zachary Jansen, Mœtius of Alkmar, or Henry Lippersheim of Middleburg, it seems impossible to determine.

Indeed, it seems strange that the idea of the telescope had not long

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before been put to practical use. Passing over the "perspective glasses" of the English astronomer Dee, or modifications of the suggestion in the *Pantometria* of Digges in 1571, we find that the idea of bringing nearer the image of distant objects by means of a combination of lenses is to be traced almost clearly to a very remote period. Baptist Porta, in his *Magica Naturalis*, published in 1589, speaks of crystal lenses by which he could read a letter at twenty paces, and was confident of being able, by multiplying such lenses, to decipher the smallest letters at a hundred paces. Going further back, we read in the *Homocentrica* of Fracastorius, who died in the year 1553, of glasses through whose aid we can decipher writing at a great distance; and yet further, Roger Bacon, who died A.D. 1300, speaks of glasses by which very small letters could be read at an incredible distance.

Galileo's first telescope had only a power of three, his second magnified eight times, his third thirty-three,* and was soon succeeded by a better one made on a suggestion of Kepler, who wrote to Galileo: "There is as much difference between the dissertations of Ptolemy on the Antipodes and the discovery of a new world by Columbus as between the bilenticular tubes which are everywhere hawked about and thine instrument, Galileo, wherewith thou hast penetrated the depths of the skies."

These embryo telescopes were from twenty to thirty inches in length. Now, from a mere portable toy which Galileo held in his hand, this instrument has become an immense construction capable of supporting the astronomer himself, and which complicated and powerful machinery is requisite to move.

It is a remarkable fact that, as late as 1637, no glasses could be produced in Holland, the cradle of the telescope, capable of showing the satellites of Jupiter, which, in our day, can be discerned with a good field or opera-glass.

With his baby-telescope, then, in 1610, Galileo discovered the irregularities or mountains of the moon, forty stars in the Pleiades, and the satellites of Jupiter. These discoveries were announced in a work bearing the appropriate title, *The Herald of the Skies, (Nuncius Sidereus;)* and it would be difficult to describe the profound sensation this publication created. Kepler, in a letter to Galileo, describes his impressions on hearing of the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter in the following graphic manner: "Wachenfels stopped his carriage at my door to tell me, when such a fit of wonder seized me at a report which seemed so absurd that, between his joy, my coloring, and the laughter of both, confounded as we were by such a novelty, we were hardly capable, he of speaking, or I of listening."

GALILEO GOES TO ROME.

Galileo visited Rome for the first time in 1611. His fame had preceded him, and his stay there was one long ovation. Attentions beset him and honors were heaped upon him. "Whether we consider cardinal, priest, or prelate," says Salsbury, "he found an honorable welcome from all, and had their palaces as open to him as the houses of his private friends." His reception was indeed, as was beautifully remarked, "as

* The largest telescopes we now have are at Cincinnati, 204 focal feet; Greenwich, (England,) 210; Cambridge, (Mass.,) 270; Pultowa, (Russia,) 289; E. Cooper, (private observatory, Ireland,) 302. Auzont (Paris) is said to have made one of 600 focal feet, but it was found to be unmanageable.

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though one of his own starry wonders had dropped from the sky."

He erected his best telescope in the garden of Cardinal Bandini, and for weeks all classes, priest and layman, noble and plebeian, flocked to see the wonders for the first time given to human gaze.

In 1611 and 1612, he had a protracted controversy, and wrote treatises on the question whether "the shape of bodies has any influence on their disposition to float or sink in a fluid," and displayed much acute reasoning in support of the true principles of hydrostatics.

HIS SUCCESS.

Galileo had now obtained wealth, reputation, station, and high honors. His pupils were received as professors. His disciples and correspondents were philosophers, princes, and prelates. Opposition was for him but a bridge to triumph, and even his scientific errors were not noticed to his detriment. Not his the fate of Kepler and Tycho Brahe, compelled to seek in exile the hospitality of an opposing faith. Not his the cases of the discouraged Fulton, scorned at up to the instant that demonstration silenced cavil. Not his the labors of sad and silent sages, destined only to see the light when the hand that traced them was cold in the tomb. Not his the constant struggle with years of poverty, of hope deferred, in spite of which Columbus found a new world, not, like Galileo's, visible in the vault of heaven, but unseen, unknown, beyond the trackless wave.

He wrote and spoke *ex cathedra*, and, whether with or without proofs, in a tone of overbearing confidence. When argument failed to enlighten the judgment of his adversaries, says Lardner, "and reason to dispel their prejudices, he wielded against them his powerful weapons of ridicule and sarcasm." His progress was a triumphant march. Sovereigns received his dedications, and learned academies sought a reflection of his fame in sending forth his works with all the illustration of their high authority. The path to the full establishment of the Copernican system was open and broad before him; but the pride of the man* was stronger than the modest science of the philosopher, and he made it rugged and difficult by obstacles of his own erection. He strove not for truth, but victory.

THE COPERNICAN THEORY

was, so to speak, born, cradled, nurtured and developed in the Church and under the very shadow of St. Peter's.

Nicholas Copernicus was a priest, acquired his scientific education at Bologna, was shortly afterward appointed to a professorship in Rome, where he lectured many years, and announced and discussed his theory of the solar system long before it was published. The printing of his great work was long urged in vain by Cardinal Scomberg, who sent money to defray the expense. The Bishop of Culm superintended its publication, and Copernicus dedicated it to the Head of the Church, Pope Paul III., on the express ground "that the authority of the pontiff might silence the calumnies of those who attacked these opinions by arguments drawn from Scripture." It was well understood that the authority of the pontiff might be relied on; for in 1533, ten years before the publication of *De Revolutionibus* by Copernicus,

* Like Cicero, Galileo was "*avidior gloriæ quam satis est*," a phrase used by himself when on his defence.

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John Albert Widmanstadt, just arrived in Rome from Germany, was invited by Pope Clement VII. to give in his presence at the Vatican an explanation of the Copernican system. Widmanstadt accordingly delivered a lecture on the subject in the garden of the Vatican; and his holiness, in token of his high gratification, presented the distinguished German a valuable Greek manuscript, (long preserved at Monaco, and now belonging to the royal library at Munich,) on the fly-leaf of which is recorded, by Widmanstadt, the gift and the incident connected with it.

From that time (1533) to 1610, a period of seventy-seven years, the Copernican theory was widely discussed and written upon throughout Europe. Lectures were delivered and books published in Italy, Germany, France, and Spain, without let or hindrance, in which the new system was thoroughly debated and, to a great extent, controverted — controverted, too, far more bitterly by astronomers than theologians. It was, moreover, discussed amongst all classes of men. So much so, indeed, that it was publicly satirized in a farce put upon the stage at Elbing. So great, however, was the personal popularity of Copernicus that the piece was hissed.

Intentionally or not, the impression has been strongly made on the English and American Protestant mind that before Galileo the new system scarcely existed, and that he was the first to announce it to the astonished and benighted priests and cardinals at Rome. In like manner a certain amount of literary industry appears to have been used to pass over in comparative silence the merit of Copernicus and his fellow-priests —simply because they were priests.*

Much of this reprehensible effort is chargeable to English literature, and even Hallam, fair and honorable usually, is not free from the reproach of an apparent fear of stating boldly that Copernicus was a Catholic priest.

As remarked, more than three quarters of a century—that is to say, from the period of the Widmanstadt lecture to the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter—the new theory as propounded by Copernicus was publicly taught or discussed by numbers of the first scholars and men of science in Europe.

Among them were Erasmus, Reinhold, and George Joachim Rheticus; personal friends and survivors of Copernicus.

Francis Patricius, the distinguished Platonist, who from 1592 to 1597 taught the diurnal motion of the earth at Rome under the patronage of the pope. In connection with the name of Patricius it is interesting to note the fact that the most careful biographers of Galileo have been unable to fix the precise time when he abandoned the Ptolemaic system for that of Copernicus. True, M. Libri, (in his *Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie*,) with his usual readiness undertakes to inform us, by stating that "*Dès sa première jeunesse Galilée avait adopté le système de Copernic*," which statement, in a question of dates, we find eminently

* In the interest of truth and historical accuracy, it is highly gratifying to be able to point out a signal and honorable exception in the following passage, which we read in the *National Quarterly Review*, a Protestant periodical published in this city: "Thus we are bound to admit, as beyond all dispute, that not only was the system of the universe now universally received founded by a priest of the church which is said to be an enemy to science, but that it was a bishop and cardinal of the same church who, above all others, took most pains to have the system promulgated to the world. It was, in fact, they who paid all the expenses of printing the work, and finally, it was to the head of the church the book was dedicated; nor was it dedicated to the pope without his having given full permission, and it is further proved that Paul III. had not given the permission until he had made himself acquainted with the character of the work."—*National Quarterly Review*, October, 1868, p. 219.

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[illegible] whom all pos- [illegible] celebrate and [illegible] Ptolemy. We [illegible] again.

[illegible] Kepler, we might [illegible] Mæstlin, Vieta, [illegible] who wrote or lec- [illegible] of the theory of [illegible] to the year 1610. [illegible] now reach a period [illegible] of this same Coper- [illegible] home in Italy, was [illegible] to what are called [illegible] Inquisition!

[illegible] THE CHANGE?

[illegible] about? Were there [illegible] controversy other [illegible] And was it, or not, [illegible] that the question [illegible] the safe repose of [illegible] in which it had [illegible] more than four- [illegible]

[illegible] TO ROME.

[illegible] was denounced [illegible] Lorini for having [illegible] to Castelli, the [illegible] theories with the [illegible] produced a copy [illegible] of his charge. [illegible] the original, [illegible] could not pro- [illegible] one in Rome [illegible] Galileo's de- [illegible] *non-suited*, [illegible] Mean- [illegible] Cardinal [illegible] Pope Urban [illegible] the advice [illegible] limits of [illegible] but confine himself to such [illegible] as Ptole- my and [illegible] because, declaring the [illegible] of Scripture the theologians [illegible] their par- ticular province." This advice, to-

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gether with the opinion of the eminent Bellarmine, shows precisely the condition of opinion and feeling in Rome at the period in question.

Galileo did not leave Rome after the inquiry of 1615, and then writes to Picchena Feb. 16th, 1616: "My affair has been brought to a close, so far as I am individually concerned; the result has been signified to me by all their eminences the cardinals, who manage these affairs in the most liberal and kind manner, with the assurance that they had felt, as it were with their own hands, no less my own candor and sincerity, than the diabolical malignity and iniquitous purposes of my persecutors. So that, so far as I am concerned, I might return home at any moment."

But he did not choose to return, and remained in order to obtain a decision that should declare his scientific opinion in accordance with Scripture. His friend Cardinal Orsini entered warmly into his views, and after having failed in having the question taken up by the cardinals, had the imprudence to force it *(arreptâ potius quam captâ occasione)* upon the attention of the pope and the cardinals while in deliberation upon matters of weighty concern in one of their largest meetings. On a second interruption the pope, naturally impatient, declared he would send the matter before the Inquisition. He kept his word, and eleven consultative theologians had orders from him to report, which they did, February 24th, 1616. By virtue of an order, said to have been written by the pope himself upon this report, and notified on the 25th February, to the Commissary of the Holy Office by Cardinal Mellini, Galileo was summoned the next day to the palace of the Inquisition, where he was brought before Cardinal Bellarmine. The decree was not one of utter condemnation, but a declaration that the system appeared to be contrary to the sacred Scripture. Galileo was enjoined by the decree to abandon the opinion of terrestrial motion, and neither to teach nor treat of it. Nor was this a discrimination against Galileo merely because he was a layman. A few days afterward the congregation condemned the work of Foscarini, a Carmelite friar and professor of philosophy, who published a letter defending the systems of Copernicus and Galileo. It is important here to remark that the decree of 26th February, 1616, forbidding Galileo to teach the doctrine of the immobility of the *sun* was scientifically correct, even tried by our modern scientific standard. "Ut supradictam opinionem quod sol sit centrum mundi et immobilis . . . omnino relinquat, nec eam de cetero quovis modo teneat, doceat, aut defendat." Will any man of modern science undertake to say that Galileo was right in denying the rotation of the sun? Nevertheless, Galileo writes to Picchena: "The result has not been favorable to my enemies, the doctrine of Copernicus not having been declared *heretical*, but only as not consonant with sacred Scripture; whence, the whole prohibition is of those works in which that consonance was maintained."

Meantime these proceedings, imperfectly known abroad, doubtless gave rise to reports which the "diabolical malignity" of Galileo's enemies (as he styled it) did not fail to exaggerate. Hence, the certificate which he procured shortly after from Cardinal Bellarmine. The enemies Galileo speaks of were at first not in Rome but in Tuscany, as Libri, in his *Histoire des Sciences*, (p. 231,) is at some pains to explain. The sermon of Caccini, who took for his text Josue x. 12, "Move not, O

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sun, toward Gabaon; nor thou, O moon, toward the valley of Ajalon," quoting from the Acts of the Apostles, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand you here looking up to heaven?"—was preached in Florence, and the friar-preacher was called to severe account for it by his superior at Rome, the general of the Dominicans. Here is the estimate in which Caccini's performance was held at the time in Rome: "All to whom I have spoken," writes an eminent ecclesiastic, Castelli, "think it great impertinence in preachers to mount their pulpits to treat of such high, professor-like matters, *(materie di cattedra e tanto elevate.)* before women and people where there are so few to understand them." And really Castelli's sentiment is not without its salt, even when we transfer it from the 17th to the 10th century. Cardinal Bellarmine's opinion as to Galileo appears in an extract from a letter of Ciampoli, March 21st, 1615, who states the conclusion of a long conversation between Cardinal del Monte and Cardinal Bellarmine on the subject of the new opinions to be as follows: "*For confining himself to the system* AND ITS DEMONSTRATION, without interfering with the Scriptures, the interpretation of which they wish to have confined to theological professors approved and authorized for the purpose, Galileo would be secure against any contradiction; but that otherwise explanations of Scripture, however ingenious, will be admitted with difficulty when they depart from the common opinion of the fathers."

The sensation and consequent discussion resulting from Galileo's discoveries had induced Bellarmine to submit them to four of the most scientific fathers of his order (Jesuits) for their opinion. One of these fathers was the renowned Clavius. Their answer is published in *Venturi*, part 1, p. 167, and shows that they approved the discoveries. As to Cardinal Bellarmine himself, it would take us too far out of our way to show from overwhelming testimony that he never questioned the *truth* of Galileo's doctrine, but only his imprudent manner of propounding it. His position, in his own words, was this, and his words are full of wisdom: "*When a demonstration shall be found* to establish the earth's motion, it will be proper to interpret the sacred Scriptures otherwise than they have been hitherto in those passages where mention is made of the stability of the earth and movements of the heavens." So ended the first judicial inquiry, and these two great men, Cardinals Barberini and Bellarmine, thus appear to have providentially left on record a sufficient answer to modern misrepresentation, while showing themselves to be the true friends of science. "Prove your system"—"Demonstrate it," they substantially say to Galileo—"and give yourself no concern about the Scriptures!—the theologians will take care of them." Indeed, the sentiments of these cardinals of the 17th seem to anticipate the language of the Holy Father in the 19th century. "This most tender mother, the Catholic Church, recognizes and justly proclaims," says Pius IX. as cited by Father Hecker in his *Aspirations of Nature*, "that among the gifts of Heaven the most distinguished is that of reason, by means of which we raise ourselves above the senses, and present in ourselves a certain image of God. Certainly, the church does not condemn the labors of those who wish to know the truth, since God has placed in human nature the desire of laying hold of the true; nor does she con-

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demn the effort of sound and right reason, by which the mind or cultivated nature is searched and her more hidden secrets brought to light." (Pius IX.'s letter to the bishops of Austria.) The Holy Father, in his various encyclicals, has repeatedly given eloquent expression to the necessity and true use of reason and of science; and these are the worldly arms whose skilful use by our priests and missionaries will most avail where worldly arms are needed to carry the outposts of intrenched positions in which there are conversions to make or souls to be saved.

On the termination of the inquiry of 1616, Galileo had an audience with Pope Paul V., who received him very graciously and gave him every assurance of good-will and friendship, his Holiness assuring him in parting that the Congregation were no longer in a humor to listen lightly to calumnies against him, and that so long as he occupied the papal chair Galileo might consider himself safe. In his introduction to the Dialogue, (1630,) Galileo thus speaks of this visit: "Mi trovai allora presente in Roma; ebbi non solo udienze ma ancora applausi dei piu eminenti Prelati di quella Corte."

Here is the certificate referred to, which was given to Galileo by Cardinal Bellarmine:

"We, Robert Bellarmine, having learned that the Signor Galileo-Galilei has been subjected to false imputations, and that he has been reproached with having made before us abjuration of his errors, and that by our order certain penances were imposed upon him, declare conformably with truth that the said Galileo, neither before us nor before any other person whomsoever in Rome, nor in any other place that we are aware of, made any sort of retraction in relation to any of his opinions or of his ideas, that no punishment or penance was inflicted on him; but that a communication was made to him of a declaration of his Holiness, our sovereign, which declaration was promulgated by the Sacred Congregation of the Index, from the tenor of which it results, that 'the doctrine attributed to Copernicus as to the pretended movement of the earth round the sun, and as to the place which the sun occupies in the centre of the world without moving from its rising to its setting, is opposed to the Holy Scriptures, and consequently may not be defended or held.'

"In faith of which we have written and signed the present the 26th of May, 1616, as here below. (Signed)

"ROBERT CARDINAL BELLARMINE."

The expression "Holy Scriptures," gives the key to the whole difficulty. The Congregation, in the first place, discriminated properly in refusing to recognize as a demonstrated proposition that which as yet was and only could be hypothesis.

We have seen that it was the unyielding obstinacy of Galileo in continuing to make it a theological or scriptural question that created all the trouble; and if any one doubts it, he may be corrected, as was Mr. Drinkwater, by an authority which will hardly be questioned:

"Mr. Drinkwater seems to be mistaken in supposing that Galileo did not endeavor to prove his system compatible with Scripture. In a letter to Christina, Grand-Duchess of Tuscany, the author (Brenna) of the life in Fabbroni's work tells us that he argued very elaborately for that purpose. It seems, in fact, to have been his over desire to prove his theory orthodox, which incensed the church against it." (Hallam, *Hist. Lit. Europe*, vol. iv. p. 171.)

In vain Bellarmine cautioned him, "It was essential that he should *confine himself within his mathematical studies*, if he wished to secure tranquillity for his labors." In vain Cardinal Matteo Barberini gave him the same advice. Still Galileo persisted, although from 1616 to 1632 he was not in the slightest degree interfered with, and during all that time never ceased receiving distinguished marks of honor and esteem from pope and cardinals.

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...a moment to see what ... reputation and reputation, at ... field of astronomical research ... direction of the new doctrines, ... estimate in which they were ...

ASTRONOMY IN ROME.

The ... was filled with the ... and adherents of Ga... and his system. The Pope; ... secretary; Cas... ; Cæsarini, the ... and the most dis... among the cardinals, were ... the Copernican ... The distinguished Jesuit ... of Cupis was delivering ... in the Roman College in ... Copernicanism. At the ... another Jesuit gave similar ... Yet another, the distin... Scheiner, advanced the sys... with observations and discove... was the first as... observed and explain... the elliptic form ... the sun takes in approaching ... The celebrated work ... friar Foscarini, at ... was published for Roman cir... and nobly argued not only ... hypothesis in all its ... but its consistency with ... But more than and be... the chair of astronomy ... university of Bologna ... death of Magini in ... tendered to Kepler; thus ... teaching of heretical as... a Protestant heretic, who ... not the most active yet the ... advocate of Copernicanism!

Indeed, it may be remarked, since Kepler's name is mentioned, that astronomers were far better off in Catholic Italy than in Protestant Germany; for while Galileo was teaching in

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peace and honor from his professor's chair at Padua, Kepler and Tycho Brahe met for the first time at Prague. Protestant exiles from Protestant lands, they found in the munificent protection of Rudolph safe asylum and an appreciation of their scientific merits denied them at home.

TYCHO BRAHE.

Hostility was excited against Brahe at the court of Denmark, and, on the ground of an exhausted treasury and the *inutility* of his studies, he was degraded from his office, deprived of his canonry, his pension, and his Norwegian estate, and both his wife and family obliged to seek shelter in a foreign land. His injuries and sufferings preyed upon his mind, and he survived only two years the shameful treatment he had received at the hands of his Lutheran countrymen. Lalande, in referring to the persecution of Tycho Brahe, holds up the Minister Walchendorf to execration and infamy.

KEPLER

was forced to leave home, to accept a professorship at the Catholic University of Gratz. Why? Wolfgang Menzel informs us, (*Geschichte der Deutschen*, vol. ii. p. 645:) "The theologians of Tübingen condemned his discovery, because the Bible teaches that the sun revolves about the earth, and not the earth about the sun. He was about to suppress his book, when an asylum was opened at Gratz. The Jesuits, who better knew how to prize his scientific talent, retained him, although he openly avowed his Lutheranism. It was only at home that he suffered persecution, and it was with difficulty that he succeeded in saving his own mother from being burnt alive as a witch."*

If we may be permitted such homely phrase, English literature "draws it very mild" when obliged to refer to the shameful treatment of Kepler and Tycho Brahe. Their persecutors were the Protestant theologians of Tübingen, and the Lutheran ministers of the Danish court. Consequently, these barbarous transactions are always delicately alluded to when not suppressed, and are but little known. If these preachers had been Roman priests and cardinals—ah! then indeed! As astronomer, Kepler's first task was to draw up the Styrian Calendar for 1594. This only served to add fuel to the flames of the wrath of the Würtemberg divines, inasmuch as Kepler used the Gregorian calendar. Having no antipathy to popes as such, he was willing to take the good and the useful without asking whence it came, and gladly used the better measure of time.

The Academic Senate straightway addressed Duke Louis in protest against the introduction of the detested papal calendar; and their memorial is so eminently characteristic and comical that we cannot deny our readers the enjoyment of its perusal. Here it is:

"A Christian, sensible, and good-hearted governor knows that in reformations of this kind he should take counsel of the ministers of the church. As long as the kings of Judah followed the counsel of the prophets and other highly enlightened ministers of the church, they ruled laudably and well—pleasing unto God. It is only when the temporal power is in a member of the true church of God that it has authority, with the counsel of the ministers of the church, to change the outward ceremonies of the church.

"As the emperor holds the pope to be the vicar of Christ on earth, it is not to be wondered at that he has introduced his calendar

* For other remarkable features of this persecution, see *Johann Kepler's Leben und Werken, von G. L. C. Freiherrn von Breitschwert.*

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URBAN VIII. (BARBERINI.)

In August, 1623, Cardinal Barberini was elected pope. His promotion was hailed by scientific men with enthusiasm. He had proved himself the friend of Galileo, and on his accession addressed a letter to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, felicitating him on the glory redounding to Etruria by reason of the genius and discoveries of Galileo.

Meantime, in 1618, Galileo had published his *Theory of the Tides*, chiefly noted for its hostile tone of sarcasm, and its scientific incorrectness. He had also been deeply occupied with his method of finding the longitude at sea, and imagined he had succeeded. He was, however, mistaken. His method was a failure.

GALILEO'S THIRD VISIT TO ROME

was made in the spring of 1624. He was again enthusiastically received, and admitted to six long and gratifying audiences with Urban, whose kindness was most marked. Galileo returned home laden with presents, besides a pension from Urban of one hundred crowns yearly, and another of sixty pounds for his son Vincenzo.

"Thus," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "did the Roman pontiff propitiate the excited spirit of the philosopher, and declare before the Christian world that he was neither the enemy of Galileo nor of science."

And now, honored with all these marks of esteem, confidence, and favor; with the fullest license to prosecute his researches and publish his discoveries, provided only that he abstained from any theological complication by dragging the Scriptures into the discussion, how did Galileo act?

But before answering the question, let us pause a moment to see what was the condition and reputation, at Rome itself, of astronomical research in the direction of the new doctrines, and the estimate in which they were held.

ASTRONOMY IN ROME.

The papal court was filled with the personal friends and adherents of Galileo and his system. The Pope; Ciampoli, his private secretary; Castelli, his mathematician; Cæsarini, the Grand Chamberlain, and the most distinguished among the cardinals, were known to entertain the Copernican doctrine. The distinguished Jesuit Torquato de Cuppis was delivering lectures in the Roman College in support of Copernicanism. At the Sapienza another Jesuit gave similar lectures. Yet another, the distinguished Scheiner, advanced the system with observations and discoveries, and, says Bailli, was the first astronomer who observed and explained (*Sol ellipticus*) the elliptic form which the sun takes in approaching the horizon. The celebrated work of the Carmelite friar Foscarini, at Naples, was published for Roman circulation, and boldly argued not only the Copernican hypothesis in all its fulness, but its consistency with Scripture. But more than and beyond all this, the chair of astronomy in the pope's own university of Bologna, vacant by the death of Magini in 1616, was tendered to Kepler; thus offering the teaching of heretical astronomy to a Protestant heretic, who was if not the most active yet the most efficient advocate of Copernicanism!

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into his hereditary dominions, and sent it to the estates of the Roman empire. Julius Cæsar had not members of his empire who were lords and rulers themselves like the estates of the present Roman empire. The imperial majesty understands itself, and, in its letter to the estates, merely gives them to understand that this accommodating themselves to his word will give the highest satisfaction.

"But the new calendar has manifestly been devised for the furtherance of the idolatrous popish system, and we justly hold the pope to be a cruel, devouring, bear-wolf. If we adopt his calendar, we must go into the church when he rings for us. Shall we have fellowship with Antichrist? And what concord is there between Christ and Belial?

"Should he succeed through the imperial authority in fastening his calendar about our neck, he would bring the cord in such a way about our horns that we could no longer defend ourselves against his tyranny in the church of God.

"The pope hereby grasps at the electoral hats of the princes of the empire. If the new calendar be not generally adopted, the world will not go to ruin on that account. Summer will not come sooner or later if the vernal equinox should be set a few days further back or forward in the calendar; no peasant will be so simple as, on account of the calendar, to send out his reapers at Whitsuntide, or the gatherers into his vineyard at St. James' day. These are merely the pretexts of the people who stroke the foxtail of the pope and would not be thought to do so. Satan is driven out of the Christian church. We will not let him slip in again through his representative the pope."

And since we speak of Kepler, it may here be remarked that the appreciation in which Galileo and Kepler are held in general historical literature is far from according with the estimate of scientific men. It is assumed that Galileo was persecuted, and that the church was his persecutor. Elevated on the pedestal of his trial at Rome, the man of science is lost in the martyr, and the Tuscan philosopher appears in bold relief on the page of history, while Kepler, the greater astronomer, remains invisible. It is thought, and not without reason, that, but for the Inquisition, the relative reputation of these two great men would be reversed, and the transcendent genius of Galileo's Lutheran contemporary, the legislator of the planets, have been long since recognized. In their anxiety to make the strongest possible case against Rome, anti-Catholic writers have, some perhaps unconsciously, and some with set purpose, greatly exaggerated all the abilities and good qualities of Galileo, and invested him with a superiority far from merited. To believe them, one must look upon Galileo as immeasurably excelling all his predecessors and contemporaries—centring within himself almost superhuman qualities of research and scientific attainment. Merit, talent, genius, Galileo certainly possessed; but tried by a scientific standard, it was inferior to that of the more modest and less clamorous Kepler.

Galileo's true and enduring merit as founder of the modern science of dynamics, and as the author of the grandly suggestive principle of the virtual velocities, is entirely overlooked to claim for him a position in modern astronomy which cannot justly be accorded to him except as secondary to Copernicus, to Kepler, and probably to Newton. The pre-eminence claimed for the Tuscan astronomer will not stand the test of examination. With English readers, it mainly rests on Hume's celebrated parallel between Bacon and Galileo. "The discoveries of Kepler," remarks Professor Playfair, "were secrets extracted from nature by the most profound and laborious research. The astronomical discoveries of Galileo, more brilliant and imposing, were made at a far less expense of intellectual labor."*

*M. Thomas Henri Martin, author of the very latest work on Galileo, is not at all of the Scotch professor's opinion, but follows and even surpasses Hume in laudation of Galileo.

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MARTYRS OF SCIENCE.

But to return. If, besides Kepler and Tycho Brahe, another martyr of science is needed, he may be seen in the person of Descartes, hunted down by the Protestant churchmen of Holland.

Nay, if suffering science herself is looked for, she may be found in the Gregorian calendar, for more than a century refused admission or recognition by an English parliament that would rather quarrel with all the stars in heaven than count time with Rome! "Truth," as Hallam remarks, "being no longer truth when promulgated by the pope!" Among the very few men in all England who treated the Gregorian calendar with any degree of politeness was Lord Chesterfield, then a member of parliament. He writes, (March 18th, 1751, old style,) "The Julian calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the solar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory XIII. corrected this error. His reformed calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic powers of Europe, and afterward adopted by all the Protestant ones except Russia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion, very honorable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company. The inconvenience of it was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondences, whether political or mercantile."

Lord Chesterfield was mainly instrumental in getting up the bill for its introduction. On mentioning the project to the prime minister, the Duke of Newcastle, then in the zenith of his power, the noble duke seemed most conservatively alarmed at such an undertaking, and conjured the earl (Chesterfield) not to stir matters that had long been quiet; adding that he did not love new-fangled things. Lord Mahon, in his history, gives several curious instances of the resentment of the English people against those who aided in bringing about the change in the calendar; thus, when in 1754 Lord Macclesfield's son stood a great contested election in Oxfordshire, one of the most vehement cries raised against him was, "Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of!" and even several years later, when Bradley, the astronomer, worn down by his labors in the cause of science, was sinking under mortal disease, many of the common people ascribed his sufferings to a judgment of Heaven for having taken part in that infamous undertaking.

Suffering science may again be found in England in the person of Alban Francis, insultingly refused the degree of A.M. by the University of Cambridge in 1687, but afterward mockingly offered it on condition that he — a Benedictine monk — should take the state oath pronouncing the Catholic religion damnable and idolatrous, when it was well known that the degree had been given to men of every variety of nationality and religious profession, even in one case to the Mohammedan secretary of the ambassador of Morocco!

Suffering science again in the English statutes, 7th Will. III., ch. 4, s. 1 and 9, by virtue of which:

1. If a Catholic in Ireland kept school, or taught any person any species of literature or science, such teacher was punishable by law with banishment; and if he returned, he was subject *to be hanged as a felon.*

2. If a Catholic child received literary instruction from a Catholic, either privately or at school, such child, even though in its infancy, incurred a forfeiture of all its property present or future.

3. And thus deprived of the

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[illegible] of knowledge if the Catholic [illegible] with his [illegible] enough [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

learned editor of the only complete edition of Galileo's works, says: "Crediamo col Tiraboschi, che il fervore e l'impetuosità sua contribuissero ad irritare gli avversari del sistema Copernico."

"It is doubtless an extraordinary fact," says the *Edinburgh Review*, (October, 1837,) "in the history of the human mind, that the very same doctrines which had been published with impunity by Copernicus, and in a work, too, dedicated to the Roman Pontiff, Paul III., for the avowed purpose of sheltering them under his sacred ægis, should, nearly a hundred years afterward, when civilization had made some progress, have subjected Galileo to all the terrors of the Inquisition. If we study, however, the conduct of Galileo himself, and consider his temper and tone of mind, and his connection with a political party unfriendly to religion, as well as to papal government, we shall be at no loss to account for the different feelings with which the writings of Copernicus and Galileo were received. Had the Tuscan philosopher been a recluse student of nature who, like Copernicus, announced his opinions as accessions to knowledge, and not as subversive of old and deeply cherished errors; had he stood alone as the fearless arbiter and champion of truth, the Roman pontiffs would, probably, like Paul III., have tolerated the new doctrine; and like him, too, they might probably have embraced it. But Galileo contrived to surround the truth with every variety of obstruction. The tide of knowledge which had hitherto advanced in peace, he crested with angry breakers; and he involved in its surf both his friends and his enemies. When the more violent partisans of the church, in opposition to the wishes of some of its higher functionaries, and spurred on by the school-men and the personal enemies of Galileo, had fixed the public attention upon the obnoxious doctrine, it would not have been easy for the most tolerant pontiff to dismiss charges of heresy and irreligion without some formal decision on the subject."

The astronomer Délambre: "On aurait passé à Galileo, de parler en mathématicien de l'excellence de la nouvelle hypothèse; mais on soutenait qu'il devait abandonner aux théologiens l'interpretation de l'Ecriture." (It was free to Galileo to speak as a mathematician of the merit of the new doctrine; but it was claimed that he should leave interpretation of Scripture to the theologians.)

The historian Hallam: "For eighty years the theory of the earth's motion had been maintained without censure, and it could only be the greater boldness of Galileo which drew upon him the notice of the church."

Philarète Chasles, (Professor in the College of France:) "Galileo, a man of vast and fertile intellect, was not in advance of his age and country; he was incapable either of defending the truth or eluding the efforts of those who endeavored to destroy it. In his contests with the latter, he showed neither grandeur of mind nor frankness of character. Unstable, timorous, equivocating, and supple," etc., etc.

Alfred von Reumont, many years Prussian minister at the Court of Tuscany, (see his *Beiträge zur Italienischen Geschichte*, Berlin, 1853:) "Galileo's great mistake was, that he insisted on bringing into conformity with the Scriptures the doctrine of the earth's motion—a hypothetical and then incomplete doctrine, and one denied by many of the most learned, such as Bacon and Tycho Brahe. So

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means of knowledge, if the Catholic child went into a foreign country for education, the child incurred the same penalty, as also the person making any remittance of goods or money for its maintenance!

Suffering science again, within but a few years, in the persons of such geological writers as Dr. Buckland, denounced by leading English periodicals and respectable quarterlies —recognized organs of Protestant opinion—(each one a special self-constituted, œcumenical council ad hoc) for assigning dates to rocks and fossil remains which were supposed by alarmed Protestant theologians to [illegible] from the [illegible] [illegible]

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WHENCE THE CHANGE?

How came it about? Were there elements in the controversy other than scientific? Was it, or not, the fault of Galileo that the question was shifted from the safe repose of the scientific basis on which it had remained more than fourscore years?

Now we could readily answer these questions thoroughly in very few words, feeling certain, in advance that the reply would be satisfactory to our Catholic readers. But, writing for the general public, we prefer to present the results ascertained in this much vexed matter by historian astronomers, and men of science moved by nationality and by re[illegible] from any possible bias.

"It was not the doctrine [illegible] says Mr. Drinkwater, "so m[illegible] the free, unyielding manner i[illegible] it was supported, which wa[illegible] nally obnoxious."

"The church party," ad[illegible] David Brewster, "were not [illegible] to interfere with the prose[illegible] science, however much [illegible] have dreaded its influence."

In the opinion of Dr. [illegible] "Under the sagacious an[illegible] sway of Copernicus, astr[illegible] effected a glorious triumph [illegible] the bold and uncompromi[illegible] of Galileo, all her conq[illegible] revocably lost." And [illegible] ing to the misfortunes [illegible] the reformers of phil[illegible] the most unfortunate [illegible] most part, the least [illegible] [illegible]icious." (*Philos*[illegible] pp. 101–2.)

Even Fra Paol[illegible] [illegible] Galileo had [illegible] and more pr[illegible] [illegible] had the sli[illegible] [illegible]schi [illegible] [illegible] effec[illegible]

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that, in the interpretation of certain passages in the Bible, an arbitrary discretion was assumed which the Church, according to her invariable principles, could not concede to an astronomical doctrine as yet unproved."

Such citations as these might be multiplied indefinitely. But they are sufficient, and more than sufficient.

Copernicus, as we have seen, dedicated his great work to Pope Paul III., with these remarkable words: "Astronomers being permitted to imagine circles, to explain the motions of the stars, I thought myself equally entitled to examine if the supposition of the motion of the earth would make the theory of these appearances more exact and simple."

Eighty years had gone by, and the system had undergone no "persecution," in Italy at least. Galileo was now sixty years of age; nearly forty of these years had been passed, not only in the safe but triumphant and even aggressive and defiant vindication of his astronomical and physical doctrines, without let or hindrance save the warning not to trench on the theological view. But this he could not bring himself to consent to, and in 1618, in publishing his *Theory of the Tides*, he indulged in a stream of sarcasm and insult against the decree of 1616. "The same hostile tone, more or less," says Drinkwater, "pervaded all his writings; and while he labored to sharpen the edge of his satire, he endeavored to guard himself against its effects by an affectation of the humblest deference to the decisions of theology." Nor was Galileo's letter to Christina forgotten. It was a letter, widely diffused at Rome and in Tuscany, in which he undertook to prove theologically, and from reasons drawn from the fathers, that the terms of Scripture might be reconciled with his new doctrines, etc. Délambre, Hallam, and Biot all take the same view of it.

THE CELEBRATED DIALOGUES.

Galileo had now resolved to publish a work demonstrating the Copernican theory, or rather, his own views of the earth's motion. But he lacked the courage or the sincerity to do it in an open, straightforward manner, and adopted the plan of discussing it in a supposed dialogue held by three disputants. The two first, Sagredo and Salviati, are represented as accomplished and learned gentlemen, whose arguments are marked by talent and ability. The third, Simplicio, is an old Peripatetic, querulous and dogmatic, measuring everything by Aristotle, and accepting or rejecting accordingly.

This work, entitled *The System of the World of Galileo-Galilei*, was completed in 1630; but, owing to the delays attending the procuring a certificate, it was not published until 1633. "It is prolix and diffuse," says Délambre, "with high estimate of his own discoveries, but depreciation of others." "Indeed, I would advise scholars," says Arago, "not to lose their time reading it."

More than one historian has remarked that, in obtaining the license to print, Galileo exhibited a dexterous management, tinged with bad faith. Biot mentions, "par quels détours il s'en procura une approbation à Rome;" Délambre speaks of his "manque absolu de sincérité;" and Sir David Brewster says, "His memory has not escaped the imputation of having acted unfairly, and of having involved his personal friends in the consequences of his imprudence."

In as few words as possible, the

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history of the license affair is as follows. The censor of new publications at Rome was Riccardi, a friend and pupil of Galileo, and devoted to his master. Anxious to oblige him, Riccardi examined the manuscript of the dialogues, suggested the change of some imprudent language, and required absolutely that the Copernican doctrine, dogmatically presented, should be—either in the exordium or peroration of the argument—produced simply as a mathematical hypothesis. Under these stipulations Riccardi returned the manuscript with his written approbation, only to be used when the suggested alterations should be made.

This was in 1630. In 1633, Galileo applied for leave to have his book printed in Florence. Riccardi, with full confidence in Galileo's fulfilment of his promises, merely inspected the beginning and end of the book, which was all that Galileo then submitted to his examination, and gave the desired leave to print.

The introduction, addressed, with an air of sarcasm, "*to the discreet reader*," was, to the last degree, imprudent. He speaks of the decree of 1616 in language at once ironical and insulting, and does not even spare his benefactors. In Simplicio, every one instantly recognized Urban VIII., who was naturally wounded beyond expression to find language put in Simplicio's mouth that he, Urban, had used to Galileo in a private conversation at his own table. And, as if to leave no doubt possible, Galileo says, in introducing these passages, that he had them from a most learned and eminent personage, ("*già appreso da doctissima e eminentissima persona.*")

Thus held up to ridicule and contempt, and made the butt of the severest irony and sarcasm, Urban was placed in the false position of the enemy of science, and forced into the attitude of an antagonist of his former friend—unless, indeed, he would consent to be dragged, a disgraced prisoner, at the chariot-wheels of Galileo's philosophy.

We do not refer, in speaking of Galileo's philosophy, to a mere astronomical theory, but to the philosophical and theological opinion which the actual condition of science, the ability of Galileo's adversaries, and the treacherous counsels of his false friends had forced him to couple with it.

Alberi, who is high authority, denies that it was Galileo's intention to attack Urban VIII. through Simplicio. But Olivieri, quite as good authority, is of the contrary opinion.

We know certainly that Urban always maintained, in his conversations with Galileo, the worthlessness of the tidal theory, and told him plainly that he injured his position by resting upon it. Now, the tidal theory was precisely Galileo's cherished argument, and he devotes the whole of the fourth dialogue to its development.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

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TRANSLATED FROM DER KATHOLIK.

THE ANCIENT IRISH CHURCH.

II.

WE must say something about St. Columbanus, and his labors in Luxeuil, Braganza, and Bobbio; and of St. Gall, the apostle of Alemania; for it was through these two that the ancient Irish Church did so much in Switzerland and south-western Germany.

Columbanus was born in the province of Leinster, about the year 534, when Christianity began to bear its first fruits in Ireland. While the child was yet in the womb, his mother saw, in a vision, as it were, a sun proceeding from her body and enlightening all parts of the world. The son whom she bore became in fact, through the light of his wisdom and the splendor of his virtues, a star in the church; not only in Ireland, but also in Burgundy, Alemania, and Italy. Instructed, from early youth, in grammar, rhetoric, geometry, and in the study of the holy Scriptures, he left his mother's house in manhood, in order to enter the monastery of Cluain-Inis, and consecrate himself entirely to God. In the year 565 he asked to be received among the monks of the monastery at Bangor, which the Abbot Comgall, equally distinguished by his personal sanctity as well as by the rigor of the discipline which he used in governing, ruled with applause. Columbanus became so remarkable here that Abbot Comgall entrusted him with the directorship of the schools. The fame of the new teacher spread far beyond the limits of Bangor, and the nobles of the land deemed themselves happy to be able to leave their sons to be educated by a man as well skilled in profane science as in Christian perfection. Gall, born in Ireland in 545, became one of his pupils. Columbanus and Gall taught and learned in a blessed abode. Three thousand monks were united in the monastery of Bangor, under Abbot Comgall, in common prayer, the practice of virtue, and a virtuous life. The monastery was built in the year 558, by Comgall, and was, in its first form, a collection of many cells and huts, somewhat straggling in their arrangement. Bangor was fruitful in holy men and apostolic missionaries. Many convents were founded from it. Comgall himself founded the monastery of Heth, in Scotland, A.D. 565, and the monastery of Cambar, and several other smaller communities, in Leinster. Comgall died on the 10th of May, 602, in the 85th year of his age, and the forty-fourth after the foundation of Bangor. Bangor was laid waste by the Danes in the year 823, afterward entirely destroyed by pirates, and on one day the Picts murdered 900 monks. Archbishop Malachy, of Armagh, re-erected Bangor. There now remains on the coast of the bay of Belfast, where the renowned cloister once stood, no vestige of its former greatness.

Columbanus had lived and taught a number of years in the cloister of Bangor, when the desire of travelling and announcing the gospel of Christ filled his soul. He was obliged, however, to make repeated requests before Abbot Comgall gave him permission to depart, and allowed him

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to choose a certain number of monks as his companions. Columbanus chose twelve, recommended himself to the prayers of the rest, and set out, after receiving the blessings of his abbot, with his chosen band about the year 589–590. We know the travels of Columbanus, and must mention them here. The chosen followers of the great apostle were: Gall, founder of Saint Gall, and apostle of Alemania; Cominnius, Emroch, and Equanach, Lua, and Patentianus, afterwards made bishop of Constance, in Armorica, where he erected a monastery; Antiernus, who, becoming homesick at Luxeuil, wished to return to Ireland, but was retained by Columbanus; Columbanus the younger, a near relative of our apostle, died in the early part of his life, at Luxeuil; Deicola, the founder of the monastery of Lutra, in the diocese of Besançon; Sigibert, the founder of Dissentis, in Croatia; Aldan, later Bishop of Calboaldus. (*Greith*, p. 272.) In British Cambria the holy company joined several British clerics to its ranks.

Whither did these apostolic men wish to go?

It was not advisable to remain in Britain at that time. In the south of this land the Anglo-Saxon conquerors laid waste the country, destroyed the churches; both heathenism and barbarism raised their heads triumphantly in the most populous parts and cities of the island. The two last bishops of Britain, he of London and he of York, fled to the mountains of Wales, with all the holy relics and church vessels which they could save. On account of these circumstances Columbanus determined to leave Britain, to sail for Gaul, and there improve the moral condition of the people, so that if success attended his labors, the good seed might be scattered there with fruit; but if the people were stiff-necked, he would turn to other nations.

The company went to Gaul. This land was divided into three kingdoms: Neustria, Austrasia, and Burgundy. King Guntram ruled in Burgundy; King Childebert in Austrasia; but after Guntram's death, (A.D. 593,) Burgundy also fell to the share of Childebert.

Columbanus was warmly received at Metz by King Childebert, was invited to remain in the land, and received from Count Agnoald the ancient ruined castle of Luxovium in the Vosges, where the apostle and his monks dwelt, and exercised an extraordinary influence on the people of the neighboring countries.

But how did the noble wanderers find life in the Vosges?

They first rested at Anegrai. "In the wide circle around, the region was a wild desert of thick woods, and steep, rock-ribbed hills; bears and wolves dwelt in them, and only the shrill cry of the birds of the forests broke the frightful stillness. The friars built their huts with twigs and branches. They lived on the bark of trees, wild vegetables, and apples, until, on the third day after their arrival, a countryman brought them better food on a wagon. But, as want returned after a short time, they were well supplied with bread and herbs by the abbot of the monastery of Sancy, three miles distant from them."

But the first monastery was erected, and the mission opened in France. Soon the place in Anegrai was not large enough for the increasing number of the brethren.

Columbanus looked around for a second place in the wilderness of the Vosges. His eyes rested on Luxovium, which had already been offered to him. It was eight miles from Anegrai. There were in it the

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ruins of cities, of old baths; and in the thickest part of the wood, stone idols, which had been worshipped in ancient times.

In this spot Columbanus began the building of a larger monastery. Soon so many came and consecrated themselves, under the guidance of Columbanus, to piety and science, that the saint was compelled to erect on a height, supplied by a fountain of fair water, a third monastery, to which he gave the name of Fontaine, (Fontanas.) Whilst he appointed approved men as rulers over these monasteries, he maintained a general supervision over them all, and gave them a common rule, which he copied in part from the rule of the Abbot Comgall, of Bangor.

The Right Rev. Dr. Greith gives us a very interesting account of the life and works of the monk Columbanus in the three monasteries; but we can only give a small portion of it here.

In the year 600 the number of the monks at Luxeuil had increased to 220; and crowds of scholars were instructed in the monasteries.

"All must fast daily, but also daily take nourishment; and as all must eat daily, so must they daily partake of spiritual food, pray, work, and read in books every day." The special usages of monastic discipline were observed most strictly in the three cloisters; violators of rules were punished with rods, imprisonment, or a portion of their food was kept from them. "Before eating there was an examination of conscience, then grace was said, and there was reading during the meals. Before a monk used his spoon, he should make the sign of the cross; the same should be done in taking his lamp, in undertaking any work, or in going out of the cloister. He was commanded to pray before and after labor, and on his return to the monastery he should go before the abbot or superior and ask a blessing. Whoever cut the table with his knife, spilled beer or anything else on the table, did not gather the bread-crumbs, neglected to bow his head at the end of the psalms, or disturbed the chaunt with coughing or loud laughter, was punished," etc. Divine service at Luxeuil consisted in the daily reciting of the psalms, and, especially on Sundays and other festivals, in the celebration of Mass. The custom of uninterrupted psalmody by day and night never prevailed at Luxeuil, as was the case among the monks of Agane in Wallis, and of Haben in Burgundy, and among the nuns of the convent of St. Salaberga.

Columbanus, well educated in both profane and sacred literature, taught his own monks, made them acquainted with the discipline of the *Quadrivium*, and gave them a knowledge of holy Scripture.

Columbanus often retired at the approach of the principal feasts into the solitude of the forests to devote himself to piety and meditation. He sometimes remained fifty days or longer in those places. As in the ages of persecution the blood of the martyrs tamed the tigers and leopards, so that they learned to pity the saints in the circus and amphitheatre; as in the deserts of Africa and Asia Minor holy monks formed a league with nature and its animals, so Columbanus and Gall, whose life was like that of the early fathers of the desert, stood in the most friendly relations with the wild beasts of the Vosges. "As Columbanus was walking one day in the wide forests of the Vosges with a book under his arm, he saw a pack of wolves approaching. The saint stood unmoved. The wolves surrounded him on both

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hands, smelled the hem of his garments while he prayed to God for protection; they did him no harm, left him and went farther into the wood." Once Columbanus found in a cave a tame bear, which left its abode at command of the saint, who made it his place of shelter. Often, as he reposed under the shadow of old oaks, he called the beasts of the forest to him, and they followed him. He caressed them tenderly; and the birds often flew to him, and sat quietly on his shoulders. A little squirrel had become so accustomed to him as to leap from the branches of the trees and hide in his bosom, run up his sleeves, and then go back to the nearest boughs. A raven was so obedient to him as to return the glove which he had stolen from the saint. (Page 294.)

Columbanus could not remain long in his cloister. He became engaged in a controversy with some French priests, and was persecuted by the corrupt Merovingians, who finally compelled him to quit Luxeuil.

The fact that the Irish clergy clung to the ancient custom of the Irish Church regarding the celebration of Easter, and to the Irish traditions regarding the liturgy of the Mass, gave the French bishops and priests occasion to complain and make opposition. Columbanus wrote three letters on the Easter Controversy to Pope Gregory I. Two of them miscarried; the third reached its destination, but was unsuccessful, because Gregory I. maintained the discipline of the Roman Church on this disputed point. A synod in France, A.D. 600–601, to which Columbanus sent a memorial, did not favor him any more than the Pope. The controversy gradually died out.

The controversy with the Merovingians was far more serious. The crimes of Queen Brunhilda are well known; for instance, how she systematically ruined her grandson, King Theodoric of Burgundy. Columbanus on one occasion having refused to give his blessing to the illegitimate sons of Theodoric, presented to the saint by Brunhilda, she swore vengeance against him. A royal decree was published that no monk of the order of Columbanus should leave his monastery; that no Burgundian convert should for the future hold communion with him, and that no one should establish another foundation according to his discipline. Columbanus expostulated in vain; he wrote a severe protest to the king and threatened him with excommunication. This was the moment of revenge for Brunhilda. She prevailed on the king to cause the abduction of the saint to Besançon by Count Bandulf. Columbanus remained there for some time, highly honored by the people, and doing much good. But he soon returned to Luxeuil. The king, however, sent a whole cohort to seize him and take him out of the kingdom. The soldiers unwillingly executed their orders. The saint left the monastery amid the sighs and tears of his monks, who followed him in funereal procession with weeping and wailing. Only those whom he had brought from Ireland and Britain were allowed to accompany him. Columbanus lived twenty years in the wilderness of the Vosges, and left it in the seventy-fourth year of his life. (A.D. 609–610.)

Let us be brief. Columbanus was brought to Nantes to sail for Ireland; but God prevented him. King Clothaire of Neustria allowed him to return to Austrasia. He went to Metz, then to Mayence, up the Rhine, until he came to Zurich, where he decided to make a longer stay. But

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the inhabitants of the place were fierce idolaters. Many were converted, while others took arms in hatred of the saint, determined to kill himself and his companions. They consequently left this region and went to Arbon, where they dwelt seven days; thence travelling to Braganza, where they built cells near the ancient Aurelia Church. St. Gall took the three idols from the walls of the church, in the presence of a vast multitude, broke them to pieces, and threw them into the sea. A portion of the people became Christians, and the Aurelia Church was reconsecrated. Columbanus remained a few years in Braganza, when persecutions of various kinds compelled him to quit this region also. (612–613.) He crossed the Rhetian Alps, accompanied only by Attala, and arrived at Milan, where he was well received by Agilulf, king of the Lombards, who offered him a new field for the exercise of his apostolate. King Agilulf and Queen Theodolinda used the holy man for the evangelizing of the Lombards. But his days were numbered. After building a monastery and a chapel at Bobbio, he lived only an entire year, and died on the 21st December, in the year 615, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, one year before the death of Agilulf, king of Lombardy.

"Whilst Ireland glories in being the fatherland of Columbanus, France remembers him in her old abbeys in the Vosges, and his vocation to Italy still lives, not only in the dear relics of Bobbio, in his coffin, chalice, and holly staff, but also in the still living monument of his glory the town of St. Columbano, in the district of Lodi. The writings of this distinguished man, which have come down to us, display a comprehensive and varied knowledge not only of ecclesiastical but also of classic literature. His eventful life has been written by the monk Jonas of Bobbio."

We shall conclude with a few details of the mission of St. Gall, the apostle of Alemania. We already know in what an illustrious school he studied. When Columbanus was preparing himself for the journey to Italy, Gall was sick with a fever, and excused himself from travelling with his superior. In order to keep him and compel him to go, Columbanus harshly said to him, "If thou wilt not partake in my labors, I forbid thee to say Mass as long as I live." He suspected that Gall feigned sickness out of love for the place, so as not to depart from it. Thus Gall, who had been so long under obedience, was at length left to his own will.

He went to Arbon to visit a priest, Willimar, and was nursed during his illness by the clerics Maginald and Theodore, and, having recovered his health, became again an efficient apostle through the assistance of Christ. In 612–613, he began, with his companion Hittibold, the building of a monastery on the bank of the little river Steinach. This valley on the banks of the Steinach, together with Thurgau, belonged at that time to the kingdom of Austrasia, from which it had been severed under Childebert II. (594) for a short time, and separated from Burgundy, to which it was again annexed by King Dagobert. (A.D. 630–38.) Two hundred years later, in the days of Charlemagne, this region was called High Alemania. When Gall came to it, it was almost without dwellings or inhabitants. It was a primeval forest, never inhabited for a thousand years, and never touched by human hands. It was like the woods of the Vosges, a wilderness for savage beasts to roam in without danger. The wood which Gall and Hittibold found

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was full of underwood in which serpents nestled; the Steinach was full of fish; on the heights hawks built their nests; bears, wolves, and wild boars were numerous around. In this spot St. Gall built his monastery. Wonderful things happened at the building of this convent, all of which is charmingly told in Greith's book. "As, in every spot where, after the migration of the Germanic races, (p. 355,) holy men founded religious institutions, a new life was infused and a new impetus given to civilization, and the wild and savage districts around the monasteries became changed into fertile and well-tilled plains; so did it happen in the neighborhood of St. Gall's monastery from the very beginning of the foundation. The blessed place drew inhabitants near it; Christian worship became the focus around which they gathered; religious instruction ennobled their morals, led them to an orderly family life, made their new home dear to them, and made them love labor and industry. Under the mild protection and guidance of the monastic fraternity, strangers and colonists came from far and near; they became fiefs of the monastery, and aided in spreading its influence and its possessions. From this centre civilization spread far over the surrounding country, so that it became by cultivation transformed from a wilderness into a blooming garden. For twelve hundred years the numerous subjects of the monastery of St. Gall led a happy and peaceful life without soldiers or police. The only bayonet that governed them was the breviary of the monk; and the only sword was the crosier of the abbot. We must also remember that Gall and his followers, axe in hand, hewed down the forest, or with the spade freed the earth from thorns, thistles, and roots. He must therefore be considered as the founder and originator of the agricultural and social glories of Switzerland; for by the law of nature and of intelligence the glories of the effect must redound to the honor of the cause."

The building of the monastery of St. Gall was far advanced when Gall expelled an evil spirit from Fridiburga, the daughter of the German Duke Cunzo, of Ueberlingen. Duke Cunzo gave him many presents on this account, as did also King Sigibert, to whom Fridiburga was affianced. Sigibert sent him a donation letter, the first on record in the life of St. Gall. Gall had at this time only twelve disciples with him, deeming it improper to overstep, in the smallest particular, the limits of the rule. The Irish monks had a peculiar preference for the apostolic number twelve in all their foundations. When Columbanus died, on December 21st, 615, the hour of his death was revealed to St. Gall, and from that time he began again to celebrate Mass.

Gall declined the bishopric of Constance, and had the mitre given to his disciple John; the monks of Luxeuil wished him to be their abbot, but this honor he likewise declined. After the man of God had thrown aside the burden of worldly affairs, he retired to his cloister, to devote himself more completely to a spiritual life. His nightly vigils were renewed, and the fastings of his early days repeated, and the discipline frequently used.

Finally, at an advanced age, he left his cell to visit Arbon, and after preaching to the people, he was attacked by a fever as he was about to return. The malady became so violent that he could no longer take any food. The eternal reward of his great works and services approached. His strength almost gone, almost reduced

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to skin and bone by disease, he nevertheless persevered in prayer, held pious conversations, and remained faithful to the service of Christ to the end of his life. He rendered his soul to God, after fourteen days' illness, on the 16th of October, A.D. 640. His body was brought by Bishop John to the monastery which the saint had inhabited, and buried between the altar and the wall, with mournful chanting. Many infirm persons were healed, partially or entirely, at his sepulchre.

Even during his life Gall was compared to the early fathers; after his death, the Church honored him as a saint; holy Mass was offered at his tomb; his intercession was invoked with success; and his life presented as a model for Christians to imitate. Eleven years after the death of the saint, his tomb was broken open by robbers; but shortly after replaced by Bishop Boso, of Constance. (A.D. 642–676.) When the great monastery church was consecrated, on October 17th, 839, by Abbot Gotzbert, the bones of the saint were placed on the high altar. They are partially preserved there to this very day.

A glance now at the disciples of Gall. The disciples of this great apostle went forth in all directions from his sepulchre to evangelize the nations, and establish among them new foundations and centres of learning and piety. Theodore built the abbey of Kempten, in ancient Norica; Magnus travelled on foot to the entrance of the Julian Alps; Sigibert, Gall's former fellow-student, went to Dissentis, in Croatia, where they founded monasteries which, after a lapse of more than a thousand years, still exist as firm supports of the Christian religion, learning, and civilization. These monasteries must be considered as daughters of the great metropolis which the holy Irish missionary built on the side of the lofty Alps. The monastery of Reichenau, in Untersee, and that of Braganza, were closely united with St. Gall's foundation. The former was founded, under Charles Martel, by the Irishman Pirminus; the latter, 130 years earlier, by Columbanus and Gall, in the beginning of their missionary labors. The countless churches and chapels built even at an early period in honor of St. Gall, as well as the numerous acts of donation to the monastery bearing his name, prove the powerful influence of the disciples and successors of the saint in spreading Christianity, education, and civilization to the farthest regions. The bishoprics in Switzerland, Germany, and in the Austrian provinces, in the Tyrol and Bohemia, hold a special festival in honor of St. Gall, and give him a special office, honoring him now as well as formerly as the Apostle of Alemania. "The temporal inheritance which St. Gall left to his people was long enjoyed: the higher inheritance which he has left us with the eternal possessions of Christianity in our Church is still with us; and our constant prayer to God and strenuous effort must be to guard it intact, and render it fruitful in the future." (*Greith*, p. 401.)

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE STORY OF MARCEL, THE LITTLE METTRAY COLONIST.

CHAPTER VI.

"DARK the evening shadows rolled
On the eye that gleamed in death,
And the evening dews fell cold
On the lip that gasped for breath."
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

A YEAR had passed away when one day Pelagie Vautrin went out in the morning, as usual, with her hand-cart, but did not return as usual in the evening. Marcel had been on a spree with Polycarpe, and was glad, when he crept to bed late at night, all muzzy with tippling, to find his dirty home vacant.

But when, at a late hour the next day, he opened his hot, aching eyes and looked around him, he was at first astonished and then frightened to see that he was still alone. He started up and ran down-stairs to ask the neighbors if they had seen Madame Vautrin that morning. There was soon a great excitement in the house; for no one had seen her, and it was well known that Pelagie never staid out at night; she was generally very regularly drunk in bed by ten o'clock.

"Go to the prefect of police," cried one to the anxious boy, "they'll find her for you!"

"Go to the Morgue," cried another. "I shouldn't wonder if she had fallen into the river."

"Or been run over by an omnibus, the drunken slut!" cried a third.

"Ay, go to the Morgue, Marcel," said Polycarpe, who had just got up, and had hurried down to take part, as usual, in what was going on. "Come, I'll go with you."

Marcel was by this time as pale as death: the idea of Pelagie being dead was dreadful to him; for though the poor boy could not love the cruel woman who had worked him so unsparingly for her own profit, still she seemed something more to him than the rest of the world; she had sheltered him when he had no shelter; she had given him a dry crust when he knew not where to find one; and the child's heart was made of such tender stuff that the slightest kindness could kindle in it a flame of never forgetful gratitude.

Pale and trembling, he now followed Polycarpe to the low, black, sinister-looking building then situated close by St. Michael's bridge, on the right bank of the Seine.* Many persons were going in and out of the horrible place, some seeking missing friends; others, and the greater number, urged on by a depraved curiosity and love of excitement.

The two boys entered; Polycarpe noisily, and with an air of busy importance that would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances; Marcel sick and faint with anxiety and fear; and awful indeed was the interior of that house of death. At one end of the stone-floored room in which they found themselves was an iron grating, behind which, on marble slabs, were laid out the perfectly naked forms of the unknown dead, victims of accident or of violence. The bloated body of a drowned man, whose start-

*It has since been pulled down, and rebuilt more handsomely behind the cathedral of Notre Dame.

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ing eyes first caught the scared glance of the shuddering child, made him start with horror and surprise. He had often thought, from all he had heard, that the sights to be seen in the Morgue must be dreadful, but the reality surpassed all his imaginings. He closed his eyes, but opened them an instant after to take a look at the corpse of a woman, whose blood-clotted hair and battered features showed but too plainly that the wretched creature had been the victim of some foul crime.

"'Tis she!" cried Polycarpe.

But Marcel could bear no more; the child's nerves and heart had been tried to the uttermost, and he fell insensible on the cold, damp floor. Polycarpe and two or three bystanders dragged him out of the building, and, getting some water from the river, soon brought him to again, but very shaky and weak.

Polycarpe Poquet was a regular scamp, an idle beggar, a street-thief; nevertheless very gently and lovingly did he help his friend on his legs again, and very softly did he speak to him as they walked slowly away from that horrible place. "Come in here, old fellow," said he, when they arrived before the door on the second landing. "Mother wants to see you," he added, as he perceived that Marcel hesitated.

Madame Poquet and Loulou were both at home; for the charwoman was just then at liberty, her last mistress having been mean enough to lock up the charcoal and bread and butter, and various other useful items in housekeeping, and as Madame Poquet said to her neighbors, "After that evident want of confidence, she felt herself obliged to leave, especially as the wages were so low that without the perquisites the place was worth nothing!" She was a good-natured woman, notwithstanding her dishonesty, and received poor Marcel in a kind, motherly manner that contributed much to soothe and console him. "Now, you see, Marcel," said she, "you need not feel so bad; you shall come and live with us; there's room for four, and so there's room for five. I'm sure I always wanted to have you, for Madame Vautrin was not good to you—you know that she wasn't—everybody knows that she wasn't. Now, come, don't cry so; it shows that you've a good heart, but it is not reasonable, and I can't bear to hear you. I never could bear to hear any one cry. Come, courage, courage!" And the old thieving charwoman kissed the weeping boy tenderly, and then wiped her own overflowing eyes. He threw his arms around her neck and sobbed aloud, and the motherly old soul sobbed with him. "Come now," said she presently, and she placed him as she spoke on a chair by the table, "here's some good hot coffee and milk, and a piece of nice fresh bread. I got it ready for you half an hour ago. There, you and Polycarpe sit down and take your breakfast; that'll do you good, and comfort you."

And certainly the good meal did much to calm him, though perhaps the sympathy of Madame Poquet and her children did more.

And so it was settled; the landlord sold the few miserable sticks of furniture belonging to Pelagie Vautrin for the arrears of rent, and Marcel became one of the Poquet family.

As for the battered corpse lying on the marble slab in the Morgue, it was never reclaimed, but was hurriedly buried in the pauper grave that the state provides for the unknown dead. Yet it was a long time before the orphan whom Pelagie Vautrin had so cruelly ill-treated ceased to think of her, or shudder as he remembered her terrible death. It

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was an end, however, as *we* know, to be expected for one cursed with so wicked a temper and of such dissolute habits. Drunkenness, quarrels, blows, and death! It is a natural sepuence!

Poor Marcel gained by the change; at least, his life was not so hard a one as it had been. He was no longer obliged to bring home a certain quantity of rags and old iron every day; he had no regular task set him. But Monsieur and Madame Poquet nevertheless fully expected him to pick up his own living and something more, in the same way as did their son Polycarpe.

The two boys after a time adopted, as their principal source of income, the business of gathering cigar-ends and converting them into pipe-tobacco. It was a profession that required early rising, quick eyes, and light heels, for there were other lads in the same walk of life, but who could be better fitted for such a pursuit than Marcel and Polycarpe? At four every morning they sallied forth to make their round; hunting for the precious bits on the sidewalks and in the gutters of the most frequented and fashionable streets, the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, and the purlieus of the theatres. Sometimes, when they were flush of money, they bought from the waiters in the coffee-houses the permission to pick up the ends that might be under the tables.

The harvest made, they hastened down to the river's side, and there, seated under or near the dry arches of one of the bridges, they emptied their bags on the ground beside them and commenced the sorting of their merchandise. The prime or first quality consisted of the ends of Havana cigars, regalias, londres, etc.; the second quality, of those of home growth, or bits picked up in dirty gutters, and consequently somewhat deteriorated. The sorting finished, our young tobacconists commenced their work of metamorphosis. Each one was furnished with a small square of smooth wood, a sharp, thin-bladed knife, and a whetstone, for the knife required frequent sharpening during the operation of cutting up the ends. This was performed on the square of wood, and as fine as possible, so as to resemble *new* smoking tobacco. Paper parcels were then made up of this novel manufacture; the inferior quality selling at one sou the packet; the superior fetching as much as fifty sous the pound.

The rest of the day was passed in disposing of their morning labors, and this was never difficult; they found plenty of customers, masons, street-sweepers, and rat-catchers, and often made as much as three francs each in the day. They might have gained an honest living by this humble means, had they only possessed an honest home. But Monsieur and Madame Poquet were thieves, and the more the lads gained the more was exacted from them. And then in the dreadful drinking-dens they frequented to sell their merchandise they became each day initiated in some new vice. There was indeed nothing to stop them on their downward course; and soon, alas, the orphan boy, intelligent, and naturally conscientious, became versed in knavery and a common street-thief! Poor, poor Marcel!

CHAPTER VII.

"Soon, like captives, shall ye learn
Ways less wild and laws more stern." ANON.

Days and weeks and months had passed away in this kind of life, when one morning, while Marcel and

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Polycarpe were still yawning and stretching themselves in their dirty bed, Loulou, who had gone round the corner to fetch some ready-made hot coffee and milk, for their breakfast, rushed back again with cheeks as white as it was possible for her rarely washed face to show.

"Get up quick and run!" cried she as she burst into the room, "the police are coming this way; I'm sure they're coming here to look for father, and, if they find you, they'll grab you too."

The two boys needed no further calling; indeed, they were out of bed before Loulou had ended her cry of danger. Old Poquet had become a marked man at the Prefecture of Police, and his reputation was very bad among his neighbors. He had been fearing a visit of this kind during the last eight days, and had taken himself off no one knew whither. So the boys, knowing this, would not have been so much afraid for their own safety, had they not done the preceding day what they called "good business," and had in their possession this morning more money and a greater variety of purses than they could well have accounted for.

So they jumped out of bed at the first word of alarm, and huddled on their clothes in less time than it takes to write the fact; and precipitating themselves down the stairs, were out of the house and out of sight, just as two policemen turned into the street. It was not until they had threaded many narrow, dirty streets behind the Pantheon, diving into dark passages, and passing through houses which were thoroughfares, as there are many in the great city, and at last found themselves near the Barrière of St. Jacques, that they felt secure enough to walk slowly and take time to ask each other where they should go.

"Parbleu!" cried Polycarpe, who was the first to break silence, "at any rate our pockets are not empty! Liberty for ever! Hurrah for pleasure and potatoes! Never say die, old fellow!" And he clapped his friend on the back and laughed as if it were the pleasantest thing in life to be running away from the police.

Marcel was not so gay: the boy's instincts, perverted as they were by the depraved influences that surrounded him, became restive at times; mysterious aspirations, and disgust of he knew not what, agitated strangely the poor child's aching heart, and gave him sometimes an appearance of timidity that had acquired for him among his profligate companions the *sobriquet* of "*la demoiselle*," the young lady. He was now more moved than usual, his cheek was very pale, and his large blue eyes wore a more thoughtful expression than ever before.

Making a violent effort over himself, he at length replied to his companion's vivacity by asking what would become of Loulou.

"Loulou!" cried Polycarpe, "why, she's safe enough; she'll get out of the scrape, and there's nothing against her and mother. You needn't think of her, but of us, I can tell you. Now, what do you think I'm thinking of, eh?"

"I suppose of where we must go to-night."

"Exactly so, mademoiselle, and can you guess? No, that you can't, so you needn't try. Well, we must go hide in the quarries at Issy; we shall be safe there, and we won't come back to Paris before two months."

"The quarries!" cried Marcel, "How dreadful!"

"Not so dreadful as Mazas," replied Polycarpe, "as you'll know one of these days."

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"I hope not," ejaculated Marcel, shuddering.

"You hope not, you idiot!" said Polycarpe angrily, "why, how can it be otherwise? One can't be always in luck. Don't you know that every one gets to prison at last? Every one that I know has been there, and why should I escape, I should like to know? Of course my time will come, and your time will come, and what we have to do then is to show game. No cry-baby goings on then, if you please, Master Marcel, or you and I'll part company when we come out!"

Marcel did not answer, and they continued silently their way until they had passed the fortifications.

"Now," said Polycarpe at last, "we must try to kill time as pleasantly as possible until the night, and then we'll go straight to the quarries; we can't go there during the day, for there is always danger from spies."

"I'm very hungry," remarked Marcel.

"And so am I," answered his friend, "my inside has let me know for a long time that it didn't get any coffee this morning."

It was not long before the two boys found a kind of nondescript *cabaret* and restaurant—one of those drinking and eating houses that do most business with Sunday-breakers and holiday-makers, if not with worse gentry. They were soon seated before a smoking omelette, which, with a great loaf of bread and a bottle of sour claret, they pronounced to be a first-rate breakfast. The meal finished and paid for, they bought a couple of bottles of brandy, and then strolled off again to the fortifications, where, choosing a sunny spot on the grassy side of the deep, dry moat that surrounds the massive walls, they snoozed away the rest of the day.

The quarries of Issy had long been the rendezvous of all sorts of young scamps. Idle, vicious boys who had run away from home; unfaithful apprentices who had robbed their master's tills; pickpockets whose successful operations had rendered their absence from the scene of their labors desirable for a period; hardened vagabonds waiting an opportunity to rob or murder, as the case might be—all found there a hiding-place and congenial society. Carefully concealed from any passers-by or workmen, they slept the daylight away, but as soon as darkness had rendered the place secure, the wretched youths commenced their orgies. Gorging on the provisions provided by two or three of their number in turn, and bought or stolen in the neighboring villages of Issy, Clamart, and Meudon; guzzling, singing, and swearing; boasting of their skill in every cunning and thieving art; teaching and learning all manner of vice—thus passed they their turbulent night, while outside the stifling hole that screened their wickedness the starry sky spread cool and calm over the sleeping village and peaceful fields and woods.

How the contrast between the within and the without struck Marcel a few hours after he had entered that ignoble hiding-place! He and Polycarpe had quitted the moat at nightfall and had found themselves about ten o'clock at the rendezvous. The place was well-known to the cobbler's son; many and many a time had he come hither to see some friend in hiding, and he now advanced without hesitation. At a certain distance from the entrance, he put his fingers to his lips and uttered a shrill, peculiar cry, then seizing his companion's arm hurried in. They were met by Guguste, and received an enthusiastic welcome, not only from that young

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rascal, but also from the rest of the band, which contained a great many at that moment, and consisted almost entirely of old acquaintances. The two bottles of brandy were hailed with acclamations, and the donors invited to take part in the eating and drinking that was about to commence.

Used as our young hero was to all kinds of wickedness, he at first listened with fear to what he heard around him now; but the brandy and the example of his companions soon acted on his impressionable nature, the revolting instincts were stifled as usual, and Marcel quickly became one of the noisiest and most cynical of those wretched children.

One half of the company was already nearly drunk, and the other half at the height of its revelry, when a sound of many feet marching in step and close at hand silenced each and all in an instant. The lights were suddenly extinguished, pistols cocked—for most of the young miscreants were armed; then came a rush from the outside, a struggle, several shots, smothered groans, oaths, and all was over. Law had conquered, and the whole band was in the power of a *posse* of gendarmes under the command of an officer.

To handcuff the young ruffians and lead them one by one out of their den was soon accomplished; and it was then that Marcel, emerging into the tranquil night, was struck by the contrast. Within, drunkenness and crime, false, feverish merriment ending in bloody strife; without, the cool, fresh air of early morn, the first streak of breaking day in the far east, the market-carts wending their plodding way to the great metropolis—all telling of peace, all so quiet! Beautiful nature and humble toil!

Poor Marcel! he could not understand his feelings, for his intelligence was warped and dwarfed with his conscience; but his young heart ached with vague aspirations and regrets, and he wept bitterly.

CHAPTER VIII.

"We travel through a desert, and our feet
Have measured a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers and a thousand snares.
. . . . . .
. . . The past temptations
No more shall vex us." WATTS.

"'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Joined to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clovered vale."
THOMSON.

A few weeks after this catastrophe, the whole band was tried and condemned to various degrees of punishment and correction. Nothing had been proven against Marcel and Polycarpe further than that they had been found among recognized thieves, and were by that fact alone suspicious characters in the eyes of the law. The answers elicited from Marcel on his examination had excited the compassion of the tribunal, and the president declared his intention of giving him the opportunity of redeeming the past and of becoming an honest man. Polycarpe Poquet, also, had been judged leniently; his frank, generous nature had been discovered amidst all the vice that overshadowed it.

Very beautiful and touching were the words in which the worthy president announced to the two boys that he acquitted them because he believed that they had acted without discernment, but that, fearing for their future, he should send them to a house of correction where they would be detained until they had each reached the age of twenty-one. He reminded them that at least six years lay before them to reform and elevate themselves. He promised

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them that every means should be given to them to improve, and that they should be taught a trade or profession, and thus enabled by their own labor to gain their living and become respectable citizens. Obedience and industry would be expected from them, he said; and he entreated them to have pity on themselves, and to aid by their own exertions the efforts of those who sincerely desired their welfare, both temporal and eternal.

Marcel's tears flowed plentifully while the good magistrate thus addressed them; he had never before heard such things, and he wept as much from gratitude as from fear.

Imprisonment for six years seemed terrible; but if those six years were to give him the very thing for which he yearned—a different life from that he had hitherto led, in which all was fear and pain!

As for Polycarpe, he was more silent than usual, but he seemed neither afraid nor sorry. He felt the influence of virtue and truth, however, and the president's discourse made more impression on him than he cared to confess even to Marcel; for in minds rendered obtuse by vicious habits a good feeling or impulse is generally considered as a weakness, and resisted or concealed.

The boys were conducted back to the depot of the prefecture as soon as the president had finished speaking to them, there to await their removal to the House of Correction that should be appointed by the authorities.

In 1839, a few noble-hearted, philanthropic men conceived the idea of founding at Mettray, near the beautiful town of Tours, in almost the heart of France, a colony of young convicts, to whom should be given a moral and religious training, and the blessings of a home. These benevolent men had studied with profound attention the admirable penitentiary system of the United States of America; compared with it, the system of correction as practised in the state prisons of France had struck them as singularly ineffective and quite inadequate to attain the end and aim of all punishment, the eradication of vice, and the awakening of a desire to practise industry and honesty. The published reports of these prisons had even proved that, far from the morality of the unfortunate children detained there being improved, these unhappy victims did actually become more confirmed in their perversity by their sojourn in the house of correction. Though restrained by the prison discipline, they were not actually taught; for it is not intimidation that can teach a fallen nature how to rise, nor inculcate the love of honor and virtue. The helter-skelter way of these houses was fatal to their utility. Young offenders, guilty of comparatively slight offences, were associated with scoundrels versed in every mystery of crime. The burglar and the highway robber, the coiner and the assassin, became the companions of the child so apt to learn, so ready to receive any impression whether of good or evil. Want of space was pleaded in extenuation of this great, this fundamental error in the work of reformation; and thus justice and social good were sacrificed to considerations of economy!

The system of detention, too, as applied to children, did not render it obligatory on the administration of the prison to continue its care of the child after he had quitted the walls where he had passed the last five or six years of his young life. On the day of his liberation, the rule was to give him a few clothes and a part of the products of his labor during his detention, and then all was end-

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ed between him and those who were supposed to have been his teachers and protectors. Thus thrown all at once into a world from which he had been sequestered for years, without any family traditions of industry and probity to guide and uphold him, the unhappy youth found it impossible to gain a footing among the honest and respectable, and was soon irretrievably lost.

All the errors, all the consequences of this system, were then to be avoided in the new colony of Mettray; and guided by sound sense and a deep love of their kind, the founders of this admirable establishment undertook the task of endowing the erring children confided to them by the state with family affections and habits, with the love of order, and with health. Their minds and hearts were to be cultivated, and they were to be given the desire and the means of gaining their living by honest labor.

It was to the agricultural colony of Mettray that Marcel and Polycarpe were sent, a few days after their examination before the tribunal; and they made the journey thither in the company of thirty or forty other unfortunate boys of their own age. What language can express the delight that filled the bosom of the poor orphan when his eyes first rested on the home that a merciful Providence had at last given him! Most lovely was the wide landscape that spread before him; for fertile Touraine is indeed the garden of beautiful France. The bright waters of the magnificent river Loire were there to be seen winding amidst green fields, its shores bordered by strange habitations hollowed in the rocks, or fringed with waving trees. There were the houses of the Mettray colonists on the side of a rising ground, the tapering steeple of their chapel showing itself from the middle of the group like a giant finger pointing the way to heaven. On the bank of the little stream that passed close to the settlement on its way to the great river stood a windmill, turning its sails right merrily. Plantations of mulberry-trees, beautifully kept gardens and orchards, and wheat-fields nearly ripe for the harvest, surrounded the colony; oxen grazing or pulling heavily-laden carts, sheep browsing with tinking bells, young colonists smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, directing, helping, working in every way and with a will; all the sights and sounds of husbandry, and among the leaves a whispering breeze, and the warm air perfumed with the scent of newly-mown hay, and over all the bright blue, sunny sky. Such was the landscape that met the eyes of the pale-faced, sin-degraded children of Paris. Such was the home that a few true men with loving hearts and living sympathies had provided for the victims of poverty and crime! Here were they to learn, by the all-powerful lessons of religion and healthful labor, how to become honest, useful citizens; here were they to acquire self-respect, love of country and of their fellow-men.

Oh! blessings on the Christian men who founded the colony of Mettray! Their names are inscribed on the walls of the chapel; but those walls will crumble away in time, their names will be forgotten, but the good they have done will never decay or pass away, and "*Verily they shall have their reward!*"

CHAPTER IX.

Law, conscience, honor, all obeyed, all give
The approving voice, and make it bliss to live;
While faith, when life can nothing more supply,
Shall strengthen hope and make it bliss to die.

The boys at Mettray are divided into families, each inhabiting a separate house inscribed with the name

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of certain towns, or of the generous giver. There is the "House of Paris," the "House of Limoges," the "House of the widow Hébert," and one is called the "House of Mary," in which the youngest children are placed. There were more than a dozen of these dwellings when our two culprits entered the colony, each directed by a Father and an Elder Brother, the inmates of each one emulating the inmates of the others in their progress to reformation, and every family considering itself a distinct brotherhood.

It was to the "House of Paris," that Marcel and Polycarpe were consigned; and what a new life began for these poor children when, after a short sequestration, so that at least the first elements of religion, order, and honesty might be instilled into their minds, they were permitted to associate with the older colonists, and take full part in their lessons and labors. Strange but sweet did it seem to Marcel when he first felt himself a member of a family, one among many brothers, where he was to find those ties and that affection refused to him hitherto. How soon he came to love his superiors, the Father and the Elder Brother, and how easy obedience was to him, can be readily imagined by those who have followed his fortunes so far. How fond and proud he grew after a while of his home—his saving ark—can only be conceived by those who have visited Mettray, and who have seen and heard with their own eyes and ears that every child there considers himself honored by the title of colonist, and bound in his own person to prove the worthiness of the community.

One of the first tasks of the newcomers was to learn the duties and discipline of the house.

"The colonists' duties are honorable," said the Father of the family to them the day after their arrival; "they resemble the soldiers; obedience to superiors and submission to discipline. Without discipline no association of men is possible. With it a nation may become invincible!"

To Marcel the discipline of Mettray was not only easy but even agreeable, and none could be more scrupulously observant of the regulations than he. At the first sound of the clarion which awoke the family each morning, he was out of his hammock and dressing himself with silent haste. Then, folding his bed and putting it away, he was ready to march with his companions to the wash-house. Here the ablutions were plentiful and thorough; for the boys at Mettray are taught that not only is cleanliness absolutely necessary to health, but that we are also more worthy to come in prayer before our Maker when purified and refreshed by his blessed gift of water.

The washing and combing finished, he returned with his brothers to the dormitory, to render thanks for the peaceful rest of the past night and to beg God's blessing on the labors of to-day. Then the clarion sounded again, and each ran to take his place in the ranks of workers about to march to their daily labors out of doors. Scarcely would they have been recognized by those they had left behind them in their old Paris haunts, as, clothed in their dark-blue blouses, their feet warm and dry in good sabots, their cheeks glowing with cleanliness and health, they marched in step, light and brisk, to their respective tasks. Some proceeded to the fields, where, superintended by an intelligent superior, they worked with a willing spirit, encouraged and strengthened by the sight of their teacher laboring with them. Some entered the out-houses fitted up as work-shops, where, while one learned

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tailoring on his brethren's clothes, another worked at his family's shoes. A little farther on, and the young colonists reached the blacksmith's shop, where they hammered away manfully at the chains and rails, the gear of the carts, the locks and hinges, and all the other iron necessities of the place. And near by stood the carpenter's shop, where another band prepared all the wood-work of the colony, even to the doors and windows of the new houses to be built to receive other poor castaways.

Some again, whose turn it was to attend to the farm-yard, went on to the cow-house, where the cows lowed with content as they entered. And then began such a currying and cleansing that it would be difficult to say which enjoyed it the most, the boys or the cows. Cows are not accustomed to have so much attention bestowed on them; but the lads took pleasure in it, and each house had the privilege of participating in rotation, and the kine profited wonderfully. After the cows came the turn of the pigs, the horses, and the donkeys, the latter great favorites generally. And then the dairy with its pans of yesterday's milk thick with cream, to be skimmed, and then butter-making and cheese-making.

And thus worked the once idle, quarrelsome boys until the welcome hour of breakfast summoned them within. The simple but wholesome meal finished, after a short pause the thanksgiving was said, and a quarter of an hour's recreation permitted, and then at the first blast of the clarion they left their play, formed their ranks, and gayly marched off to labor again. As they passed the Director on their way out, they greeted him respectfully and affectionately, their bright and *now honest* eyes becoming still brighter as he returned their salutation with a kind word and fatherly smile.

Marvellous change, operated by the force of enlightened charity alone, by a few devoted men and women! For there were at Mettray no manacles nor blows for the refractory; no prison-walls to keep in the discontented, lazy, thief, or beggar; only labor and religious influence, justice and love, ever working together to repair the ravages that sin and ignorance had wrought in the consciences of these forlorn ones, and endeavoring to extirpate even the very germ of evil in their souls.

The day of healthful toil in the woods, fields, and workshops ended at six o'clock, when the clarion's clear voice again summoned the young laborers, this time to school, whither they marched in regimental order preceded by a band of military music.

The school-rooms were large, well-ventilated chambers, their white walls bearing the inscription, "Dieu vous voit," God sees you, oft-repeated, and decorated with lists, "tablets of honor," containing the names of those boys who had for three months gained an immunity from all punishment. Many of these names had become "fixtures," they had been there so long; for the erasure of a name is considered by the colonists as a great disgrace, while its continuance on the tablet is an honor.

Here during two hours, aided by kind, intelligent teachers, the boys learned reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and linear drawing. The more advanced helped to teach the beginners, and with few exceptions proved themselves patient, painstaking tutors.

To Marcel these hours of instruction were the best and sweetest recreation. The boy seemed to yearn after knowledge, and the progress he made was really surprising. He was even after a while able to undertake

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to teach a class of new-comers to read, and proud and happy was he the day this honorable task was assigned to him!

But music especially soon became his greatest source of pleasure. It soothed, cheered, and elevated him; it awakened in him the tenderest and highest sentiments. It saddened him, too, sometimes, but that was a solemn sadness that refined rather than depressed the boy's sensitive nature. The patriotic songs taught in the school roused his enthusiasm and inspired him with the most ardent love of his country. The soft strains of the simple catechism-hymns he and his brothers sang when the good chaplain prepared them for their first communion entered into his inmost heart, bringing peace and hope. But deep, very deep was his emotion when they sang some of those pieces composed expressly for them, and bearing reference to their past or present state. How his heart swelled when he joined his voice, high and sweet, to his fellow castaways, as they chaunted—

"Droop not, though *shame*, *sin*, and *anguish* are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look at yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness a clod.
Work for some good—be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly.
Let thy good deeds be a prayer to thy God."

How every stirring line re-echoed in his inmost soul, awakening there gratitude so deep and full to all those who had rescued him from sin that no language could have expressed it. We are told that there is "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth;" how many blessings, then, must rest on the heads of those who have conducted sinning *children* to repentance—children whom he loves and wishes to be brought to him.

Two hours of school and the clarion sounded for supper. The repast over, after five minutes' play the refectory was converted into a dormitory by suspending the hammocks, and then came the evening prayer and hymn. The day was ended, and our orphan and his companions climbed into their clean beds, to sleep peacefully under the protection of that Heavenly Father who had permitted them in his inscrutable wisdom to bear the brunt of the battle while unprepared, but had saved them, scotched and bleeding, it is true, yet still with vitality enough to recover from their wounds, and fight again, and win at last—if they would!

CHAPTER X.

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."
TENNYSON.

Polycarpe Poquet found it more difficult to conform himself to the rules of the establishment, and the law of obedience to the Elder Brother especially was peculiarly galling to him. The Father of the Family he could submit to; but this superior, the Elder Brother, elected every month by themselves from among themselves, was regarded by him as a kind of hypocritical upstart, whom he took every opportunity to annoy. Many were the insulting words he addressed to the poor boys who received this mark of their companions' esteem, but who by their very position were forced to report every fault committed by those same companions, and many a weary hour did he pass in solitary confinement, making nails, before he had learned that first duty of a good citizen, obedience to constituted authorities.

Perhaps the visit of a venerable ecclesiastic who had come to examine the working-system of the colony

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might be taken as the turning-point in Polycarpe's conduct, though not the real date of his improvement, as we shall see hereafter. The good Abbé had been questioning the boys of Marcel and Polycarpe's family, when he suddenly requested them to tell him which were the three best lads among them. Need we say that our poor orphan was one of those who were instantly, and without hesitation, pointed out by their comrades?

"And the worst?" asked the abbé again.

Every eye remained fixed, immovable; every tongue silent. All at once Polycarpe stepped forward and said in a low but clear voice,

"'Tis I!"

"My boy!" exclaimed the worthy priest, as he clasped the young convict's hand in both of his, "I cannot believe it! I will not take even your word for it! This very acknowledgment proves that you are mistaken."

Polycarpe never from that day forth wore the ignominious mark of punishment, the ugly black gaiter on the left leg.

His progress in learning was slow, compared with that of Marcel; but he was an adept in the house-duties, which were performed by each family of boys in turns of a week at a time. He was skilled in sweeping and dusting, washing dishes and cleaning knives. He was the aptest pupil, too, that ever studied the culinary art, and, after a time, was wont to boast that he could dish up a savory dinner there where a less gifted individual could find nothing to eat. Not that Mettray could be considered as one of the best schools for learners, nor its wholesome dinners as specimens of the world-famed French cookery; for they consisted of vegetables entirely, with the exception of twice in the week, when bacon and beef figured on the tables; but Polycarpe felt that he had natural abilities, and could do more than was required of him in the simple kitchen where he practised. He was quite a favorite with the good Sisters who presided there; they were always glad when it was his week to assist them, and praised him constantly for his activity, good temper, and disposition to oblige.

But if Polycarpe was useful in the kitchen, he was invaluable in the infirmary. A handier fellow for helping the suffering never entered a sick-room. He was quick-eyed and *light-fingered*, (in the good sense of the word;) he saw in a moment how best to arrange the pillows for the weary, feverish head; he could dress a blister without drawing a single exclamation from the patient; he could make palatable gruel and ptisan; he was punctual in administering the potions, and, though last not least of his good qualities, he was wakeful and, at the same time, good-tempered and cheerful. The kind Hospital Sisters, who had charge of the infirmary, pronounced him the best of nurses, and would have rejoiced could they always have had him with them.

The very first week that he was on duty there, a poor boy, who had only been a month in the establishment, died of the disease whose germs he had brought with him. Polycarpe watched over him with the tenderest care, and the child became gratefully attached to him, and talked much to him of his past life—a short but sad one. His father, he said, was in the galleys for life; his mother in the hospital at Tours; his two elder sisters in prison for theft; his young brother, a miserable deformed child, was a street-beggar; and he knew not what had become of his little sister of six years old! The poor fel-

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low loved this little sister with all the concentrated strength of a heart that had had but few objects to love, and he cried as he spoke of her.

When the chaplain came to see him, the last evening of his short life, Polycarpe related the sad story to the good priest.

"Victor Bourdon," said the abbé gently, as he still knelt by the side of the bed, after having prayed with the dying boy, "Victor Bourdon, I will go to Tours, and find your little sister, and I will place her where she will learn to be a good and industrious girl. I promise you this, my child."

Victor turned his dim eyes toward his consoler, a smile of ineffable content played over his pain-drawn features; then, sighing rather than speaking these last words, "Oh! what a pity to leave the colony so soon!" the young earth-tried spirit passed away.

This death made a lasting impression on Polycarpe. The exclamation, "Oh! what a pity to leave the colony so soon!" was like a revelation to him; all at once he understood all that he had escaped—all the privileges he now enjoyed.

The Father of the family found the poor fellow in tears one day, and, after a few sympathizing questions, drew from him a touching confession of his repentance. He freely acknowledged that his good conduct had hitherto been prompted by pride only; "and if," added he, "I have not run away, *it is only because there are no walls at Mettray.*"

Singular proof of the innate sentiment of honor that exists in France! Even this ignorant boy felt it to be an unworthy, cowardly act to betray the confidence reposed in him; he considered himself a prisoner on parole, and scorned to take advantage of the liberty granted him.

All his in-door talents did not, however, prevent his working well at the harder labors out of doors. He was great at the plough, and no one groomed a horse better than he. His strongly-built frame, too, became admirably developed by the farm-work and the gymnastic exercises in which all took a part, but in which none excelled as he did. His stout, muscular form, the splendid glow of his cheeks, and perfectly healthful appearance, would have made him remarked anywhere.

He had at first chosen to learn the trade of a baker, as his future means of gaining a living; but his strong physical nature and necessity of movement soon inspired him with a decided inclination for a military life, and the administration permitted him to revoke his first choice. Marcel had wished to be a gardener; he loved nature, and was passionately fond of flowers, and his desire had been granted.

So the two boys worked hopefully and cheerfully on; one day was a repetition of the other, until Marcel fully understood that higher life which brings its own recompense, and Polycarpe acquired the love of truth and of honest labor.

A year after his admittance into the colony, Polycarpe's name was inscribed on the tablet of honor by the side of Marcel's, which had already long gained its place there. A few months later, he succeeded to his friend as Elder Brother, and, after another interval of exemplary conduct, both lads received as a recompense a sum of money which was placed in the savings bank of the establishment for their future use, and were entitled to wear a corporal's stripe on their sleeve—a high and envied distinction.

"For the good workers there is a future!" is the hopeful salutation inscribed over the gate at Mettray.

Yes! there is a future for all true

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workers! Labor, then, steadfastly; earth; the good time cometh—the labor trustfully, poor children of reward is sure!

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

NUMBER TWO.

PANTHEISM EXAMINED FROM THE ONTOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW—THE INFINITE—IDEA OF THE INFINITE ACCORDING TO THE PANTHEIST.

THE infinite of the pantheist is *something* stripped of subsistence, limits, determinations, definiteness, qualities, or quantity; it is devoid of all consciousness, intelligence, will, individuality; it is something hanging between reality and unreality, bordering on possibility and existence; it is not altogether actual, nor entirely possible, but that which is *in fieri*, or becoming; in a word, that which is both being and nothing. It is pure, unalloyed abstraction, without a mind which makes the abstraction.

We acknowledge that pantheists do not all express themselves in the above manner with regard to the infinite; but, if we strip their systems of their various forms, all agree in presenting the same idea.

Whether, with the materialistic pantheists of old, we call the infinite a common principle or seed of liquid nature, from which everything sprang up, and which is the substratum of everything; or whether we call it the *primitive number*, with the Pythagoreans; or we like to exhibit it as the first *unity* or *monas*, with Plotinus and the Neoplatonists; or we look upon it as the *infinite substance* of Spinoza; or finally, with the Germans, we prefer to call it the *ego* or the *absolute identity*, or the *ideal-being*; or the *impersonal reason*, with Cousin—all converge into this idea, that the infinite is something indeterminate, unconscious, impersonal; which, by an interior necessity, is impelled to unfold and develop itself, assuming all kinds of limitations and forms; and thus, from being undefined, indeterminate, abstract, it becomes real, defined, determinate, concrete; from being one, it becomes multiple. The genesis of creation in all its components, and the history of mankind, are the successive unfolding and realization of the infinite in a progressive scale. For, in its necessary development, it becomes matter, organism, sense; and in man it acquires intellect with the consciousness of itself. Here commence all the phases of the development of man recorded in history: phases of a progressive civilization, which are but necessary unfoldings and modifications of the infinite; and which will go on progressing perpetually, to what end, or for how long, pantheists and progressists are unable to determine.

By means of this theory of the infinite, they endeavor to reconcile reality with the ontological ideas of being, the infinite, substance, and the absolute. For they reason thus: The idea of being is essentially uni-

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versal, and as such it must embrace all reality, and therefore it can be but one. The same must be said of the idea of the infinite. This comprehends everything, and therefore absorbs everything.

The reader can easily see, from what we have thus far said, that the first problem which pantheism raises and which is to be solved, is the following: What is the nature of the infinite? We accept the problem, and shall discuss it by making the following inquiries.

1. Does the idea which pantheism gives of the infinite really resolve the problem?

2. What is the true solution of the problem?

With regard to the first inquiry we answer that the idea of the infinite, as given by the pantheists,' when well examined, leads to one of two different conclusions:

1. Either it is the idea of finite being, and consequently requiring the existence of an infinite being as its origin.

2. Or, it is the idea of a mere abstraction, an absolute nonentity, and hence leading to absolute nihilism. In both cases pantheism, instead of resolving the problem, destroys it. We shall endeavor to prove both these propositions, assuming as granted that the principles of pantheism are these two:

1. The infinite is that the essence of which lies in becoming.

2. It becomes multiplicity, that is matter, organism, animality, etc., by a necessary interior movement.

The pantheistic idea of the infinite leads either to the idea of God given by the Catholic Church, or to absolute nihilism. Proven by the first principle of the pantheists.

Before entering upon the proof, we must lay down a few truths of ontology which are metaphysically certain.

First Principle. Being and actuality are one and the same thing.

The proof of this principle lies in the explanation of what actuality really means. Now, actuality is one of those ideas, called by logicians simple ideas, and which cannot be defined. We shall endeavor to explain it as follows.

Actuality is but a relation of our mind. When we think of a being, not as yet existing, but against the existence of which we see neither an interior nor an exterior reason, we call it possible being; and the perception of all this, in our mind, we call the perception of the *possibility* of a being.

But when we think of the being, not as possible, but as having, so to speak, travelled from possibility to real existence, we call that being *actual;* and the perception of the mind, the perception of the actuality of a being.

It is evident that actuality adds nothing to being, beyond a mere relation of our mind, which, comparing the being, as really existing, with its possibility, calls it *actual;* because it is existence in act, in contradistinction to possibility, which is power or potentiality.

Actuality, then, and being or reality are one and the same thing.

Second Principle. Actuality and duration are one and the same thing.

An act or being which does not last, not even one instant, is nothing; because our mind cannot conceive a being to exist, and have no duration whatever. Therefore an act or being necessarily implies duration, and they are therefore one and the same thing.

But it will be remarked: Are there no transitory acts? Do not

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all philosophers admit the existence of acts which are continually changing?

We answer, What is meant by a transitory act? Does it mean something which is continually changing, so much so that none of its elements has any duration whatever, not even for an instant; or does it mean that the parts or moments, if we may call them so, are in a state of continual transition? In both cases such acts do not and cannot exist.

Before demonstrating this, we observe that it was the ancient Italian school of Elea which, before every other school, raised the problem of transient acts, pointed out the great difficulty which existed in explaining their nature, and demonstrated the impossibility of their existence. To render the demonstration clear, we remark that a transient act may mean either one of two things: an act which is composed of different parts, each in continual transition; or an act which has a beginning, and, after a certain duration, also an end. We admit the existence of such acts in the second sense and not in the first. For if an act continually changes, none of the states which it successively assumes have any duration whatever. Otherwise it would no longer be a transient act in the first sense. But that which has no duration at all cannot be considered to exist. Therefore an act really transient cannot exist. What then is a transient act? We have seen that it supposes something standing or lasting. But what lasts is immanent, that is, has duration. Therefore a transient act can only be the beginning or end of an immanent act, or, in other words, the beginning or end of duration. To illustrate this doctrine by an example: suppose I wish to draw a line on this paper. If all the points, of which the line is to be composed, were to disappear the very instant I am drawing them, it is evident I should never have a line. Likewise, if all the states, which a transient act assumes, are supposed to have no duration whatever, the act also can have no duration, and hence no existence. A transient act, then, is the beginning or end of an immanent act.

Having laid down the foregoing propositions, we come to the discussion of the pantheistic idea of the infinite.

What, according to pantheism, is the idea of the infinite? Something the essence of which consists in becoming, in being made, in *fieri*. Now, we reason thus: a being the essence of which lies in becoming means either an act permanent and lasting, capable of changes, or it means something the essential elements of which are continually changing, and have, therefore, no duration whatever. If the last supposition be accepted as describing the pantheistic idea of the infinite, then the infinite is a sheer absurdity, an absolute nonentity. For, in this case, the infinite would be a transient act, in the sense that its essential elements are continually changing, and have no duration whatever. Now such acts are absolutely inconceivable. The mind may put forth its utmost efforts to form an idea of them, yet it will ever be utterly at a loss to conceive anything about them.

Pantheism, on this supposition, would start from absolute nihilism, to build up the existence of everything. On the other hand, if the second supposition be admitted, that the infinite is a permanent being, capable of changes and developments, then it is a transient act in the second sense, that is, the begin-

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ning or end of an immanent act; in which case we object to its being self-existing, and insist that it leads to the admission of the idea of the infinite as given by the Catholic Church. We demonstrate this from the ontological idea of immanent and transient acts.

If there be transient acts, there must also be immanent acts, because transient acts are the beginning or end of immanent acts. But no immanent act can be the cause of its end, because no act could be the cause of its cessation; nor can an immanent act be the cause of its own beginning, since in that case it would act before it existed.

It follows, then, that an immanent act cannot be the cause either of its beginning or of its end. But a transient act, that is, the beginning or end of an immanent act, must have a cause, by the principle of causality. If, then, the transient act is not caused by the immanent act, of which it is either the beginning or the end, it must be caused by another immanent act.

Now this immanent act, which causes the transient act, has either itself a beginning, in which case it would be preceded by a transient act, or it has no beginning at all, and consequently can have no end.

If it be caused by a transient act, we should be obliged to admit another immanent act; and, if we do not wish to admit an infinite series of causes, (which would by no means resolve the difficulty, but only increase it,) we must finally stop at an immanent act which has neither beginning nor end.

If it be not caused by a transient act, then we have already what we seek for; an act without beginning or end.

But, the infinite of the pantheists, if it be not a mere abstraction, an absolute nonentity, *is* a transient act.

Therefore, it leads to the admission of a purely immanent act. We present the same demonstration in another form, to make it more intelligible.

A transient act is the beginning or cessation of an immmanent act.

Now, this beginning or cessation must have a cause, by the principle of causality. What can the cause be? It cannot be the same immanent act, of which the transient act is either the beginning or the end. Because, if the immanent act were the cause of its beginning, it would act before its existence; and if it were the cause of its end, its action would be simultaneous with its destruction or extinction, which is a contradiction in terms. On the other hand, it cannot be a transient act, because this *itself* must have a cause. Nor can it be another immanent act, which has a beginning or end; for in that case it would be a transient act. Therefore, it must be a purely immanent act, without beginning or end. In short, a self-existing transient act, such as the infinite of the pantheists, is an absurdity, because this denotes an act which gives itself a beginning, or which gives itself an end. This beginning or end must be given it by another. Now, this second is either a purely immanent act, without beginning or end, or it has had a beginning, and may have an end. In the first supposition we have the Catholic idea of God. In the second we may multiply these causes *ad infinitum*, and thus increase *ad infinitum* the necessity of the existence of God to explain those existences.

We pass to the examination of the second leading principle of pantheism, which is thus expressed. The

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infinite, by a necessary interior movement, becomes multiple.

How is this to be understood? If the infinite of the pantheists, by a necessary interior movement, unfolds itself, and becomes multiple, it follows that it is the cause of transient acts. Our mind can attach no other signification to that principle, beyond that of an immanent act, producing transient acts. Now the question arises, Is this ontologically possible? We insist that it is not, and lay down the following proposition: No being, which moves or unfolds itself, that is, which performs transient acts, can do so by its own unaided energy; but requires the aid of another being, different from itself.

An immanent act which produces a transient one does so either by an eternal act, also immanent, and in that case it cannot be the subject of the transient act produced; or it produces a transient act of which it is the subject—so much so that the transient act is its own act, as, for instance, the act by which a sensitive being feels a new sensation, or the act by which an intelligent being begets a thought, are transient acts, the one of the sensitive principle, the other of the rational being. These transient acts modify the subject which produces them, and effect a change in it.

Now, in the first case, if an immanent act which produces transient acts is eternal in duration, these cannot terminate in the subject, by the supposition. For, if the transient act were laid inside the permanent act, it would be its cessation, and in that case the act would no longer be eternal according to the supposition.

In the second place, if an immanent act becomes the subject of transient acts, or, in other words, modifies itself, a sufficient reason must be given, a cause of such modification, by the principle of causality. Why does it modify itself? What is the cause of such a change? The being or subject, or immanent act, does not contain the sufficient cause of the modification or change; because if it contained it, the act produced would be permanent, and not transient, that is, it would have always been in the immanent act. For it is a principle of ontology of immediate evidence that, given the *full* cause, the effect follows. Now the immanent act in question *was* before the transient act existed; therefore, the immanent act is not full and sufficient cause of the transient act which modifies it. If it is not the full and sufficient cause of its modification, it cannot modify itself without the aid of exterior being. Now, this exterior being cannot be supposed to be of the same nature with the act in question, otherwise it would itself require aid. Therefore, it must be a being which does it by an eternal immanent act; and that Being is the *Infinite* of Catholic philosophy.

Apply this demonstration to the second principle of pantheism, that the infinite, by a necessary interior movement, unfolds and develops itself, or modifies itself, it is evident that this second principle, like the first, is ontologically impossible; that the infinite must either be purely, simply, and eternally actual, or it cannot develop itself without the aid of another being of a different nature; consequently that the second pantheistic principle is nothing else but the idea of finite being perfecting itself by the aid of the Infinite of Catholic philosophy.

In order that this conclusion may appear more evident, we subjoin another argument, more adapted to the comprehension of most readers.

According to the pantheistic hy-

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pothesis, the infinite, by a necessary interior action, is forced to expand, to develop itself. Now, we want to show that this it cannot do by its unaided energy. We prove it thus: This action of the infinite is a movement; we make use of the word movement in its widest signification, as meaning any action whatever. Now, this movement either existed always in the infinite or it had a beginning. In the system of the pantheists it has a beginning, because they hold that the infinite successively assumes different forms. There was then a time in which it did not move. Then the infinite had only the power, and not the act of moving; and when it *did* move, it passed from the power to the act.

It will not do for the pantheist to endeavor to avoid this conclusion by saying that the movement of the infinite is eternal. Conceding that the movement is eternal, we ask, is the action only one, or is it multiple? In other words, is the full intensity of its energy concentrated in one movement, or is it divided? The pantheist cannot, in force of his system, admit that the whole intensity of its energy is concentrated in a single movement; otherwise, the successive unfoldings were impossible; the unfolding would be instantaneous, and not successive.

The infinite, then, in its successive unfoldings, passes from the power to the act. Now, it is an ontological principle, as evident as any axiom of Euclid, that no being can pass from the power to the act, from quiet to movement, but by the aid of another being already in act. For power is, in relation to action, as rest is to movement. If the being is in rest, it cannot be in movement; if, on the contrary, it is in movement, it cannot be in rest. Likewise, if the being is supposed to act, it cannot, at the same time, be supposed to be in potentiality. A being in power and action, with regard to the same effects, is as much a contradiction as a being in rest and motion at the same time. To make this more intelligible, let us take an instance. Suppose the seed of a tree, say of a lemon: this seed is in potentiality to become a lemon. But it could never of itself become a lemon; because, if it could, it were already a lemon; it were a lemon, not in power only, but in act. To become a lemon it must be buried in the earth, it must go through the whole process of vegetation, and assimilate to itself whatever it needs from the earth and the air and the sun; and not until then can it be the fruit-tree we call lemon.

No being, then, can pass from the power to the act, except by the aid of another being which is in act. Now, the infinite of the pantheist is continually passing from the power to the act; from being indefinite and indeterminate, it becomes limited and determinate. Therefore it cannot do so but by the agency of another being, which is all action and no potentiality.

This being is God.

We have examined the first principle of pantheism with regard to the infinite, and we have seen that a being the essence of which lies in being made, in becoming, either means something the essential elements of which are continually changing, so much so as to have no duration whatever, or it means a being which has a beginning and may have an end. In the first case, the infinite of the pantheist would be a mere absurdity, a pure abstraction. In the second, it expresses nothing else but the idea of a finite being, and leads to the existence of a purely immanent being or act. Proceeding to discuss the second principle

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of pantheism, that the infinite, by a necessary, interior movement, unfolds itself, we have demonstrated that this is impossible; that, granting the possibility of the infinite unfolding itself successively, this it could never do by its own unaided energy, but requires the help of another being. That, consequently, the second principle of the pantheists leads also to the idea of God as proposed by the Catholic Church.

As a corollary following from the whole discussion, we draw the conclusion that the infinite is utterly inconceivable, unless it is supposed to be most perfect, most finished reality, if we may speak thus; that it is altogether absurd, unless it is supposed to be pure actuality, without the least mixture of potentiality; in a word, pure, simple action itself; in the language of the schoolmen, *actus purissimus*.

The discussion of the pantheistic idea of the infinite has led us to the main idea of the infinite as it is given by Catholic philosophy. We shall now proceed to fill up this idea and develop it to its utmost conclusions, so as to give an exact and full exposition of the doctrine of the infinite, as proposed by Catholic philosophy. The result of our discussion has been that the Infinite, or God, is action itself; or, in other words, pure actuality, an immanent act without beginning or end. Upon this we shall build the whole construction of the essential attributes and perfections of God, and admire how consistent, how logical, how sublime, is the Catholic idea of the Infinite.

I.

GOD IS NECESSARY BEING.

Necessary being is that the essence of which is one and the same thing with its existence; and, *vice versa*, the existence of which is one and the same thing with the essence, so much so that the idea of the one implies the idea of the other.

But God's essence is to be; for we have seen that he is actuality or reality itself. Therefore, God is necessary or self-existing being.

Hence the sublime definition he gave of himself to Moses: "*I am* WHO *am. He who is* sent me to you."

II.

GOD IS ETERNAL.

Eternity is duration without succession or change; *duratio tota simul*, as the schoolmen would say. Hence it excludes the idea either of beginning or end. But duration and actuality are one and the same thing. Therefore actuality itself is duration itself; that is to say, duration without succession or change.

Now, God is actuality itself. Therefore he is eternal.

III.

GOD IS IMMUTABLE.

Immutability is life without succession or change; or, in other words, life without beginning or end, and without being subject to modifications. Now life is action. Action then, without succession or change, is immutability.

God is action itself. Therefore God is immutable.

IV.

GOD IS INFINITE.

Infinity is being itself with the exclusion of limits, that is, of not being; or, to express ourselves more intelligibly, it is being or perfection in its

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utmost and supremest actuality, excluding the possibility of any successive actualization, for the reason of its being already all possible actualization. Human language is so imperfect and so inadequate that, even in our efforts to avoid in the definition of the infinite all idea of succession or development, we are forced to make use of words which seem to suppose it. Those who are trained to think logically will grasp the idea without much effort; for the words *being itself*, to the exclusion of not being or limitation, sufficiently and adequately define the infinite. Now, God, as action itself, is being itself.

Therefore, God is infinite.

V.

IMMENSITY IS THE PRESENCE OF THE WHOLE BEING OF GOD IN HIS ACTIONS.

This definition of immensity, being somewhat different in words from that commonly given by metaphysicians, requires explanation. Let the reader, then, pay particular attention to the following remarks.

Ubiquity implies residence of *being* in space, both spiritual and material. By spiritual space we mean the existence of different created spirits and nothing more.

By material space we mean the extension of matter.

That God can act on or reside in spiritual beings does not involve any difficulty.

But how can he reside in material space, space properly so called?

It is evident that a spiritual being cannot dwell in space by a contact of extension, since spiritual being is the very opposite of extension.

Therefore, a spiritual being can only dwell in space by acting on it.

The presence of the whole being of God in the action by which he creates, sustains, and acts in spiritual and material space, is ubiquity.

Immensity is the presence of the whole being of God in his action. The difference between the two lies in this: that ubiquity implies a relation to created objects, whereas immensity implies no such relation. We say, then, the presence of the *whole being* of God in his action, because God is pure actuality, action itself. If, therefore, in his action we did not suppose the presence of his whole being, we should establish a division in God; that is, we should suppose his being and his action to be distinct, which they are not, and this distinction would imply a development in God, which is contrary to his being action or actuality itself.

It will easily be remarked that immensity is an attribute which flows immediately from the idea of God being actuality itself. We may therefore conclude that he is immense.

VI.

GOD IS ABSOLUTE SIMPLICITY.

Absolute simplicity, in its negative aspect, implies the absence of all possible composition or distinction in a being; the distinction, for instance, of essence and existence, of faculties and attributes.

Now, God is pure actuality, and this excludes all idea of such distinctions. Therefore, God is simplicity itself.

VII.

GOD IS ONE.

God is a necessary being, eternal, immutable, infinite, immense, all of which are sides of one idea—that of pure actuality.

Now, such a being can be but one.

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as is evident to every mind which understands the terms. God is therefore one.

Before we leave this part of the subject, let us compare both the pantheistic and the Catholic ideas of *God*, so that, when brought together face to face, they may appear in a better and more distinct light.

God, according to the pantheists, is an eternal, self-existing *something*, devoid of all determination or limit, of all individuality, of all consciousness, of all personality, of all shape or form.

When well examined, the principle of the pantheists presents no other idea to the mind than that of possibility, a kind of self-existent possibility, if we may bring together two terms which exclude each other.

Starting from this possibility, the pantheists make it acquire determination, concreteness, consciousness, personality, by supposing an interior necessary force of development.

The Catholic idea of God is the very opposite of the pantheistic.

For, whereas they make God a possibility, something that is becoming, to be made; the Catholic Church exhibits him as reality, actuality, being itself. It is careful to eliminate from him the least idea of potentiality or possibility, of becoming something, or of being subject to development or perfection; because it insists that God is all reality, perfectly and absolutely actual. Any idea of further perfection is not only to be excluded from him, but cannot even be conceived; for the simple reason that he is all perfection, absolute, eternal perfection.

That this is the only reasonable idea of God is evident to every mind which is capable of understanding the terms. For happily it does not require a long and difficult demonstration to prove the falsehood and absurdity of the pantheistic, and the truth of the Catholic, idea of God. The understanding of the terms is quite sufficient.

Whoever says possibility, excludes, by the very force of the term, existence and reality. A self-existent possibility is a contradiction in terms; for possibility excludes existence, and self-existence implies it necessarily.

An eternal possibility is also a contradiction in terms; for eternity excludes all succession or mutation, and possibility implies it. An infinite possibility is yet more absurd; because infinite means absolute reality and actuality; possibility, on the contrary, implies only power of being.

But, on the contrary, how logical, how consistent, how grand, and how conformable to all ontological principles is the idea of God held by the Catholic Church! God is absolute, pure, unmixed actuality and reality. Therefore he is self-existing being itself; therefore he is eternal, because pure actuality is at the same time pure duration; therefore he is immutable, since pure actuality excludes all change and development; therefore he is infinite, because he is being itself, the essential being, *the* being; therefore he is simplicity itself, because a distinction would imply a composition, and all composition is rejected by actuality most pure, so to speak, unalloyed, unmixed.

The God of the pantheist is a nullity, a negation; the God of the Catholic Church is really the Infinite. He is in himself whatever is real and actual in spirit, whatever is real and positive in matter, whatever is real and positive in the essence of all creatures. But he has all the reality of spirit without its limitation; all the reality of matter without its limitation; all the reality of all creatures without their limitation. All this reality in him is not such and such a

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reality; but he is all reality, pure, unmixed reality, without limit and without distinction.

What leads the pantheists into the admission of their principle is a false, wrong idea of the infinite. They suppose, and suppose rightly, that the infinite must contain all reality; and seeing around them such a multitude of different beings or creatures, each one with its particular difference and individualization, they ask themselves the question, How can all these differences be concentrated in one being?—the infinite—and in endeavoring to resolve it they admit a first something undefined, indeterminate, which assumes gradually all these different forms.

What is this but a very material and vulgar idea of the infinite? That it was the idea of the first who began to philosophize is intelligible. But that modern philosophers should have no higher comprehension of the infinite, that they should not conceive how the infinite can be all reality, in its being without distinction, composition, change, or succession, is quite inconceivable; and is much less than we should expect from men boasting so loudly of their enlightenment.

Let them hear a Catholic philosopher of the middle ages upon the subject. After having demonstrated that whatever is real in the creature is to be found in God as the infinite and most perfect, he proposes the other question, How can all these perfections be found in God? and he answers, that they are necessarily to be found in God, but in a most simple manner, as one and single perfection. We subjoin his words:

"From what we have said, it evidently follows that the perfections of creatures are essentially unified in God. For we have shown that God is simple. Now, where there is simplicity there cannot be found diversity in the interior of the being. If, then, all the perfections of creatures are to be found in the infinite, it is impossible that they could be there with their differences. It follows, then, that they must be in him as ONE.

"This becomes evident, if we reflect upon what takes place in the faculties of comprehension. For a superior power grasps, by one and the same act of comprehension, all those things known, under different points of view, by inferior powers. In fact, the intelligence judges, by a unique and simple act, all the perceptions of sight, of hearing, and of the other senses. The same occurs in sciences: although inferior sciences are various in virtue of their different objects, there is, however, in them all a superior science which embraces all, and which is called transcendental philosophy. The same thing happens with relation to authority. For in the royal authority, which is one, are included all the other subordinate authorities, which are divided for the government of the kingdom. It is thus necessary that the perfections of inferior creatures, which are multiplied according to the difference of beings, be found together as one, in the principle of all things—God!" *

* St. Thomas's *Compendium Theologiæ*, cap. 22.

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THE RIGHT PATH FOUND THROUGH THE GREAT SNOW.

THE drifting, wide-spread snow-storm of January 17th, 1867, will live in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" among the strange things of that eventful year. It confirmed in its depth and fulness the weird stories of our grandsires, which our later years had come to look upon as myths; of benighted travellers buried in drifts that covered houses; of common roads only made passable by archways cut through the white heaps; of houses where the only egress was by the upper windows, or perhaps the chimneys. Among the multitudes who found themselves snow-bound on that memorable Thursday aforesaid, I was shut up to the cold comfort of a country inn, in a bleak, mountainous district, where I had arrived the previous evening with the intention of spending only a night and day; less, if the business that brought me could be transacted in a shorter time. I had engaged the parlor and bed-room adjoining, that I might occupy myself with necessary writing uninterrupted by any chance arrival. The dimensions of my suite of apartments were small, and the furniture of the plainest kind; a dingy carpet covered the floor, and green and yellow paper adorned the walls. The brilliancy of the *tout ensemble* was heightened by a series of coarse, highly-colored plates, representing the life of the prodigal son in all its phases, and an equally radiant "family tree," laden with what was intended to represent tropical fruits, in red and yellow, the oranges bearing the names and dates of the female members of the family, and the lemons those of the males; a very suggestive picture certainly, and one that told some queer tales of my landlord's family. *Fox's Book of Martyrs* and an almanac for '66 were the only books the room furnished. The chairs were of the stiffest pattern, arranged in funereal order around the sides of the apartment, with a notable exception in a large stuffed arm-chair, of the olden times, which I drew before the open grate piled with blazing peat.

That fire was a comfort indeed. A sight almost lost in these days in New England; it helped me to forget, in its beautiful variations, the dashing appearance of the youth pictured on the walls, and the cruel plates and malicious lies of the "English martyrologist."

Little did I dream, as I arranged my plans for the next day, of the change that would come over the outer world while I slept, although there were already signs of a coming storm. I looked from my windows in the morning, through the large elms, heavy with the accumulating weight, across the road and opposite fields which the snow had swept into one broad expanse of whiteness, obscuring landmarks and obliterating fences, and which the furious wind was now lashing into billows, all dead white, save where

> "Some dark ravine
> Took shadow, or the sombre green
> Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
> Against the whiteness at their back."

To be "snow-bound" may be very nice in a large, well-ordered household; but in solitude, with neither books nor companions, and with the remembrance of a family far away,

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who perchance may just then need your stout arm to release them from a like imprisonment, it is not a cheerful position; and I could not repress a sigh as I gazed over the trackless way, remembering that I was five miles from a railroad station, in a small upland village, not famous for the enterprise of the inhabitants. The sigh was scarcely breathed when, on the confines of the opposite meadow, I espied two figures struggling against the elements, evidently intent on working their way to the inn through the terrible drifts. It was weary work; for they fell and arose again often, during the short time I watched them before hastening to the old landlord, who was smoking his pipe where was once the bar-room, and dreaming over the visions of his long-gone youth. As soon as the purpose of my call was known, he summoned three stout laborers from the kitchen, where they were rejoicing with the maids over the prospect of an idle day, and bade them go at once to the relief of the travellers. I grew impatient with the long delay of the servants, the more as but one of the two men was to be seen breasting the storm; the other must have fallen. Forgetting my delicate lungs and small physique, I donned my overcoat and hat, and, fortified with a flask of brandy, hastened to the rescue, reflecting that brains are often as useful as muscle in an emergency. The more successful traveller, a stout son of "green Erin," was quite exhausted when we reached him; but he found breath to articulate, in answer to our inquiries for his companion: "Indeed, he fell near the big tree. Oh! he be's a real gintleman." The informer was conveyed to the house by two of the men, while with what seemed to me supernatural strength, I made my way with the third toward the aforesaid "big tree," walking on the drifts where the stouter man went down, and though the strong, keen northwest wind nearly took away my breath, and the sleet almost blinded me, I was first on the spot. It seemed to me two hours, though it was less than half that time, from the moment when I lifted the head of the fallen man and succeeded in pouring into his mouth a spoonful of brandy, till we landed with our burden at the door of the inn.

There was something in my first glance upon that cold, handsome face that came to me like a dream of early days—something that claimed kindred with the associations of my youth. By the motherly solicitude of the landlady I knew that he would be speedily resuscitated, and, prostrated by my exertions, I was leaving him in her care, when I stooped to reach the hat of the gentleman from the floor where it had been thrown, when I saw the name "Redwood R. Hood," written in the crown. Immediately I knew why I had been impressed with his face, and turning to that form over which strangers were bending with curious gaze I said peremptorily, "Take the gentleman to my room; he is a friend of mine; and, Mrs. S——," I added to the landlady, who looked incredulous, "with your help we can very soon restore the circulation, and he will have more quiet there than here."

I will not enter into the process of resuscitation; let it suffice that by evening my friend was the occupant of the large arm-chair before the piles of burning peat, and we had gone over the years intervening between us, with the circumstances of our meeting again in a summary manner, and we now sat in the early twilight quietly looking at one another.

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"The 'wolf' snow came near devouring little 'Red Riding Hood' this time," I said, bursting into a laugh again at the joyous memories that name recalled.

"Even so," replied the pale figure opposite, "and I owe my life to you, William Dewey, the '*billet doux*' of early days. Happy hours of our youth!" he added, almost regretfully. "Yes, they were happy," I responded, "even with all their drawbacks; yet what do you think now of the sermons of two hours in length filled with the strong meat of total depravity, election, inability, foreordination, and reprobation, to which we were under bonds to listen and to give a rehash at home, and the tedious prayers which we were obliged to take all standing; a much more respectful attitude, however, than the lounging, sitting posture of the present generation of the so-called orthodox?"

"Do you remember," he said, a smile spreading all over his face, "when we were at Parson Freewill's school in L——, in the old meeting-house with the square pews, with seats that lifted when the congregation arose for prayer, and the vigorous slam we gave the covers when we reseated ourselves? I think that powerful stroke rather compensated for the length of the prayer; it was something to look forward to. But my most fearful remembrance is the hour after supper devoted to the Assembly's Catechism. I can see my poor aunt now, shaking her grey curls over the old family Bible, from which she was endeavoring to prove to me the words of the Catechism which said I had lost all communion with God, was under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to all the miseries of this life and the pains of hell for ever, and that through no fault of mine; but that such was the corruption of my nature that I was utterly indisposed and made opposite unto all that is spiritually good, and wholly inclined to evil, and that continually!" (*Vide* Catechism of Westminster Assembly.)

"How is it possible you have your catechism at your tongue's end even at this date?" I replied. "Really I doubt if I could repeat an answer correctly; but I thank God who has brought me out of such terrible darkness."

"Then you have escaped?" he inquired, putting out his hand to grasp mine; "you, a deacon's son, brought up in the very midst of 'Brimstone Corner'! Well, well! I must believe the age of miracles has not passed, for this cannot be anything less than a miracle!"

"Yes, a miracle indeed," I replied gravely. "A double miracle, that I escaped, and am at last anchored."

"Anchored!" he exclaimed incredulously, "do tell me where you can find bottom after such uprooting."

"Where you will perhaps despise me more than if I had been content to walk the Calvinistic rut through life," was my reply, as I gave into his hand my prayer-book. He examined it with curiosity and surprise. "A Catholic! a Roman Catholic!" he exclaimed at length, with a shade of what I thought savored of contempt in the tone of his voice; "you, William Dewey, son of Deacon Norman Dewey, of the puritanical city of Boston, you a Papist! Excuse me if I cannot help saying, it seems to me, 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.'"

"And pray, may I ask where you find yourself religiously?" I said; "men of our years, after the fifties, ought to be fixed somewhere."

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"On the other pole from yourself," he replied quickly; "I believe in no creed, no church, no—"

"No God?" I questioned, a little satirically.

"A great first cause, certainly," he said slowly. "Yes, the God in everything, 'Jehovah, Jove, or Lord,' the true Shekinah is man. But let us not mar this pleasant reunion with discussions. With your fixed faith, you can have no sympathy religiously with one the pride of whose creed is, that it is changing daily, wholly unfixed and afloat."

"There you mistake," I replied earnestly. "I can and do most heartily sympathize with you; for I floated for years on that same waste of waters —that shoreless sea of doubt."

"Is it possible! and came at last where you are? I know nothing about the Catholic faith, I must own, from actual study, and from what I have heard I did not think it would bear examination; but there must be something in it if it has caught you, and, if you like, it would give me pleasure to hear the process: but perhaps you will object?"

"Not at all," I replied, "but it would take me all night to tell you the course I run in this matter, and fatigue you after your misadventure to listen."

"I think it would do me good," he said more earnestly than he had yet spoken; "I am really impressed with a desire to know how such a transformation could take place, and you come to embrace what you were brought up to hate. As to my strength and ability to listen, I am about as well as usual, but miss my tobacco sadly. My meerschaum probably lies in the drift that had nearly been my winding-sheet." I went to the hall and despatched a servant, who soon returned with a box of clay pipes and tobacco in one hand, and the missing meerschaum in the other.

"We must be in a remarkably primitive region to find this again, and without reward," he cried, looking tenderly at the old friend. "Now go on," he added, after the first puff; "begin at the beginning, where you used to be flogged about every Sunday for going reluctantly to catechism. Oh! if there is any one thing more than another that upset that old cross-grained theology of our childhood, it was those dreaded Sundays; when, after two sessions of Sunday-school, two long sermons, and an hour's sitting on the Westminster Divines, we were allowed some spiritual sugar-plums in the shape of the *Memoir of Nathan Dickerman*, *Life of Mrs. Harriet Newell*, or some other questionable saint. Yours was a large family at home, and did not feel what it was to be the sole recipient of the full vials of reprobation. What saved us from being arrant hypocrites or open infidels?"

Though I questioned in my own mind how far my friend's religion was from infidelity, I replied, "The fact that we felt that our teachers' hearts were better than their creed; for surely never did there exist a man more free from every taint of hypocrisy than my honored father, who held tenaciously to the five articles agreed to by the Synod of Dort, which represented most of the Calvinistic churches of Europe, looked upon Calvin's Institutes as binding next to the Bible, and I believe worshipped this terrible God in whom he believed with the most earnest faith."

"And you a Catholic!" he said, striking his hands together. "Excuse me if I repeat what I said. I cannot see how you have bettered the

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matter, since the Catholic Church holds to total depravity and foreordination, and moreover excludes all from any hope of salvation who do not bow their necks to her yoke."

"Excuse me for flatly contradicting you, but the Catholic Church does not hold the doctrine of the total depravity of the human race; on the contrary, she ever teaches that man did not lose by the Fall the image of God, or his own free will, or the powers of his reason. But you asked me how I became a Catholic. I am more interested in telling you that than in refuting what her enemies say of the church, because that you can find in books any day; but you must allow me to echo your surprise when I see a large, earnest soul like yours satisfied with a simple negation of faith."

"Satisfied! if by satisfaction you mean certainty, I say no; for I do not believe it is to be found. The best, I find, is to follow the light that comes to me," he added, with, I thought, a shade of sadness in his tone; "I broke the fetters of Calvinism with a bound, and when I had started, there was nothing for me to do but to cut loose from everything traditional, and rest solely on reason. But tell me of yourself, for any man who is in earnest, thinking for himself, I respect, be he Mormon or Mohammedan."

"I thank you for my share of the respect," I replied, "though I do not consider it very flattering. I never was a Calvinist; my earliest reason rebelled against the teachings, and many a snubbing did I get in my youth for daring to question—'*cavil*,' it was called. I went through all the phases of the system, trying to believe as I was taught; for I had large human respect and strong desire to please, with a devout turn of mind, making many a violent effort to be in a condition to become, what my friends wished, 'a professor;' but my conscience was too clamorous to allow me to pretend that I had 'obtained a hope,' or 'experienced religion.' Invariably, after a few weeks of fervor, I settled back into a state of indifference or doubt, although, to please my father, I was a constant attendant on all 'inquiry-meetings' and 'anxious-seats.' When I think of those meetings and the self-constituted teachers, who came there to hear the confessions, and to guide anxious souls in the road to heaven, a flash of indignation passes through my frame. About five years after, we parted as school-mates; you for the South and a stirring business life, I to New-England and the meditative days of a student. I was attracted and fascinated by the specious talk of transcendentalism; it was my first taste of liberty. I read, thought, and dreamed; tried to feed my soul on naturalism, and to renounce everything supernatural; talked very flippantly about the God in everything as the object of my worship; but my hungry soul was unsatisfied; there was a cold, dreary chilliness, and undefined nothingness, a rejoicing in uncertainty, which brought nothing like food to my spirit. This *faith* (if it deserves the name) flattered my proud heart, giving me the 'genus homo' as an object of worship; but I saw plainly that it could never reach the needs of humanity, and though 'brotherhood' was its watchword and cry, it could never be a religion for the masses. It was only for the refined, the cultivated, the gentle, and the good. Where were the abandoned, the dissolute, the coarse, vulgar herd to find a God in such a snare? I often asked myself this question, and

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this specious infidelity gave me no answer. Of the Catholic Church, I am ashamed to say, I then knew nothing, except that I had often heard her called 'the mother of harlots,' 'Babylon,' 'the scarlet woman,' and such like attractive names, but it did not once occur to me that I ought to examine her claims; floating as I was, seeking for foothold, she was not presented to my mind as an object to be looked at or feared, only to be despised. At that time I was associated with many of the purest and noblest spirits, longing and feeling after God by the dim light of nature; trying to think him out for themselves; finite minds blinded by vain efforts to comprehend the infinite. The first genuine wave of affliction brought me to a standstill on the brink of the abyss that says there is no God. I lost my mother; she was one of those timid, fearful souls, and had not that 'assurance' of which Calvinists make their boast; the words spoken of my precious mother after her burial nearly drove me wild; they snapped the last cord that bound me to the iron system of opinions which had thrown their shadow over my young life. Three years of rushing into the world to drive away thought followed this terrible blow, and then came a blessing—the best blessing of my life."

"A wife?" questioned my friend, as I paused a moment in my recital; "a wife, yes, I have it," as a smile twinkled in the corners of his clear grey eyes and spread over his handsome face; "I see it, she knocked the transcendentalism out of you with the Catholic hammer."

"Hardly," I replied, joining in the hearty laugh that followed his remark; "being a fearfully high-church woman, and looking upon hers as the only pure branch—the *via media*—the only barrier against Rome, 'Romanism,' as she sedulously named the Catholic Church, was the only thing her loving soul was bitter against."

"Then you came through the gate of ritualism?" he questioned again; "a very natural sequence."

"You are excellent in jumping at conclusions," I answered; "I could never embrace the Anglican myth, though I was bound by my own creed not to trouble myself about that of other people. I was brought behind the curtain of this household, however, and saw the cruel intestine warfare between high and low church; the vital difference in the teaching of the two classes of clergymen, the 'sacramental' and the 'evangelical;' and I saw within her fold young, earnest hearts becoming partisans in these divisions and calling it zeal for God. I often heard more talk of an evening over the particular shade of an altar-cloth, the size and pattern of book-marks for the altar, the proper position of faldstools, credences, sedilia; the way in which a clergyman read or pronounced, the depth of the genuflection he made in the creed, and so forth, than I have heard the whole ten years I have been in the Catholic Church. I saw, too, that she was eminently the church of the fashionable, 'the most genteel denomination,' as I heard one of her members declare, with much self-satisfaction, containing the 'cream of society;' the poor shut out from her churches, and compensated by mission-chapels for their exclusive use. Of course my wife was very earnest to make me a convert to Episcopacy, and by her repeated solicitations I examined the 'Book of Common Prayer,' as she so often said (what is a truth everywhere) that one must not judge of a religious body by individual members or teach-

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ers, but by her standards. I was strongly confirmed, by this examination, in my opinion of the want of conformity to their own rules by many of the clergy, and the helplessness to reach them by discipline, which is the first requisite in a well-ordered household. That the body of the book contradicted the thirty-nine articles was as plain as that 'Protestant' was on the title-page; for while one acknowledged priest, altar, and sacrifice, the other stoutly denied all three."

"And did you make known the result of your investigations to Mrs. Dewey, or did you leave her in ignorance of what you had found?"

"I dreaded to shake her faith, knowing that I had nothing to give her in its place, and I withheld my conclusions, till she insisted so earnestly, assuring me that she could not be moved, that I yielded. I could see that she was moved by what I said; but she was only carried forward, grasping more firmly the fragments of Catholic truth she already held, and growing, as I afterward knew, into a more Catholic spirit. At length I said to her, as she was mourning over the want of unity among her chosen people, and the alarming progress of 'Romanism,' which had just clasped in its embrace one of her dearest friends, 'Suppose, my dear, you and I were to look into this matter; I have no doubt you would be more of an Anglican than ever, and I less in favor of creeds. It is but fair we should give Catholics a hearing; for my part, I know nothing of them except from their enemies.' She was inclined to listen to my proposition; but her spiritual pastor, from whom she hid none of her religious difficulties, put a veto on the examination, by forbidding her to read or to talk with any one on the subject. Indignant at what I then thought his narrow-mindedness, but which I now see was only proper self-preservation, I determined to pursue my investigations alone, though it was the first time in our married life that any subject of interest had not been common with us. I procured such books as were within my reach, and commenced my inquiries. It was a most interesting study, and opened a new world of thought to me; every moment of leisure for six months was given to the search, into which I entered as I would into a question of law, consulting and comparing authorities, examining both sides, questioning and cross-questioning witnesses. But we are touching on the time of sleep," I said, as the hall-clock struck the hour of midnight.

"Oh! no, go on," he replied eagerly, "you don't know how interested I am."

"No," I said firmly, "your experience of to-day requires that you should rest; and as there is no prospect of getting away from here, I shall have ample time to finish my tale to-morrow." I insisted upon his occupying my quarters, being the most comfortable in the house, and as I went to my rest in another apartment, and thought of the eagerness with which he had listened to my recital, I breathed a prayer that God would give him light.

The sun arose clear and bright the following morning, and the wind, that had made such havoc with the snow-drifts the previous day, had died away into a cold calm. I watched from the window the long line of men and boys, with patient oxen, tugging and toiling at the great white heaps. I had *Snow Bound* in my coat-pocket, and took this opportunity of assuring myself of the truth of the beautiful word-pictures therein painted. It was quite late when my

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friend appeared from the inner room, and in answer to my inquiry if he had rested well replied, "I have not once wakened since I succeeded in driving our conversation from my mind, which I did after a long process, by repeating the multiplication table over and over till I fell asleep. We cannot get away to-day," he added, going to the window. "I am glad of that, for I am impatient to hear you out." He was uneasy till breakfast was dispatched, our grate and pipes replenished, and we seated again for a talk.

"Now tell me the result of your lawyer-like examination of authorities," he said by way of commencement.

"Yes, it was indeed lawyer-like," I replied; "for prejudice, feeling, early impressions, all went against the decision. But the logical conclusion, from what I read, was this: *if* (mind I got no further than the *if*) the Bible is the word of God, it certainly teaches that our Lord established a church, and gave to that one body apostles and teachers, conferring on them wonderful powers, to be continued for all time in some way; for he says, 'I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world;' with the same breath with which he tells them to preach the Gospel, he bids them to bind and loose, to work miracles and to feed his flock. These are the facts on the face of the Gospel narrative. I tried to explain these things in some other way; I even went to commentators; but the candid examination I had promised forbade my trusting any man's opinion. I went to the early Fathers, (whom, by the way, I had always ignored, as is the fashion;) I found that they reasoned very much like other men; they asked questions, and answered them. I saw that if these powers were given, as the Scripture asserts, to the chosen twelve, these were the men to whom they were transmitted. Without exception they confirmed the teaching of the Bible with regard to the church, and opened still more fully the dogmas of Scripture. I compared them one with another, and found that, without any denial or variation, they declared the authority of the church and the necessity of the sacraments. It was also plain that this church being one and universal, having the same faith and discipline wherever established, until some body of men *protested* against some received doctrine, no dogma assumed prominence, the faith was one perfect whole. But while, as I told you, I had gone no further than 'if,' my wife, by an entirely different road, was coming to the same gate. Her pastor had given her two very beautiful devotional works, that charmed her beyond anything she had ever seen; but during one of the rare calls of her Catholic friend, (for her guide had advised her to renounce this friendship, but I, with a higher claim on her obedience, had forbidden this sacrifice,) during this call, these books were the subject of discourse, and Miss M—— told her she wished her nothing better to read, as they were both translations of Catholic authors, which she proved by bringing the originals in French at her next visit. My wife saw at once the absurdity of denying her Catholic books, and giving them to her in disguise. This honest guide of souls had also told her that 'Romanists' altered the commandments, leaving out the second entirely, lest it should condemn their idolatry; while her friend gave her the Catechism which is taught to all Catholic children, where the commandments are written as they were spoken on Mount Sinai. I think these two mistakes (I will call them by a mild name) of her pastor shook her faith in him very

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essentially. From that day we talked freely; I gave her my conclusions, with the '*if*,' and she took the Fathers for daily reading. I had gone no further than the *if*—my pride prevented—when it pleased AlmightyGod to take from us our eldest son, and to bring my wife to the borders of the grave. What could comfort me, as I looked at my beautiful boy cold and lifeless, and my wife at that point where earthly help is unavailing? The cheerless creed that I had held with so much pride gave me not a glimmer of light. I called reason to my aid, but I called in vain; it was no pleasure to me to think of those I had loved and lost reabsorbed into Deity, never more to be anything to me. How could it satisfy me, yearning for the treasures I was losing, to feel that 'there is no time, no space; we are we know not what, light sparkles in the ether of Deity.' The words which I had used in answer to my wife's questioning, 'if this be true,' followed me continually; now, I needed to know if it were true; I needed something firm to rest me in that weary hour. It was many years since I had knelt in prayer; now I was bowed to the earth, and my whole cry was, 'Lord, give me light.' I am ashamed to tell you of the fearful struggle with my pride, when at last the light of faith came into my bewildered and darkened soul, the many worldly ties that held me back, the loss of position and favor which I feared; I blush for my cowardice, it was unworthy of the name of man made in the image of God. My beloved wife knew not of this strife in my soul; in her extremity she had sent for her pastor, and received all he could give her of the rites of his church; but she was not satisfied. What was my surprise to hear her say, as if the sight of death had given her boldness, 'There is the command of St. James for the comfort and help of the sick and dying; why may I not have it?' 'Ah! my child,' he replied, 'that was given for the early ages of the church, and passed away with them.' 'But why do we not need it as well as they?' she questioned, 'It is too much for you to argue in your present state,' was his cold reply, 'but it is sufficient for me, as an obedient son of the church, to submit to the deprivation, since our holy mother has not seen fit to retain it.' I saw the speciousness of the reasoning wherewith he silenced her, and I sat by the patient sufferer after the departure of the divine so faithful to his church, hesitating as to my duty in the matter, when she cried out as if in anguish, 'Oh! if I only knew it was right, only knew—'

"'What was right?' I questioned, holding her trembling hand. 'I want confession, I want absolution, I want the anointing of the sick,' she said eagerly, her dark eyes bent on me imploringly. 'You shall not be denied,' I replied, and, leaving her with the nurse, I went for the nearest Catholic priest. I will not enter into details; let it suffice that, before two hours had passed, my wife was a member of the Catholic Church, improved in physical condition and mental quietness, and I was preparing for baptism."

I paused in my recital; I saw that my friend was much moved, even as I had been, by the memories of the past. After a moment, he gave me his hand cordially, saying, "Thank you heartily, it has done me good;" then, after another pause. "But tell me one thing candidly, have neither of you regretted the step; never wished yourselves back again?"

"Regretted!" I cried indignantly, "wished ourselves back to a region of doubt and uncertainty! Why, I say a *Gloria* every morning that I

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am a Catholic; and my wife sings *Te Deum* all the time."

"And did you suffer all you expected," he asked, "in the way of loss of friends?"

"I had nothing in my experience worthy of the name of suffering; but my wife endured much in the way of reproach, withdrawal of friendship, and the cold shoulder socially."

"But let me ask one thing, and don't feel hurt; how do you, with your fastidious tastes, worship in churches crammed to the full with the laboring Irish, before those tawdry altars which I have sometimes seen?" I felt the color rising to my cheek at this question, but I replied calmly, crushing the temptation to be severe, and remembering what this thought was to me before the light of faith illumined my soul, "You can never know what it is to forget distinctions till you believe in that Presence which dwells on Catholic altars. It would ill become sinful man to object to other company he finds in church when Jesus our God condescends to be present for our sake. My wife seeks out the churches frequented by the very poorest; she says she feels nearer God when she has his poor by her side. As to the tawdry altars, you must remember that the love and devotion of an uneducated and unrefined taste is as truly expressed by something common and showy, as your refined delicacy would be by more exquisite adornment. God looketh at the heart; and the poor servant-girl who presents to her favorite altar bouquets of gaudy artificial flowers, for the sake of her dear Lord whom she really believes to be present there, is as acceptable as the lady who sends her lovely blossoms from the hot-house. In the Catholic Church in this country—and may I not say in every country?—the poor are in the majority among her members."

As I spoke, the steam-whistle, the first since the storm, sounded through the air. With a regretful look, Mr. Hood went to the window. "That reminds us," he said, "that the world is moving again."

"You will go to my home with me," I replied; "you must."

"Not now," he answered; "but when the business that brought me to this part of the country is accomplished, I will come and talk with your wife about this matter before I leave for California."

According to promise, he came; and when he left us for his Southern home, we were not without hope that our long talks had had an effect; my wife would not leave him till she had his promise that he would examine for himself, prayerfully, earnestly, and thoroughly, and would write me the result, which I have in a letter by to-day's mail.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Oct. 24, 1867.
S. Raphael the Archangel.

MY DEAR DEWEY: I was received into the Catholic Church to-day. *Laus Deo!* I wonder how any one can remain out of it; it is such a joy to have a foothold, to know that one stands on something, and that something firmer than the "everlasting hills." I must give up my business in this publishing house; for I cannot have my name any longer linked with the falsehoods that teem from the press, against Christ's Church. It is a disgrace that American school-books should contain such lies as you find on the pages of the Readers, Geographies, and especially the Histories, which are the text-books of our institutions of learning. May the good God help me to repair the injustice I have done in this matter as a publisher.

I am the wonder and pity of the

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old transcendental clique here, who, as one of them said to me yesterday, "can't understand how a man can go back to the dark ages for his religion." I told him my faith illumined what he called the "dark ages" till they transcended the nineteenth century in brilliancy. My younger children were baptized with me; I hope in time to see all my dear ones safely housed. Tell Mrs. Dewey, with my kindest remembrance, to sing *Te Deum* for me, and don't forget me and mine in your prayers, Very sincerely yours in the blessed faith,

REDWOOD RAPHAEL HOOD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE REVUE GENERALE, OF BRUSSELS.

THE GOOD OLD TIME AND OUR OWN.

IN the daily struggle for truth and right, in our hours of lassitude and discouragement, how willingly we believe that formerly the battle of life was less severe than nowadays. We love to compare ourselves with our predecessors, pigmies to us giants of the nineteenth century, and sincerely believe them so, either because of our short-sightedness or because of the great distance from which we regard them. But when, by the study of history, we have drawn nearer the distances which separate these epochs of the different evolutions of humanity, we become at the same time more modest and more courageous; more modest, because we know our fathers have had to struggle as much if not more than ourselves; more courageous, because by their example we learn how we should battle for triumph in moral struggles; and of these alone we would here speak.

Many of our contemporaries think they have done their duty if they have abused their own time, praised the past, and predicted a sombre future unable to confer upon us any blessings. It is so sweet to live in abstract contemplation of heroes or epochs of which inexorable time has deprived us; it is so easy to make an apology for them without combating the living men and the concrete ideas which in real history form the shadows to these brilliant pictures; it is so easy to choose from former ages models of virtue, of civil courage and faith, without preoccupying ourselves with obstacles that these just people, these citizens, these saints have conquered, and that our indifference, our idleness, our weakness, or our cowardice hinders us from looking fairly in the face, through the medium in which we live. We do not perceive often enough that the vulgar expression of the "good old time," which has been forbidden in every age, is in the moral history of a people a truly vicious circle. Indeed, we cannot pretend that every age is worth only so much, and, interpreting badly the proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," go to sleep in the false historical security called fatalism. It is legitimate to have our preferences for such and such an epoch, and it is not always difficult to give good reasons

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for them ; but between these rational preferences and an unjustifiable disdain for our own time, there is an abyss.

To act with our own epoch we must love it ; then we work with ardor and confidence for its reform. Who loves well, chastises well. I wish to show that our age merits to be loved as well as any other that has preceded it ; and I will demonstrate this clearly by a moral, religious, and political sketch of the Christian age the most justly praised—the thirteenth. To circumscribe this vast subject as much as possible, I will speak of Italy alone ; of that Italy which then, as now, was the object of the most audacious attacks and the theatre of the most instructive resistance. I will first tell what was the condition of the "Christian republic" at the end of the twelfth century. Then I will show the radiant transformation of society in the thirteenth century while determining its general causes, and finish by comparing this heroic age with our own.

I.

For most of Belgium, the history of civilization commences only with the day when General Dumouriez "brought them liberty at the point of the bayonet." Before the French revolution, it was the common error that the era of political and religious revolution only opened with the sixteenth century, and such error is common to-day. Yet Gnosticism, Manicheism, Arianism, and Greek schism have produced in Christian Europe commotions much greater and more fatal than those of which the predictions of Martin Luther have been the occasion, and of which the Protestant princes have so abundantly reaped the fruits. From the tenth to the thirteenth century, the Catholic Church suffered on the part of the state—of the empire, as they then termed it—assaults in comparison to which the thirty years' war and the revolutions fomented by the *statolatres* of the thirteenth century were only children's play.

Never was the spirit of sectarianism more active than in the twelfth century. The disguised partisans of Gnosticism, Manicheism, or Arianism, these habitual forms of antichristianism, were spread all over civilized Europe under the most diverse names : *Cathares*, *Pauliciens*, *Petrobrusiens*, *Tanchelmites*, *Henriciens*, *Bogomiles*, *Apostoliques*, *Endistes*, *Arnoldistes*, *Circonsis*, *Passagieres*, *Publicains*, *Vaudois Bons Hommes*, etc., etc. These names appear strange, but they are not more so than their actual partisans : socialists, free-thinkers, solid men, Fourierists, Saint Simoniens, etc.

And do not suppose that these sects, or these schools, as they are called nowadays, confined themselves to the innocent publication of their programme, and simply distributed a few partisans through anonymous societies, among the councils of administration, or in the senates of empires.

The Ambrosien church was during a certain time directed by the Nicolite priests of Milan, and supported violently by the emperor and by the government. Our compatriot, Dankelm, a deist a little sore, who preached against the corruptions of the monks, their artifices, the tithes and mortmain, was head of an organized church at Bruges, and also at Anvers. If the Vaudois had, like Luther, obtained the support of the corrupted and sensual bishops, and the ambitious princes so powerful and rapacious, their church would have taken root in a great part of

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Europe during the twelfth century; it has endured longer than will any Protestant church; for it still existed in the last century, and I believe there are still some communities in Holland and Suabia.

All these sects agreed on one point, their hatred of the Church of Rome. M. Renan, in his last book, *Questions Contemporains*, writing with a haughty moderation almost disdainful, feared for the Catholic Church of the nineteenth century a grand schism resulting in the simultaneous election of two popes. Such an apprehension denotes in this writer a defect of memory or a strange want of perspicacity; for in the church, antipopes were counted by dozens, and in the twelfth century, this kind of schism appeared several times. The competitors or anti-popes of Calixtus II., (1119–1124,) of Innocent II., (1130–1143,) and of Alexander III., (1159–1181,) were sustained by emperors whose material power had but little weight in the then known world. Under Innocent II., the schism lasted only eight years. Sixty years later, Innocent III. governed Europe.

Heresies and schisms are always accompanied by social revolutions. However, the irreligious antagonism of capital and labor, which is one of the causes of modern socialism, did not exist in the twelfth century under the learned and redoubtable form of our day. The reason is a simple one, and we should be proud of our age: labor, of which Christianity has made a duty, had not then in political society the great and legitimate importance it has now. The problem of pauperism had never been solved politically except in densely populated countries, and in the twelfth century the population of Europe was relatively less considerable. Hatred of capital only manifested itself among the idle, among certain sects, (the Cathares, the Frerots, the Apostoliques, the Begghards, the Lollards, etc.,) and particularly in "the wars of the castle and the hut;" violent wars which were not only carried on by poor devils hardened by passions, but by the *châtelains*, (governors or keepers,) thieves only distinguishable from the others by new titles given them through euphemism. This category of men was then more numerous than in our time. We respect a mill, but we steal a province. Then they took the province and the mill also.

Great luxury existed in all the towns of Italy. Money was a courted power. The bankers' families became the source of dynasties.

A portion of the secular clergy lived in the relaxation of discipline, and even morals. Neither the energy of the great Hildebrand, nor the activity of the admirable Alexander III., the friend of the Lombard communities, had been powerful enough to completely reform the regular clergy. Neither in the fifteenth nor in the eighteenth century were more scandals seen than those which disheartened the great St. Bernard. "Oh! for the power to see again, before my death," wrote he to the pope, Eugene III., "those happy days of the church when the apostles cast their nets for souls, and not for gold." This Pope Eugene was not permitted to die at Rome. The Eternal City was in the hands of the Garibaldians of the time, the Mazzini of whom was named Arnold, a clerk of Brescia, of austere manners and quick-witted oratory. After having studied philosophy in Paris under the cold and licentious Abelard, Arnold commenced to traverse the Lombard cities. Imposing upon himself a mission altogether political, he pretended not to wish to injure the Catholic faith. "Detractor of clergymen and bish-

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ops, persecutor of monks, he reserved," said a chronicler of the time, "all his flattery for the laity. He sustained the theory of no salvation for clergymen possessing lands, for bishops disposing of regal rights, or monks owning valuables; that all these things belonged to the state, and it alone should dispose of them in favor of the laity. It is said also that he did not reason sanely on the eucharist and the baptism of infants." His partisans, called *politicians*, called him to Rome, where he had resolved to establish a new government. Forced to fly from this city after the second council of Lateran, he wandered for several years in France, in Germany, and in Switzerland, promulgating everywhere the doctrines which he applied to his Italian friends. During an insurrection, the pope, Lucius II., was killed by a blow from a stone, (to-day they only kill ministers,) and his successor, Eugene III., took refuge in Viterbo, and afterward in France. Arnold was in Switzerland with 2000 soldiers collected there; the multitude having granted him the dictatorship, he proclaimed the fall of the temporal power of the popes, and the re-establishment of the Roman republic; then, carried away by the logic of his ideas rather than by his situation, he called to Rome the emperor, the monarch of Italy, in order that he would deign to restore to the empire the lustre it had under Justinian. Demagogues naturally advocate Cæsarism.

The emperors rushed to Rome. Arnold and his government were thrown into the Tiber. Then recommenced, under a new form, the quarrel between the priesthood and the empire, existing still in Europe. Never had the pride of the depositaries of the civil power, the absolutism of the god state, and the tyranny of the supreme authority, representatives more complete, and in certain respects more sympathetic, than the emperors of the house of Hohenstaufen. How many laws vaunted by certain schools of our day of progress have been dressed in the signature of these fierce Sonabes, then abrogated as despotic and contrary to the liberty and dignity of citizens.

The Staufen were fanatics in law when it was a question of their authority. Frederic I. had for his witnesses the four famous doctors of Bologna, who, with Irnerius, their professor, were masters of the study of modern law. It was these four doctors who, by the aid of texts and juridical interpretations, were ready to impose on the Lombard cities represented at the diet of Roncaglia the chains which the entire material power of the German emperors had never been able to forge. It was the chancellor of Frederic II., Pierre Des Vignes, who is the author of the *Recueil des Lois de Sicile*, the first code of despotism of modern times.

In few words, then, we have here the state of Europe, in its most civilized centre, in the second half of the twelfth century. The truth was at once attacked in church and state, with the view of corrupting both; in the church, with an aim at her authority; in the state, to banish liberty.

II.

It is the glory of the epoch which begins with the Lombard League and the pontificate of the English Mendicant, Adrian IV., to have re-established a moral equilibrium in Christian society, and to have saved Europe from a lethargy similar to that in which a Cæsaro-papacy has plunged the East.

That which distinguished the civilizing genius of this epoch was a moral vigor, a consequence of the

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intimate union existing between the citizen and the Christian, between the scholar and the theologian; I say union, not confusion. In the *Cid* of Guillaume de Castro, from which P. Corneille has borrowed largely, there is a scene in which the hero seated at table exhorts his companions to render homage to the patron of Spain, "a chevalier himself, and with a large rosary suspended to his sword." A leper enters and asks charity. The warriors take flight. Alone the Cid remains, and forces him to sit on his cloak and eat with him from his own plate. The repast finished, the mendicant blessed the Cid, and betrays himself as Lazarus, who has come to reveal his future destiny. The sword, which for the chevalier is the sign of the citizen, serves to sustain the rosary, the emblem of the Christian.

In the *Traité de l'Office du Podestà*, extract of Book III. of the *Tresor* of Brunetto Latini, the master of Dante, we find in old French the exposition of the public law as understood by the communicants of that time. The podesta of our time could learn from it much that is useful and necessary to know. This, for example, is the beginning of the chapter where the author treats of things "that gentlemen should know and teach to those over whom they are placed":

"*Remember then, thou who governest a city, from whence comes the power to possess thy seignory. Remember thou the law and the commandments, and never forget God and his saints, but often* approach the altar and pray God for thee and thy subjects; for David and the prophets say, 'God guardeth the city and every thing that laboreth within it.' Honor the pastor of pastors of the holy Church; for God says, 'He who receiveth thee receiveth me.' Be religious, and evidence the true faith; for nothing is more beautiful to the prince of the earth than true faith and right belief: for it is written, 'When the just king is on his throne, no harm can befall him.' Guard the churches, the houses of God, take care of widowed women and orphans; for it is written, 'Be defenders of orphans and widows.' Defend the poor against the wickedness of power; for thou hast in thy care the great, the small, and the mean. *Such things become thee from the beginning, etc.*"

Have you observed the character of the figures seen on the tombs of this period? The dead are lying on their backs, with hands clasped; they do not bear the impress of death; they seem to sleep and await the resurrection. Their attitude is simple, naturally humble, but at the same time naturally proud. They are armed; it is understood that they have fought the battle of life, and in passing to the other shore have vanquished the enemy of the human race with the arms of prayer. The citizen and the Christian are so blended that it is impossible to distinguish them; and this harmonious whole presents an appearance at once humble and martial, tender and manly, which fills one with respect without imposing fear.

Such is the character of the epoch I would depict while portraying the causes of its grandeur. Let it be remarked, however, I do not seek to make an apology for the thirteenth century or the middle ages. My ideal is in the future, not in the past. But the past being the mirror of the future, I love to regard in the thirteenth century the memorable examples of what could be done by the citizen under the influence of Christian faith and reason in the midst of a society agitated and upset by heresy, schism, socialism, the power of demagogues, and Cæsarism.

I suppose that the son of a rich merchant of Anvers, transported by that enthusiasm for good which is the fruit of a grace divine, renounces suddenly the luxury of a paternal home, and a dissipated and idle life, which is too often the consequence

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of a bad education, pampered by fortune. After having trained his soul by fasting and prayer, and the contemplation of the divine attributes toward the supernatural regions of life, he robes himself voluntarily as a poor man and traverses the industrial centres of the country, communicating to his equals the ardent faith which escapes from his mouth in luminous characters. At Gand, at Charleroi, at Liege, some young men become his followers, and between them form an association for the service of the humble, the weak, the poor, the miserable. Their mission is to go about in the dress of workmen, living as they do, and preaching from the steps of buildings, at the cross-roads, and in the fields. To the rich, the obligation of working for and befriending the poor; to the poor, the duties of sufferance and respect; to all the world, the love of God and the church which he has made the depositary of his graces. What might not be accomplished by such missionaries of love, labor, science, and peace? What would not be their influence and their authority?

Again, let me suppose the son of a rich English lord renouncing the ostentation, the privileges and errors of his family and religion, and, seized with an irresistible love for his neighbor and humanity, seeking his old friends of Eton and Oxford, communicating to them the flame of his convictions, and then proposing to them to travel through England, Europe, the world, and propagate Christianity; arguing everywhere with the adversaries of the church; in the universities, in the public-houses, before the door of the palace, or in the junk-shops and the huts; preaching justice to the English, to the Irish respect for the laws, to all the world peace, science, liberty; opening here a school, there a hospital, and drawing after him his contemporaries, by the authority of faith, the power of science, the contagion of devotion. If you can imagine the results obtained by the O'Connells, the Fathers Mathews, and the Newmans, you will form a feeble idea of a revolution that could produce a phalanx of men of such vigorous temperament.

This son of the wealthy merchant, and this child of an illustrious house, existed in the beginning of the thirteenth century. "The one," said Dante, "was surrounded by all the *éclat* of the seraphim, and the other walked in wisdom and sanctity in the splendor of the cherubim."

The history of the life and works of these two extraordinary men contains most precious teachings, the deep import of which often escapes us, because given to us in such a common way, without explaining their actual life. This seraphim (Saint Francis) and this cherubim (Saint Dominic) governed the entire thirteenth century by the extraordinary movement they impressed on souls, and by the moral conquests, political, scientific, literary, and artistic, with which their disciples enriched humanity.

The Mendicant friars, as they were later called, were not only cloistered religious, giving themselves solely to a contemplative life, and only leaving their convents for the church; they were citizens in every acceptation of the word, but vowed to no ambitions, mingling with their contemporaries, living in the forum, and mounting the tribune of the popular assemblies as well as the pulpits of the universities. When this tribune or pulpit was forbidden them, they improvised one of their own, and made appeals to the people who wished to hear the well-known voices, simple, disinterested, loving, and therefore eloquent.

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Thus the Franciscans penetrated even into China, "on the horse of St. Francis"—that is, on foot—and traversing, wonderful as it may appear, the whole continent of Asia. They founded a Christian colony at Pekin, where the ships of France and England could only enter with noise of cannon—a result assuredly more imposing but not half so certain. During the Renaissance, when the first Holland vessels arrived at Greenland, they found there a convent of Dominicans.

In the thirteenth century, there were, even in civilized Europe, more Chinese and Laplanders than would be supposed. To convert them, the Franciscans and Dominicans applied themselves assiduously, vanquishing them by science, and convincing them by charity.

I understand the word science in its old acceptation; a deep rational research into the first principles of things and the origin of our knowledge. At no epoch of history, I dare to say, has this research been carried on by more passionate lovers, by more powerful intelligences, by more magnanimous hearts, than the Mendicant monks of the thirteenth century. To prove this, let me only mention four names.

The first in date is the Count de Bollstaedt, first Bishop of Ratisbon, then Dominican; a professor of Cologne, and a perfect encyclopedia; his gigantic works replete with all the ideas of his time, and the initiator of German learning.

This scientific knowledge was only surpassed by that of his pupil and companion, the Count d'Aquin, descendant of Staufen on his mother's side, and called by his comrades "the ox of Sicily," by the learned world "the angel of the schools," and by the church Saint Thomas. His principal theological work (*Summa Totius Theologiæ Tripartita*) remained unfinished with the grand cathedrals of the middle ages; but what we know of this and the other works of this prodigious man will suffice to place him in the rank of the greatest geniuses that have appeared on the earth.

However he himself emulated in science the genius of his friend, the *seraphic doctor*, Jean de Fidanza, of Tuscany, professor in the University of Paris, an admirable man, of whom his master, the English Franciscan, Alexander Hales, said: "*Verus Israelita in quo Adam non peccasse videtur.*" When they brought him the cardinal's hat, Saint Bonaventura was occupied in placing the plates on the table of his convent. He died at the general council at Lyons, (1274,) just at the moment when he was endeavoring to reunite the Greek to the Roman Church.

The fourth of these great doctors, who truly indoctrinated science, is the great English Franciscan, *the admirable doctor*, Roger Bacon, philologist and naturalist, who predicted steam navigation and railroads. He is also supposed to have invented the telescope, and foreseen the discovery of America. The Protestants of the sixteenth century, who pretended to shed light on the world, unfortunately burnt the convent that held the manuscripts of this precursor of natural science.

A French writer, who does himself honor in protecting the church with his valiant pen as others have done with their swords, M. L. Veuillot, and of whom it may be said, "brave as his pen," says somewhere that the thirteenth century has produced such great things in the moral order that Saint Thomas had been able to build up the colossus styled *La Somme;* yet during this epoch people went on foot, and time was not lost running over the world on railroads. I am persuaded

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the contemporaries of Roger Bacon would not have approved of this apologetic argument; for if they had known the great discoveries of our day, of what works would not such vigorous and universal minds have been capable? If such men, consumed by activity, by love of science and humanity, ran from Naples to Oxford, from Bologna to Paris, professing, preaching, writing, administering the sacraments, directing their communities, or working with the pope and the bishops in the government of the church; if such men have produced such great things on foot, what would they not have undertaken with railroads at their disposal? To-day there come from Italy but few philosophers measurable with the Count d'Aquin and Jean de Fidanza; but, to make amends, how easy to convoke an œcumenical council and send zouaves to Rome!

The observation I have just made is not a digression, for it tends to demonstrate the profoundly practical aim of science in the thirteenth century. These professors of Paris, Cologne, and Oxford did not content themselves with teaching their doctrines from the privileged benches of a university to a few cultivated, delicate, and critical minds. They did not style themselves philosophers, as the wise men by profession, who in the last century wished thus to distinguish Christians. They practised their doctrines, and their teaching was democratic, (pardon the so much abused expression,) not only on account of their principles but in regard to the public whom they addressed. They called all the world to the feet of their pulpits, and after distributing the bread of faith and science, that of charity was not wanting. "Thus," said Ozanam, "the poor knew and bles[illegible]ir names. And even to-day, after six hundred years, the inhabitants of Paris bend the knee before the altars of "the angel of the schools," and the workmen of Lyons are honored in carrying once a year, on their robust shoulders, the triumphant remains of the "seraphic doctor."* Can we believe that six centuries hence they will do the same for the ashes of Kant, Fichte, or Hegel?

This enthusiasm of holy people for science was not entirely the fruit of the doctrines of St. Francis and St. Dominic, or of the personal tendencies of their disciples. When the zeal for such subjects weakened, the church tried to revive the flame. Let us recall the bull of 1254, published by Innocent IV., for the re-establishment of philosophical studies: "A deplorable rumor, spread abroad and repeated from mouth to mouth, has reached our ears, and deeply afflicts us. It is said that the many aspirants for the priesthood, abandoning, repudiating even, philosophical studies, and consequently the teachings of theology, have sought the different schools to explain the civil laws. Sarah then is the slave, and Hagar has become mistress. We have tried to find a remedy for this unexpected disorder. We would bring back minds to the study of theology, which is the science of salvation, or at least to philosophical studies, in which it is true the tenderest emotions of piety are not met with, but where the soul discovers the first lights of eternal truth, and frees itself from the miserable preoccupations of cupidity—the root of all evil, and a species of idolatry. Therefore we decide by these presents, that in future no professor of jurisprudence, no lawyer, whatever may be his rank or the renown he may enjoy in the

* *Dante et la Philosophie Catholique*, p. i. ch. ii. p. 83.

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practice of law, can pretend to any prebend, honor, or ecclesiastical dignity, nor even to an inferior benefice, if he has not given proofs of requisite capacity in the faculty of arts, and if he is not recommended by the innocence of his life and the purity of his manners."

Such admirable teaching could not remain barren in a Christian society. In 1256, just as Pope Alexander IV. had declared all the serfs emancipated who would abandon the cause of *Ezelin le Féroce*, the authorities of Bologna proceeded to the general enfranchisement of those of their territory. The city was not contented to set free only its own serfs; it extended the benefit to those belonging to private masters, indemnifying the proprietors, as some modern states have done in the slavery of the blacks: the middle age was distinguished always for its respect for acquired rights. The state paid ten livres for every serf over fourteen, eight livres for those below that age. The freedmen were bound to pay to the state some moderate tax in cereals. The suggester of this generous measure was Bonacursio de Sorresina, *capitano del popolo*, elected podesta the following year. He placed the names of all the enfranchised on a register called the *Paradise of Joy*. "An all-powerful God," said he in the introduction to this register, "created man free; original sin poisoned him; from immortal he became mortal, from incorruptible corruptible, from free the slave of hell. He sent for man's redemption his only Son, begotten by him from all eternity. It is then just and equitable that man saved and freed by God should not stagnate in servitude, where human laws have precipitated him; that he should be set free. By these considerations, Bologna, which has always fought for public liberty, which recalls the past and weighs the future, has for the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ redeemed all the serfs of its territory, and proclaimed, for the future, slavery will be no more tolerated. A little leaven leavens the whole lump; the presence of one degraded being dishonors society."

It is right to observe that this noble language is the reproduction, often textual, of the well-known words of the holy Pope Gregory I., the Great, against the slavery of the Anglo-Saxons.

Ten years afterward Bela, king of Hungary, having rejected a bishop because he was born a serf, the pope wrote him that "the will of man could not prescribe against nature, that has given liberty to the human race."

"It is a frequent error among men," said the Count d'Aquin, "to believe themselves noble because they are the issue of noble families. . . . It is well not to have failed in examples of noble ancestors; but it is far better to have adorned an humble birth with great actions. . . . I repeat, then, with Saint Jerome, that nothing appears to me worth envying in this pretended hereditary nobility, if the nobles themselves are not restrained in the paths of virtue by the shame of derogating from it. The true nobility is that of the soul, according to the words of the poet:

'Nobilitas sola est animum quæ moribus ornat.'"*

A disciple of this great master, the B. Egide Colonna, cardinal archbishop of Bourges, wrote in his book, *De Reginine Principum*: "Society cannot attain to the supreme end assigned it without a combination of three means—virtue, light, and exterior well-being. A prince should, then, in his kingdom first watch with

* *De Eruditione Principum.*
† Liv. iii. p. 2, c. viii.

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wise solicitude over the culture of letters, in order to multiply the number of the learned and skilful. For where science flourishes, and the sources of study spring up, sooner or later instruction is disseminated among the crowd. So, to dissipate the shadows of ignorance which shamefully envelop the face of royalty, the king should encourage letters by a favorable attention. Still more, if he refuses the necessary encouragement, and does not wish his subjects instructed, he ceases to be a king—he becomes a tyrant."

To finish the picture of the ideas of this time, let us quote again these words of a sermon of the gentle and seraphic Bonaventura: "We find today great scandals in governments; for while an inexperienced pilot would not be placed on a ship to manage the rudder, we put at the head of nations those who ignore the art of governing them. When the right of succession places children on a throne, woe to empires!"

The doctrines of the thirteenth century on the formation of public power, on the duties of supreme authority, on the rights of people, on sedition, etc., are so rigorous that they appear bold, even in our time, when the defect is not precisely an excess of reserve and respect. Truth alone can free the human mind from every prejudice, develop character, and inspire a language at once so proud and so simple. What reflections it provokes when one has listened to the magnificent platitudes of so many men of our time, who believe they think freely because they are not Christians.

When Innocent IV., Celestin IV., St. Thomas, the B. Egide Colonna, and St. Bonaventura spoke thus, the Cæsarism of the middle ages was decidedly vanquished for several centuries. This is one of the grandest facts of history since the incarnation of the Word.

The emperors of the house of Swabia, assuming with greater power and more science the despotic plans of the Saxon emperors, had the monstrous pretension to realize to the letter these texts of *The Digest*: "The will of the prince is law," (Ulp.;) "The prince is above all laws," (Paul.) By virtue of these texts the prince commanding would have been the absolute sovereign of the world, the proprietor of the Christian universe, and not only of the royalties of the earth, but also of private property. Interpreters taught without blushing the Cæsarian theory of the *dominium mundi*. *Le Recueil des Lois* of Sicily, revised by Pierre de Vigne for Frederic II., and promulgated by this autocrat in the kingdom of Naples, is a model of this abominable legislation that progressists of our day sometimes dream of restoring.

The Roman Church alone resisted these false principles, these monstrous politics, and, thanks be to God, she triumphed.

The ruler of modern times has become what he was in the age of pretorian law, corrupted by the Cæsarian jurors of the empire, of the middle ages, and particularly the Renaissance, that is to say, *the* people, who by a so-called "royal law" would have relinquished their rights into the hands of the Roman emperors. But if the sovereign people could not but be a majority purely numerical, arrogating in its turn the pretended laws of Cæsar, the struggles of the middle age between the clergy and the empire would certainly be renewed.

This indissoluble alliance between Christian truth and civil liberty is one of the most striking facts to those who study history without prejudice;

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one of the best apologetic arguments I know. In the east, Cæsarism has only been able to succeed through the corruption of the ecclesiastical hierarchy and through schism; and we know only too well what has become of the countries where Homer sang, where Plato wrote, and where Saint Gregory of Nazianzen and St. Basil preached. Europe has had to suffer frequently from an excess of power in individuals in the church; but they must not be confounded with the church itself, which has introduced into the world the distinction of two powers: this salutary distinction was not known of old, and is only menaced in our day by rationalism in the state.

The people have understood this august *rôle* of the church, and do not cease to invoke with the poet: "Hail, mighty parent." In the midst of ruin accumulated by the ambition of princes, the corruption of governments, human passions, or time that has no respect for truth, there remains to-day nothing but the good old pope, and young nations ask the benediction of the aged man. In modern democracies there will soon exist but one historical institution, the papacy. The old religions of paganism have left us but cold and gigantic pyramids of stone inclosing the ashes of their priests. Christianity, on the contrary, has transmitted us the living stone of the church, which will outlive the dust of ages.

In all these struggles against heresies, schism, materialism, Cæsarism, the Roman Church had from the tenth to the thirteenth century its allies, the communes, who were the masses of those days. Civil liberty was, so to say, the fruit of the preachings of the church. It was from this epoch we date *the Mass against tyrants*, which can be found in the old missals. It was at the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries, under the pontificates of Alexander III. and Innocent III., two of the noblest successors of St. Peter, that this alliance, so natural, so necessary, between the church that represents the human conscience, and the communes who represent the liberty and independence of the citizen, produced the most happy and considerable results. In 1183 was signed *the peace of Constance*, which assured definitively the liberty of the Lombard people. In the final clause of the petition of the citizens of Plaisance, the preliminary of this celebrated peace, the deputies of the Lombard League had expressly stipulated "that it would be permitted to the cities of the society to remain always in unity with the church." The great charter of the liberties of England dates from 1215. At the head of the signatures of this memorable act for the English people is found, for the church and for liberty, a disciple of the pope, the learned Cardinal Stephen Langton, whose statue has recently been introduced into Westminster Palace, where it will be a significant witness of the past, and of the salutary breath which is passing to-day over old England. And not only in England, but in Spain and Hungary, had the church surrounded the cradle of modern representative rule with its maternal cares, by its celebrated "Golden Bull" establishing the law of peoples and communities on the basis which to-day it enjoys in this *apostolical kingdom*.

But in the Italian cities particularly is best observed the fecundity of this salutary alliance between the sentiments of the citizen and those of the Christian.

I have spoken of the scientific and religious *rôle* of the Mendicant friars; it would be better to call them citizen-monks. At Bologna, it was one of

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them who fulfilled the function of *inspector-general* to the people. *Ezelin le Féroce*, tyrant of the marshes of Verona, and the terror of the Lombard cities, was only afraid of the Franciscans, especially Saint Antony of Padua.

After ten years of penitence, Saint Francis, having prayed and watched for forty nights, ordered Brother Leonard to take a pen and write what he should dictate; and this angelic man, entranced by the ravishments of divine love, improvised the following beautiful canticle:

"Most high, most powerful and gracious Lord, to thee belong praise, glory, and every blessing. All is due to thee; and thy creatures are not worthy so much as to call thy name.

"Praised be God my Lord for all creatures, and for our brother the sun, who gives us the day and the light. Beautiful and radiating in all his splendor, he does homage to thee, O my God!

"And praised be thou, my Lord, for our sister the moon, and for the stars. Thou hast formed them in the heavens, clear and beautiful.

"Praised be thou, my God, for my brother the wind, for the air and the clouds, and for good and bad weather, whatever it may be! for by these thou sustainest thy creatures.

"Praised be my Lord for our sister the water, which is so useful, humble, precious, and chaste.

"Praised be thou, my God, for our brother the fire! By him, thou illuminest the night; beautiful and pleasant to see, untamable and strong.

"Praised be my God for our mother the earth, which sustains us, nourishes us, and produces every sort of fruit, of various flowers, and herbs!"

A few days after this admirable scene, there occurred between the Bishop of Assisi and the magistrates of the people one of those quarrels so frequent in the Italian cities of the thirteenth century. Saint Francis, distressed at such discord, added to his canticle the following verse:

"Praised be thou, my Lord, for those who forgive for the love of thee, and who patiently bear infirmity and tribulation. Happy those who persevere in peace; for it is the Most High who will crown them at last."

Then he ordered the minor brothers to hasten to the magistrates and go with them to the bishop, before whom they were to chant the new verse of the canticle of the sun. The adversaries present could not resist the chanting of the *mineurs*, and they were reconciled.

Since I have mentioned the canticle of the sun, one of the models of Franciscan poetry of this age, I cannot forego the pleasure of relating the end of it. After the pacification of Assisi, Saint Francis, who suffered terribly from his stigmata, had gone, to recruit his health, to Foligno, where it was revealed to him he would die in two years. He then composed the last verse:

"Be praised, my God, for our sister, corporal death, from which no man living may escape! Woe to him who dies in mortal sin! Happy he who at the hour of death is found conformable to thy most holy will! for death cannot injure him.

"Praise and bless my God, render him thanks, and serve him with great humility."

The spirit of party had become truly a moral malady in the Italian cities of the thirteenth century. If among my readers there are those who abuse their own time because the spirit of party condemns them to the struggle, I will tell them that in Italy, in the time of Saint Francis and Saint Louis, they saluted each other "in Ghibelline style" and cut their bread "à la Guelph," and for a trifle parties attacked each other in the cross-streets and in the public places. We have certainly progressed since then.

In 1233, the nobles and the people of Plaisance were in open warfare; the Franciscan Leon, selected as arbiter, published a law, and divided equally all the employments of state

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between the two inimical factions; he exacted, besides, a confirmation of the sentence through the kiss of peace. In the same year the brother Gerard, of the same order, reconciled the parties at Modena. At Parma, he reformed the statutes of the people and recalled the proscriptions. In 1257, the Dominican Eberhard caused to be set at liberty the Guelphs imprisoned at Brescia. One of his companions had the same success at Parma. But the most interesting example of the powerful influence of religion on civil life was the mission of the brother John of Vicenza, in the Lombard towns.

Inspired by an apostolic zeal, the aged Pope Gregory IX. charged the Dominican, John of Vicenza, (*Fra Giovanni Chio,*) to go preach peace to the inimical factions, and re-establish everywhere among the people union and concord. Brother John, endowed with winning eloquence, commenced his mission at Bologna. He obtained immense and unhoped-for success in the city where Saint Francis and Saint Anthony had already achieved extraordinary triumphs; nobles and people, professors and students, all laid down their enmities at the feet of the brother preacher; the magistrates handed him the statutes of the people, in order that he might correct all that could give rise to new discussions. The Paduans, informed that he was coming to them, went to meet him, preceded by their magistrates and the *carroccio*, to Monselice, four or five miles from the city; Brother John, seated on the patriotic car, made a triumphal entry among the people; the success in Padua surpassed that of Bologna; the people asssembled at the Place de la Valle, applauded him with joy, and begged him to reform the statutes. The same triumphs at Trevise, Feltre, Belluna, and Vicenza. At Verona, Ezelin and the Montecchi promised him under oath to do everything the pope might order. The eloquent monk again visited such places as Camino, Conegliano, Saint Boniface, Mantua, Brescia, preaching everywhere universal peace, reconciling factions, and setting prisoners at liberty. At last, he appointed the 28th of August, the feast of Saint Augustine, for a general assembly to be held on the plain of Pacquara, on the borders of the Adige, about three miles from Verona. On the day determined, the entire populations of Verona, Mantua, Brescia, Padua, Vicenza, with their magistrates and *carroccio*, arrived at the appointed place; a multitude of people from Trevise, Feltre, Venice, Ferrara, Modena, Reggio, Parma, Bologna, and most of them barefooted in sign of penitence; the bishops of Verona, Brescia, Mantua, Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Trevise, Vicenza, and Padua; the patriarch of Aquila; the margrave of Este, Ezelin and Alberic de Romano, the Signors de Camino, and all of Venetia. Parisio de Cereta, a contemporary author, in his Veronese chronicle, enumerates his auditory at four hundred thousand persons. The Dominican took for his text: "My peace I give to you, my peace I leave to you." Never had Christians witnessed a more august spectacle. The enthusiasm was carried even to excess. It was a delirium of peace and union. Brother John ordained, in the name of God and the church, a general pacification, and devoted those who infringed upon it to excommunication and eternal malediction. He proposed the marriage of Renaud, son of the margrave of Este, with Adelaide, daughter of Alberic of Romano, and obtained also from the brothers Romano the promise they would sell to the town of

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Padua for fifteen hundred livres the possessions they had in the territory of this city. The act embraced divers clauses, and contained promises of pacification.

Sixty years after the assassination of Pope Lucius II. by the Arnoldites, the spiritual power of the papacy was, so to say, omnipotent in Italy, if not in the whole of Europe. And it is precisely about this epoch that in proportion as the civil power of the Roman Church determined, limited, and fortified itself, in Italy the ecclesiastical principalities were extinguished; while for centuries they have been maintained in other countries, less submissive to the Holy See. This fact will not astonish us, if we follow with attention the progression of ideas propagated by Christianity, and taking such deep root in the thirteenth century.

Thus the sap of Christianity mounts in all the branches of this immense tree called humanity, and produces abundant fruit. The Gothic art is displayed while developing the Roman; the ogive comes out from the arch by a natural elevation toward the summit or the roof. Elliptical forms, wiser and more perfect than circular ones, (the circle is an ellipsis in which the focuses are blended,) transform the architecture, and give to the monuments an apparent flight to heaven, just as the study of the ellipsis in analytical geometry conducts to the infinite. The austere energy of St. Bernard had no time for art. He needed the science of Roger Bacon and the poetry of St. Francis. The Roman basilica gives place to the Gothic cathedral, and throws its gracious shadows on the mansions of the neighboring town. The whole of Europe is covered with a vegetation of admirable monuments, epic poems of stone—as the church of Assisi, the cathedral of Florence, the cathedral of Cologne—poetry of the highest order, not for rich idlers, or delicate minds, but for the people *en masse*. Art agrees with the epoch of which it is the emanation—it is for the people themselves. "The more I see of these Gothic monuments," wrote M. David, (d'Angers,) "the more I experience the happiness of reading these beautiful religious pages so piously sculptured on the secular walls of the churches. They were the archives of an ignorant people; it was therefore necessary the handwriting should be legible. The saints sculptured in Gothic art have an expression of serenity and calmness, full of confidence and faith. This evening, as I write, the setting sun gilds the façade of the cathedral of Amiens: the calm faces of the saints in stone diffuse a radiant light."

Mysterious power of truth! M. David was attracted to it by art; M. Pugin was converted, it is said, by studying the cathedral of York. In truth, there are few languages more perfect than that of the symbolism, so deep and complete, of the thirteenth century. "The men of the middle age," said one whose works and remembrances are very dear to me—"the men of the middle age were not satisfied to simply raise stone upon stone; these stones were to speak, and speak a language of painting, equally understood by rich and poor; heaven itself must be visible, and the angels and saints remain present by their images, to console and preach to the people. The vaults of the two basilicas of Assisi were covered with a field of blue, strewn with stars of gold. On the walls were displayed the mysteries of the two Testaments, and the life of St. Francis formed the sequel to the book of divine revelations. But, as

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if it were impossible to approach with impunity the miraculous tomb, the painters who ornamented in fresco seemed inspired with a new spirit; they conceived an ideal more pure, more animated, than the old Byzantine types which had had their day, but which for eight hundred years had continued to degenerate. The basilica of Assisi became the cradle of a renaissance in art, and evidenced its progress. There Guido of Sienna and Giunta of Pisa detached themselves more and more from the Greek masters whose aridity they softened and whose immobility they shattered. Then came Cimabue. He represented all the sacred writings in a series of paintings which decorated the principal part of the church, and which time has mutilated. But six hundred years have not tarnished the splendor of the heads of Christ, of the Virgin, and of St. John, painted at the top of the vaults; nor the images of the four great doctors, where a Byzantine majesty still carries with it an air of life and immortal youth. At last Giotto appeared, and one of his works was the triumph of St. Francis, painted in four compartments under the vault which crowns the altar of the chapel. Nothing is more celebrated than these beautiful frescoes; but I know nothing more touching than one in which is figured the betrothal of the servant of God to holy poverty. Poverty, under the appearance of a lady perfectly beautiful, but the face attenuated, the clothing torn; a dog barks at her, two children throw stones at her, and put thorns in her way. She, however, calm and joyous, holds out her hand to St. Francis; Christ himself unites the two spouses; and in the midst of clouds appears the Eternal Father accompanied by angels, as if too much of heaven and earth could not be given to assist at the wedding of these two mendicants. Here, nothing suggests the painting of the Grecian school; all is new, free, and inspired. Progress did not cease with the disciples of Giotto appointed to continue his work: Cavalini, Taddeo Gaddi, Puccio Capana. In the midst of the variety of their compositions, we recognize the unity of the faith shed so lustrously through their works. When one pauses before these chaste representations of the Virgin, the Annunciation, the Nativity, before the crucified Christ, with the saddened angels weeping around the cross, or collecting in cups the divine blood, it would require a very hardened heart not to feel the tears flow, and not to bend the humbled knee and strike the breast with the shepherds and poor women who pray at the feet of such images."

And this is the art of the thirteenth century; it caused to weep under the same vault, and caused to pray on the same slab with poor peasants, one of the purest-minded intelligences, one of the noblest hearts of our time, one that the thirteenth century would have styled "the seraphic Ozanam."

And let us again remark this attraction, at once logical and living with facts produced by the germination of Christian thought in civil society. St. Francis and St. Dominic no longer preach as the disciples of St. Benedict to the few members of a military oligarchy, or to a flock of serfs; they address themselves to a civilized society, living in the midst of the benefits of Christianity, without having to give an account of the origin of these benefits; in the midst of a society aggrandized by the progress of Christian equality, and still desirous of enlargement. There is no longer a fierce Licambre, but haughty jurists. No more cruel Anglo-Saxons, but emperors, ele-

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gant, educated, poetical, seductive, who hide their despotic projects under titles the most pompous and the most fallacious. No more pagan kings martyrizing the Christian; but Catholic kings more or less sincere, who, in the name of social and state interests, seek to torture consciences. There are no more lords whose brutality scandalizes the coarsest minds; but there are rich citizens, softened and blinded by selfishness, who weary under the Christian yoke, and who hide their sensualism under the interest they profess for Cæsar or the prince. It is, then, from the time of St. Francis the chanter of poverty, from the time of St. Dominic the descendant of the Guzman, of the race of Cid, that is born in Italy, by the side of the citizens, a new class which completes the political emancipation of the Christian people. After having grown up, the people disappeared under the Renaissance when Protestantism triumphed, not to appear again until modern times, in our own age, when the sap of Christianity forces the church to remount into the branches of the tree of which I spoke. Art has resented this moral revolution of the thirteenth century, and literature also. The grand writer whom I have already quoted, I was going to say the poet who has founded the society of St. Vincent de Paul, makes somewhere a reflection which has struck me forcibly. Have you remarked, with him, that the church has put poetry into the choir, while she has banished reasoning into the pulpit—into the grand nave? I do not say reason, for true poetry is the chant of reason. Poetry that I call real and practical, that which elevates the soul toward its end, which balances the sighs of humanity, and clothes itself in spoken or written form, rhythmical or not, the sentiment which attracts us toward the infinite, and which St. Francis designates love, such poetry is simply prayer. A poet is naturally sacerdotal. He is really the *vates* of antiquity. David and Solomon prayed with lyre in hand, and their prayers became the hymns of Christianity. Isaiah chanted the coming of the Messiah.

So in the thirteenth century, poetry was everywhere, a consequence of the Christian sentiment, spread in every direction through the moral life. To Innocent III., who under the name of the Count de Signa was considered one of the most learned men of his time, is attributed the *Dies Iræ*. He has composed other spiritual songs. St. Thomas has left us the *Pange Lingua*. St. Francis is the chief of the poetic Franciscan school, in which shone St. Bonaventura, St. Antony, and the blessed Jacopone de Todi, of whom every one knows the beautiful stanzas *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, etc. Then comes Dante, who governs Christian ages as Homer did the olden time. And lastly in the same age in Italy, at Vercelli, it is said, lived and died the great unknown who has left us the most beautiful book from the hand of man, *The Imitation*, the true poem of humanity redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ. The fall, the redemption, the grand drama of the moral history of the world, the battle of life, the art of vanquishing passion and matter, the effort of man to reach his ideal on the wings of simplicity and purity —where are those things better chanted than in *The Imitation?*

The thirteenth century, then, merits to be cited among the grandest epochs of history. However, it would be a false idea to imagine society elevated to a high degree of perfection. Many Christians of our day, charmed by the recital of the life and works of these

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great saints, and by the sight of the magnificent monuments of the first era of ogival style, become almost melancholy, and have a disposition to blame everything new in the world, and defy their contemporaries or future generations even to imitate the virtues of the age of Innocent III. I think this tendency all wrong, and Christians who permit themselves to be so carried away, lack firmness and faith; for Christianity cannot decay, and the more the saints of the past, the greater the protectors of the church for the future. Besides, it is so easy to regard only the virtues of the thirteenth century, and ignore the vices. We must remember St. Anthony was the neighbor and the contemporary of Ezelin the Ferocious, the type of the tyrant of the modern world. Frederick II. lived in the same age as St. Louis. *The Sicilian Code* was revised fifty years after the peace of Constance, at the same time as the *Magna Charta* of England. St. Thomas d'Aquin and Roger Bacon are contemporaries of the Albigenses. You cannot point out in our age an error or a calamity that has not its equal, or rather its precursor, in the thirteenth century.

Cæsarism, vanquished in politics, was protected by the literary men and the jurists. Dante in his old days wrote the Cæsarian treatise, *De Monarchico*. It was in the beginning of the fourteenth century, a hundred years after Innocent III., that the popes, chased from Rome and Italy, set out for the exile of Avignon, which lasted seventy-five years.

III.

A reasonable study of such grandeur and such fall, the review of which must demonstrate human liberty, should make us better know our own age, and love it the more.

We possess more elements of material prosperity and material progress, and we jealously preserve the depository of all the moral truths. We enjoy greater political security, and the sentiment of right is more general in our day than in any other.

What we want, what has given an expansive power and grandeur and beauty to the thirteenth century, is a moral unity in the general direction of civil society. Our epoch feels its instinct, it seeks it, it desires it. People submit to the heaviest sacrifices, and agitate themselves to obtain what they call their unity. It is a false, factious, exterior unity, I know, but after all, it is unity.

But a true, living, and moral unity can only be found in efforts such as I have tried to depict; and moral unity, which should be the only legitimate aim of a people, is not established by force, nor even by the splendor of industrial production, nor the attractions of an economical well-being. It will only grow as the people liberally accept the direction of the Christian law. Expelled from political constitutions, I see this unity reconstitute itself in the masses. The neighboring democracies should be Christian. Recently we have met a battalion of crusaders, going to Rome, and coming from North America, which will soon add to the number of its bishops as many as presided at the Council of Nice. To manifest with new *éclat* the fact of Christianity, and advance so salutary a movement, which will perhaps produce moral splendors unknown to the thirteenth century, we must arm ourselves, under the buckler of faith, with the science and rights of the citizen, as did the great doctors of the thirteenth century.

This struggle, I know, is to-day more difficult, but therefore more meritorious, more glorious. Nowhere

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have we the support of governments. I do not complain—I state a fact; and perhaps this very support is a defect because it has been so much abused. The purity of the moral struggle of the thirteenth century is tarnished by the religious persecutions. I know the adversaries of the church have exaggerated their intensity; but I know also that never has the church, as a church, persecuted, nor given or proclaimed the right to persecute. Besides, we must not lose sight of the fact that the alliance of church and state was such that a heresy was considered above everything a crime against the state. For example, we are astonished to see a Saint Louis condemn severely the blasphemers of God as state criminals; but we do not consider it extraordinary nowadays to see the blasphemers of a sovereign or minister condemned to prison, exile, or transportation. It is necessary to remark that the greater part of the sects of the middle ages proclaimed principles the realization of which would have consequences of great civil and political importance. I defy our contemporary societies, so proud of their religious tolerance, to support the worship of the Mormons, those pests of our age. Only Christian societies are strong enough to resist such currents of corruption, to preserve their integrity, to endure and develop by the side of such sects. Christians alone can be tolerant with impunity, because tolerance for them is not a social necessity, but a virtue. Only they can repeat with Saint Augustine: "Let us convert the heretics, but let them not be sacrificed." So when we think of the universal blame of which St. Ambrose and St. Martin made themselves interpreters, against the condemnation to death of the Priscillians, those Mormons of the fourteenth century, we are justly astonished at the rigors exercised in the thirteenth century against the Albigenses and other sectarians. To-day, thanks be to God, a religious persecution could not be possible in countries where the Catholic religion predominates. Persecutions are only prevalent among the Mussulmans of Asia Minor or the schismatics of Poland; and if the Protestants of Ireland or the liberal anti-Catholics of the Continent have such tendencies, they devise some form which to them alone appears as progress.

For the contest, then, we must act as citizens, and use the pen and the word, and without truce or relaxation. When St. Francis Xavier made in the Indies his great and admirable spiritual conquests, destroyed by the Holland Protestants and the English, he asked for reinforcements from the superior of his order. "Especially," said he, "send me from Belgium those robust and broad-shouldered men." With such, this great saint believed himself able to encounter every difficulty. Their race is not extinct, thank God; and it seems to me Europeans are easier conquered than Asiatics.

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BRITTANY: ITS PEOPLE AND ITS POEMS.

PROGRESS is the order of the day; the very watchword of the nineteenth century. Our times are possessed by an ever-active, restless spirit. Here and there only, in this surging sea, sheltered havens are found, where the quiet waters can reflect the fair forms and hues of heaven, floating above them in the deep and far-off blue. Here and there, out of the beaten track of the world's highways, lie rich and fertile retreats, among whose hills and fountains, woods and mossy stones, the spirit of the past, with music on her lips, poetry in her soul, and the cross clear and bright on her brow, still loves to dwell.

In scarcely another corner of Europe is the influence of this spirit so tenacious, so pervading, as in Brittany. Nor to those among us who may be descended from, or linked with, the original inhabitants of the British island, can Europe furnish many more interesting studies than this granite promontory — the bulwark of France against the wild Atlantic — and the Celtic tribes there, who guard, even to-day, their old Armorica from invasion of the novelties of Paris in manners and in thought.

Brittany preserves the same characteristic relations with regard to France as Wales, Ireland, and the Highlands of Scotland preserve toward England. Its geographical position, its mountains, and the sea, have continued to protect it in a great degree from foreign influences. Indeed, this isolation is observable throughout its history. Almost from the first, the Breton Celts were the sole occupants of their own corner of the earth. The Gauls, the original inhabitants of the country, were outnumbered and absorbed by the influx of British emigrants; who, of the same original stock with themselves, speedily became the dominant sept, and possessors of the country.

The first extensive emigration of the insular Britons from what is now Great Britain into Armorica, took place about the year 383, by order of the tyrant Maximin. It was not, however, undertaken by compulsion, but was a willing adventure. The second took place when they fled in great numbers from the Saxon domination, after A.D. 450, when Ambrose and the great Arthur had fought so bravely and so long, in vain. This time they were *driven* from their land, and as they crossed the sea to find a home with their brethren in Armorica, they sorrowfully chanted the psalm which their Christian bards had translated into their native tongue, "*Thou hast given us, O Lord, as sheep for the slaughter; and thou hast scattered us among the nations.*" A terrible pestilence with which, about this time, various parts of Britain were visited, is said to have done more than anything else toward confirming the sway of the Saxons in England, and diminishing the old Britons to a mere remnant in the island. They themselves regarded it as a sign that the kingdom was taken from them, and given by God to their enemies. The emigrations thenceforward became so frequent and so numerous that the British isle was almost depopulated of its ancient inhabitants; and King Ina, of Wessex, who was also Bretwalda, coming to the throne in A.D. 689, grieved to lose so many

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of his subjects, sent to entreat the emigrants to return. At that period, they more than equalled the indigenous population of Armorica, upon whom they had imposed their own laws and form of government. Thus, in the fifth century, Armorica was, like Cambria, divided into small independent states: those of Vannes; Kerne, or Cornouaille; Leon; and Tréguier—all Celtic in language, customs, and laws, and each division having its own bishop and its own chief. Among the chiefs, one often obtained a predominating power over the rest, with the title of *konan*, or crowned chief. Hence, all the earlier kings of Armorica of whom we hear in history, Meriadek, Gradlon, Budik, Houel, and others, were Britons from the Island. Their bards, who formed an essential part of every noble family among the Cambrians, accompanied them into their adopted country. Of this number was Taliessin, "the prince of the bards, the prophets, and the Druids of the West." He took up his abode in the land of the Venetes, (Vannes,) near to his friend and brother bard, Gildas, who had emigrated thither, and who is said to have converted Taliessin to the Christian faith. Three other celebrated bards of the same period were Saint Sulio, Hyvarnion, and Kian Gwench'lan.

Tradition gives the following account of the manner in which St. Sulio received his vocation. When very young, he was one day playing with his brothers near the castle of their father, the lord of Powys, when a procession of monks passed by, led by their abbot, and chanting, to the sound of his harp, the praise of God. The sweetness of their hymns so delighted the child, that, bidding his brothers return to their sports, he followed the monks, "in order to learn of them how he might compose beautiful songs." His brothers hastened to tell their father of his flight, who sent thirty armed men, with a charge to kill the abbot and to bring back Sulio. He had, however, been sent at once to a monastery in Armorica, of which in due time he became prior. The Welsh, who call him Saint Y Sulio, possess a collection of his poems.

The Christian faith won its way more slowly in Armorica than it had done in Britain. They who had inherited the harp of the ancient Druids, with the mysteries of their religion and the secrets of their knowledge, were often reluctant to submit to the belief which despoiled them of their priesthood. "If Taliessin," says M. de la Villemarqué, "consecrated to Christ the fruits of a mysterious science, perfected under the shadow of proscribed altars; if the monks, taking the harp in hand, attracted to the cloister the children of the chiefs; if the Christian mother taught her little one in the cradle to sing of him who died upon the cross, ... there were, at the same time, in the depth of the woods, dispersed members of the Druidic colleges, wandering from hut to hut, like the fugitive Druids of the Isle of Britain, who continued to give to the children of Armorica lessons on the divinity, as their fathers had been taught; and they did so with sufficient success to alarm the Christian teachers, and oblige them to combat them skilfully with their own weapons."

Even after paganism had fallen before the cross, we find curious traces of the Druidic element scattered here and there in the early poems of Brittany. Her bishops of that period are spoken of as "Christian Druids, who grafted the faith of Christ on the Druid oak;" and of her poets, it is said, "They did not *break* the harp

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of the ancient bards; they only changed some of its chords."

The most ancient poems preserved in Brittany which bear evidences of being the scientific compositions of the bards, are: *The Series, or the Druid and the Child; The Prediction of Gwench'lan; The Submersion of the City of Ys; The Changeling; The Wine of the Gauls; The March of Arthur;* and *Alain the Fox.* These are the last breathings of the *learned* poetry of the Bretons of Armorica.

But, besides the scientific poems of the descendants of the Druids, there grew up, at the same time, a large amount of popular poetry, both in Wales and in Armorica. As early as the sixth century, this divided itself into three distinct kinds: theological, heroic, and historical poems; domestic poems and love-songs; and poems on religious subjects, including the versified histories of saints. This whole class of poetry sprang from the people; it was the expression of their heart, the echo of their thoughts, the depository of their history and of their belief.

Upon this poetry of the people, both in the British island and in Brittany, the bards made war. And when, among the Bretons, the popular minstrels overcame the bards, the Welsh triads put the Armoricans in the number of "the three peoples which have corrupted the primitive bardism by mixing with it heterogeneous principles."

"It is only the *kler*, (scholar-poets,) the vagabonds, and the beggars," says Taliessin, "who give themselves no trouble."

"Bark not against instruction in the art of verse. Silence! miserable pretenders, who usurp the name of bards! You know not how to judge between truth and fables! . . . As for me, I am diviner and general-in-chief of the bards of the west!"

Gildas is equally energetic in protesting against all "who take pleasure in listening to the vociferations" of the popular poets of his time.

Reality and good faith are the two principal qualities inherent in popular poetry in its primitive state. The poet's aim is always to paint faithfully something which actually occurred, or which he *believed* did occur.

Chronicler and novelist, legendary and sacred psalmodist, the poet of Brittany is all this to the mass of the Breton population — to twelve hundred thousand uneducated persons, without any other learning than that which they gain from the oral instruction of their clergy. A thoughtful and imaginative people, full of poetic instinct, and of the desire of knowledge; and to whom every event, possessing a moderate share of interest, furnishes subject-matter for a song.

We will now attempt translations of a portion of the *bardic* poems which remain to us. We omit the first, entitled *Ar Rannoce*, or *The Series:* a dialogue between a Druid and a child who is one of his disciples. Its length would unduly prolong the present article; but, inasmuch as it conveys an interesting sketch of the cosmogony and theology of the bardic system, we may find for it a place in some future page.

To come, then, to the second poem on our list, *The Prophecy of Gwench'lan.* The bard Kian, surnamed Gwench'lan, or "*Pure Race,*" was born in Armorica at the beginning of the fifth century, and was never won to the Christian faith. His enmity to it, indeed, was embittered by the treatment he received at the hands of a foreign prince, calling himself a Christian; who threw the bard into a dungeon, and, after depriving him of sight, left him there to die. During his hard captivity he

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composed the following poem, called *Diougan Gwench'lan*, or *The Prophecy of Gwench'lan*, in which he predicts the fate of his captor, who was shortly afterward slain in battle fighting against the Bretons.

The composition of this poem is exactly after the pattern of the ancient Welsh bards. Like Taliessin, Gwench'lan believes in the *three cycles of being* of the Druidic theology, and in the doctrine of metempsychosis. "I have been born three times," says Taliessin. . . . "I have been dead; I have been alive; I am that which I was. . . I have been a wild goat upon the mountains; I have been a spotted cock; I have been a fallow-deer; now I am Taliessin."

Like Lywarc'h-Hen, he mourns over his old age and decrepitude. He is melancholy, and a fatalist.

Like Aneurin, who had been made prisoner after the battle of Kattracz, and in his captivity composed *The Song of Gododin*, Gwench'lan sings in his chains and in the darkness of his dungeon.

It was not unusual among the bards to compare the leader of the enemy to the wild boar of the woods, and the champion who withstood him to the war-horse, or the white horse of the sea.

Gwench'lan is said to have composed many songs in praise of the warriors of his country—those who marched to battle invoking the Sun-god, and, on returning victorious, danced in his honor to the "*Sword, King of Battle.*" A collection of his poems and prophecies was preserved until the French revolution, in the abbey of Landevenec; but the ferocious joy with which, in some fragments that remain, he contemplates the slaughter of the Christians in the Menez Bré, and the extermination of their faith, makes their destruction small matter of regret to any but the antiquary.

Gwench'lan, however, continues to be famous throughout Brittany, where the remnants of his compositions still are sung; especially *The Prophecy*, of which a part has been translated by M. de Villemarqué from *Barzaz Breiz*, (*Breton Ballads:*)

DIOUGAN GWENCH'LAN.

PROPHECY OF GWENCH'LAN.

I.

When the sun is setting,
When the sea is swelling,
I sit upon the threshold of my door.
I sang when I was young,
And still, grown old, I sing,
By night, by day, though with sad heart and sore.

If my head is bent low,
If my trouble presses;
It is not causeless care that weighs me down.
It is not that I fear;
I fear not to be slain:
For long enough my life has lingered on.

When they seek not Gwench'lan,
Gwench'lan, they will find him:
But find they shall not, when they seek for me.
Yet, whatsoe'er betide,
To me it matters not.
That alone which *ought* to be, will *be*.
Thrice all must die, ere rest at last they see.

II.

Wild boar, I behold him,
From the wood forth comes he;
Much he drinks; he hath a wounded foot:
His hair is white with age;
Round him his hungry young
Are howling. Bloodstained is his gaping throat.

White horse of the sea, lo!
Comes to the encounter.
The shore for terror trembles 'neath his tread.
Bright and dazzling he,
Bright as the sparkling snow;
And silver horns are gleaming on his head.

Foams the water 'neath him,
At the thunder-fire
Of those fierce nostrils. Sea-horses around
Press, thick and close as grass
Upon a lakelet's bank.
Horse of the sea! strike well! Strike—strike him to the ground!

* * * * * *

III.

As I was sweetly sleeping, in my cold, cold tomb,
I heard the eagle calling, at midnight calling, "Come!
Rise on your wings, O eaglets! and all ye birds of heaven.
To you, nor flesh of dogs, nor sheep, but *Christians* shall be given!"

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"Old raven of the sea,
What hold'st thou?—say to me."

"The chieftain's head I bear away:
His two red eyes shall be my prey,
For taking thy two eyes away."

"And thou too, what hast thou, O Reynard sly?"

"His heart, which was as false as mine, have I:
It sought thy death, and long hath made thee die."

"What dost thou by the corner of his mouth, O toad?"

"I wait to seize his soul upon her road,
Long as I live must I be her abode."

Thus he meeteth his reward
For his crime against the bard
Who dwells no more between Roch-allaz and Porz-Gwen'n.

The *Submersion of the City of Ys*, or Is, presents to us one of those legends which has its counterpart in so many other branches of the Celtic race. Its historical basis is as follows:

"In the year 440, there reigned in Armorica King Gradlon-veur, or the Great. His capital was the city of Is, since destroyed; and he occasionally consulted a holy man named Gwenolé, founder and abbot of the first monastery erected in Armorica.

"This is all which contemporary and authentic history tell us of this city, this prince, and this monk; but popular tradition, always more rich than history, furnishes us with additional particulars. According to this, the city of Is was protected from the invasions of the sea by an immense basin or reservoir, which at high tide received the waters of the ocean, as formerly the Lake Mœris those of the Nile. This basin had a secret door, of which the king alone had the key, and which he opened or closed himself when needed. One night, while he slept, the Princess Dahut, wishing to crown the follies of a banquet given to a suitor, stole the key; she, or, according to another variation of the story, her suitor, who was in truth the author of evil under an assumed form, opened the door, and, as had been foretold by Saint Gwenolé, submerged the city.

"This tradition, adds M. de Villemarqué, ascends to the very cradle of the Celtic race, and is common to its three great branches, the Bretons, Welsh, and Irish.

"The *Is* of Armorica is the *Gwaeleod* of Wales, and the *Neaz* of Ireland; the name in each instance signifying *low* or *hollow*. According to all three, the daughter of the king is the cause of the catastrophe, and is punished by being changed into a siren, after a death by drowning. The Welsh version of this ballad, which is apparently of the date of the fifth century, and composed by the bard Gwezno, contains two strophes which are almost literally repeated in the Armorican. It begins in a way very like the conclusion of the latter. Some one comes to awaken the king, whom the bard calls Seizenin:

"'Seizenin! arise, and look! The land of warriors, the country of Gwezno, is overwhelmed by the ocean.'

"The Welsh sailors in Cardigan Bay, which, they assure us, now occupies the submerged territory, declare that they can see beneath the waters the ruins of ancient edifices. The same is said of the Bay of Douarnenez in Basse-Bretagne.

"Also, the Irish fishermen, at a much earlier epoch, (according to Giraldus Cambrensis,) the middle of the second century, believed that they could see glimmering under the waters of the lake which covers their city of Neaz the round towers of ancient days.

"With regard to the horse of Gradlon, Marie de France assures us that, in struggling through the flood, the force of the water bore his master off his back; that the life of Gradlon was saved by a beneficent fay, but the horse, on reaching the land without the king, became wild with grief.

"The original tradition says that Gradlon, fleeing for his life, bore his daughter behind him, when a terrible voice cried three times, 'Push off the demon that sits behind thee.' The unhappy king obeyed, and forthwith the waters were restrained."

SUBMERSION OF THE CITY OF IS.

I.

Oh! hast thou heard—oh! hast thou heard
Of Gwenolé the rede,
Which unto Gradlon, king of Is,
He spake, but gat small heed?

"To earthly love, ah! yield thee not,
With evil cease to toy;
For after pleasure cometh woe,
And sorrow follows joy.

"Who bites the flesh of fishes, soon
The fishes him shall bite;
And he who swallows, shall himself
Be swallowed up some night.

"And he who drinks both beer and wine,
Shall water drink amain:
To him who cannot scan my speech
It soon shall be made plain."

II.

One eve spake Gradlon, king of Is,
King Gradlon thus spake he:
"My merry friends, by your fair leave,
A little sleep would we."

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"To-morrow 'twill be time enough—
With us this evening stay;
But if it be thy mind to sleep,
We would not say thee nay."

And thereupon her lover spake,
Full softly whispered he,
To Gradlon's daughter, "Sweet princess,
Sweet Dahut—*and the key!*"

"Hush! I will bear the key away
That locks the floodgates fast,
And Is shall be within thy power
Ere little time be past."

III.

Now, whosoe'er had seen the king,
As on his couch he lay,
With admiration had been filled
At sight of his array.

The aged king, in purple robed,
With long and snow-white hair,
Which o'er his shoulders flowed upon
His golden collar fair.

And whosoe'er had lain in wait
Had spied the princess white,
Unsandalled, steal into that room,
In silence of the night.

She to the king her father crept,
Sank softly on her knee,
Loosed from his neck the golden chain,
And bore away the key.

IV.

He sleepeth on—he sleepeth on,
Till, from the plains, a cry—
"The deep is o'er us! Is overwhelmed
Beneath the waters high!

"My lord the king, arise, arise!
To horse! and swiftly flee.
The dykes are burst—the land o'erflowed
By the triumphant sea."

Accursed be the treacherous maid
Who opened thus the gate
After the feast—who drowned the land,
And made it desolate!

V.

"Oh! tell me now, brave forester,
The wild-horse hast thou seen
Of Gradlon? Hast thou seen it pass
Along this valley green?"

"The horse of Gradlon saw I not
At any time pass by;
But in deep night '*trip trap*' I hear,
With lightning swiftness fly."

"Say, hast thou seen, O fisherman!
The daughter of the sea,
Combing her golden hair at noon,
Where sparkling breakers be?"

"Yes, I have seen the mermaid white:
She sings among the waves.
Her songs are plaintive as the sound
Of deeps o'er dead men's graves."

We come now to *The Changeling;* and here again we trace not so much a resemblance as an all but literal reproduction of an Irish legend, known to all readers of *The Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland* under the title, *The Brewery of Egg-shells.* It must be confessed, however, that the non-Catholic medium through which the Irish version reaches us, has deprived it of the religious turn it may possibly have had in the original. Our Lady does not appear in it, as here in the Breton ballad.

THE CHANGELING.

Grieved to the heart is la belle Marie.
Where may her Laoik, her little one, be?
Carried away by the Korrigan he.

"Forth to the fount as I went on a day,
Safe in his cradle my little one lay;
Home when I came he had vanished away.

"This wretched monster I found in his place.
Rough, like a toad, with a horrible face,
Dumb, greedy, fierce, like the rest of his race.

"Mary most pure, on your snow-gleaming throne,
In your maternal arms holding your Son,
You are in joy, while in sorrow I moan.

"Your Holy Child evermore you are keeping,
Mine I have lost, whom I thought safely sleeping;
Mother of Pity, ah! pity my weeping!"

"Daughter, my daughter, oh! sorrow no more.
Lost is he not whom you thus would deplore,
Laoik, your darling, short time shall restore.

"Who in an egg-shell shall feign to prepare
All that ten laborers need for their fare,
Forces the dwarf into speech, then and there.

"When he has spoken, then whip—whip again!
Whip, till he cry out with anger and pain!
He will be heard: and be borne off amain."

"Prithee, my mother, what do you?" he cries,
"What make you, mother?" he asks in surprise.
Dwarfling can scarcely believe his own eyes.

"What am I doing, my son, would you ken?
Dinner I make, in this egg-shell, for ten,
Ten of the farm-servants, laboring men."

"Ten! in an eggshell! The egg I have seen
Fresh, of the oldest white hen that has been:
Acorn, whose oak is far-spreading and green.

"Oaks have I seen, widening out from their core,
Old oaks of Brézal wood, rugged and hoar:
Nothing like this have I e'er seen before."

"Too many things hast thou seen," she replies:
Flip, flap! flip, flap!—thus upon him she flies.
"Little old man, now I have thee!" she cries.

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"Whip not, nor strike, but restore him to me;
Harm hath been none to thy boy, belle Marie;
King over all in our country is he!"

When to her home returned Marie that day,
Safe in his cradle her own baby lay,
Sweetly asleep, as if wearied with play.

While she stands gazing, entranced at the sight,
Bending to kiss the fair cheeks with delight,
Laoik, her lost one, his eyes opens bright.

Half rising up, and with wondering eyes,
Soft arms outstretched in a dreamy surprise,
"Mother! how long I've been sleeping!" he cries.

We will conclude our present instalment from these interesting relics of Celtic antiquity by a spirit-stirring fragment; for the reader will perceive that it is incomplete. This is *Arthur's March*, (*Bale Arzur*,) written, like the last, in the *Ies Kerne*, or dialect of Cornouaille—*Cornu Galliæ*—a district of Brittany. There is a complete change of metre between the parts marked I. and II.; the former being so arranged, that the poetical foot composing the lines is of three short syllables following a long one, and produces a spirited and martial effect, somewhat like the beat of a modern drum.

M. de Villemarqué, from whose *Barzaz Briez*, or *Breton Ballads*, we have drawn so largely in these pages, speaks thus of the ballad before us:

"The popularity which the name of Arthur enjoys in Brittany is one of the most curious phenomena in the history of Breton fidelity. Neither defeat nor exile could make the Bretons forgetful of Arthur. His magic renown, crossing the sea with them, received new life in Armorica; he became there, as he was in the Isle of Britain, an armed symbol of national liberty; and the people, at all periods from the sixth century to our own time, repeated, with adaptation to circumstances, the traditions and the sayings or prophecies of which he was the subject. Thus, whenever war is impending, they see, as a warning sign, the army of Arthur defiling at break of day over the summit of the Black Mountains; and the poem here given has for twelve centuries been in the mouth of Bretons armed to defend their hearths and altars. I learnt it from an aged mountaineer named Mikel Floc'h, of Leuhan, who told me that he had often sung it when marching against the enemy in the last wars of the west."

The last strophe, which is of later date than the preceding ones, may in some measure have contributed to save from oblivion the *March of Arthur*. It is always sung three times over, and with the greatest enthusiasm.

Some of the strophes, breathing the savage vengeance of pagan times, have been omitted in the English translation. They retain in the original so much of the Cambrian dialect and idiom as to be scarcely in the least understood by the Bretons who sing them.

THE MARCH OF ARTHUR.

I.

Haste, haste to the combat! Come kinsman, come brother,
Come father, come son, to the battle speed forth!
The brave and the dauntless, come, speed one another!
Come all! there is work for the warriors of worth.

II.

Said to his father, at day-dawn, the son of the warrior,
"Horsemen I see, on the far mountain summits, who gather.

"Horsemen all mounted on war-steeds of gray, like the mist-wreaths;
Coursers that snort with the cold on the heights of the mountains.

"Close ranks of six by six: three by three: thousands of lances
Flash in the beams of the sun, to our vale yet unrisen.

"Double ranks follow the banners that wave in the death-wind,
Measuring nine casts of a sling from the van to the rearward."

"Pendragon's army! I know it! Great Arthur Pendragon
Leading his warriors, marches 'mid clouds of the mountain.

"If it be Arthur, then quick to our bows and swift arrows!
Forward, and follow him. Set the keen death-winged dart flying!"

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E'en as he spake rang the fierce cry of war through the mountains:
" Heart for eye; head for arm; death for wound!" through hill and valley.

If in such manner we die as befits Breton Christians,
Too soon we cannot sink down on the field of our conflict!

If our readers are not yet wearied with details of the ancient poetry of this exceptional part of France, we hope to present them in our next number with further specimens; including the death of Lord Nann from the spells of a malignant Korrigan, or Breton fairy, and the argument by which a Breton maiden persisted in choosing the cloister against all the persuasions of a suitor to her hand. Both these poems date at least from the sixth century of Christianity.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Upon the hills the autumn sun
His radiance pours like golden wine;
And low, sweet music seems to run
Among the tassels of the pine;
Around us rings the wild bird's scream;
Above, an arch of dark-blue sky;
While, like a maiden's summer dream,
The mists upon the meadows lie.

O peerless Indian Summer hours,
With bracing morn and slumbrous noon!
How pale are June's bright, flaunting flowers
Amid thy wealth of gorgeous bloom.
The river ripples softly on,
With purple hills upon its breast;
And soft cloud-shadows, floating down,
Have found a scene of perfect rest.

The evening darkens; from the hills
The glory fades, so proudly worn;
And in the west serenely fills
The fair young moon her silver horn;
While from the deep'ning blue above
The stars steal slowly, singly forth;
And night-winds, like the breath of love,
Come floating o'er the silent earth.

VERONICA.

CORNWALL LANDING.

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CREATIVE GENIUS OF CATHOLICITY.*

If the creative genius of Catholicity were to be stated from an *a priori* point of view, it would reduce itself to the form of an axiom; for Catholicity being the body of revealed truth, confirming and agreeing with truth in every order, truth being essentially "that which is," (to employ the words of Bossuet,) Catholicity must be pre-eminently endowed with the germinative and fruitful spirit of origination. But inasmuch as truth has in this world a clouded scene for her activity, as effects arise constantly, and almost invariably, from an intermixture of causes of a diverse and contending character, and as the divine, the human, and the material elements are incessantly conjoined in action, it becomes necessary to trace the chain of events and to elucidate the influence of principles. This process does not, with the mind which is gifted with faith, arrive at the dignity of the highest proof; it rather serves to record examples and to collect illustrations.

In executing such a process, the difficulty is, not to find instances, but to decide which of them to choose amidst the boundless variety. I think it germane to the subject to compare Catholic genius with that of the most polished nation of the Gentile world, as the two have been displayed under the sensuous relation of *form*. The Greeks, beyond all other people, possessed a native capability in art, and there remains of the productions of the Greek mind enough for a just estimate of its rich capabilities. The models of Greek genius have won the enthusiastic admiration of mankind, and they dominate with a strong mastery over all cultivated minds which lack the Catholic faith. "Even from their urns, they rule them still."

Whatever difficulties language, poetry, philosophy, may labor under from the lapse of time, that which is tactual and visual needs but to be present to be appreciated. If art be the emanation of a creative spirit; if it be not, in its highest sphere, a copy or an imitation, then must it be admitted that the evolution of the Greek orders of architecture, combining majestic strength, radiant grace, and flowery beauty, embodied in pure and enduring material, is the loftiest expression of impassioned heathen genius. It is higher than their types of the human form, because it was wrought without a model and shaped directly from the mind's ideal. The conception is one so strong and great that it has never had a rival outside of Catholicity—and indeed hardly a respectable imitator. The coarser capability of the Roman mind not only originated nothing and added nothing to Greek invention, but it marred and misapplied that which it undertook to adopt. Later copyists have aimed no higher than a restoration of what their masters had created.

All that addresses the eye, and through it the mind, under form alone, may be objectively resolved into lines and surfaces, which may be again subdivided into yet simpler

* We take pleasure in presenting in our pages the following able article, from the pen of the late lamented Colonel James Monroe. Few writers have left behind a testimony more striking of their devotion to our holy faith, or of their confidence in its elevating social power. It meets living questions of the day with a rare aptitude, and presents views and applies principles in a manner worthy of attentive and thoughtful consideration.—Ed. C. W.

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elements. The combinations of these elements—their union, tangencies, and contrasts—may be classified, and may furnish certain deductions which are incontrovertible general conclusions. Indeed, the deduction may become so far generalized as to pass beyond the boundary of the art which suggested it—as "the perfection of form is said to annihilate form;" it then arrives at abstract truth, which seeks its illustration in matter, without deriving its validity therefrom. This is so far true that the science whose highest deductions fall short of such generalization is yet in a rudimentary condition.*

In adjusting the elements of form under harmonious combinations, and in expanding them into imposing dimensions, the Greek mind was so subtle and appreciative that it missed nothing, and exhausted everything within the reach of its science, "unwinding all the links of grace, without a blunder or an oversight." If the Gothic architecture had borrowed from the Greek, or had simply carried forward into further development the same formative idea, it might be said that the case was that of the dwarf upon the giant's shoulders, who sees further than the giant himself. But the fact is entirely otherwise. The projectors and moulders of the Gothic church architecture found the field ot invention limited—as must ever be the case—by preceding invention. The genius, therefore, must have been the greater which not only discovered new combinations of excellence, but anticipated and antedated yet surpassed all predecessors.

Among tribes of men whom the Greek styled "barbarous" emanates a life in art which transcends his highest conception. We encounter fabrics loftier, broader, deeper; the arch which *he* did not employ is lifted from its circular character into a higher curvature, and its key-stone boldly stricken out. We find pillars massed, scalloped, and filleted; mouldings of a more graceful contour, every way flexure of contrast and gradation; a mazy web of tracery combining lightness, symmetry, permanence, and equilibrium; in mid air, a shapely dome, poised by the daring hand of science, where the cloud might visit it and the rainbow circle it. All this prodigality of invention and unequalled execution, springing forth as from an exhaustless fountain, is not confined to some favored peninsula, but is common to Italy, Germany, France, and England. The common cause of an effect so uniform and remarkable was the inspiring and elevating influence of the One Catholic faith.

I will quote here a Protestant writer's view of the difference in design between the Greek and Go hic building:

"The essential, germinal principle of difference between the temple and the cathedral is, that the former is built for exterior effect, the latter for interior. On occasions of worship, the multitude surrounded one edifice, but filled the other. The temple has, as regards architectural impression, really no interior at all; for the small *cella* or *naos* which hid the *penetralia* entered not at all into the effect of the structure. From this difference in character and design, the whole diversity between the characters of Greek and Gothic forms and decorations may be derived. To the former, viewed from without, an aspect of elevated repose must belong; and all the decorations must be superficial. The elaboration of an im-

* As an example, we may take the principle of beauty as shown in the simplest and least beautiful of the regular curves, the circular. In the circle variation in direction is combined with identity in the distance from a fixed point. There is, then, unity in diversity—a general principle, of which the circle is but an example. Nature, ever affluent in resources, varies the tameness of the circle by presenting it to the eye as a right line, an ellipse, etc., according to the point of view. Thus again illustrating the law of unity in diversity; for the knowledge that the figure is still a circle is *one*, while the gradations in its appearance are many.

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pressive and inspiring interior led necessarily to soaring height and a general upwardness of all the courses; to long-drawn vistas, side by side; to grand portals to give entrance, and a multitude of windows to give light; and to a general style of decoration, concave, receding, and perspective."

The same writer says:

"If England's cathedrals are inferior to those of France, they are more beautiful than anything else in the world. Durham and Ely, and Winchester and Salisbury, what needs the soul of man more impressive, glorious, transcendent, than these?"

Another competent authority—also a Protestant—says:

"There is infinitely more scientific skill displayed in a Gothic cathedral than in all the buildings of Greece and Rome; nor could these latter have resisted the shock of time so long, had they not been almost solid masses of stone, with no more cavity than was indispensably necessary."

Let us examine the principle of delineation in the human form—that which has ever captivated the efforts of the greatest artists. In the classic execution of the highest human types there is an evident straining after the expression of something above the actual. Sir Charles Bell has shown that this effect is attained by a refined species of exaggeration. It consists in exaggerating whatever distinguishes man from the animals—in enlarging, for example, the facial angle. It is a further remove from the animals than man is, but *in the same direction*. The Hercules, for instance, is an embodiment of the central form of strength—it is an exaggeration of muscular development. The highest expression is the embodiment of human passion. In this way the Greeks attained the delineation of the *superhuman*. Under the tutorage of Catholicity the human lineaments achieved the expression of the supernatural. One was the idealization of nature; the other the supernaturalization of humanity. Of this latter classic art had no conception; while therefore it may equal or surpass Catholic art in execution, it must fall far below in its ideal.*

Finally, all art is expression. Given a knowledge and mastery of the instruments of expression, and the thought will determine its character; the nature of the thought expressed depends upon the conceiving mind; the highest conception of the mind is the offspring of religious affection, the Catholic is the true religion; therefore the expression of Catholic genius is the summit of art. It is by no means a necessity that the soul shall express itself under sensuous forms; but to all outward manifestation a power over the instrument is a condition—in which sense the body is itself an instrumentality. What the soul expresses must be thought—either its own, or another's—it must either imitate or originate; imitation is merely repetition, and is in the power of a mirror. So that what in every art cannot be taught is ex-

* In this connection let us record a few remarks from the ablest writers upon the subject.

Solger has said: "Philosophy can create nothing: it can only *understand*. It can create neither the religious inspiration nor the artistic genius: but it can detect and bring to light all that is contained therein."

Hegel, in stating the relation of art, religion, and philosophy, says:

"Art fulfils its highest mission when it has established itself with religion and philosophy in the one circle common to all, and is merely a method of revealing the godlike to man, of giving utterance to the deepest interests, the most comprehensive truths pertaining to mankind. Nations have deposited the most holy, rich, and intense of their ideas in works of art, and art is the key to the philosophy and religion of a nation."

Schelling, with his peculiar theory, says: "That artist is to be accounted happy to whom the gods have granted the *creative spirit*. When the artist *recognizes* the aspect and being of the *indwelling creative idea*, and produces it, he makes the individual a *world in itself*, a *species*, an *eternal type*."

Not one of these three statements is beyond the reach of cavil or of just exception; but, for the purpose in hand, we see that the first says that "philosophy can create nothing;" the second, that "art is a method of revealing the godlike to man, and of giving utterance to his most holy and intense ideas;" and the third, that it involves a gift or endowment of the "creative spirit."

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pression. The highest effort of the soul is spontaneous and original. Herein we find the superiority—visible at a glance—of Catholic architecture over the Greek orders, of Catholic delineations of the human countenance over the finest models of antiquity.

We have sufficiently considered the originative character of Catholicity under the aspect of constructed form. We have contemplated her moulding and shaping matter in her flexible fingers, and evolving that wilderness of artistic grace and loveliness which, in the ruins of a Tintern or Melrose Abbey, compels the admiration, but defies the rivalry, of the apostate sons of Catholic sires. We shall now consider her influence in the building up of states and the organization of societies.

Christianity took its rise under a universal military despotism. It sustained for three hundred years the superincumbent pressure of a hostile heathen empire. It exhausted the malice and the power of a pagan and brutalized temporal order; and when the Roman empire shook the world with its fall, Christianity survived the death-throes of that mighty organization.

When she rose from the catacombs, she did not sweep away the temples of the heathen gods; she drove from those fanes the unclean spirits which so long had dwelt within them; she rescued them from their demon desecration, monuments of her triumph, trophies of her victorious agonies; she made them the basilicas of her majestic worship.

When the fierce tribes from the north poured over Southern Europe, the church preserved what was sound in the Roman civilization, instructed the barbarians in agriculture by the example of her laborious monks, and taught them all the arts of life; instituted laws and polity; tempered and restrained tyranny; planted and nourished the seeds of liberty; developed civilization and refinement, and built up the whole grand fabric of Christendom.

In this formation of new states out of new populations, they did not become perfect exemplars of Christian ethics and morals, nor exact exponents of the formative power of Catholicity. The church encountered in those ages, as she does in this, incessant obstacles, difficulties, and resistance. Whatever was good and admirable in those constitutions came to them from the Catholic religion and was derived from the papal see.

The canon law had, under the emperors, tempered and modified the civil code; and among the new states it operated a beneficial change in the feudal principles. Both these systems prescribed for the mass of men an unchristian servitude. Enlightened equity and justice, and equality before the law, originated in the jurisprudence of the church, and not in barbarous feudalities, nor in the capricious and tyrannical decrees of Roman emperors. There are men in this age and country who profess great love for the people and great regard for the rights of labor, but who are stanch partisans of the tyrants of the middle age in the contentions which arose between them and the papal see. Inherited ill-will blinds them to the fact that the only power in those days which could hold tyranny to an accountability or check kingly license was that of the pope. The exercise of the papal protectorate not only tended to prevent causeless wars, but it controlled the corrupting influence of royal vices by stamping them with reprobation and, where needful, with degradation. It was the bulwark of the feebler states, the barrier against princely ambi-

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tion, and everywhere the advocate, the friend, and the defender of the toiling multitude.

The new organization of states was to be marked by a characteristic which was also new. Human government is ordained of God. Christianity was to recognize and to exemplify this truth. She was to legitimate and ennoble human government in its own separate order. To effect this in the fullest manner, there must be an exemplification directly from the personality of the hierarchy; for, sacrifice being the most exalted human action, the priest, whose office it is to offer sacrifice, is by his function first among men. The highest recognition must therefore derive from the priesthood. But there would always be something lacking of the *highest*, unless the head of the hierarchy were a temporal ruler. The temporal power of the pope is the consecration of human government. Unlike others, he receives no dignity from the office, but confers grace upon it and upon its order; and Christendom, created by the church, receives the key-stone of its strength and its crowning symmetry when the first of Christian priests becomes a ruler among the nations. And consequently, religion suffers its direst outrage when, reversing the order, the temporal power lays its unfaltering hand upon the vessels of the sanctuary.

The church not only created the interior coherency of states by introducing just principles into their constitution; she not only bound them in links of fellowship whose *nexus* was at Rome; she also organized their exterior defence. In uniting Christendom during the crusades to repel the Moslem invasion, the popes caused the reconstruction of systematic and scientific strategy, which had disappeared with the Roman legion, thus furnishing to civilization a needful defence and a desirable superiority, while at the same time the narrow spirit of the feudal method and its local strifes were rendered obsolete.

For a thousand years the struggle begun by Mohammedan invasion continued to rage on the confines of Europe. At its early period it penetrated to Tours in France, where it was checked by Charles Martel, in 732. But the triumph was not completed on that wing of Christendom till the capture of Granada, and the annihilation of the Moorish power in Spain in the year of the discovery of America. On the other border, the Turks besieged and took Belgrade, and suffered a final repulse at Vienna from John Sobieski, King of Poland, in 1683.

But, so far as human causes indicate, the question whether the faith of Europe should be Christian or Moslem was decided in the Gulf of Lepanto, in 1571. These were all European battle-fields. The struggle was against an invasion which struck at the existence of Christianity. The master-spirit which created, combined, informed, and directed the resistance dwelt in the Vatican.

The modern age is distinguished for the intense application of human intelligence to the laws and conditionalities of time, space, and matter, in their triple relations; and Providence seems to be permitting to man the reassertion of his dominion over the earth. "Knowledge is power," but the right employment of power is *virtue;* and unless the moral forces keep pace with the conquests of mind in the realm of matter, there will ensue antagonisms more destructive than before, as well as a more profound desolation of the human race. The rectification of the will is of an importance prior and superior

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to the activity of the intelligence; and without a religious faith and sanction the fruits of the understanding are but dust and ashes.

When we consider the spirit of invention and examine its results, three great products assume an acknowledged superiority. These are, the magnet, with its corollary, the extension of geographical discovery; the printing-press in its action upon intelligence; and gunpowder in its relation to physical forces in war. The magnet can never again point the way to a discovery like that which was achieved by Columbus; the art of printing cannot be applied to a higher purpose than that of multiplying copies of the Holy Scriptures; and gunpowder, which still controls the practice of the art of war, was never employed upon an occasion so critical to civilization and so momentous in the world's affairs, as when the cannon of Don John of Austria won for Christendom the great fleet-fight of Lepanto. These three commanding discoveries, and these their greatest applications, belong to Catholic nations and to Catholic individuals. The Protestant religions have no part in these discoveries, because there is an awkward metaphysical axiom which says that the cause must exist before the effect, and these greatest of inventions all preceded—some of them by centuries—the birth of Protestantism.

Some writers have claimed that the inventive spirit began with the dawn of the Reformation, at which time, according to Robert Hall, the nations "awoke from the sleep of ages to run a career of virtuous emulation." If this be so, why is it that later discoveries have not equalled those which we have just specified? According to this theory, the dawn eclipses the noon-day; and Protestantism would seem to belong to that class of things of which the *less* you have of them the *better*.

The revival of letters is usually dated in the thirteenth century, and that honor is universally accorded to Italy. The first bank and the first newspaper are found at Venice. The Bible had been published in numerous editions before Luther began to dogmatize from a printed copy of it in Saxony. The system of modern commerce took its rise under the papacy, and ran a brilliant career in the Italian republics, and in the free cities of Germany, long before the era of the Protestant religions. Columbus had discovered the New World, and Vasco da Gama had doubled the Cape of Good Hope and marked the pathway to India, before the rise of England's commercial greatness. The "progress" had been installed, and had achieved such works as these, before the century in which Lord Bacon lived to write his *Inductive System of Philosophy*.

It would be an incomplete view of the subject if we failed to remark the *enduring* character of the work which is of Catholic creation. Not like the mutable religions which protest against her; nor struck with incurable sterility, like the Greek schismatic; nor frozen into lifeless forms, like those of the Asiatic world; the living faith of the church incessantly and indefinitely advances the nation and the individual who faithfully correspond to it. That vitality, once infused into the pulses of a people, goes forth from them only with its life-blood. There is an exemplification of this truth in the persecution which the Irish people have sustained, and are sustaining, at the hands of the English government. History presents no parallel to this antagonism of physical power, on the one hand, and moral determination on the other. To sustain her wars of aggres-

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sion, and to uphold her detestable system of classes and privileged orders, England has taxed everything, even the air and the light of heaven. This legalized oppression has ground down the English laborer and operative, but it has fallen with crushing cruelty upon the Irish peasant, whose country, in addition to the evil of partial and jealous legislation, has been compelled to pay tithes to a hostile and hating creed.

This merciless system has depopulated the land, and in the enforced emigration the Irish peasant has found no powerful government to aid him in his going; he has paid, to the last farthing, the exactions and robberies of English domination, and then has made his own unassisted way, dogged by an inflicted poverty but with his gallant spirit still unbroken. What has England gained by this conflict of centuries with Ireland? She has sapped her own strength and merited the condemnation of mankind. Moral causes control the universe, and the moral heroism of Ireland has vanquished every odds and every disaster. A temporal power far greater than that of Rome when her eagles were invincible has pursued for ages the determined purpose of forcing the people of the sister-island to join in protest and hostility against the Apostolic See. But the imperial monarchy, the riches, the splendor, the craft of England have found their master in the stern, unyielding, unconquerable fidelity with which the Irish people have clung to the Catholic faith.

The existence of this hemisphere was made known by agencies altogether Catholic. The first act of Columbus on his landing in the New World, that of planting a cross upon its soil, the meaning even of his baptismal name, was significant. In South America, in those self-same years that nations were torn from her communion by the abuse of learning and liberty derived from herself, Catholicity was engaged in widening the domain of Christendom and adding a continent to the faith.

I will briefly quote a New England Protestant writer in this connection. In the second volume of his *Conquest of Peru*, Prescott says:

"The effort to christianize the heathen is an honorable characteristic of the Spanish conquests. The Puritan, with equal religious zeal, did comparatively little for the conversion of the Indian. But the Spanish missionary, from first to last, has shown a keen interest in the spiritual welfare of the natives. Under his auspices churches, on a magnificent scale, have been erected, schools for elementary instruction founded, and every rational means taken to spread the knowledge of religious truth, while he has carried his solitary mission into remote and almost inaccessible regions, or gathered his Indian disciples into communities, like the good Las Casas in Cumaná, or the Jesuits in California and Paraguay. At all times the courageous ecclesiastic has been ready to lift his voice against the cruelty of the conqueror, and when his remonstrances have proved unavailing, he has still followed to bind up the broken-hearted, to teach the poor Indian resignation under his lot, and light up his dark intellect with the revelation of a holier and happier existence. The same nation which sent forth the hard-hearted conqueror from its bosom sent forth the missionary to do the work of beneficence, and spread the light of Christian civilization over the farthest regions of the new world."

Elsewhere the same historian speaks thus of the Spanish conqueror of Mexico:

"The conversion of the heathen was a predominant motive with Cortes in his expedition. It was not a vain boast. He would have sacrificed his life for it at any time; and more than once, by his indiscreet zeal, he actually did place his life and the success of his enterprise in jeopardy. It was his great purpose to purify the land from the brutish abominations of the Aztecs by substituting the religion of Jesus. This gave to his expedition the character of a crusade.

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It furnished the best apology for the conquest, and does more than all other considerations toward enlisting our sympathies on the side of the conquerors."

For the benefit of those who have a tender sympathy for the Incas and Montezumas, and naught but execrations for the Spanish invaders, it may be remarked that the religions of Mexico and Peru were stained with human sacrifices, followed in the former by cannibalism. The same unerring and irresponsible Being—ever adjusting the retribution to the crime—who hurls the avalanche from its mountain, gives its mission to the tempest, and scourges the city with pestilence, likewise directs the fearful visitation of the sword, whether in the hand of a Joshua, a Cyrus, an Attila, or a Pizarro. On the southern continent Catholic colonization preserved, christianized, and elevated the aboriginal races; while in the north, Protestant colonization swept away even their graves.

It is time to consider, and in a more special manner, the agency of the Catholic religion in the formation of this majestic Republic of the United States.

The fundamental principle upon which our ancestors based their resistance to England was, that they were Englishmen, and had lost none of the rights of British subjects by being transplanted to these shores. They claimed the system of the common law as an inheritance, and also all those guarantees which had grown up into that frame-work called the English Constitution. Upon this issue they went into the Revolution, and upon the same issue Chatham, and Burke, and others defended the cause of the colonists in the British parliament. The definite question, then, is, What were those principles, and whence were they derived?

The first declaration of public rights in England is the document called Magna Charta, delivered by King John, at Runnymede, in 1215. This instrument begins as follows:

"John, by the grace of God King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Earl of Anjou: To the archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, barons, justiciaries of the forests, sheriffs, governors, officers, and to all bailiffs, and other his faithful subjects, Greeting: Know ye that we, in the presence of God, and for the health of our soul, and the souls of all our ancestors and heirs, and the exaltation of his holy church, and amendment of our kingdom, by advice of our venerable fathers, Stephen, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church; Henry, Archbishop of Dublin; William, Bishop of London, . . . have, in the first place, granted to God, and by this our present charter, confirmed for us and our heirs for ever.

"ART. I. That the Church of England shall be free, and enjoy her whole rights and privileges inviolable," etc.

Many of the articles are occupied with matters relating to feudal tenures, which, of course, are without application to this country. The twentieth article is as follows:

"ART. XX. A freeman [that is, a freeholder] shall not be amerced for a small fault, only according to the degree of his fault; and for a great crime, in proportion to the heinousness of it, saving to him his contenement, [means of livelihood;] and after the same manner a merchant, saving to him his merchandise; and a villein shall be amerced after the same manner, saving to him his wainage, [carts, etc.,] if he falls under our mercy; and none of the aforesaid amerciaments shall be assessed but by the oaths of honest men of the neighborhood.

"ART. XXX. No sheriff or bailiff of ours, or any other, shall take horses or carts of any freeman for carriage, without the consent of the said freeman.

"ART. XXXI. Neither shall we or our bailiffs take any man's timber for our castles or other uses, unless by the consent of the owner of the timber.

"ART. XXXIX. No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseised, or outlawed, or banished, or any way destroyed; nor will we condemn him, or commit him to

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prison, unless by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.

"ART. XL. To none we will sell, to none will we deny, nor delay, right or justice.

"ART. LI. And, as soon as peace is restored, we will send out of the kingdom all foreign soldiers, cross-bowmen, and stipendiaries, who are come with horses and arms, to the injury of the kingdom.

"ART. LV. All unjust and illegal fines, and all amerciaments imposed unjustly, and contrary to the law of the land, shall be entirely forgiven," etc.

The sixty-third and last article is:

"ART. LXIII. Wherefore we will, and firmly enjoin, that the Church of England be free, and that all men in our kingdom have and hold all the aforesaid liberties, rights, and concessions peaceably," etc.

Copies of this charter were found to have been deposited in the cathedrals of Lincoln, Salisbury, and Gloucester. When, in the next reign, that of Henry III., circumstances required that the charter should be confirmed, the ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other bishops. Coming before the king, in Westminster Hall, with tapers in their hands, they denounced excommunication against the breakers of the charter; and, casting down their tapers, exclaimed, "So may all that incur this sentence be extinguished." To which the king responded, "So help me God, I will keep all these things inviolate."

Hallam says, of this great charter:

"It is still the key-stone of English liberty," "and all that has since been obtained is little more than as confirmation or commentary."

Sir James Mackintosh and Sir William Blackstone agree essentially with Hallam. In respect to the merit of obtaining the charter, Mr. Hallam says:

"As far as we are guided by historical testimony, two great men, the pillars of our church and state, may be considered as entitled beyond the rest to the glory of this monument—Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and William, Earl of Pembroke."

Of the charter, Sir William Blackstone says:

"It protected every individual of the nation in the free enjoyment of his life, his liberty, and his property, unless declared to be forfeited by the judgment of his peers."

The Petition of Right, passed in 1628, was based confessedly upon Magna Charta. Its principal provisions are: 1. That no loan or tax might be levied, save by consent of parliament. 2. That no man might be imprisoned but by legal process. 3. That soldiers might not be quartered on people against their will. 4. That no commissions be granted for executing martial law. This Petition of Right, in its third article, quotes entire the thirty-ninth of the charter, which is there styled "the great charter of the liberties of England." Coke, who drew up the petition, in his speech against the king's prerogative, says: "In my opinion, it weakens Magna Charta and all our statutes."

The Bill of Rights, passed at the Revolution of 1688, assumes it as the clear duty of the subjects "to vindicate and assert their ancient rights and liberties." The Act of Settlement declares that "the laws of England are the birthright of the people thereof."

The correspondence and analogy between the principles of the great charter, together with its successive commentaries and confirmations, and those upon which the American Revolution rests, are obvious and striking. We may particularly instance the royal infringements upon the rights of the colonists, in refusing

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assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary to the public good; keeping up standing armies in time of peace without the consent of the legislature; affecting to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power; quartering armed troops upon the inhabitants; imposing taxes upon them without their consent; depriving them, in many cases, of the benefit of trial by jury; and altering fundamentally the form of their government.

Without a basis of right principle, the American Revolution would have been a rebellion against legitimate authority, and the people would have been deprived of that rectitude of conscience which bore them through the war; they would have been demoralized by the overthrow of their inbred loyalty, without which no free government is secure. If there was not a violation of conscience in withdrawing their allegiance to the British crown, it was because they had sovereign rights which were above that allegiance. It was because there was a Magna Charta which, in the words of Coke, "would brook no sovran." The contest was for those transmitted liberties which the American people claimed as a birthright under the British Constitution. Nearly six centuries divide 1776 from 1215; but the gulf is spanned by that arch of immortal principles which was projected by Cardinal Stephen Langton and his Catholic compeers in the meadow of Runnymede.

In violating the unity of Christendom in the sixteenth century, England thus outraged the national conscience, and her disloyalty to the truth that she had inherited for a thousand years was followed by the oppression of her colonies, which finally led to their separation from her. There was this great principle involved in that contest, and this great difference in favor of the colonists: England oppressed them, from her want of Catholic guidance and restraint and the observance of her own organic principle; *they* resisted *her* on that basis of public right, and loyalty, and reason, which had been embedded in the English Constitution by their common Catholic ancestry. Not for the defence only of those rights, but for the knowledge of them —for their very existence—were our ancestors indebted to the Roman Catholic religion.

Upon the traditional laws and free principles of the English Constitution, we have erected an unrivalled system of order and right, while in English hands they have degenerated into a scheme of legalized oppression which is without a parallel among nations claiming to be free. Providence, acting on events, has so disposed them that England's persecution of the faith has transferred the Catholic population from that country to this, where with the language are found also the true tradition and the just development of the English Catholic constitution.

What is wanted to the perfection of American nationality is a firm moral, that is, religious foundation. It is easily susceptible of proof that no strong nationality has ever subsisted without such a basis. I do not, of course, limit the proposition to the Christian religion. But the foundation must be the more stable as the religion which underlies and props it is nearer to a conformity with unmixed truth. The first step in our career of greatness was to turn from England and to advance toward that unity which she had abandoned —when we seized upon the traditional Catholic principles and defended them against her attempted despotism. The true course of our

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national welfare and security lies still in the same direction—toward unity, and toward the Catholic Church. For what is to supply the spiritual needs of this young, and energetic, and glorious people? Surely not these transmitted and transplanted heresies which have passed into their decline and are tottering in their dotage. The creed which might answer for some bounded island, a petty electorate, or a mountain cañon, is too narrow for this continental power, which needs a religion confederate as its own union and wide as the expansion of its own domain.

We have here many difficult and dividing moral questions already pressing for a solution. The fusion of the Caucasian tribes—already harmonized by the Catholic traditions, and never very remotely divided by characteristics—will probably serve but as the origination of a superior race: at least physiological laws give no ground to fear a deterioration. But we have here a numerous distinct race which must ever remain distinct, and which increases more rapidly than the white population.

I am not aware that history furnishes an instance of the just *reconciliation* of two distinctly different races of men upon the same soil, except by the aid of the Catholic religion. In Mexico and in South America the Catholic religion is establishing such a reconciliation, and it is the only harmonizing element in those societies.

It is impossible to say what peaceful solution of the problem will be reached here; but the ultimate destiny of the African blood planted and rooted on this soil will be either adjudicated upon Catholic principles, or else philanthropic theories, veil them as we may, will apply to the evil the remedy still worse of civil war. Questions like this demand a guide to conscience and a clear and uniform exposition of moral obligations.

The United States government has never denied the due spiritual authority of the Head of the Church—has never done aught to infringe his just prerogatives. There has never been enacted here an original or formal protest against the rights of the Apostolic See.

This people have never thrown off the claims of the Catholic religion, and they have not rejected it. The nation is not under the ban of a misguided defiance of the right spiritual authority.

In no sense, therefore, has this nation as a nation compromised itself as against those fundamental principles of unity and liberty of which the Catholic Church is, in the spiritual order, the true and only representative. As from her and her alone it can receive the perpetual impulse of a free, progressive, national development, so in yielding to her influence is it guilty of no inconstancy to its organtic law, of no infidelity to its historic past. The destiny which it is destined to accomplish in the political depends upon the position which it voluntarily assumes in the moral order, and this in turn upon the source from which it drinks in the springs of its religious life.

It needs but to be true to its origin, its constitution, its equity, and its ancestral virtues to become and to remain the foremost of the nations of the earth. But truth to these necessitates fidelity to her from whom visibly and directly not only they, but all that is noble and elevating in art or arms or civilization has originated, and in whom they have found an impregnable defender—the Catholic Church, the Communion of the Apostolic See.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE HISTORISCH-POLITISCHE BLAETTER.

SCHAFF'S CHURCH HISTORY.

In the year 1854 appeared a work of great merit, entitled *A History of the Apostolic Church*, together with a *General Introduction to Church History*, from the pen of Philip Schaff, a professor in the Lutheran Seminary at Mercersburg, and a literary colleague of Dr. Nevin, called "the American proto-martyr of the suffering church." At that time, Professor Schaff, who is a native of Graubündten, in Switzerland, was making a long stay in Europe. In the same year he published two other works—*St. Augustine*, Berlin, 1854, pp. 129, a brochure or precursor of the present large work, and *America—the Political, Social, and Ecclesiastico-Religious Condition of the United States*, which is a continuous eulogy of his adopted country. That Dr. Schaff has for thirteen years zealously prosecuted the study of ecclesiastical history, the unusual size of the work before us sufficiently evinces. It is dated from the Bible House in New York, January, 1867, and dedicated to the teachers and friends of the author, August Tholuck, Julius Müller of Halle, J. A. Dorner of Berlin, and J. P. Lange of Bonn.

From the preface and dedication we learn that Schaff studied exegesis in Tübingen under Dr. Schmid, history under Dr. Bauer, and attended the lectures on systematic theology of Dr. Dorner. At this time he resided in Halle, "under the hospitable roof" of Tholuck, and by him and Julius Müller he was encouraged to choose an academical career. Since his residence in North America he has twice visited Europe, in 1854 and in 1865. His friends frequently wished him to obtain a professor's chair in Germany, but he could not determine to separate himself from a land in which since his twenty-fifth year he had found a second home, and desired his days to close in the "noble mediatorship between the Evangelical Christianity of the German and English languages." His book shows that he has defended in America, not altogether unworthily, the German theology—"the true, liberal, catholic, and evangelical theology."

An English translation of the present history of the ancient church, entitled *History of the Christian Church; or, History of Ancient Christianity*, appeared at the same time. Editions of this work were simultaneously published in New York and Edinburgh, in the years 1859 and 1862. It is indeed a continuation of *The Apostolic Church*, but, like it, a separate work; "it contains the fruits of twenty years' active labor as professor of church history in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania."

Dr. Schaff remained in New York two years, for the purpose of availing himself of the use of its larger libraries. Here the Astor Library was at his command. This library, founded in the year 1850, by the

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German, John Jacob Astor, with a capital of four hundred thousand dollars, has been extensively increased by his son. It contains in a magnificent building one hundred and fifty thousand carefully selected volumes, among which are many costly and classic works on all branches of literature. He had also access to the library of the Union Theological Seminary, "which has purchased the Van Ess Library, (that of the well-known Catholic Bible translator,) with a collection of the fathers of the Church and the great learned compilations; it has since been increased by the addition of the library of E. Robinson, and the productions of recent Protestant theology. It is worthy of remark that the libraries of our celebrated German church historians find their way to America. Thus, the Neander library has been for a length of time in the Baptist Seminary at Rochester; the Thilo Library in Yale College, New Haven; and the Niedner Library in the Congregationalist Seminary at Andover. Neander's library, together with the manuscript of his church history, are shelved in a separate room at Rochester." This is unfortunately the customary way in which the important libraries of German theologians find their way either to England or North America, or, at least, are sold under the hammer.

The author honors the truth when he acknowledges and prefers the older and mostly Catholic investigators to the labors of Protestant inquirers. He mentions the Benedictines in the editions of the fathers of the church, the Bollandists in hagiography, Mansi and Hardouin in the collection of the councils, Gallandi, Dupin, Ceillier, Oudin, Cave, and J. A. Fabricius in patrology and the history of church literature; in particular branches he mentions Tillemont, Peteau, (Petavius,) Bull, Bingham, and Walch as his favorite guides. Whether he will prepare for the press his numerous manuscripts on the church history of the middle ages and modern times, the author refers to a distant and indefinite time. It will be done if "God grants him time and strength." For the present, his leisure time will be employed with the enlarged English edition of Lange's biblical works.

The peculiarity of our author consists in working up and turning to advantage the studies of others. In Schaff we find little or no independent research, for which he needs both time and inclination, but he excels in an exact and erudite employment of that which has been prepared by others. We are not finding fault with this, but rather approve of and commend it. In more personal and independent investigation, the present lacks the results of his previous intellectual labors. Dr. Schaff may make these once more respected; indeed, he avails himself more extensively of the labors of Catholic authors than any other modern Protestant historian.

In a book so rich in its contents, we are obliged to confine ourselves to a notice of special points only; we prefer this limitation to an estimate of the general contents, which of course embrace the ordinary well-known topics. The author treats of the inner life of the church, monasticism, ecclesiastical customs, worship, and Christian art more minutely than any of his predecessors.

The author discusses more briefly than we expected the two important chapters on the church's care of the poor, and of prisoners and slaves. The question of slavery is considered in paragraphs 89 and 152, in *The*

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History of the Apostolic Church, paragraph 113, and in a separate treatise published in 1861, *Slavery and the Bible*. More than thirty-four years ago, as Möhler for the first time treated of this subject, he could say that he had searched with ardor both large and small works on church history for the purpose of instructing himself on the mode of the abolition of slavery, but all to no purpose; so that here he was compelled to open the way himself. Frequently since that time this question has been historically treated, but by no means exhausted. With a few words Dr. Schaff dismisses the important decrees of the Emperor Constantine in the years 316 and 321. He only remarks: "Constantine facilitated their liberation, granted Sunday to them, and gave ecclesiastics the privilege of emancipating their slaves of their own will and without the witnesses and ceremonies which were otherwise necessary." Here he cites *Corpus Juris*, l. i. art. 13, l. 1 and 2. The fact is, that the Emperor Constantine issued a command, April 18th, 321, to Bishop Hosius, of Cordova, according to which the liberation of slaves in the Christian churches should have the same effect as manumission under the Roman law. The principal law of this decree reads thus: "Those who liberate their slaves in the bosom of the church are declared to have done this with the same authority as if it were done by the Roman state, with her accustomed solemnities." This statute may be found in the *Theodosian Code*, lib. iv. tit. 7, *De Manumiss. in Ecclesia;* Lex 2, *Codex Justin. De his, qui in Ecclesia manumittuntur*. It is mentioned by Sozomen in the *Historia Tripartita*, and by Nicephorus Callisti, vii. 18. It does not appear to us that Dr. Schaff has seen the text of the decree; for this does not refer only to the slaves of ecclesiastics, but to slaves in general. Whoever declared in the church that his slaves had received their liberty, they were from that fact free. Schaff is of the opinion that Möhler, (who was also ignorant of this decree,) in his able treatise on the abolition of slavery, has overestimated the influence of the sermons of St. Chrysostom on the subject, and we cannot say that he is entirely incorrect. On the other hand, the latter raised the question of the so-called *inner* liberation of the slaves, that is, their Christian treatment, the solicitude and care of Christian masters for their servants. The emancipation of slaves who were not prepared for liberty was always injurious to the slaves themselves, and not at all promotive of the general welfare.

Dr. Schaff treats the life and teaching of St. Augustine with becoming respect. He does him, however, a great injustice when he makes him teach, after the example of Tertullian and St. Cyprian,* a symbolical doctrine of the Last Supper, which at the same time includes a real spiritual repast through faith, and thus in this respect he makes him approach the Calvinistic or orthodox reformed doctrine. St. Augustine a Calvinist in the doctrine of the Eucharist! But the few passages which Dr. Schaff advances for this purpose prove directly the faith of St. Augustine in the real, not in the symbolical, presence of Christ in the sacrament of the altar. In his twenty-sixth tract on John we read: "Who abides not in Christ, neither eats his flesh, nor drinks his blood, even though he should press with his teeth the sac-

* It is Dr. Schaff, and not the author of the article, who attributes this doctrine to the two writers mentioned.—Ed. C. W.

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rament of the body and blood of Christ." Our Lord says: "He who eateth my body, and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him." (John vi. 57.) Jesus refers to those who receive it with living faith and devotion, since the mere corporal partaking of the Eucharist is no abiding in Christ; therefore St. Augustine could say, and so can every Catholic teacher at the present time, "Who abides not in Christ," neither eats (truly) his flesh, nor drinks his blood, even though he should press with his teeth the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ." The same doctrine is contained in the familiar hymn, "*Sumunt boni, sumunt mali, sorte tamen inæquali, vitæ vel interitus.*"* The wicked, then, who receive the body, receive it not to life, but to judgment, for Christ lives not in them. With no better reason can Schaff adduce the words of St. Augustine in the preceding tract: "Why prepare your teeth and your stomach? Believe and eat." Every Catholic teacher must declare the same; it is not the corporal participation, but the spiritual disposition, which is faith and love, which must be impressed upon the mind of the faithful in receiving the Holy Eucharist.

Dr. Schaff is quite unfortunate in adducing the passage, (*De peccator. meritis et rem.* ii. 25,) "Although it is not the body of Christ, yet it is holy, since it is a sacrament." The impression is created in the mind of the reader that St. Augustine here denies in plain words the real presence of Christ. When we examine more closely, it is found that the question is not of the Eucharist at all, but of the blessed bread called Eulogia, and of which catechumens were allowed to partake. The entire passage runs thus: "Sanctification is not of one mode; for I think that even catechumens are sanctified in a certain way through the sign of Christ and the prayer of the imposition of hands; and that which they receive, although it is not the body of Christ, yet it is holy, more holy than the food by which we are nourished, since it is a sacrament." Here the saint distinguishes three kinds of food. First, that which is used for sustenance; second, the Eulogia, or the blessed bread, which catechumens received after they were set apart for the laying on of hands and blessings—this is called a sacrament; and third, the Eucharistic bread, which he calls the "body of the Lord." This blessed bread (which twenty years ago the author saw handed around in French churches) is indeed holier than common bread, a very sacrament, or, as we would say, a *sacramental*, but still it is not the body of the Lord. The real presence is, then, taught in this passage, and Schaff would have been guilty of a falsification if he had read it in its proper connection. For his credit let us suppose that he has not done so. We find this quotation in Professor Schmid's *Compendium of the History of Dogma*, the first edition of which was often before Dr. Schaff. Schmid at least permits the truth to appear (second edition, p. 109) when he quotes St. Augustine saying, "That which they receive, although it is not the body of Christ, yet it is holy," etc. Since we find so many passages in St. Augustine, which prove his belief in the real presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, we are bound to explain the other passages, in which he speaks

* "The good and the bad receive, yet with the different lot of life or of destruction."

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of a figurative partaking, in conformity with them.

These defects, however, do not prevent us from heartily acknowledging the excellence of Professor Schaff's work, and expressing the hope that the author may employ his undoubted talents in the service of Christian truth.

PENITENCE.

A SONNET.

A SORROW that for shame had hid her face,
Soared to Heaven's gate, and knelt in penance there
Beneath the dusk cloud of her own wet hair,
Weeping, as who would fain some deed erase
That blots in dread eclipse baptismal grace:
Like a felled tree with all its branches fair
She lay—her forehead on the ivory stair—
Low murmuring, "Just art Thou, but I am base."
Then saw I in my spirit's unsealed ken
How Heaven's bright hosts thrilled like the gems of morn
When May winds on the incense-bosomed thorn
The diamonds change to ruby. Magdalen
Arose, and kissed the Saviour's feet once more,
And to that suffering soul his peace and pardon bore.

AUBREY DE VERE.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CRADLE LANDS. By Lady Herbert. With Illustrations. New-York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1869.

We welcome the appearance of this handsome volume with especial heartiness and interest for at least two reasons. It is the first attempt ever made by a Catholic publisher in this country to produce an illustrated work, of other than a strictly religious character, suitable as a holiday gift and valuable at the same time from its intrinsic merit; and it is one of the few good narratives in the English language of travel in the Holy Land written by a devout Catholic, and filled consequently with a genuine religious spirit. We have had Christmas books, annuals, etc., some of them excellent in their way; but their way was rather a narrow one, and we have never until now attempted to rival the Protestant publishing-houses on their own ground. *Cradle Lands*, however, is just the book which hundreds of our friends will be glad to buy for presents, and hundreds more will be glad to have for their own use. It is very handsomely made, is clearly printed on excellent paper, and well bound; and the illustrations, faithfully reproduced from the London edition, are everything that could be desired.

The book is well worth the pains that have been spent on it. Lady Herbert is an experienced traveller; with a quick eye for whatever is interesting, and a style sufficiently lively to make her chapters easy reading. She has not the graceful pen of a Kinglake or a Curtis; but she is rarely or never dull, and her power of description is by no means contemptible. But, as we said before, a peculiar interest belongs to her narrative on account of the spirit of Catholic piety which permeates it—not breaking out inopportunely in religious commonplaces, but coloring the scenes she paints with a graceful light of faith, and enticing us to look upon the land of our Lord not with the eyes of modern scepticism, but in the devout spirit in which a good Christian ought to look at it. She travelled with a party of friends from Egypt through Palestine, visiting the holy places, and afterward passing into Asia Minor. She describes not only the venerable relics of the past scattered through those sacred spots, and the condition of the modern native population, but the state of Christianity, the convents, schools, asylums, and other religious foundations, in which she appears to have found frequent hospitality. We need not follow her closely over ground which, in its principal features, is already familiar to most of our readers; but, as specimens of her style, we shall reproduce a few episodical passages. Here is a picture of harem life, a subject trite enough, yet always fresh:

"Before leaving Cairo, the English ladies were invited to spend an evening in the royal harem, and accordingly, at eight o'clock, found themselves in a beautiful garden, with fountains, lit by a multitude of variegated lamps, and were conducted by black eunuchs through trellis-covered walks to a large marble-paved hall, where about forty Circassian slaves met them, and escorted them to a saloon fitted up with divans, at the end of which reclined the pacha's wives. One of them was singularly beautiful, and exquisitely dressed in pink velvet and ermine, and priceless jewels. Another very fine figure was that of the mother, a venerable old princess, looking exactly like a Rembrandt just come out of its frame. Great respect was paid to her, and when she came in every one rose. The guests being seated, or rather squatted, on the divan, each was supplied with long pipes, coffee in exquisitely jewelled cups, and sweetmeats, the one succeeding the other without intermission the whole night. The Circassian slaves, with folded hands and downcast eyes, stood before their mistresses to supply their wants. Some of them were very pretty, and dressed with great richness and taste. Then began a concert of Turkish instruments, which sounded unpleasing to English ears, followed by a dance, which was graceful and pret-

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ty; but this again followed by a play, in which half the female slaves were dressed up as men, and the coarseness of which it is impossible to describe. The wife of the foreign minister kindly acted as interpreter for the English ladies, and through her means some kind of conversation was kept up. But the ignorance of the ladies in the harem is unbelievable. They can neither read nor write; their whole day is employed in dressing, bathing, eating, drinking, and smoking.

"Before the close of the evening, Princess A——, addressing herself to the mother of the party, through her interpreter, spoke very earnestly and seriously about her daughters, (then twelve and fourteen years of age,) remonstrating with her on their being still unmarried, and adding: 'Next Friday is the most auspicious of all days in the year for betrothal. I will have six of the handsomest and straightest-eyebrowed pachas here for you to choose from.' In vain the English lady refused the intended honor, pleading that in her country marriages were not contracted at so early an age, to say nothing of certain differences of race and of faith! The princess was not to be diverted from her purpose, and persisted in arranging the whole of the Friday's ceremonial. Let us hope that the young 'straight-eyebrowed pachas' found some other fair ladies, to console them for the non-appearance of their wished-for English brides on the appointed day. The *soirée* lasted till two o'clock in the morning, when the royalty withdrew; and the English ladies returned home, feeling the whole time as if they had been seeing a play acted from a scene in the *Arabian Nights*, so difficult was it to realize that such a kind of existence was possible in the present century."

The original plan of our travellers was to proceed from Cairo across the desert, but they were afterward obliged to choose an easier route on account of the sickness of one of the party. Preparations for the desert journey, however, had been made, and there is a pleasant description of their outfit:

"At last, thanks to the kindness of an English gentleman long resident in Cairo, Mr. A——, five tents were got together and pitched, on approval, in the square opposite the hotel. One was a gorgeous affair, sky-blue, with red-and-white devices all over it, looking very like the tent of a travelling wild-beast show. But as it was the only large and roomy one, and was capable of containing the four ladies and their beds and bedding, it was finally decided to keep it, and to make it the drawing-room by day, reserving the more modest ones for the gentlemen of the party, as well as for the servants and the cooking apparatus. Their numbers were so great, with the 'tent-pitchers' and the other necessary camp-followers, that our travellers decided to dispense with chairs and tables—rather to the despair of a rheumatic member of the company!—and to content themselves with squatting on their carpets for their meals in true oriental fashion, and making use of the two wicker-baskets (which were to sling on each side of the mules, and contained the one dress for Sunday allowed to each lady) for dressing and wash-hand stands. A cord fastened across the tents at night served as a hanging wardrobe, to prevent their getting wet on the (sometimes) damp ground; some tin jugs and basins, with a smarter set in brass of a beautiful shape, (called in Cairo a '*tisht*' and '*ibreek*,') together with a few '*nargeeleh*' pipes for the use of their guests on state occasions, completed their furnishing arrangements. They had brought from their boats a 'Union Jack,' so as to place themselves under the protection of their country's flag, and also an elaborate 'Wyvern,' the fabrication of which, in gorgeous green, with a curly tail, had afforded them great amusement in their start four months before.

"This life in tents is a free and charming way of existence, and, except in wet weather, was one of unmixed enjoyment to the whole party. The time spent by the leaders of the expedition in providing these necessary articles was occupied by the younger ones in buying presents in the bazaars: now struggling through the goldsmiths' quarter, (the narrowest in all Cairo,) where you buy your gold by the carat, and then have it manufactured before your eyes into whatever form you please; now trying on bright '*kaffirs*' made of the pure Mecca silk, and generally of brown and yellow shades, with the '*akgal*,' a kind of cord of camel's-hair which binds them round the head; or else the graceful burnous, with their beautifully blended colors and soft camel's-hair texture; or the many bright-colored slippers; or, leaving the silk and stuff bazaar, threading their way through the stalls containing what we should call in England 'curiosities,' and selecting the beautiful little silver filagree or enamel cups called '*sarfs*,' which hold the delicate, tiny Dresden ones within—meant to contain that most delicious of all drinks, the genuine Eastern coffee, made without sugar or milk, but as unlike the hor-

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rible beverage known by that name in England as can well be imagined! In the same stalls were to be found beautiful Turkish rosaries, of jasper and agate, or sweet-scented woods, with long-shaped bottles of attar of roses, enamelled '*nargeelehs*' and amber-mouthed pipes, and octagonal little tables made of tortoise-shell inlaid with mother-of-pearl."

Here is a good story of Egyptian law-courts:

"A certain French gentleman entrusted an Englishman with £90 to buy a horse for him. The Englishman, accordingly, gave the money to a native, whom he considered thoroughly trustworthy, with orders to go into Arabia and there purchase the animal. The Arab, however, spent most of the money in his own devices, and returned to Cairo, after a few months, with a wretched horse, such as would appear at a Spanish bull-fight. The Englishman, immensely disgusted, returned the £90 to his French friend, simply saying that he had failed in executing his commission; but he determined to try and recover it from the Arab. So he went and told the whole matter to the governor of Cairo, who appointed his deputy as judge. While the case was being tried, dinner-time came; and the judge, the prosecutor, and the prisoner, all sat down together, and dined in a friendly way. No embarrassment was caused thereby; but after dinner, the judge, turning to the prisoner, quietly said: 'Can you pay the Frank gentleman the money you owe him?' On receiving a simple reply in the negative, the judge added, 'Then you had better go off at once to prison, and delay this gentleman no longer.' The Arab went without a word, and remained in this miserable place (for the prisons are infamous) for two months, after which his brother took his place for him. Finally the money was paid by instalments."

With the following beautiful description of a "Good-Friday service at Jerusalem," we commend Lady Herbert's book to the favor of our readers:

"It is a beautiful and solemn service, in which even Protestants are seen to join with unwonted fervor; and on this special day it was crowded to excess. When it was over, the two friends returned to the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, the words and tones of the hymn still lingering in their hearts:

'Jesu! dulce refugium,
Spes una te quærentium,
Per Magdalenæ meritum
Peccati solve debitum.'

To those who are sorrowful and desponding at the sense of their own unworthiness and continual shortcomings, there is a peculiar attraction and help in the thoughts of this saint, apart from all the rest. The perfections of the Blessed Virgin dazzle us by their very brightness, and make us, as it were, despair of following her example. But in the Magdalen we have the picture of one who, like us, was tempted and sinned and fell, and yet, by the mercy of God and the force of the mighty love he put into her heart, was forgiven and accepted for the sake of that very love he had infused.

"Presently the English stranger rose, and, approaching one of the Franciscan monks, begged for the benediction of her crucifix and other sacred objects, according to the short form in use at the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre; a privilege kindly and courteously granted to her. And now the shades of evening are darkening the aisles of the sacred building, and the pilgrims are gathered in a close and serried mass in the Chapel of Calvary, waiting for the ceremony which is to close the solemn offices of that awful day. By the kindness of the duke, who had been their companion in the Via Crucis, the two ladies were saved from the crowd, and conducted by a private staircase from the Greek chapel to the right of the altar of Calvary. The whole is soon wrapped in profound darkness, save where the light is thrown on a crucifix the size of life, erected close to the fatal spot. You might have fancied yourself alone but for the low murmur and swaying to and fro of the dense crowd kneeling on the floor of the chapel. Presently a Franciscan monk stepped forward, and, leaving his brethren prostrate at the foot of the altar, mounted on a kind of estrade at the back, and proceeded to detach the figure of our Blessed Lord from the cross. As each nail was painfully and slowly drawn out, he held it up, exclaiming, 'Ecce, dulces clavos!' exposing it at the same time to the view of the multitude, who, breathless and expectant, seemed riveted to the spot, with their upturned faces fixed on the symbol represented to them. The supernatural and majestic stillness and silence of that great mass of human beings was one of the most striking features of the whole scene. Presently a ladder was brought, and the sacred figure lifted down, as in Rubens's famous picture of the 'Deposition,' into the arms of the monks at the foot of the cross.

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As the last nail was detached, and the head fell forward as of a dead body, a low deep sob burst from the very souls of the kneeling crowd. Tenderly and reverently the Franciscan fathers wrapped it in fine linen, and placed it in the arms of the patriarch, who, kneeling, received it, and carried it down to the Holy Sepulchre, the procession chanting the antiphon, 'Acceperunt Joseph et Nicodemus corpus Jesu; et ligaverunt illud linteis cum aromatibus, sicut mos est Judæis sepelire.' The crowd followed eagerly, yet reverently, the body to its last resting-place. It is a representation which might certainly be painful if not conducted throughout with exceeding care. But done as it is at Jerusalem, it can but deepen in the minds of all beholders the feelings of intense reverence, adoration, and awe with which they draw near to the scene of Christ's sufferings, and enable them more perfectly to realize the mystery of that terrible Passion which he bore for our sakes in his own body on the tree.

"And with this touching ceremony the day is over; the crowd of pilgrims disperses, to meet on the morrow in the same spot for the more consoling offices of Easter-eve.

"But in many a heart the memory of this day will never be effaced; and will, it is humbly hoped, bear its life-long fruit in increased devotion to the sacred humanity of their Lord, and in greater detestation of those sins which could only be cancelled by so tremendous an atonement."

THE BIRD. By Jules Michelet. With 210 illustrations by Giacomelli. New York: T. Nelson & Sons. 1868.

It is not often that nature finds so charming an interpreter as Michelet. He throws around us the very perfume of the flowers; and his birds not only sing, but sing to us, speak to us, and become our dearest friends. Reading, we forget the close walls of the city, the weary noise, the heavy air of overcrowded human life; we follow the birds in their flight, drink in their spirit of liberty, joy, tenderness, and love, till, with Michelet, we almost give them a personality, a soul. It is difficult to cull from a bed of choice flowers a single specimen, for one will appeal to us through its beauty of form, another of color, another by its delicacy and fragrance; so here, where every page is charming, we know not how to choose between the grandeur and magnificence of the tropical forests, or the stern and silent melancholy of the polar regions, or the more home-like charm of scenes that we know. The last, perhaps, cannot fail to please. Here is his description of an autumnal migration: "Bright was the morning sky, but the wind blew from La Vendée. My pines bewailed their fate, and from my afflicted cedar issued a low, deep voice of mourning. The ground was strewn with fruit, which we all set to work to gather. Gradually the weather grew cloudy, the sky assumed a dull leaden gray, the wind sank, all was death-like. It was then, at about four o'clock, that simultaneously arrived, from all points, from the wood, from the Erdre, from the city, from the Loire, from the Sèvre, infinite legions, darkening the day, which settled on the church roof, with a myriad voices, a myriad cries, debates, discussions. Though, ignorant of their language, it was not difficult for us to perceive that they differed among themselves. It may be that the youngest, beguiled by the warm breath of autumn, would fain have lingered longer. But the wiser and more experienced travellers insisted upon departure. They prevailed; the black masses, moving all at once like a huge cloud, winged their flight toward the south-east, probably toward Italy. They had scarcely accomplished three hundred leagues (four or five hours' flight) before all the cataracts of heaven were let loose to deluge the earth; for a moment we thought it was a flood. Sheltered in our house, which shook with the furious blast, we admired the wisdom of the winged soothsayers, which had so prudently anticipated the annual epoch of migration."

This book was to the author a sort of oasis; it was undertaken or rather grew up in the interval of a rest from historical labors; it was for him a refreshment, a rest; and such it could not fail to prove to any one of us in the midst of the weary cares of every-day life. Unfortunately, Michelet has not interpreted history so successfully as he has nature, and the results of his labor are far

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less praiseworthy than the results of his recreation. *The Bird* is most beautifully illustrated by Giacomelli, Doré's collaborateur on his celebrated Bible.

TABLETS. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

No one who has ever enjoyed the pleasure of an interview with the "Orphic Alcott," and felt the charm which his rare conversational powers throw around every subject to which they are directed, can fail to find a renewal of that pleasure while perusing the genial volume which has just emanated from his too infrequent pen. Elegant in its external garniture, it brings upon its pages the faint odor of the roses that bloom on the broad Concord lawns, the rustle of the leaves that shelter the secluded nook in which the writer finds "the leisure and the peace of age," the cool air that floats across clear Walden-water, filling both library and studio with its bracing breath; so giving to the reader, familiar with the scenes amid which these *Tablets* were inscribed, a double satisfaction in the thoughts which they suggest and in the memories which they revive.

The book itself consists of two series of essays: the first, "Practical;" the second, "Speculative." The former will most interest the ordinary reader. The latter will be appreciated by few who are not otherwise instructed in the peculiar views of their author. The "Practical" essays are entitled "The Garden," "Recreation," "Fellowship," "Friendship," "Culture," "Books," "Counsels," and each is subdivided into different heads. Hackneyed as several of these subjects appear to be, the reader will experience no sense of weariness while following Mr. Alcott over them. Were not his ideas original, "the method of the man" would be alone sufficient to give an interest of no common order to his well-weighed words. Many of his aphorisms are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver;" and some deserve to become household truths with all thoughtful men. Such is his verdict upon political partisanship on page 148; his strong, courageous plea for individuality on page 145; and his high view of education on pages 103 *et seq.* From these and various other passages, which space alone forbids us to distinguish, we may say that, if "a man's speech is the measure of his culture," there are few men into whose sphere one can be brought whose kindliness and courtesy, whose flowing spirits and sprightly wit, can more captivate and charm than the gray-haired student who sits in the arbors, groves, and gardens, and day by day treasures up on the tablets of his diary the choice things of mankind, and illustrates them with choice memories of his own.

At this period of Mr. Alcott's life, we anticipated, in reading his *Tablets*, which speak so charmingly of this world, finding some light shed on the world to come. It makes us sad to think we found nothing.

A NEW PRACTICAL HEBREW GRAMMAR, WITH HEBREW-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-HEBREW EXERCISES, AND HEBREW CHRESTOMATHY. By Solomon Deutsch, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.

Text-books should be valued according to the perfection of the method adopted, and the precision and arrangement of details, rather than on account of abundance of matter or exhaustive explanations. Books which contain copious treatises are useful, and even necessary, for the master, but injurious to the advancement of the pupil. The author of the school-book should aim at arranging the elements in the department in which he writes so that the scholar may, with the least trouble, acquire a knowledge of the rules, principles, and leading features of the subject. Students should not be expected to learn everything in school. The professor who aims at imparting a complete knowledge, or all he may know on a subject, will confuse his students, be found too exacting, and will be finally punished by disappointment. School exercise was very appropriately called *disciplina* by the Romans, a term which

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implied rather a training in the manner in which the various branches should be studied, than the attainment of their mastery.

Mr. Deutsch's Hebrew course, according to the principles just enunciated, is beyond doubt the best schoolbook of its kind that has appeared from the American press. Rödiger's revision of Gesenius's Grammar, translated from the German by Conant, is much too extensive for beginners, and was never intended by its eminent author to fall into the hands of the uninitiated. Yet it is commonly used in the colleges and seminaries of this country as an introductory treatise. The same objection should be urged, in union with others, against Green's Grammar; while his chrestomathy is more of an exegetical than a grammatical treatise. The student is frequently terrified from the study by the vast array of particulars, and he who has courage to persevere must learn to shut his eyes to the greater portion of these works, in order to clearly discern that which is truly valuable in them.

Mr. Deutsch has succeeded, to a considerable extent, in giving a concise and lucid exposition of the elements of the Hebrew language, but has greatly diminished, if not destroyed, the usefulness of his grammar as a class-book by introducing his elaborate system of "Hebrew-English and English-Hebrew exercises." These exercises, which compose the greater portion of his work, will be found to be merely cumbersome material, which will prevent its adoption in the schools.

Living languages, or such as are partially so, might be, perhaps should be, learned by acquiring a facility of rendering the phrases of one's mother tongue into those of the language he is endeavoring to acquire; but it is not easy to understand how such a readiness can be, or need be, acquired in Hebrew, which is nowhere spoken, and living in no form if not in its degenerate offspring, the rabbinic of the Portuguese, German, or Polish Jews.

Those who are looking for a concise and lucid exposition of the elements of Hebrew will not be pleased with Mr. Deutsch's repetition of the nine declensions of nouns, as given by Gesenius. This constitutes an additional encumbrance to the work, not unlike that which would arise in a Latin grammar from an attempt to form a new declension from each of the various inflections embraced in the third.

A Hebrew course for Catholic schools has been supplied, as to the more important part, and the portion requiring the greater amount of labor, by Paul L. B. Drach, in his *Catholicum Lexicon Hebraicum et Chaldaicum*. Mr. Drach had been a Jewish rabbi in Paris before his conversion to the Church, and as he was an eminent oriental scholar, the last Pontiff, Gregory XVI., requested him to publish a Hebrew lexicon for the use of Catholic schools. His work resulted in a corrected and enlarged edition of Gesenius' Lexicon, from which all Jewish and rationalistic errors were excluded. It received the special approbation of Pius IX. in 1847, and was published by the greatest promoter of ecclesiastical literature in this century, Abbé Migné. This is undoubtedly the best work of its kind, and its complement, consisting of a grammar and chrestomathy, is all that is wanting to constitute a course of Hebrew for the Catholic schools of this country.

THE NEW ADAM; or, Ten Dialogues on our Redemption and the Necessity of Self-Denial. Edited by the Very Rev. Z. Druon, V.G., and approved by the Right Rev. Bishop of Burlington. Claremont, N. H. 1868.

This little book was first published in Paris, A.D. 1662. From a second and more complete edition, the present translation was prepared and edited. The subjects of the "Ten Dialogues" are as follows: I. The State of Original Righteousness. II. Adam's Fall. III. The Penance of Adam and Eve after their Fall. IV. The State of Penance we are in is preferable, in some respects, to the earthly Paradise. V. The Infinite Perfection with which Jesus Christ, the new Adam, performed the penance imposed on the old Adam. VI.

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Self-Denial. VII. Obligation of Self-Denial. VIII. Imitation of the Self-Denial of Christ. IX. Scriptural texts concerning Self-Denial. X. The Self-Denial of Jesus Christ. From this view of its contents, and the cursory glance we have been able to bestow upon its pages, we believe it to be, as its editor claims, "well grounded on the Holy Scriptures, sound in doctrine, remarkable for its clearness and depth of thought, full of pious and practical reflections, instructive, and, at the same time, interesting and pleasing."

THE LIFE OF ST. THOMAS À BECKET, of Canterbury. By Mrs. Hope, author of *The Early Martyrs*, etc. With a Preface, by the Rev. Father Dalgairns, of the London Oratory of St. Philip Neri. 16mo, pp. xxiv., 398. London: Burns, Oates & Co. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

Veneration for the memory of St. Thomas, of Canterbury, has undergone recently a remarkable revival in England, and this meritorious compilation by Mrs. Hope is one of the fruits of it. She has drawn most of her materials from the more elaborate biographies by the Rev. Dr. Giles and the Rev. John Morris, and from the *Remains* of the Rev. R. H. Froude, and, of course makes no pretension to the rank of an original investigator; but she has done a very serviceable work nevertheless, and, upon the whole, has done it well. Her narrative is interesting and rapid. The style possesses the merit — rare with female writers on religious subjects—of directness and simplicity; the story being unencumbered by either ambitious rhetoric or commonplace reflections. From this reason, as well as from the care with which she seems to have studied the subject, the book not only gives us an insight into the saint's personal character, but leaves on the reader's mind a very clear comprehension of the nature of that long struggle for the rights of the Church and for the independence of the spiritual order which resulted in his martyrdom, and which modern historians have done so much to obscure. Mrs. Hope is rather too fond of telling dreams, which she apparently half-believes and half does not believe to have been prophetic inspirations, although most of them were like the answers of the pagan oracles—susceptible of almost any interpretation, and only to be understood in the light of after-events; but that is a habit which she borrowed of the mediæval chroniclers, and she shares it with a very large class of modern biographers. Of course, God may speak to man in a dream as well as in other ways; but when the dreams are clearly referable to distinct physical causes, as some of those recorded in this book are, when, in fact, they are just like ordinary nightmares, the attempt to elevate them to the dignity of supernatural visions is more pious than prudent.

The preface, by Father Dalgairns, comprises a very effective answer to some of the misrepresentations in Dean Stanley's life of the saint, contained in the *Memorials of Canterbury*.

VERMONT HISTORICAL GAZETTEER: A Magazine embracing a digest of the History of each town, civil, educational, religious, geological, and literary. Edited by Abby Maria Hemenway, compiler of *The Poets and Poetry of Vermont*. Burlington, Vt. 1860–1868.

We have received the first eleven numbers of this magazine. The authoress has evidently endeavored to produce a first-class work of its kind, and has, to a great extent, succeeded. It is to be regretted, however, that some of the numbers are printed on inferior paper, a serious fault in a work of so much local interest and so permanent a character.

Miss Hemenway does not content herself with the historical and topographical, as is usual with the authors who produce most of our local annals. Biography and literature form a large portion of her work. Art also lends its charm, and adorns her pages with portraits of distinguished men and representations of memorable scenes. To us

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the work seems almost exhaustive. The Green Mountain State has reason to congratulate itself on so laborious and. persevering a historian, and its sons should certainly reward her toil with the most prompt and liberal pecuniary recognition.

GROPINGS AFTER TRUTH. A Life Journey from New England Congregationalism to the One Catholic and Apostolic Church. By Joshua Huntington. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1868.

This little work, which has been some weeks before the public in pamphlet form and already promises to shed "light in many dark places" in the hearts of candid seekers after truth, has at last been issued in a permanent and elegant edition. It is with great pleasure that we commend it to our readers, not only for their own perusal, but for distribution among their non-Catholic acquaintances and friends. As the Reverend Father Hewit says in his preface, the impulse toward a new and more vigorous life "will be quickened and directed in many souls" by the present volume; and we believe that few whose earlier religious life was similar to that of Mr. Huntington can read the book without misgivings for themselves, and a longing to discover, by some means, that peace and light which the author deems himself to have attained. That God will make known this truth and bestow this peace to them and to all others is, as it should be, the chief object of our labors and our prayers.

AN OUTLINE OF GEOGRAPHY FOR HIGH SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES. With an Atlas. By Theodore S. Fay. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.

We are inclined to regard this work as a very valuable aid to the study of its subject, which is treated more scientifically in it than in any other equally elementary book which we have seen. The plan is decidedly original, and evidently is the result of careful thought, aided apparently by experience.

Prominence is given in it to the astronomical and physical aspects of the earth. The political division, which from its artificial and mutable character is an obstacle to a clear view of geography in its unity, is kept in the background, but is by no means neglected. A map showing the changes produced by the war of 1866 may be specially mentioned in this connection.

The astronomical part is very full, and in the main correct; there are, however, a few inaccuracies, as in the time occupied by light in coming from Neptune, and in the statement that the sun could hardly be distinguished in brightness from a fixed star by an observer on that planet. But these are small matters. The explanations in this part are clear and interesting, and the reticence of the author on points beyond the scope he has proposed to himself is specially commendable. To satisfy the student without misleading or puzzling him is an admirable talent.

We doubt the propriety of the items of historical information occasionally introduced; they seem unnecessary, and spoil the unity of the work.

Considering the strength of memory generally possessed in youth, the advantage claimed by the author that his method makes no direct demand upon this faculty seems doubtful; but, as he states in the preface, the work must be used to be judged; and the lessons can be memorized if desired.

We must protest against the use of small initial letters in the national adjectives; as british, french, etc.

The maps deserve the highest praise for their conception and execution.

ASMODEUS IN NEW YORK. New York: Longchamp & Co. 1868.

This work appeared last year in Paris, and is now translated and published in this country by the author. It pretends to give an inside view of American society, and to do this the author picks out all that is bad, vicious, and immoral in this country, North and South, and

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calls this conglomeration "American Society." He, however, should have told his readers that the first specimen of "American Society" he presented them was that of *one of his own countrywomen!* We need hardly say that most of the other characters in the book are as good samples of American society as those given in the first chapter.

THE HOLY COMMUNION: Its Philosophy, Theology, and Practice. By John Bernard Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 440. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1868.

The Catholic Publication Society has just issued an American edition of this work, which has been for a long time much sought after in this country. We take occasion to recommend it as one of the very best works on its august theme in the English language. The most remarkable and original portion of the work is that which treats of the philosophy of transubstantiation. The author has handled this difficult and abstruse matter with masterly ability, explaining the doctrine of various philosophical schools respecting substance and accidents with clearness and precision, and has furnished most satisfactory answers to rational objections against the Catholic dogma. Both Catholics and those who are investigating Catholic doctrine will find this volume one of great interest and utility.

THE ROMAN MARTYROLOGY. Translated into English, with an introduction by the Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1868.

One of the most beautifully executed books which has been issued by the Catholic press in this country, printed in the ritualistic style, with red marginal lines and red edges. The publication of books of devotion which are standard and have the sanction of the Roman Church cannot be too much encouraged, and we cordially congratulate the enterprising publishers who have added this gem to our collection.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE; or, Trying the World. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of *In Trust*, *Stephen Dane*, *Claudia*, etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 355. 1869.

Those who read novels, and their name is Legion, will find this—the latest production of Miss Douglas's pen—nowise inferior to its predecessors. While avoiding the sensational characters and incidents, her language is always pleasing and unaffected.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET. By R. R. Madden, M.D., M.R.I.A. With numerous Notes and Additions, and a Portrait on Steel. Also, A MEMOIR OF THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, with a Portrait on Steel. New York; P. M. Haverty. Pp. 328. 1868.

Few, if any, of the Irish patriots of modern days have a stronger hold on the affection of the people than Robert Emmet. Perhaps, with the exception of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, we might have written none other. His deep love of country, his abiding trust in her future, his daring but futile attempt to accomplish her liberation, his death upon the scaffold, these were his, in common with many others, who are remembered but with gratitude, not, like him, treasured in the popular heart. Like our own immortal Washington—the man is loved, the patriot revered.

This history of his life and times should find readers wherever a friend to liberty dwells; but for us, this volume has a special interest, containing, as it does, a *Memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet*, the last twenty-three years of whose life were spent in this city, and whose monument may be said to form one of the sights of the metropolis. The volume is very neatly got up; the steel portraits excellent, both as likenesses and works of art.

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MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. By Thomas Moore. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 2 vols. pp. 307, 335.

Moore's *Life of Sheridan* has long since passed beyond the province of the critic. We will, therefore, merely call attention to the present edition as being very handsomely got up; containing, also, a very fine portrait of Sheridan, after the original painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. We ought, perhaps, in this connection, to award a meed of praise to the enterprising publisher for placing within reach of all, books such as this, which, as of standard excellence, should be, but were not, of easy access.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS MOORE. Brooklyn and New York: William M. Swayne. Pp. 496.

Moore's complete works for fifty cents! Truly, a marvel of cheapness. The typography—something unusual in cheap books—is very good.

MARKS'S FIRST LESSONS IN GEOMETRY, objectively presented and designed for the Use of Primary Classes in Grammar Schools, Academies, etc. By Bernhard Marks, Principal of Lincoln School, San Francisco. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. Pp. 157. 1869.

We can unhesitatingly recommend this little work. We have often felt the need of just such a text-book as this, and have no doubt its appearance will be hailed with equal pleasure by both teachers and pupils. The style in which it is got up reflects the highest credit on the publishers.

A THOUSAND MILES' WALK ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA. By Nathaniel H. Bishop. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 310. 1869.

A journey on foot of more than a thousand miles across the South American continent, from Montevideo to Valparaiso, could not but furnish to an inquiring mind and an adventurous spirit abundant material for interesting detail and startling incidents, and of these there is certainly no scarcity in the present volume. There are some portions, however, open to objection, where allusion is made to the religion of the people, less, indeed, it must be confessed, than we almost, as a matter of course, expect from Protestant tourists in Catholic countries; and some attempted caricaturing of the Irish residents, which might be deemed insulting if they were not so very puerile. These excepted, it is a book both useful and entertaining.

THE TROTTING HORSE OF AMERICA—HOW TO TRAIN AND DRIVE HIM. With Reminiscences of the Trotting Turf. By Hiram Woodruff. Edited by Charles J. Foster, of *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*. Including an Introductory Notice by George Wilkes, and a Biographical Sketch by the Editor. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. Pp. 412. 1868.

The papers comprising this work were originally published in *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, and are a record of the author's forty years' experience in training and driving. While especially intended for those who are interested in the breeding, training, etc., of horses, there is abundance of matter likely to prove attractive to the general reader; biographies, so to speak, of famous trotters, whose names are familiar as household words; and graphic descriptions of the various matches in which they were engaged. In fact, it is one of those rare books which, while got up for a special purpose, and seemingly suited to the few, overleaps the narrow limits apparently prescribed, and attracts to itself the favorable notice of the entire community.

It makes a very handsome volume, is neatly bound, well printed, and illustrated with a fine steel portrait of the author.

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SYNODUS DIŒCESANA BALTIMORENSIS SEPTIMA, ETC. Joannes Murphy, Baltimore. 1868.

The constitutions adopted at the above Synod of September 3d, 1868, were: 1. Of the Publication of the Decrees of the Plenary Council of Baltimore. 2. Of the Officers of the Archbishopric and the Government of Dioceses. 3. Of the Pastoral Care of Souls. 4. Of the Sacraments. 5. Of Divine Worship. 6. Of Discipline.

THE TWO WOMEN. A Ballad, written expressly for the ladies of Wisconsin. By Delta. Milwaukee. 1868.

A poem in five parts, celebrating the creation of Eve and the motherhood of Mary.

M. DURUY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.—Several esteemed correspondents have written to the editor of this magazine expressing regret at the commendatory notice of the above work, which appeared in our columns. Our judgment and sympathy are entirely with Mgr. Dupanloup in his contest against M. Duruy respecting religious education. This does not, however, affect the question of the value of his book as a secular classic and a manual of political and civil history. In respect to the ecclesiastical portion of the history, it is very true that the work is deficient; nevertheless, it is far superior to the English historical works which our readers, whether Protestant or Catholic, are likely to be familiar with; and we think that, in spite of the author's liberalistic bias, the general tone and effect of the work justifies our recommendation. If any of our correspondents will send us a history of France equal to this in other respects, and at the same time perfectly Catholic in its spirit, we will gladly recommend it in preference. We will add, however, that it is not for sale at the Catholic Publication House.

THE Catholic Publication Society will publish *The Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac* on November 25th. It will be sold for 25 cents a copy. The same Society will issue, on December 1st, *The New Illustrated History of Ireland.*

MR. DONAHOE, Boston, has just published *Verses on Various Occasions*, by John Henry Newman, D.D.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York: Mental Science; a Compendium of Psychology, and the History of Philosophy. Designed as a text-book for High-Schools and Colleges. By Alexander Bain, M.A., Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy in the University of Aberdeen, author of "The Senses and the Intellect," "The Emotions of the Will," etc. etc. Pp. 428; Appendix, 99. 1868.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York: Guyot's Elementary Geography for Primary Classes. Felter's First Lessons in Numbers. An illustrated Table Book designed for elementary instruction.

FOOTPRINTS OF LIFE; OR, FAITH AND NATURE RECONCILED. By Philip Harvey, M.D. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 1868.

D. & J. SADLIER & Co., New York: Outlines of the History of Ireland. Being the substance of a lecture recently delivered at Honesdale. By Rev. J. J. Doherty. In behalf of the Sunday-schools. Pp. 35.—A new edition of Carleton's Valentine McClutchy.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. VIII., No. 46—JANUARY, 1869.

GALILEO-GALILEI,* THE FLORENTINE ASTRONOMER.

1564–1642.

"EVEN so great a man as Bacon rejected the theory of Galileo with scorn. . . . Bacon had not all the means of arriving at a sound conclusion which are within our reach; and which secure people who would not have been worthy to mend his pens from falling into his mistakes."—MACAULAY.

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER.

GALILEO'S "connection with a political party, unfriendly to religion as well as to the papal government," is correctly referred to by the *Edinburgh Review* as one of the causes of his difficulties concerning a question upon which Copernicus met with none whatever.

Our space will not permit us to treat this interesting chapter of the Galileo story, or we might show that not only such a connection, but Galileo's associations with the partisans and friends of such men (and in some cases with the men themselves) as Sarpi, (Fra Paolo,) Antonio de Dominis, etc. etc., contributed powerfully to encourage in him an insulting aggressiveness that even the indulgent admonition of 1616 could not restrain.

In various ways, these men stirred up strife that might otherwise have slumbered, and instigated Galileo to fresh infractions of a rule by which he had solemnly promised to abide. They are referred to by the *North British Review* (Nov., 1860) in energetic language as "the band of sceptics who hounded him on to his ruin."

In like manner, since we have spoken of the treatment of Urban at Galileo's hands, we cannot, for

* *Galileo—The Roman Inquisition.* Cincinnati. 1844.
Galileo e l'Inquisizione. Marino-Marini. Roma. 1850.
Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie. Par Libri. Paris. 1838.
Notes on the Ante-Galilean Copernicans. Prof. De Morgan. London. 1855.
Opere di Galileo-Galilei. Alberi. Firenze. 1842–1856. 16 vols. imp. 8vo.
Galileo-Galilei, sa Vie, son Procès et ses Contemporains. Par Philarète Chasles. Paris. 1862.
Galileo and the Inquisition. By R. Madden. London. 1863.
Galilée, sa Vie, ses Découvertes et ses Travaux. Par le Dr. Max Parchappe. Paris. 1866.
Galilée. Tragédie de M. Ponsard. Paris. 1866.
La Condamnation de Galilée. Par M. l'Abbé Bouix. Arras. 1866.
Articles on Galileo, in Dublin Review. 1838–1865.
Articles on Galileo, in Revue des Deux Mondes. 1841–1864.
Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires. Par J. B. Biot. 3 vols. Paris. 1858.
Galilée, les Droits de la Science et la Méthode des Sciences Physiques. Par Thomas Henri Martin. Paris. 1868.

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want of space, dwell upon the personal bearing of Urban toward him after the trial was resolved upon. The law that compelled the trial was as binding upon the pope as upon any layman. It had to be fulfilled; but so far as Urban's personal demeanor and acts are evidence, there was nothing in them, and nothing in his heart, but kindness, forbearance, and generosity toward the offender; and it will be remembered that he carried these so far as to allow the decree of the Inquisition to go forth unsigned and unconfirmed by him.

If revenge for any conceived personal affront had actuated him, he could, by his signature and approval, have given that decree a vigor and a value it could never otherwise possess.

We resume the thread of our relation, and proceed to recount the main facts of

THE TRIAL.

Galileo was now summoned to Rome to answer for his infraction of the injunction of 1616.

The summons was issued September 23d, 1632. There was, however, neither hurry nor precipitation; and after a delay of some months, caused partly by Galileo's endeavors to have the trial deferred, partly by his illness, and partly by the prevalence of an epidemic in Florence, he reached Rome on the 13th of February, 1633, and became the guest of the Tuscan ambassador.

Still there appears to have been no haste with the proceedings, and Galileo passed his time in perfect freedom, surrounded by his friends and the attentions of his noble host, who could not help remarking that this was the first instance he had ever heard of in which a person cited before the Inquisition—even though they were nobles or bishops or prelates—was not held in strict confinement.

When, at last, Galileo's presence at the holy office was absolutely indispensable, the best and most commodious rooms were placed at his disposition, and his formal interrogatory commenced April 12th.

On the termination of this preliminary examination, he was assigned the more spacious and pleasant apartments of the Fiscal of the Inquisition.

"Galileo," says Mr. Drinkwater, "was treated with unusual consideration;" and Sir David Brewster states that "during the whole trial, which had now commenced, Galileo was treated with the most marked indulgence."

On the 22d of April, the commissary charged with the conduct of the trial was ready to proceed, but postponed it on Galileo's statement that he was suffering from severe pain in his thigh.

So matters rested, until, on the 30th, Galileo asked for a resumption of the examination, and presented a complete and utter disavowal of his book and its principles. He declared that, having again read over his *Dialogues*, in order to examine whether, contrary to his express intention, he had inadvertently disobeyed the decree of 1616, he found that two arguments were too strongly presented; that they were not conclusive, and could be easily refuted. "If I had to present them now," he said, "I should assuredly do it in terms that would deprive them of the weight they apparently have, but which in reality they do not possess."

His error, he admitted, arose from a vain ambition, pure ignorance and inadvertence: "*E stato dunque l'error mio, e lo confesso, di una vana ambitione, e di una pura ignoranza e inavertenza.*"

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GALILEO'S VOLUNTARY RETRACTION.

Here the examination closed for the day; but Galileo voluntarily returned, and reopened it with the declaration (*"et post paululum rediens dixit"*) that he had not held the condemned opinion of the earth's motion, and that he was ready, if time were granted him, to prove it clearly.

"I will take up," said he, "the argument in my *Dialogues*, and will refute with all possible energy the arguments presented in favor of that opinion."

He closes by reiterating his request to be allowed the opportunity of putting these resolutions in execution: "*Prego dunque questo S. Tribunale che voglia concorrer meco in questa buona risolutione col concedermi facoltà di poterle metter in effetto.*"

It is painful to see a man's convictions so lightly held. Why, all this voluntary proffer is more than was imposed on Galileo by the decree of 1616, and no more than assumed by the decree of 1633, not yet pronounced!

Alas, poor Galileo! Of such stuff martyrs never yet were made.

It seems strange that this phase and these incidents of the trial should never have been commented upon, as showing the scientific question to be entirely secondary in the estimation of the Congregation.

Had that question been the only point or the important point, this voluntary retraction, confession of judgment, plea of guilty, offer of reparation, and self-imposed sentence on the part of Galileo should have been more than sufficient to end the case, and leave naught for the tribunal to do but to put the self-imposed sentence in legal form.

But not so. As Galileo well knew, he might have gone on to the end of his life teaching, in peace and honor, the astronomy taught by Copernicus and others for the previous century.

Copernicanism was not his crime, and therefore his retraction, as made, could not reach his criminal infraction of the decree of 1616, and of his own solemn pledges, nor could it modify the accusation of deception in the matter of the license to print his *Dialogues*, and the improper means taken to obtain that license.

THE TRIAL GOES ON.

On the same day Galileo made his voluntary retraction, he was permitted to return to the palace of the Tuscan ambassador.

On the 10th of May, he was notified that a further delay of eight days would be allowed him for the preparation of a defence, when he immediately presented it already prepared, in a written statement of two pages, accompanied by the Bellarmine certificate of 1616.

Meanwhile, the Congregation deliberated; and such was the friendly feeling in Rome toward Galileo that, as late as the 21st of May, Cardinal Capponi thought he would be acquitted.

Giuducci asserted it positively, and Archbishop Piccolomini made preparations to take Galileo with him to Sienna as his guest.

A large mass of documentary evidence, letters, reports, etc., had accumulated in the case, and on the 16th of June a preliminary decree was entered, by which Galileo was enjoined from writing either *for* or *against* the theory of the earth's motion, (*"injuncto ei ne de cetero scripto vel verbo tractet amplius quovis modo de mobilitate terræ nec de stabilitate solis et e contra,"* etc.)

On the 21st of June, Galileo was interrogated, and stated in his replies that, before the decree of 1616, he had held both opinions as to the

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sun or the earth being the centre of the world; but that since that time, convinced of the prudence of his superiors, all doubt had ceased in his mind, and he had adopted as true and undoubted the opinion of Ptolemy; that in his *Dialogues* he had explained the proofs that might be urged against one or the other system, but without deciding for either.

To this he was answered that he asserts positively the immobility of the sun and the movement of the earth, and that he must make up his mind to acknowledge the truth, or that he should be proceeded against according to the law and the facts of the case, "*devenietur contra ipsum ad remedia juris et facti opportuna.*"

Again Galileo replies that he neither holds nor has held that opinion of Copernicus since he received the order to abandon it.

Being admonished that, if he does not tell the truth, he refuses under penalty of torture, "*et ei dicto quod dicat veritatem alias devenietur ad torturam,*" he replies, "*Io son qua per far l'obedienza e non ho tenuta questa opinione dopo la determinatione fatta come ho detto,*" "I am here to make my submission. I do not hold and have not held this opinion since the determination taken as I have already stated."

"*Et cum nihil aliud,*" proceeds the record, "*posset haberi in executionem decreti, habita ejus subscriptione, remissus fuit ad locum suum.**

(Signed) *Io*, GALILEO-GALILEI,
"*ho deposto come di sopra.*"

On the following day, (Wednesday, June 22d, 1633.) Galileo appeared again before the Congregation to hear the decree in his case, and pronounce his abjuration.

* "And as nothing else remained to be done, he signed the record, and was sent back to his place of abode."

THE DECREE*

was based upon and mainly taken up with the recital of the proceedings of 1615, the injunction of 1616, the violation of that injunction, the effect of the Bellarmine certificate, the violation of Galileo's pledges, the improper means taken to obtain the license to print his *Dialogues*, and his confessions and excuses. There was no discussion of the scientific question.

"Wherefore," recites the decree, "as here," namely, in the Bellarmine certificate, "there is no mention made of two particular articles of the said precepts—that is to say, that you should not teach—*doceri*—and in any manner—*quovis modo*—write of the same doctrine, you argued that it was to be believed that in the course of fourteen or sixteen years those things passed out of your memory, and that, on account of the same forgetfulness, you were silent about that precept when you solicited a license for publishing the said work of yours. And this was not said by you to excuse error, but, as it is ascribed, rather to a vainglorious ambition than to malice. But this very certificate produced by you in your defence rather aggravates the charge against you, since in it, it is declared that the said opinion was contrary to Scripture, and nevertheless you dared to treat of it, to defend it, and even to argue in favor of its probability. Neither did that certificate give you the faculty, as you interpret it, so artfully and subtly extorted by you, since you did

* So far as it relates to the scientific question, this decree was suspended by Benedict XIV., and repealed in full consistory by Pius VII. Meantime, his *Dialogues* were repeatedly published in Italy with all the usual ecclesiastical approbations. The edition in the Astor Library is that of Padua, 1744, and shows what we here state.

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not make known the prohibition that had been imposed on you. But as it appeared to us that you did not speak the entire truth with respect to your intention, we indicated that it was necessary to proceed to a rigorous examination of you, in which, without prejudice to the other things which were confessed by you, and which are deduced against you with respect to your intention, you answered Catholically.

"Which things, therefore, having duly considered, and examined into the merits of this cause, together with the above-mentioned confessions and excuses of yours, and whatever other matters should be rightly seen and considered, we come to the following definitive sentence against you:

"We say, judge, and declare that you, the above-named Galileo, on account of those things set forth in the documents of this trial, and which have been confessed by you as above stated, *have rendered yourself to this holy office vehemently suspected of heresy;* that is, that you believed and hold that doctrine which is false and contrary to the sacred Scriptures, namely, that the sun is the centre of the orbit of the world, and that it moves not from east to west, and that the earth moves, and is not the centre of the world; and that an opinion can be held and defended as probable, after it had been declared and defined as contrary to the sacred Scriptures. And consequently, that you have incurred all the censures and penalties by the sacred canons and other general constitutions and particular statutes promulgated against delinquencies of this kind, from which it is our pleasure that you should be absolved; provided, first, that with a sincere heart and faith, not feigned, before us you abjure, curse, and detest the above-mentioned errors and heresies, and every other heresy and error contrary to the Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, by that formula which is presented to you. But lest this grave fault of yours, and pernicious error and transgression, should remain unpunished altogether, and for the time to come that by more caution you should avoid them and be an example to others, that they should abstain from this sort of crime, we decree and by public edict prohibit the book of the *Dialogues* of Galileo-Galilei; we condemn you to the prison of the holy office during our pleasure; and as a solitary penance, we prescribe that for three years you shall once a week recite the seven penitential psalms; reserving to ourselves the power of moderating, commuting, or taking away in whole or in part the above-mentioned penalties and penances.

"And thus we say, pronounce, and by sentence declare," etc.

Then followed Galileo's abjuration of his errors and heresies; that is to say, abjuration of his error as to the earth's movement, and of his heresy as to the decisions of the Congregation.

We thus give, in all their crudity, and without comment, the only portion of the trial and the decree at all available to the advocates of the old version of the Galileo story. Let them make the most of it.

THE RECORD OF THE TRIAL OF GALILEO,

or the Procès Verbal, still exists in all its original integrity. The history of these documents is singular. The archives of the Inquisition at Rome were carried off to Paris at some time during the reign of Napoleon. Lord Brougham says in 1809. M. Biot (who cites *M. Delaborde, Directeur des Archives Françaises*) says in

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1811. A French translation of the Galileo trial, begun by order of Napoleon, was completed down to April 30th, 1633. Just before the Hundred Days, Louis XVIII. desired to see the documents, and all the papers connected with the trial were brought to his apartments. His hasty flight from Paris soon followed, and the MSS. were forgotten and lost sight of. When the plundered archives were returned to Rome, it was found that the Galileo trial was not among them. Reclamation was made, and it was not until 1846 that Louis Philippe had the documents returned by M. Rossi. They are now in the Vatican.

In this connection, it is an interesting fact to note that seventy folio volumes of the archives of the Inquisition are now in the library of the University of Dublin. The archives at Rome were plundered a second time in 1849, whether by Garibaldians or French is not known. The plunder was brought to Paris by a French officer, and there, in 1850, sold to the late Duke of Manchester, who sold them to the Rev. Mr. Gibbings, a Protestant clergyman of the Irish Establishment. Mr. Gibbings again sold them to the late Dr. Wall, vice-provost of the university, aided by Dr. Singer, Bishop of Meath, who presented them to the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

We return to the Galileo record. In 1850, Signor Marino-Marini, Prefect of the Vatican Archives, published *Galileo e l'Inquizitione.* This Signor Marini is the same who is so highly spoken of by William von Humboldt. (See Schlesier's *Lives of the Humboldts.*) His work originally appeared in the form of a discourse addressed to the Archæological Academy of Rome.

Looked for with anxiety, the book was received with some disappointment. Instead of the text, and the *entire* text of the trial, Signor Marini gave extracts and fragments, stating at the same time that the French, who had these documents in their possession so many years, had not dared to publish them, because they were disappointed at not finding in them what they sought for.

To this it was objected—and the point was well taken—"Why, then, did not you publish the whole?" The truth is, the choice of Signor Marini for the task was unfortunate. An excellent scholar and accomplished man, he was yet too timid or too narrow-minded for it, and undertook the function of an advocate rather than the far more important one of a historian.

He shrank from the publicity of such passages as, "*Devenietur contra ipsum ad remedia juris et facti opportuna,*" "*Alias devenietur ad torturam,*" as though we were not aware of the universality of the use of torture in all the criminal procedure of all Europe, and that the Inquisition took it not from ecclesiastical, but from the secular tribunals of the day; as though we did not only deplore, but openly reprobate, the fact, and as though we did not hold the Inquisition responsible for the odium it has entailed on the Catholic Church, very much, we presume, as any right-minded Protestant holds star-chambers and Elizabethan tortures responsible for burdens they find hard to bear.

A distinguished French writer, M. Henri de l'Epinois, expressed his regret to the present prefect of the Vatican Archives as to the unsatisfactory manner in which Sig. Marini had presented the Galileo record, whereupon the Rev. Father Theiner immediately offered to place all the documents at his disposition for any examination or publication he might wish to make. The result is M.

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L'Epinois's work, *Galilée, son Procès, sa Condamnation, d'après des Documens Inédits*, in which are given all the original passages omitted by Marini.

The record of the trial covers two hundred and twenty pages, and includes, besides the interrogatories and replies of Galileo and of several witnesses, sixty-three letters, orders, opinions, depositions, etc., besides the various decrees and Galileo's defence and abjuration.

The interrogatories are all in Latin, the answers in Italian.

Thus, for example, where Galileo is examined as to the publication of his *Dialogues*, the record runs:

"*Interrogatus.* An si ostenderet sibi dictus liber paratus sit illum recognoscere tanquam suum?

"*Respondit.* Spero di si che mi sara monstrato il libro lo riconoscero.

"Et sibi ostenso uno ex libris Florentiæ impressis, anno 1632, cujus titulus est *Dialogo di Galileo-Galilei* linceo, in quo agitur de duobus sistematibus mundi, et per ipsum bene viso et inspecto, dixit: Io conosco questo libro benissimo, et è uno di quelli stampati in Fiorenza, et lo conosco come mio e da me composto.

"*Interrogatus.* An pariter recognoscat omnia et singula in dicto libro contenta tanquam sua?

"*Respondit.* Io conosco questo libro mostratomi, ch'è uno di quelli stampati in Fiorenza e tutto quello che in esso si contiene lo riconosco come composto da me."

"E PUR SI MUOVE!"

The temptation of the dramatic effect of this phrase has been too strong for writers who should have known better than to give it currency. In the declamation of a school exhibition, we are not surprised to find it; but from a serious historian it comes with a bad grace. M. Ponsard has, of course, preserved it in his drama.

It is simply fable, and like the "Up, Guards, and at them!" of Lord Wellington, "un de ces mots de circonstance inventés après coup."*

"Unstable, timorous, equivocating, and supple," says Philarète Chasles, "he never had the heart to exclaim, 'E pur si muove!'" He never exhibited that heroical resistance which has been attributed to him.

The penitential shirt or sack is also fabulous, notwithstanding even so distinguished a man as Cousin speaks of Galileo as "forcé d'abjurer á genoux, en chemise, son plus beau titre de gloire."†

VALUE OF THE DECREE.

A few words—and but few are needed—as to the common assertion that the Catholic Church, claiming infallibility in matters of faith, decided the doctrine of the earth's immobility to be a truth affirmed in the Scriptures. Granting the decree of the Inquisition in the case of Galileo to have been all that is claimed against it, it was, after all, nothing but a decree of the Inquisition; no more, no less.

And first, what was the Inquisition?

The Inquisition forms no permanent or essential part of the organization of the Catholic Church. It was always a purely local tribunal, and the original appointment of its officers as *quæsitores fidei*, or inquisitors, seems to have been designed to prevent civil wars on the score of religion. The prevailing sentiment as well as the positive jurisprudence of the middle ages approved the punishment of heresy by temporal penalties. Indeed, such principles, abhor-

* "One of those impromptus composed at leisure."

† "Forced to abjure on his knees, and clad in a shirt, his noblest title to greatness."

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rent to us, seem to have come down out of the so-called dark ages far toward our own time. For full confirmation of this statement, you may read John Calvin's treatise in defence of persecuting measures, in which he maintains the lawfulness of putting heretics to death; and for illustration, you may peruse the account of his treatment of Castellio and Servetus, who found Calvin's reasoning of such peculiar strength that they did not survive its application; or his letter to Somerset, (1548:) "You have two kinds of mutineers: the one are a fanatical people, who, under color of the gospel, would set all to confusion; the others are stubborn people in the superstition of the Antichrist of Rome. *These altogether do deserve to be well punished by the sword.*" (See Froude's *History of England*, vol. v.) Charming impartiality!

More than a hundred years afterward, Calvin's followers embodied his doctrine in their solemn confession of faith, wherein they say (*Westminster Confession*, ch. xxiii.) that "the civil magistrate hath authority, and it is his duty, to take order, that all blasphemies and heresies be suppressed."

Although inquisitors existed in Italy from the time of Innocent IV., their authority was so rarely exercised that it was scarcely known until Paul III., in the year 1545, organized the Congregation of the Inquisition, consisting of six cardinals. To these were added two more by Pius V. They formed a strictly ecclesiastical tribunal, charged with matters regarding the integrity of faith throughout the world; their duty being to examine and censure erroneous propositions, condemn and proscribe bad books, inflict ecclesiastical censures on clergymen convicted of error, and exercise a superintendence over the local tribunals of faith.

It still exists, acts, and exercises its ecclesiastical attributes.

But however powerful to suppress opinion or to exact obedience the Inquisition might be within the limits of its own special jurisdiction, we have never yet heard that any decree of any inquisition ever determined a question of faith, or, in other words, ever attempted to usurp the functions of a general council.

Even Riccioli, the original source, up to within a few years, of all accounts of the trial and sentence of Galileo, and himself one of the strongest theological opponents of the theory of the earth's motion, expressly protests against the assertion that any declaration whatever had been made on the subject by the church itself. He says: "The Sacred Congregation of Cardinals, taken apart from the Supreme Pontiff, does not make propositions to be of faith, *even though it should actually define them to be of faith, or the contrary ones heretical.* Wherefore, since no definition upon this matter has as yet issued from the Supreme Pontiff, nor from any council directed and approved by him, it is not yet of faith that the sun moves and the earth stands still by force of the decree of the Congregation; but at most and alone, by the force of the sacred Scriptures to those to whom it is morally evident that God has revealed it. Nevertheless, Catholics are bound, in prudence and obedience, at least so far as not to teach the contrary."

And yet, plain as is this distinction, men of professedly theological acquirements, for the sake of inflicting a wound on the church, systematically ignore it whenever they have "a point" to make with the Galileo story.

And the distinction is not only plain at the present day, but was expressly made at the time of Galileo's

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trial. "It was not in the power of the holy office to declare it (Galileo's scientific theory) or any other doctrine heresy; it would take an Œcumenical Council for that." (Letter of September 4th, 1632: Cardinal Magalotti to Galileo.) Even Descartes, six months after the trial, remarks that the decision of the Inquisition had received the ratification of neither pope nor council.

THE TORTURE.

The relators of the torture fable ask us to believe that an old man bending under the weight of seventy years, after undergoing imprisonment and mental anguish, suffered the *peine forte et dure* of torture on the 21st of June, and on the next day was capable of remaining more than an hour on his knees to receive his sentence, and then, unaided, arose, stamped his foot, and thundered out, "E pur si muove!" Truly a vigorous performance, but not more hardy than the story which relates it.

No; these fables can no longer have place in history; and we know positively that Galileo, who, on the evening of June 24th, after his three days' detention at the holy office, (the sentence of imprisonment being immediately commuted by the pope,) was conducted by Niccolini to the Villa Medici, and who, on the 6th of July, old as he was, was able to walk four miles without inconvenience, could not have been tortured on the 21st of June.

"Those who undertake," says the German Protestant Von Reumont, "to accuse the Inquisition on this point, are forced to have recourse to fiction."

Lord Brougham, after an examination of the case, says, in his Analytical View of the Principia, that "the supposition of Galileo having been tortured is entirely disproved by Galileo's own account of the lenity with which he was treated."

Biot dismisses the matter thus: "Il y a là une réunion d'invraisemblances qui ne permet pas de concevoir raisonnablement un soupçon pareil."*

Galileo survived his sentence eight years. Is it credible that, during that long period spent in intimate personal intercourse and literary correspondence with his friend, no word or hint of complaint of such an outrage as torture should have escaped his lips?

Castelli was constantly with him to the hour of his death, and heard no whisper of it.

In August, 1638, writing to Bernegger, Galileo could boast that neither the freedom nor the vigor of his spirit was repressed.

Three months before his death, with the certainty of its approach, he sent for Torricelli, and spent long hours in unreserved discourse with him. Not a word of torture!

Finally, in his last letter, just three weeks before his death, to Beccherini, he bewails his endurances and his troubles in a spirit that could not and did not fail to unseal his lips for everything he had to say in the spirit of complaint; but here, too, not a word of torture!

The majority of the French feuilletonists on the Ponsard drama manifest disappointment at not finding any torture, and straightway seek solace in such reflections as, "Ainsi, Galilée ne fut point mis à la torture; on en a aujourd'hui la pleine certitude."†

But the feuilletonist wants to

* "There is here such a conjunction of improbabilities as to exclude all reasonable possibility of such a suspicion."

† "Thus, then, Galileo was not put to the torture. Of that we now have the fullest certainty."

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know if the persecutions, bitterness, and vexation of every kind to which Galileo was subjected were not the equivalent of physical torture?

And what, then, does he take to be the equivalent of the irony, sarcasm, ingratitude, and insult gratuitously heaped upon Urban, the kind friend and liberal benefactor of Galileo?

No reasonable doubt can now exist as to the fact that it was not Galileo's assertion of the hypothesis of the earth's rotation that brought him into trouble. It was his intemperance of language, impatience of wise counsel, disregard of sacred obligations, violation of solemn promises, and above all, his insane perversity in dragging the scriptural element into the controversy. Of the scores of distinguished adherents, disciples, advocates, and professors of the heliocentric doctrine, Galileo alone gave annoyance and created difficulty.

To the extent of examining and discussing the question scientifically, the freedom at Rome was perfect. But when the point was reached when it was gratuitously thrust into collision with Scripture, a degree of demonstration was needed that could not be produced.

AFTER THE TRIAL.

To complete the chronological statement of events, it is only necessary to add that on the 6th of July Galileo left Rome for Sienna, where he remained with Archbishop Piccolomini, one of his most intimate friends, until the month of December. He then returned to his own home at Arcetri, near Florence.

It was here he received the oft-described and well-known visit of Milton, then in the prime of youth. In 1638, he transferred his residence to Florence, where he occupied himself with scientific pursuits, his negotiation with Holland for the use of his discovery concerning the longitude, the publication of his book *Dialoghi delle Nuove Scienze* at Leyden, (1638,) correspondence with scientific men, and visits from his friends.

He died on the 8th of January, 1642, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

"The noblest eye," wrote his friend Father Castelli, announcing his death, "which nature ever made, is darkened; an eye so privileged and gifted with such rare powers that it may truly be said to have seen more than the eyes of all that are gone, and to have opened the eyes of all that are to come."

We now pass to the consideration of the exact condition of

THE SCIENTIFIC QUESTION

as it existed in 1633, leaving, of course, aside all discussion of its theological or scriptural connection.

Without going back so far as Pythagoras, the new system in 1633 was not original with Galileo, nor even with Copernicus, who is said to have received the germ of his new doctrine at Bologna from the hypothesis of Dominicus Maria on the variability of the axis of the earth; and it would be most interesting, did space allow, to review the intellectual struggles of the predecessors (*ad astra*) of the Polish priest with a theory they felt to be true, but were powerless to demonstrate even to themselves.

Among these men were:

1. The great mystical theologian, Richard of St. Victor, who described the true method of physical inquiry in terms which Francis Bacon might have adopted. "It would not be

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easy at the present day," says Dr. Whewell, (*Philosophy of Discovery*, pp. 52-53,) "to give a better account of the object of physical science."

2. Celius Calcagnini, (born 1479,) who published (Tiraboschi says *divolgò*, which may or may not mean simply printing) a work in which he endeavored to prove "*quod cœlum stet, terra autem moveatur.*"

3. Cardinal Cusa, sometimes called Nicholas the Cusan, an intellectual giant of his time, the highest expression, probably, of the active mental movement that marked the 15th century. He was equally distinguished in science, in letters, and in philosophy, and in 1436, at the Council of Basle, proposed the reform of the calendar afterward carried out by the pope. His knowledge of astronomy was, for his time, profound, and he asserted and published that "the sun is at rest, the earth moves," ("*istam terram in veritate moveatur.*")

4. Novara, the preceptor of Copernicus; for it is certain that Copernicus found his new doctrine in Italy.

5. Jerome of Tallavia, whose papers are said to have fallen into the hands of Copernicus.

6. Leonardo da Vinci, who, in 1510, connected his theory of bodies with the earth's motion, "showing," as Whewell says, "that the heliocentric doctrines were fermenting in the minds of intelligent men, and gradually assuming clearness and strength."

Although Da Vinci constructed no system of explanation, he nevertheless held the motion of the earth, as appears from one of his manuscripts of the year 1500.

Some light may be thrown upon the actual condition of astronomical science during the Galileo period by a short statement of the arguments most in vogue between

PTOLEMAISTS AND COPERNICANS,

and of what the latter had to present in the way of proof.

The Copernicans contended generally for the greater simplicity of their system, and the incredibility of the enormous velocity which the sphere of the fixed stars must have if the ancient system be true. To this it was answered that God doeth wonders without number.

But the earth would corrupt and putrefy without motion, whereas the heavens are incorruptible. To which the answer was ready that wind would give sufficient motion.

But the most movable part of man is underneath, since he walks with his feet; whence the most unworthy part of the universe, the earth, should be movable.

Objected that, if the earth moves, the head of a man moves faster than his feet.

But again, "Rest is nobler than motion, and therefore ought to belong to the sun, the noble body."

Replied to, "For the same reason, the moon and all the planets ought to rest."

Again, "The lamp of the world ought to be in the centre." Answered by, "A lamp is frequently hung up from a roof to enlighten the floor."

"Can we fancy," asked the Copernicans, "that God has not acted on a scheme so impressive and so beautiful as ours?"

"Can we fancy," replied their opponents, "that this earth is constantly in motion, which we feel to be the stablest of all things? that our senses are given to deceive us? that during the greater part of our lives we cling to the earth with our head downward?"

* "That heaven is motionless, but that the earth moves."

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Finally, the Copernicans were utterly silenced by the unanswerable argument of throwing up a stone.

"Would they please explain," was asked of them, "why, if the earth moved, the stone, being thrown directly upward, should fall on the spot from which it was thrown?"

The Copernicans were silent, for they could assign no reason. "In the sixteenth century," says Professor De Morgan, "the wit of man could not imagine how, if the earth moved, a stone thrown directly upward would tumble down upon the spot it was thrown from." It was reserved for a man who was born on the same day Galileo died to furnish the reason.

ASTRONOMY IN 1633.

To one seeking for a demonstrated system, astronomy was then a hopeless chaos of irreconcilable facts—an impenetrable jungle of conflicting theories. That such was the actual condition of the science in Galileo's day, we find fully recognized and aptly described by a distinguished English Protestant, a great name in English literature, who, himself "an exact mathematician" and astronomer, was most active in research and observation precisely during the period of Galileo's greatest fame. We refer to Burton, author of the celebrated *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

This remarkable book was written by Burton during the years extending from 1614 to 1621, when the first edition was published. The subsequent editions of 1624, 1628, 1632, and 1638 were all issued during the life of the author, who died in 1639, a succession of years precisely covering the period of Galileo's controversies and trials; and yet its author, vicar of St. Thomas and rector of Segrave, (Church of England as by law established,) who never misses an opportunity ever so slight of giving Catholicity a thrust or a stab, makes 'mere mention' of Galileo's condemnation thus: "These paradoxes of the earth's motion which the Church of Rome hath lately condemned as heretical."

The truth is, that in that day the course pursued by the Congregation at Rome was generally approved even by Protestants. In their eyes, nothing but a paradox was condemned. Having exhausted all his proof, where does Galileo leave our exact English mathematician, who evidently read and knew of everything published on the subject in his day?

Why, Burton speaks of "that main paradox of the earth's motion now so much in question," and devotes five full pages to a presentation of all the theories then current, giving Galileo's as of no more value than the others! He thus sums them up:

"One offends against natural philosophy, another against optic principles, a third against mathematical, as not answering to astronomical observations. One puts a great space between Saturn's orb and the eighth sphere, another too narrow. In his own hypothesis, he makes the earth as before the universal centre, the sun to the five upper planets; to the eighth sphere he ascribes diurnal motion; eccentrics and epicycles to the seven planets, which hath been formerly exploded; and so, *dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt*,* as a tinker stops one hole and makes two, he corrects them, and doth worse himself: reforms some and mars all. In the mean time, the world is tossed in a blanket amongst them, they hoist the earth up and down like a ball, make it stand and go at their pleasures: one saith the

* "While they avoid one mistake, they run into the contrary."

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sun stands; another, he moves; a third comes in, taking them all at rebound, and lest there should any paradox be wanting, he finds certain spots and clouds in the sun. . . . And thus they disagree amongst themselves, old and new, irreconcilable in their opinions; thus Aristarchus, thus Hipparchus, thus Ptolemæus, thus Albateginus, thus Alfraganus, thus Tycho, thus Ramerus, thus Ræslinus, thus Fracastorius, thus Copernicus and his adherents," etc. Not a word here of Galileo.

The whole chapter is very curious, and will well repay the trouble of reading. See pages 323 to 329, London edition.

Notwithstanding his condition of paradox as seen by disinterested men of science, Galileo claimed three propositions as settled:

First. The system was demonstrated.

Second. He demonstrated it.

Third. His was the honor of furnishing the demonstration from the flux and reflux of the tides.

To these three propositions it is replied that the system was not at that day demonstrated by Galileo or by any one else, and that his tidal argument was worthless.

Indeed, a sufficient answer is found in the simple statement, in which all astronomers must certainly accord, that before the time of Sir Isaac Newton there was nothing to make the Copernican system more plausible and reasonable than the Ptolemaic theory, because the English astronomer first explained the one law on which planetary revolutions depended.

The theory of the earth's rotation was, in 1633, barely a matter of induction—strong, it is true, yet nothing more than induction. Strong, if the two arguments taken from the phases of Venus and the satellites of Jupiter are duly weighed; but weak without them.

The discovery of the satellites of Jupiter was called by Herschel "the holding turn of the Copernican system," but Galileo had no conception of its value; he passed it by as insignificant, and settled down complacently upon the flux and reflux of the tides as the crowning proof. To this proof, and to no other, he clung during the citation of 1616.

Astronomers express great surprise that Galileo makes no mention of the belts of Jupiter, although they are visible with the aid of the smallest glass.

Zucchi, a Jesuit, was the first to note them in Rome, (1630.) In like manner, the discovery of the spots on the sun do not appear to have benefited him in ascertaining the sun's rotation. "Galilée," says Arago, "n'a pas non plus la moindre apparence de droit à la découverte du mouvement de rotation du soleil. On a vu les taches; aucune conséquence de cette observation n'est indiquée."*

The oversights concerning Jupiter are the more remarkable as Galileo's labors in investigation of the satellites were long and exhausting. It is only within a few years that this fact has been ascertained through the discovery by Professor Alberi of a long series of observations of the satellites of Jupiter, with tables and ephemerides drawn up for the purpose of comparing the longitude.

These manuscripts, described as a "mighty monument of his labors"—and doubtless they must be, for all his calculations were necessarily made without the aid of logarithms—were found in the Pitti Palace library, and are published by Alberi

* "Neither has Galileo the slightest apparent claim to the discovery of the sun's rotation. The spots are observed, but no deduction is drawn from the observation."

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in the fifth volume of his magnificent edition of Galileo's work.

Herschel says that the science of astronomy was yet in its infancy at the period of Newton's death, and after all that Newton had done for it. What, then, must we think of its condition in the hands of Galileo, with his toy telescope, his fallacious tidal theory, and his necessary ignorance of the great discoveries that followed him?

In 1618, he published his *Theory of the Tides.* In 1623, he again puts it forward in a letter to Ingulfi; and finally devotes the fourth and last day of the *Dialogue* to the development of the same argument.

Nay, more, in this dialogue he scoffs at the simplicity of Kepler, who has had the temerity, after his (Galileo's) satisfactory explanation of the phenomena, to listen to such stuff as the occult properties of the moon's influence on the tides, and other like puerilities! We find by reference to a marginal note in the Padua edition of the *Dialogues* at the Astor Library, that a prelate, Girolamo Borro, wrote a pamphlet setting forth the theory of the moon's influence on the tides, and Simplicio is made to quote him: "E ultimamente certo prelato ha publicato un tratello dove dice che la luna vagando per il cielo attrae e solleva verso di se un cumulo d'acqua, il quale va continualmente seguitando," etc.*

Here Sagredo stops him abruptly, saying, "For heaven's sake, Signor Simplicio, let us have no more of that; for it is a mere loss of time to listen to it, as well as to confute it, and you simply do injustice to your judgment by regarding such or similar puerilities."

No wonder, as Bailli says, "la foule d'astronomes etaient contre!"*

Galileo died in profound ignorance of the true tidal theory, and the credit of pointing it out is ascribed by Mr. Drinkwater to the College of Jesuits at Coimbra.

But more than all this, Galileo had already made great mistakes, and committed errors that were publicly rectified by his contemporaries.

Thus, one of the most remarkable astronomical phenomena of the age, the three comets of 1618, was totally misunderstood by Galileo, who pronounced them atmospheric meteors.

The Jesuit Grassi, in his treatise *De Tribus Cometis*, (1618,) had the merit of explaining what had baffled Galileo, who at first held them to be planets moving in vast ellipses around the sun.

CHARITY FOR ALL.

In referring to these errors of Galileo, Laplace says that it would be unjust to judge him with the same rigor as one who should refuse at present to believe the motion of the earth, confirmed by the numerous discoveries made in astronomy since that period.

And John Quincy Adams, in a memorable discourse delivered at Cincinnati in 1843, says of Tycho Brahe, (who maintained that the earth is immovable in the centre of the universe,) "The religion of Tycho in the encounter with his philosophy obtained a triumph honorable to him, but erroneous in fact."

All which may be very true; and if Laplace and Mr. Adams err at all, they err certainly on the side of charity and kindness.

But are we to have one standard of justice for one class of men, and a far different one for another class? Is

* "And lately a certain prelate has published a pamphlet, in which he says that the moon, traversing the heavens, attracts and draws after her a mass of water which continually follows," etc.

* "The mass of astronomers were of the contrary opinion."

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that which is excusable in an Italian and honorable in a Danish astronomer, ignorant, bigoted, and vile in a cardinal? Or is there any good reason why that which in Denmark is a "triumph of religion" should in Rome become a "victory of ignorance"?

Tycho Brahe, in his day a profound astronomer, noble and wealthy, devoting his whole life to science in unremitting observation of the heavens, with the aid of the most complete and costly apparatus in existence at the time, might surely be supposed to have reached a safer conclusion than an ignorant churchman.

And how, moreover, could such a churchman be expected to pin his faith to the sleeve of an astronomer like Galileo, whose errors and blunders were frequent and serious, and who, when in his conjectures he stumbled upon the truth, could hardly distinguish it from error, and was therefore as likely to give a bad as a good reason for his doctrine? Or, as M. Biot admirably expresses it, "si l'état imparfait de cette science l'exposait ainsi à donner parfois de mauvaises raisons comme bonnes, il faut pardonner à ses adversaires de n'avoir pas pu toujours distinguer les bonnes des mauvaises."*

Anti-Catholic controversialists will persist in endowing the Galileo period with an amount of astronomical and physical science that then had no existence. Intelligent, industrious, and learned the cardinals of Galileo's day certainly were; but it is absurd to attribute to them or to their times a knowledge of the Copernican system, as afterward explained by Kepler, Newton, and two centuries of men of science. Kepler's *Laws of the Universe* were not published until 1619, and even then, and long years afterward, who could possibly apply them until Newton's discoveries gave them force and authority?

If our modern sciolists, who prattle so much about "the ignorant and bigoted court of Rome," knew enough to be a little modest, they might take to heart the reflection of the great English essayist, and remember it is no merit of theirs that prevents them from falling into the mistakes of a cardinal "whose pens they are not worthy to mend." It certainly was asking a great deal of men that they should abandon settled tradition, the teachings of authority, the evidence of their senses, and the warrant of Scripture, as they understood it, to embrace a strange, startling, and incomprehensible doctrine, in no degree better off in demonstration than the old one. Even the weight of scientific authority was in their favor, as is readily seen when we look at the relative strength of

COPERNICAN AND ANTI-COPERNICAN.

Tycho Brahe was far from being alone in his dissent from Copernicus and Galileo. Saving only the bright spot made by Kepler and a few of his disciples, all Germany, France, and England were still in comparative darkness, and it is difficult to believe that at the period of Galileo's trial there were as many avowed Copernicans in all Europe together as in the single city of Rome.

In Germany, the new system was almost universally rejected, and Wolfgang Menzel, in his *History of Germany*, speaks of it as "die unter den Protestanten in Deutschland noch immer bezweifelte Wahrheit des Copernikanischen Welt-systems."*

* "If the imperfection of this science thus made him liable to give bad reasons for good, his adversaries should surely be pardoned for not always being ble to distinguish the good from the bad."

* "The even yet (by German Protestants) contested truth of the Copernican system."

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The frontispiece to Riccioli's *Almagestum Novum*, Astor Library copy, published in 1651, presents a curious illustration of the prevalent estimate of the new doctrines. A figure with a pair of balances is seen weighing the Tychonian against the Copernican system, and the truth of the former is shown by its overwhelming preponderance. Riccioli cites fourteen authors who up to that day had written in favor of the Copernican theory, and thirty-seven who had written against it. He adduces seventy arguments in favor of the Tychonian, and can find but forty-nine in support of the Copernican; consequently, the mere force of numbers proves the improbability of the latter.

In France, Ramus, the Huguenot Royal Professor at Paris, utterly refused the doctrine ten years after the death of Galileo.

Thomas Lydiat, a distinguished English astronomer of his day, and so good a scholar as to come victorious out of a controversy on chronology with Scaliger, openly opposed the Copernican system in his *Prælectio Astronomica*, (1605.) In fact, no man of astronomical acquirements of that day, and for more than fifty years afterward, dared risk the success of a book by putting in it anything favoring the Copernican theory.

Even as late as 1570, we find John Dee, an English Copernican, who, despairing of the ignorant prejudice around him, would not so much as hint at the existence of the system in his preface to *Billingsley's Euclid.*

In Great Britain, the system was discredited by the illustrious Gilbert. Milton, too, seems to have doubted it. Its most active opponent was Alexander Rosse, a voluminous Scotch writer, alluded to in *Hudibras.*

Hume tells us Lord Bacon "rejected the system of Copernicus with the most positive disdain."* It is but fair to say, though, that this statement, like too many of Hume's, should be qualified. It is true that in his *De Augmentis* Bacon says that the absurdity and complexity of the Ptolemaic system has driven men to the doctrine of the earth's motion, which is clearly false, "*quod nobis constat falsissimum esse;*" but, on the other hand, in the *Novum Organum*, he distinctly speaks of the question of the earth's motion as one to be examined. Now, the latter work, although published before, was written after the *De Augmentis*, which is less serious and argumentative than the *Novum Organum.*

Even in 1705, the Hon. E. Howard published in London a work entitled *Copernicans of all Sorts Convicted.*

In 1806, Mercier, a Frenchman, wrote to prove "l'impossibilité des systèmes de Copernic et de Newton;" and even so recently as 1829 an individual was found so retrogade as to publish a work entitled *The Universe as it is; wherein the Hypothesis of the Earth's Motion is Refuted*, etc., by W. Woodley.

THE UNDEMONSTRATED PROBLEM.

And now, having spied out the nakedness of the astronomic land throughout Europe, let us return for a moment to the scientific position of the tribunal that tried Galileo.

What solid proof was presented to it? None whatever. And those familiar with the history of astronomy will readily recognize the fact that, so far from seeing in the new opinion a scientific novelty, they recognized in it substantially the old hy-

* Macaulay should have said, "theory of Copernicus," instead of "theory of Galileo." Bacon never credited Galileo with a system, and did not hold his scientific merits in much esteem.

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pothesis of Pythagoras, which, after obtaining credit for more than five hundred years, was triumphantly displaced by the Ptolemaic theory; which was that the earth is a solid globe at rest in the centre of the universe, with the various planetary bodies revolving in larger and larger circles, according to the order of their distances.

The new doctrine had not even the form of a system:

"'Twas neither shape nor feature."

Indeed, as has been truly said, it was nothing more than a paradox for the support of which its authors had to draw upon their own resources.

High astronomical authority, Délambre, thus sums up the utter absence of proof, in Galileo's time, of the theory of the earth's rotation:

"What solid reason could induce the ancients to disbelieve the evidence of their senses? Yes, and even despite the immense progress which astronomy has subsequently made, have the moderns themselves been able to allege any one direct proof of the diurnal motion of the earth, previous to the voyage of Richer to Cayenne, where he was obliged to shorten his pendulum? Have they been able to discover one positive demonstration to the point, to prove the annual revolution of the earth, before Roemer measured the velocity of light, and Bradley had observed and calculated the phenomena of the aberration?

"Previous to these discoveries, and that of universal gravitation, were not the most decided Copernicans reduced to mere probabilities? Were they not obliged to confine themselves to preaching up the simplicity of the Copernican system, as compared with the absurd complexity of that of Ptolemy?"

What "solid reason," indeed, could be given? But Galileo in his presumption did not consider himself reduced to "mere probabilities," and relying on his tidal fallacies and unexplained phenomena, sought to pass hypothesis for dogma, and his *ipse dixit* for demonstration.

Of the great discoveries enumerated by Délambre, Galileo was necessarily ignorant, and we must insist upon the fact that the cardinals and the Inquisition were equally ignorant of them.

There was, in reality, no astronomical science in Galileo's time worth speaking of, except as we compare it with the astronomy that preceded it, which is the only fair test of its value. Compared with what Ptolemy knew, it was twilight.

Compared with what we know, it was darkness.

It is moderate to say that in 1633 astronomy was in its infancy. To all that was then known, add Kepler's magnificent labors, Torricelli's discovery, Newton's principle of gravitation, and all the English astronomer did for science—come down to the year 1727, in which he died, and what was the condition of astronomical science even then?

Herschel has told us: "The legacy of research which was left us by Newton was indeed immense. To pursue through all its intricacies the consequences of the law of gravitation; to account for all the inequalities of the planetary movements, and the infinitely more complicated and to us more important ones of the moon; and to give, *what Newton himself certainly never entertained a conception of*, a demonstration of the stability and permanence of the system under all the accumulated influence of its internal perturbations; this labor and this triumph were reserved for the succeeding age, and have been shared in succession by

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Clairault, D'Alembert, Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace. Yet so extensive is this subject, and so difficult and intricate the purely mathematical inquiries to which it leads, that *another century may yet be required to go through the task.*"

THE LEGACY OF RESEARCH

left by Newton may truly be called "immense." And Herschel does well to modify his statement as to the "triumph," and postpone it yet another century.

For it must be borne in mind that no astronomical system is a strictly verifiable fact. The circulation of the blood is a verifiable fact, and it has been verified. No announcement of the discovery of a new demonstration of its truth could now attract any attention on account of its merits as proof.

Not so as to the earth's motion. The proofs of that have always been merely referential and cumulative. The final, the crowning point of demonstration has never been made, and probably never can be reached. Who can say that he ever saw the earth move? Hence it is that every successive item of cumulative evidence is hailed with pleasure and excitement. Thus was it with Torricelli's, Newton's, Richer's, Roemer's, and Bradley's discoveries; thus with all the brilliant inventions in mechanics by means of which the illustration and explanations of these discoveries became possible—explanations which, after all, not one man in a thousand can understand.

POST-GALILEAN ASTRONOMY.

A few words in addition to what we have already said concerning the great discoveries made since Galileo's time, and we close.

Three of these discoveries, without which the Copernican theory as to demonstration would be but little better off than the Ptolemaic, merit special mention. They are:

First. The Newtonian theory of gravitation.

Second. The discovery of the shortened pendulum, showing the diurnal motion of the earth.

Third. The velocity and aberration of light, showing the annual motion.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into any detail concerning the so generally known, great, and universal principle of gravitation.

THE SHORTENED PENDULUM.

Up to the year 1672, no doubt had been entertained of the spherical figure of the earth, and, as a consequence, of the equality of all the degrees of the meridian; so that one being known, the whole circumference was determined.

In that year, the French Academy of Sciences, then occupied in the measurement of an arc in the meridian, sent the astronomer Richer to Cayenne, on the coast of South America, to make observations of the sun's altitude.

In the course of these observations he was surprised to find that a superior clock, furnished with a pendulum which vibrated seconds, was found to lose nearly two minutes and a half a day.

The astonishment created by the report of this fact in France was very great, particularly after the accuracy of the clock had been fully tested.

Other scientific men then visited different points on the coasts of Africa and South America, and were convinced of the absolute necessity of shortening the pendulum

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to make it vibrate seconds in those latitudes.

The phenomenon was explained by Newton in the Third Book of his *Principia* (1687)—see p. 409 *et seq.*, American edition—where he shows it to be a necessary consequence of the earth's rotation on its axis, and of the centrifugal force created by it. That force, in modifying the gravity, gives to the earth an oblate spheroidal figure, more elevated at the equator than on the poles, and makes bodies fall and pendulums vibrate more slowly in low than in high latitudes.

There is, unfortunately, such a thing as national jealousy even in science, and to such a motive only can we ascribe the fact that Newton's explanation was not accepted in France until presented by Huyghens, several years afterward, in a different and less accurate form.

THE VELOCITY AND ABERRATION OF LIGHT.

In the entire range of scientific literature, there are few chapters of greater interest than those which recount the rise and gradual development of all the principles involved in the triumphant demonstration of these two beautiful discoveries.

They admirably illustrate the total ignorance of Galileo concerning a problem upon which he experimented with utter failure, as also the slow pace of scientific progress, and the necessity of the co-operative efforts of many men and many sciences to perfect it.

It required the genius and research of Roemer, Bradley, Molyneux, Arago, Fizeau, Foucault, and Struve, joined to the patient experiment and mechanical skill of Bréguet, Bessel, and Graham—the labor of all these men extending through a period of one hundred and ninety years (1672 to 1862)—to complete its demonstration.

And first, as to the velocity of light. In 1672, Roemer, a Danish astronomer residing in France, began observations on the satellites of Jupiter and their eclipses, which resulted in the discovery of progressive transmission of light and the determination of the value of its velocity. Up to his day, it had almost become a fixed principle that the passage of light through space was absolutely instantaneous.

From the time of Galileo, an immense mass of exact calculations of the eclipses of the first satellite of Jupiter had been accumulating, and Roemer found that at certain times the satellite came out of the shadow later, and at other times sooner, than it should have done, and this variation could not be accounted for on any known principles. Remarking that it always came too late from the shadow when the earth in its annual movement was at more than its mean distance from Jupiter, and too soon when it was at less, he formed the conjecture that light requires an appreciable time to traverse space.

Becoming satisfied of the truth of his theory, he, in September, 1676, announced to the French Academy of Sciences that an emersion of the first satellite, to take place, on the 16th of November following, would occur ten minutes later than it should according to ordinary calculation.

The event verified his prediction. Nevertheless, doubters and cavillers abounded, and Roemer's theory was not accepted without dispute. It was claimed that the delays and accelerations in the immersions and emersions, instead of being attributed to change of position of the observer, and to the progressive transmission of light, might be regarded as indicat-

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ing a real perturbation in the movement of the satellite, due to a cause not yet discovered.

These doubts were removed fifty years later by the English astronomer Bradley, who discovered the phenomenon of *aberration*, which consists in an apparent displacement which all the stars and planets experience on account of the combination of the velocity of the earth with the velocity of light.

Bradley's discovery was accidental. A superior instrument, constructed by Graham, and destined to observe with the greatest precision the passage of the stars near the zenith, had been placed at the observatory of Kew for the purpose by Molyneux.

Bradley used this instrument to arrive at some precise data of the annual parallax of the stars. His first observations led him to the discovery of *aberration*, the details of which, of the highest possible interest, may be found in the *Philosophical Transactions*, Royal Society, No. 406, December, 1728.

Thus confirmed by Bradley, Roemer's progressive transmission of light became an incontestable fact.

Then followed the experiments projected by Arago to determine the velocity of light, (1838,) which for eleven years remained a merely ingenious suggestion, until realized by MM. Foucault and Fizeau.

From 1840 to 1842, Struve, in Russia, made numerous observations to obtain the exact value of aberration.

In 1856, the Institute of France awarded to M. Fizeau, for his successful demonstration of Arago's suggestion, the triennial prize of thirty thousand francs founded by the emperor, "for the work, or the discovery, which, in the opinion of the five academies of the institute, has done most honor and service to the country."

Finally, in 1862, M. Foucault, perfecting his apparatus, measured the velocity of light by an admirable experiment in physics, which renders not only sensible, but even measurable, the time employed by light to run over a path of twenty metres, (65 feet 7.4 inches,) although this time barely equals $\frac{1}{1\,000\,000}$th of a second!

And yet, after all this, there still remains a doubt as to positive certainty of accuracy in the calculations.

The sun's parallax, calculated from observations of the last transit of Venus over the disk of the sun in 1769, is fixed at 8.58 seconds, and on this basis is ascertained the distance from the earth to the sun.

For reasons too long to detail here, many distinguished astronomers are not entirely satisfied with the determination of 8.58 seconds, and prefer to wait for the next transit of Venus, in 1874, for a full and satisfactory solution of all doubts on the subject!

CONCLUSION AND A PROPOSITION.

Thus, after a lapse of two hundred and thirty-five years, filled with unremitting labor and triumphant results in the field of astronomical discovery, it appears from the showing of those most competent to judge that something yet remains to be produced in the way of demonstration of the astronomical system as now accepted.

We will not ask those who differ with us concerning the Galileo question to wait another century—the period assigned by Sir John Herschel as "requisite"! Herschel gave that opinion in 1828, which would send us to A.D. 1928 "to go through the task."

As it might not probably be convenient either for us or for those

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who differ with us to resume the controversy in that year, namely, 1928, we will—in the spirit of compromise, and taking all the rest for granted—content ourselves with and abide by the "satisfactory solution" promised for 1874, to which period it would seem proper, on scientific grounds, to adjourn any attempt to show that a system not yet proved in 1868 was, nevertheless, fully demonstrated in 1633.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS HAVE I CRIED UNTO THEE, O LORD!"

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

"Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants!
And your purple shows your path,
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath."

"If wishes were horses, beggars might ride," says the proverb.

What a pity it is that wishes are not horses!—that at seasons when almost every tongue drops the words, "A merry Christmas!" "A happy New-Year!" the will should not rise and breathe the breath of life into those words; make them move, make them work; put bit and bridle on them, and direct them to go where they are most needed. Wishes might then be made into very excellent horses, and beggars might ride at least once a year; might be lifted for a day out of the mire of care and suffering that dulls the light of heaven to their eyes, and stops out the voices of heaven from their ears; lifted into a belief in the humanity of man and the mercy of God; might be given a little restful journey into that easy land where the rich dwell every day.

There is more truth than poetry in the line,

"Leave us leisure to be good."

One who has no time for thought will almost certainly go astray; and men and women whose lives are spent in fighting the wolf from their doors, will fight him with whatever comes to hand, and will sometimes catch up strange weapons.

So it might chance that these living wishes may have wings also, and the beggar's soul may rise as well as his body.

I should like to set a regiment of such wishes galloping down Grind street this coming Christmas, and stopping at every door.

That was a sorrowful street a few years ago, and I don't know that it has grown merry since. A tall block of tenement-houses walled the northern side from end to end, leaving off so abruptly that, had they been written words instead of brick houses, there would have been a —— after them. Indeed, if the reader has a fancy for a miserable pun, he might say that there *was* a dash after them, houses being scarce.

A very sensitive person, on looking at that block, would be likely t straighten himself up, draw his elbows close to his sides, and feel as though his nose was unnecessarily large. It is not impossible that he might "toe in" a little in walking,

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unless he reached the next street. Not a curve was visible in the whole block, horizontal and perpendicular reigning supreme. The mean brick front came to the very edge of the sidewalk, and the windows and doors were as flat as though they had been slapped in the face when in a soft state. Every house was precisely like every other house, and the only way of finding any particular one was by counting doors.

"These houses toe the mark," the builder had said when he looked on his completed work, standing complacently with his hands in his pockets, and his head a little on one side.

"Toe the mark" was the right phrase. The two meagre steps that led to each front door suggested the thought, and the whole had an air of soul obedience.

The tenants in this block were of that pitiable class called "decent," which generally means poor; too independent to beg, straining every nerve to live respectably, and making an extra strain to hide the first one; people whose eyes get a little wild at the prospect of sickness, who shudder at the thought of a doctor's bill and workless days, who sometimes stop their toil for a moment, and wonder what may be the meaning of such words as "ease," "contentment," "pleasure." There were clerks and book-keepers whose families burst out through their incomes in every direction; starving artists of all sorts; and the rest, people who toiled down in the dark, at the foundations over which soared the marble palaces of the rich, darkening heaven.

These people had got in a way of dressing alike; they had the same kind of curtains, and the same plants stretching beseeching shoots toward the tantalizing line of sunshine that let itself down, slow and golden, to the middle of the second floor windows, then drew back over the roofs of the houses opposite, while little flowers of all colors looked lovingly and reproachfully after it, cheated so day after day, but never quite losing faith that some day the bright-winged comforter would come quite down to their hearts.

Eyes of angels, to whom these roofs and walls were transparent, saw, doubtless, variety enough under the surface: aspirations that reached to the house-top and looked over; aspirations that soared even to the clouds and the stars, catching a heavenly likeness; aspirations that stopped not at the stars, but climbed so high that their flowers and fruitage hung in the unfailing sunlight of heaven beyond reach of earthly hands, but seen and touched by ineffable hopes ascending and descending. What dark desires crawling upon the earth and covering their own deeds those poor eyes looked upon, I say not; what hate, deep and bitter; what cankering envy and disappointment; what despair, that with two tears blotted the universe; what determination; what strongly rooted purpose; what careless philosophy eating its crust with a laugh. Let the angels see as they may, with human eyes we will look into one room, and find our story there.

This room is on the second floor, and consequently gets its windows half full of sunshine every pleasant afternoon. The furnishing of it shows that the occupants had seen better days; but those days are long past, as you can see by the shabbiness of everything. There are evidences of taste, too, in a hanging vase of ivy, a voluble canary, a few books and pictures; and everything is clean.

It was a bright gloaming in December of 186–, when a woman sat alone in this room. She was evi-

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dently an invalid, looking more like a porcelain image than a flesh-and-blood woman, so white and transparent was she, so frail the whole make of her. Soft light-brown hair faintly sprinkled with gray was dropped beside each thin cheek, dovelike eyes of an uncertain blue looked sadly out from beneath anxious brows, and the mouth, which once must have expressed resolution, now, in its comparison, showed only endurance. This was a woman who had taken up life full of hope and spirit, but whom life had turned upon with blow after blow, till finally both hope and spirit were broken. Her days of enterprise were over.

She sat there with her hands listlessly folded, her work fallen unnoticed to the floor, and her eyes flushed with weeping. She had been sitting so an hour, ever since a visitor had left her; but, hearing a step on the stair and a child's voice singing, she started up, wiped her eyes, and mended the fire, her back turned toward the door as it opened.

A little girl of eight years old came in and gave her school-books a toss upon the table, crying out, in a boisterous, healthy voice, "O mother! I am starved! Give me something to eat."

"Supper will soon be ready, Nell," the mother said gently, drawing out the table.

"I can't wait!" cried the child. "My stomach is so empty that it feels as if there was a mouse there gnawing. You know we had nothing but bread and butter for dinner, and I do think that's a mean dinner. Why don't you have roast beef? I know lots of girls who have it every day."

"We can't afford it," the mother said falteringly. "Beef is very high."

"Well, what have you got for supper?" demanded the child. "You promised us something good."

"I have nothing but bread and butter, dear. I couldn't get anything else."

"Well, Mother Lane, I declare if that isn't too bad!" And the child flung herself angrily into a chair. "We don't have anything fit to eat, and I wish I could go and live with somebody that wouldn't starve me. I won't eat bread and butter, there now! I'm so sick of it that it chokes me."

The mother's face took a deeper shade, and her lip trembled, but she made no reply; and Nell sat angrily kicking her heels against the chair, and pouting her red lips.

Mrs. Lane knew well how vain is the attempt to teach a child gratitude for the necessaries of life. Children are grateful only for that which is superfluous, taking the rest as a matter of course, and they are not to be blamed either. For gratitude is a fruit, and not a flower, and those budding natures know not yet what it means. After a little while, another and a louder step sounded on the stairs, this time accompanied by a whistle; and the door opened noisily to give admittance to a boy of ten years old, who also flung his books down, and opened his cry:

"Mother, give me some money, quick! The oysterman is just at the end of the street, and I can get oysters enough for our supper for thirty cents. Hurry up, mother, or he'll go away!" And the boy performed a double-shuffle to relieve his impatience.

"I can't spare the money," his mother said faintly.

"Well, what have you got for supper, then?" he asked fretfully.

The mother made no answer, and the boy turned to his sister for an explanation.

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"Bread and butter!" said Nell, with an air of ferocious sarcasm.

"Well, if I ever!" pronounced her brother, standing still with his hands driven emphatically into the uttermost depths of his pockets, and looking at his mother with an air at once astonished and accusing. "If we live like this, I'll run away; see if I don't!"

She turned upon them with a look that was either desperate or angry.

"Children, wait till your sister comes home. Don't ask me for anything."

Frank gave the door a bang, pulled his cap still closer on to his head, since he ought to have pulled it off, and taking a seat by the window, sat kicking his chair in concert with his sister. The mother continued her preparations with the air of a culprit watched by her judges.

Unheard in this duet of heels, a softer step ascended the stairs, and a young lady opened the door and entered, a smile on her pretty face, her breath quickened and her color heightened by the run up-stairs, and waves of yellow hair drawn back from her white forehead. She tossed her hat aside, and sank into a chair.

"There, mother, I do feel tired and hungry," she said; then, catching a glimpse of her mother's face, started up, exclaiming, "What is the matter?"

"Mr. Sanborn has been here," Mrs. Lane answered unsteadily, without looking up.

The daughter's countenance showed her anticipation of evil news.

"And what of that?" she asked.

"He has raised the rent," was the faint answer.

"How much?"

"Eight dollars a month?"

"Impossible!" cried the daughter, flushing with excitement. "We pay now all that the three rooms are worth. He knows what my salary is, and that I cannot give any more."

"He says he can get that for the rooms," her mother said.

"Then we will go elsewhere!"

"We cannot!" whispered the mother despairingly, for the first time raising her woeful eyes. "Every place is full. They are going to tear down houses to widen two or three streets, and Mr. Sanborn says that people will have to go out of town to live."

"What are we to do!" exclaimed the girl, pacing excitedly to and fro. "We only just managed to get along before. Did you tell him, mother?"

"I told him everything, Anne; and he said that he was very sorry, but that his family was an expensive one, and it cost him a good deal to live; and, in short, that he must have the eight dollars more."

"He is a villain!" cried Anne Lane. "And I will tell him so. I should think his family *was* an expensive one. Look at their velvets, and laces, and silks! Look at their pictures and their curtains! One of my scholars told me to-day that Minnie Sanborn said they were going to have a Christmas-tree that will cost five hundred dollars. Think of that! And this is the way they pay for it!"

"Don't say anything to him, Anne," pleaded her mother, in a frightened tone. "Remember, he is one of the committee, and can take your school away from you."

The young teacher's countenance fell. It was true; her employment did, in some measure, depend on the good-will of this man.

She choked with the thought, then broke out again.

"The hypocrite! I have seen him at prayer-meetings, and heard him make long prayers and pious speeches."

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The mother sighed, and remained silent. She had been wont to check her daughter's somewhat free animadversions, and to make an effort, at least, to defend them of whom Anne said, "Their life laughs through and spits at their creed;" but now the bitter truth came too near.

There was a moment of silence, the children sitting still and awed, the mother waiting despondently, while the fatherless girl, who was the sole dependence of the household, did some rapid brain-work.

"You think he really means it, mother?" she asked, without pausing in her walk.

"Yes, there is no hope. I almost went on my knees to him."

There the widow's self-control broke down suddenly, and, putting her hands over her face, she burst into a passion of tears.

It is a terrible thing to see one's mother cry in that way; to see her, who soothed our childish sorrows, who seemed to us the fountain of all comfort, herself sorrowing, while we have no comfort to give.

Anne Lane's face grew pale with pain, and it seemed for a moment that she, too, would lose courage. But she was a brave girl, and love strengthened her.

"There, there, mother!" she said. "Don't cry! I guess we can make out some way. Couldn't we do with two rooms? I could sleep with you and Nell, and Frank could have a pillow out here on the sofa."

"I thought of that," the mother sobbed drearily. "But he said that the rooms go together."

The girl's breath came like that of some wild creature at bay.

"Then we must draw in our expenses somewhere. We must give up our seats in church, and I will do the washing."

"I meant to do the washing, dear," her mother said eagerly. "And perhaps I might get some work out of the shops. You know I have a good deal of time to spare."

Even as she spoke, a sharp cough broke through her words, and her face flushed painfully.

"No, mother, no!" the daughter said, resolutely holding back her tears. "You are not able to work. Just leave that to me. Washing makes round arms, and I find my elbows getting a little sharp. I can save money and bring the dimples back at the same time."

There was a knock at the door, and their laundress came in, a sober, sensible-looking Irishwoman.

"Good-evening, ma'am! Good-evening, miss! No, I won't sit down. I must go home and take my young ones off the street, and give 'em a bit of supper. I just stepped in to see if you want your washing done to-morrow."

Mrs. Lane looked appealingly to her daughter to answer.

"We are sorry, Mrs. Conners," Anne said, "but we shall have to do our own washing, this winter."

"O Lord!" cried the woman, leaning against the wall.

"There is no help for it," the girl continued, almost sharply, feeling that their own distresses were enough for them to bear. "Our rent has been raised, and we must save all we can."

"Oh! what'll I do, at all?" exclaimed the woman, lifting both hands.

"Why, the best you can; just as we do," was the impatient reply.

Mrs. Conners looked at them attentively, and for the first time perceived signs of trouble in their faces.

"The Lord pity us!" she said. "I don't blame you. But my rent is raised, too. I've got to pay five dollars a month for the rooms I have,

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and I don't know where I'll get it. It's little I thought to come to this when Patrick was alive—the Lord have mercy on him! The last thing he said to me when he went away to California was, 'Margaret, keep up courage, and don't let the children on the street; and I'll send you money enough to live on; and I'll soon come back and buy us a little farm.' And all I ever heard of him, since the day he left me, is the news of his death. Now I'll have to take the children and go to the poor-house. All I could do last winter only kept their mouths full, let alone rent. I couldn't put a stitch on them nor me; and you wouldn't believe how cold I am with no stockings to my feet, and little enough under my rag of a dress. I couldn't buy coal nor wood. The children picked up sticks in the street, and after my work was over I had to go down to the dump, and pick coal till my back was broke."

"Who is your landlord?" Mrs. Lane asked.

"Mr. Mahan—Andrew Mahan, that lives in a big house in the square. And he asks five dollars for two rooms in that shanty, that's squeezed into a bit of a place where nothing else would go. Besides, the house is so old that the rats have ate it half up, and what's left I could carry off on my back in a day. When Mr. Mahan came to-day, his dog crawled through the door before it was opened. I said to him, says I, 'Sir, when the wind and the rain take possession of a house, it belongs to God, and no man has a right to ask rent for it.' You see, I was mad. And so was he, by that same token."

"But he is an Irishman, and a member of your own church," said Anne.

"And why not?" demanded the woman. "Do you think that Yankees are the only ones that grind the poor? Yes, Mr. Mahan is rich, and he lives in style, and sends his daughters to a convent school in Montreal. And often I've seen him in church, dressed in his broad-cloths, and beating his breast, with his face the length of my arm, and calling himself a sinner; and troth, I thought to myself, 'that's true for ye!'"

Anne Lane went into her schoolroom the next morning with a burning heart, and it did not soothe her feelings to see Mr. Sanborn, her landlord, appear at the door, a few minutes after, smilingly escorting a clerical-looking stranger, who had come to visit the school.

Mr. Sanborn, though not an educated man, chose to consider himself a patron of education; made himself exceedingly consequential in school affairs, and had now brought a distinguished visitor to see his pet school, the "Excelsior." Anne Lane had one of the show-classes, and he began the exhibition with her.

"Commence, and go on with your exercises just as if there were no one here," he said, with a patronizing smile, after they had taken their seats. "This gentleman wishes to see the ordinary daily working of our system."

The first exercise was a reading from the Bible, and a prayer by the teacher, and Anne's fingers were unsteady as she turned over the leaves for a chapter. Her eyes sparkled as she caught sight of one, and her pulses tingled as she read, her fine, deliberate enunciation and strong emphasis arresting fully the attention of her hearers:

"Times are not hid from the Almighty: but they that know him, know not his days.

"Some have removed landmarks, have taken away flocks by force, and fed them.

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"They have violently robbed the fatherless, and stripped the poor common people.

"They have taken their rest at noon among the stores of them, who after having trodden the wine-presses suffer thirst.

"Out of the cities they have made men to groan; and God will not suffer it to pass unrevenged.

"Cursed be his portion upon the earth: let him not walk by the way of the vineyards.

"Let him pass from snow-water to excessive heat, and his sin even to hell.

"Let mercy forget him: may worms be his sweetness; let him be remembered no more, but be broken in pieces like an unfruitful tree."

Closing the book then, Anne Lane dropped her face into her shaking hands, and repeated, almost inaudibly, the Lord's prayer.

Mr. Sanborn was not dull, but he was incredulous. It was almost impossible that this little school-mistress would dare to mean *him*. Yet that new sternness in the young face, ordinarily so smiling, the passion in her voice, with the remembrance of his last interview with Mrs. Lane, altogether made up a pretty strong case against her.

"She makes a strange selection from the Scriptures to read to children," whispered the stranger to him, as Anne hurriedly went through with the first recitations.

"Very strange, sir! very strange!" answered the other, stammering with anger. "And what is worse, it is intended as an insult to me. I have found it necessary to raise the rent of my houses. She is a tenant of mine, and this is her revenge. I hope, sir, that if you have anything to say on the subject, you will not hesitate to speak freely."

The Rev. Mr. Markham sat and considered the case, laying down certain points in his mind. Firstly, women should be sweet, humble, and modest. Secondly, sweetness, modesty, and humility, with firmness and patience, should especially characterize a teacher of youth. Thirdly, persons in authority, clergymen, school-committee men, etc., should be treated with scrupulous respect by all their subordinates.

The reverend gentleman put on his spectacles, the better to see this young woman who had so boldly vetoed his fundamental doctrines. She held herself very erect, no modest droop whatever; there was a little flicker of heat-lightning in her eyes, and a steady, dark-red spot on each cheek; moreover, she had red hair. Verdict for the plaintiff. She must have a reprimand, a warning, and, on repetition of the offence, must be informed that she is no longer considered a suitable person to mould the minds of youth.

Poor little Anne Lane! This great, stupid, conceited man did not dream that her aching heart was laden with sweetness as a hive with honey, and that what he called a sweet woman was a sugar-coated woman. He did not allow that there might be some exceptions to his third rule. The reprimand was delivered pitilessly, the warning made sufficiently plain; then the two gentlemen withdrew, leaving the teacher pale and stunned. The visitor had taken the coldest possible leave, and Mr. Sanborn had not noticed her at all.

"Oh! why did I yield to anger?" she thought, in terror and distress. "What right have the poor to feelings, to thoughts? How dare they denounce wrong, even when they die by it? What was I thinking of?"

A thrill of pain ran through her every nerve at this last question.

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She had been thinking all the time of her mother's sobbing words, "I almost went on my knees to him!"

The month crept on toward Christmas. Unknown to her daughter, Mrs. Lane had spent day after day going about the shops and vainly soliciting work. She had not sufficient clothing to protect her from the weather; she was weakened by sorrow and anxiety, and the disease, which had long been threatening and reaching out for her, made a final grasp. With a terror, all the more terrible in that she could not speak of it, she felt her lungs give way and her breath grow shorter. What would her young children do without her? If she should be long ill, how were the doctor's bills to be paid? How were the funeral expenses to be met? What crushing burden, beside the sorrow, was she going to lay upon the already burdened shoulders of her poor little girl? She only prayed that the blow might fall swiftly. Poor people can't afford to die leisurely.

One day, about a week before Christmas, Anne came home and found her mother lying senseless upon the floor. Mrs. Lane had held up as long as she could, and now her powers of endurance were gone. But she had her prayer, for the blow fell swiftly. On Christmas morning all her troubles passed away.

Christmas evening came, and all was still in the house. The neighbors had kindly done what they could, and two of them sat with the lifeless form of what had once been the mother of these children. Frank and Nell had cried themselves to sleep, and Anne was left with the night upon her hands. She could not sleep, and she could not pray. The faith that comforts in sorrow she knew not. She had wept till her head reeled, and the air of the house stifled her.

"I must get out and take the air, or I shall go crazy," she thought. And, dressing hastily, she went out into the bright and frosty night. She wandered aimlessly about the streets, scarcely knowing where she went; not caring, indeed, so long as she walked and felt the wind in her face.

"Christ on earth?" she thought. "I don't believe it! It's all a fable."

On her way she met Mrs. Conners, weeping bitterly. She was going to the watch-house after her little girl. Biddy had stolen a turkey from a shop-window, and a policeman had caught her.

"It is the first thing the child ever stole," the poor woman said; "and what made her do it was hunger. We haven't had a taste of meat in the house this month, and poor Biddy heard the other girls tell what they had for dinner, and it made her mad."

Anne listened as one in a dream, and went on without a word. Presently she came into a sharp glare of light that fell across the sidewalk from a brilliantly illuminated window. She paused to look in, not because she cared what it was, but because she longed for distraction. There was a long suite of parlors, showily if not tastefully furnished, and filled with a gay company, many of them children. In the farthest end of the rooms stood a magnificent Christmas-tree, decked with colored candles, flowers, and fruits, and hanging full of presents. The company were all assembled about the tree, and, as she looked, a smiling gentleman stepped up, with the air of a host, and began to distribute the Christmas gifts.

Anne Lane's heart stood still when she recognized Mr. Sanborn.

"O you murderer!" she moaned, as she sank exhausted on the

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icy steps. "Your candles and your flowers are red with my mother's blood!"

When the Christmas angels looked down upon the earth that night to see how fared the millions, to whom in the morning they had sung their song of joy, their eyes beheld alike the rich man in his parlor and the stricken girl who lay outside his door.

Did they record of him that he had "kept the feast," and worthily remembered one who came that day "to fill the hungry with good things"?

Or did they write against him the fearful judgment which had once already sounded in his ears,

> "Let mercy forget him:
> Let him be remembered no more"?

THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which has just closed its labors, was looked forward to with much interest by all Episcopalians. Each of the two important sections of which their communion is composed was anxious for a better explanation of some disputed points, or, at least, for a vindication of its own interpretation of doctrine. It was supposed that something would be settled in regard to the many vexed questions of dogma and ritual which perplex the public no less than the members of the church itself. For even the public are interested to know what a church believes and professes, and especially if that church makes any pretensions to authority. On a careful review, however, of the journal, we believe that, while a few are gratified, many are disappointed. Some are gratified that no direct attack was allowed against their own favorite opinions; while both High-Churchmen and Low-Churchmen stand precisely where they stood before, no nearer each other, and no better satisfied with the condition of things. Moderation, we are told, is the characteristic of the Episcopal Church, by which we are led to understand the sweet blending of contrarieties and contradictions, and the permission to every one to believe what approves itself to his private judgment. Catholics can hardly comprehend such a harmony in discord, or discord in harmony. Even candid minds, with no religious bias, are unable to appreciate how contrary doctrines can be held in one and the same church, and by equal authority. Our own opinion of this convention is, that it has accomplished nothing for doctrine, nothing to heal the disputes of its members, very little for discipline, and not very much for the extension of the Episcopal communion, although some of the plans proposed are good in themselves. We strongly incline to think that very many Episcopalians will coincide with our judgment. Under these three heads—of doctrine, discipline, and church extension—let us briefly review the labors of the convention.

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I. It seems that the Nicene Creed was under consideration, and that there was a strong intention to restore it to its "original form;" but the *Church Record* says that it was left untouched *for the present.* If this important and ancient symbol had been altered, there would have been quite an advance in doctrine. A committee has been appointed to prepare an accurate translation from the original Greek for the use of the next convention. It therefore bides its time, when the same body which expunged the Athanasian Creed may leave out the proper doctrine of the Trinity, or the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, or the communion of saints, or any other point of Christian dogma. Nevertheless, by this convention nothing was done on this subject.

The project of bracketing those portions of the Prayer-Book which embody the doctrine of baptismal regeneration was not favored by the committee on canons; and a motion to refer a proposition for striking out the words, "Whosesoever sins thou dost remit, they are remitted," was very summarily disposed of. It was decided not to alter anything, to leave regeneration in the baptismal service for the gratification of High-Churchmen, and also the denial of it in the Articles for the consolation of Low-Churchmen.

This was the wisest course, and on this point we record with satisfaction, "Nothing done."

As to the ordinal, the bishops are not obliged to say, "Whose sins thou dost remit," etc., when they do not believe it, as it is only to be used at option, and can therefore put the whole offensive doctrine in their pockets. Why, then, should the wisdom of an ecclesiastical body be disturbed on a mere matter of opinion? Here, again, nothing was done.

So by the convention in both orders, nothing has been done in the way of doctrine, save to leave all matters precisely as they were, in full freedom for both sides. And here an anecdote comes forcibly to our memory which illustrates the moderation and liberty of the Episcopal communion. A young candidate was under examination for deacon's orders before one of the oldest and wisest of the High-Church bishops. "How," said that prelate, "do you receive the Thirty-nine Articles?" "I receive them," said the candidate, "in such a way as not to contradict the rest of the Prayer-Book." "Perfectly right," replied the bishop; "and moreover, it is the General Convention which imposes the articles upon you, and this body is composed of all degrees of churchmen, from those who hang on the walls of Rome to those who breathe the atmosphere of Geneva. Between these two extremes, my son, you have perfect liberty." And the young man was made a deacon, and went away rejoicing that he had freedom of conscience and a wide range of opinion, which he certainly had. But if the Lower House, consisting of ministers and laymen, has been so prudent, the Upper House has terribly committed itself. In the Catholic Church the bishops alone are allowed to give judicial opinions in doctrine; while among the Episcopalians, we believe that both houses of the convention are equally authoritative, and that one has a negative upon the other. What the bishops have done, therefore, does not propose to bind the conscience of any one, we presume; yet certainly their solemn pastoral ought to be received with great re-

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spect, and be considered at least as an indication of the doctrinal position of their church. In this pastoral, we find some remarkably interesting points, in regard to which, though we may say nothing was *done*, we cannot say nothing was spoken.

This address to the whole Episcopalian body asserts first that "the incarnate God hath committed the great commission wherewith he came into the world to *fallible* men." What, then, is to prevent the utter failure of this great commission, and the complete ruin of all Christ's work? "To his ministers," saith the pastoral, "thus weak and subject to error, he hath given his infallible word, that, without peril of misleading their flock, they may instruct them with all authority by speaking always according to the Scriptures." Who is to know, then, that these ministers speak according to the Scriptures, especially when they differ one from another? Bishop Lee spoke very plainly at the opening of the convention, and his interpretation of the Scriptures gave some offence. Common sense pauses for a reply. Each one must decide for himself whether his minister speaks according to the Bible; and this being granted (which is the fundamental position of all Protestant bodies) we do not see the use of ministers, much less of bishops, much less of a council of bishops. Christ's great commission, according to the Episcopalian prelates, hinges on the chance that the Bible will be circulated and rightly interpreted. The history of religion since the Reformation does not cause us to think much of this chance.

The next point asserted in the pastoral is the necessity of communion with the visible church. It is indeed asserted somewhat equivocally, and with a *caveat*, that "the proper individuality of every soul must not be merged in its corporate relations to the body of Christ," an expression which we do not at all understand. How the merging is to be accomplished we do not see, unless by some physical process, and we are very glad the bishops do not recommend it. Yet they say that "the necessity of membership in the communion of which Christ is the head, is a truth of vital importance." We presume they mean here a union with the *visible* body of Christ, for otherwise they would really assert nothing, since what Christian denies the necessity of union with Christ? And again, where would be the danger of merging an individual in an invisible body?

But then comes the great question, Where is the body of Christ, with which membership is necessary? Do the bishops mean to say it is the Episcopal Church, and that it is necessary to belong to their communion in order to be saved? We do not really know what they mean, but are quite persuaded that they do not intend to unchurch all the rest of mankind, and hence come to the conclusion that these words are to be taken in a figurative sense, that having spoken *much* they have said nothing.

Now comes the great trouble which oppresses the prelates. "The unscriptural and *uncatholic* pretensions of the Bishop of Rome, as in times past, so now, are a fruitful source of error and evil." The pope has done all the mischief, he did it in the early times, he did it in the middle ages, and he will keep doing it now. What is it that he does "which is the bar to the restoration of the unity of Christendom?" Why, he fulfils the promise of our Lord: "Thou art Peter,

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and on this rock I will build my church." There is no visible body without a head, and he is that head by the appointment of Christ. We think the blame ought to be laid upon him who founded the church and made the Papacy. He made his church to be *one*, with one head, when it seems that he ought to have made it capable of division.

The bishops then urge upon their brethren to teach that "Jesus Christ is the living centre of unity;" that "his true vicar is the Holy Ghost;" that "the visible expression of catholic unity is the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, the breaking of bread and prayers."

Is it the English language which here we read, and is it our mother-tongue which thus is made to confuse our minds? If any one understands these phrases, we compliment him upon his sagacity. We do not honestly believe that the venerable prelate who wrote them knows what he means, or intends others to know.

"Jesus Christ is the living centre of unity." Certainly; but we have been speaking of a *visible* unity, and Jesus Christ is not visible to us. The vicar of Christ is the Holy Ghost, a singular office for the third person of the undivided Trinity, and he is not visible either. The invisible Christ has an invisible vicar on earth, and this is the coequal and coeternal Spirit! The visible expression of Catholic unity is the "apostles' doctrine and fellowship, the breaking of bread and prayers."

Oh! for the good and honest heart among the Episcopalians to see that these words are empty sounds which mean nothing at all. "Where is the apostles' doctrine and fellowship?" Is it in the Episcopal Church alone, and if not, where is it? The bishops ought to have said that *their* doctrine was the apostles', that *their* fellowship was the apostles', or if they had doubts on the point, they should have told us unequivocally where to find these important and absolutely necessary "expressions of catholic unity." We are here reminded of an old negro who in our young days used to speak Latin fluently; but as his phrases were made up of plural genitives, we could only hear the sonorous "*Bonorum, filiorum, malorum, optimorum*," without comprehending one single word. In like manner, with at least the common intelligence which God has given us, we do not comprehend this pastoral, unless it really means, in circumlocution, to say nothing.

The bishops then go on to defend the Anglican reformation, and hold up to condemnation the attempts made by some High-Churchmen to disparage it. And in this connection they "especially condemn any doctrine of the Holy Eucharist which implies that after consecration the proper nature of bread and wine does not remain, which *localizes* in them the bodily presence of our Lord, which allows any adoration other than that of Christ himself." Here we do think the prelates have said something, and we can understand what they mean. We would have preferred that they should have used language more direct, and without any insinuations. But we understand them to say that the bread and wine are unchanged by their consecration, and that there is no presence of Christ at all in the Eucharist. For as he is very man, his presence must necessarily be a *bodily* one, and must be localized. We Catholics adore the blessed sacrament only because it is Christ himself; because the bread and wine are changed into his body. The bishops here deny any such pre-

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sence of Christ, and go on to assert that the humanity of our Lord is only to be found at the right hand of God in heaven.

For this reason, very appropriately, the ceremonies of the ritualists are denounced, because they are built upon a doctrine which supposes Christ to be present on the altar. Will it now be believed that the organ of the ritualists, in New York, expresses itself pleased with this part of the pastoral? We blush for the insincerity and dishonesty of men who love to call themselves "*Catholic priests.*" They are satisfied with this open denial of any real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, and "they will work on with new vigor, cheered and *sustained* by the admonitions of their fathers in God." If such admonitions cheer them, what kind of admonition would dishearten them?

No, my friends, you are not cheered, nor sustained; but being determined to make the best of your cause, you strive to look pleasant. God is the judge. You may deceive yourselves and mislead others, but you are responsible to him for calling white black, and black white.

On questions of doctrine we find, then, that the convention has done nothing, save that the bishops have asserted, on their own authority, that Christ's commission has been committed to a *fallible* instrumentality; that communion with the body of Christ is necessary, while no instructions are given as to what and where that body is to be found; that the pope is the great obstacle to catholic unity; that the vicar of our Lord on earth is the Holy Ghost; that the Anglican reformation is good and to be imitated; that there is no presence whatever of Christ in the Holy Eucharist; and that the extravagances of the ritualists are entirely to be condemned.

We do not remember any ecclesiastical body which has said more striking things than these; but as no canons have been made, we must only take them as the opinions of the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1868.

II. In regard to discipline, we find that there were discussions on many subjects, but that very few laws were passed.

In the early part of the session, an attempt was made to change the name of their body from "General Convention" to "National Council," or something similar. The disputes were quite racy, one member insisting that "convention" was a *dirty* word. But the delegates were unwilling to rebaptize themselves, and after three or four days the whole thing was dropped.

The singing by the boys in surplices, which we believe is usual in Trinity chapel, was so much objected to by some of the members, that they withdrew from the church during the service, until the point was conceded and the boys were put away. No canon, however, was introduced on this subject. Shortly after, the sessions of the deputies were removed to the church of the Transfiguration, where the *Church Record* tells us that "the music was led by some of the deputies, and a beautiful marble altar, with a *large* brass cross, and a pair of candlesticks *with candles*, added to the solemnity of the scene." We are glad that our ritualistic friends had such great consolations.

The question of adopting the provincial system of the Catholic Church, which would have practically made Dr. Potter an archbishop and Bishop Smith a kind of patriarch, was under

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consideration, but finally gave way to the "federation of dioceses," which means, we believe, the small convention of a few dioceses, instead of the large one of them all. The small one is, however, to be subject to the large one.

A canon was passed that no clergyman shall unite in marriage any divorced persons having a husband or wife living, except the innocent party in a suit for divorce on the ground of adultery. This is a great advance toward the law promulgated by our Lord, St. Matthew v. 32 and xix. 9. The next time they will probably take the whole verse, and adopt the latter clause, as well as the former. We congratulate the Episcopal Church upon this really serious improvement in a practice pregnant with great evil.

Some canons were also adopted concerning clerical support and the trials of ministers, which have no general interest and need not here be enumerated.

The Rev. Mr. Tyng and his friends were quite anxious to get the canon, in pursuance of which he was admonished, altered or interpreted; but after several discussions they failed to accomplish anything favorable to their cause, the temper of the majority of the convention being adverse to any changes. A slight amendment to what the *Church Record* calls the "canon on *intrusion*" was passed, and the officiating of *dissenting* ministers is positively forbidden. The most unpleasant part of this matter is that, in the opinion of the Low-Churchmen, the canon is not yet quite clear. They do not understand it as some of their brethren do; and we are told that, even during the session of the convention, the Rev. Mr. Tyng permitted a Presbyterian minister to preach in his church.

A very important improvement was made, however, by which Catholic priests who leave the church, and desire to become Episcopalian ministers, shall be put upon a longer probation. Heretofore only six months were necessary; now a full year is required. We think this change important for the Episcopal Church, because, as far as our experience goes, priests, who put themselves in such a position, require quite a long period to fit themselves for so honorable a profession. We hope, for the well-being of the Protestant Episcopal ministry, they will at the next convention extend this probation to six years. They may rest assured they will have no cause to regret it.

The subject of ritual attracted considerable attention. Various memorials were presented against the innovations of late days, by which the practices of the Catholic Church have been fitted into the Prayer-Book. It was proposed to prohibit by canon the wearing of other vestments than the surplice, black stole, bands, and gown; surpliced choirs, candlesticks, crucifixes, super-altars, bowing at the name of Jesus, the use of the sign of the cross, elevation of the *elements* or *of the alms*, and the use of incense. After some excitement, the whole matter was referred to the committee on canons, who, being divided in opinion, gave two contradictory reports. The majority report recommends moderation and forbearance, that every one be careful to do right, and that then there can be no just cause of offence. In any doubt as to what is right, reference should be made to the Ordinary, whose godly counsel in each diocese should be the rule of opinion. The minority of the committee were in favor of passing a law forbidding the objectionable practices which we have

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enumerated. After a very protracted discussion, neither of the reports was accepted; but a resolution was adopted which asks "the House of Bishops to set forth at the next convention such additional rubrics in the Book of Common Prayer as, in their judgment, may be decided necessary;" and that in the meanwhile reference should be made in each case to the diocesan. The House of Bishops replied that, while they would not think of altering the Prayer-Book, they would consider the whole subject, with a view to action, if it should be thought expedient at the next convention.

Thus the whole matter is postponed for three years, and, in the interim, ritualists must seek such dioceses as are favorable to their views. While Dr. Potter has no objection to the use of Catholic vestments, we see no reason why Dr. Dix and his friends should not come out at once with the chasuble and the incense. We earnestly hope, for the cause of honesty and truth, that they will do so. The case is different under the *régimes* of Bishops Coxe and McIlvaine who are seriously opposed to any alterations of the existing ritual. Ritualists must migrate to the bishops whose godly counsels will allow them freedom of action. It is true, as we have seen, that the pastoral of the whole House of Bishops condemns their practices; but in spite of this each one of the prelates may have his own counsel, "not having merged his individuality in his corporate relations to the body of Christ."

III. It remains to consider what the convention has done in regard to the extension of their own church, as was its first interest. Under this head we can briefly review what was said upon the relations of the Episcopal Church to other Christian bodies, and the views expressed by the deputies upon the condition and growth of their own communion.

In regard to other Christian denominations, the Episcopal Church is singularly unfortunate. It has communion with no other body of Christians in the entire world. It objects to the other Protestant sects, on the ground that they are irregular, and refuses to allow any of their ministers to officiate in its churches, as we have seen by "the canon on intrusion." It calls itself a *branch* of the catholic church, that is to say, those who speak for it call it by this title. The other branches are the Eastern churches and the Roman Catholic Church; at least, we are told so by those who say anything on this branch theory. With these other branches the Episcopal Church has no communion, however, and is not likely to have any. Nothing need be said of the Roman Church, for its action and language have always been decided and clear. But the Eastern branches have condemned the Anglican doctrine and orders much more plainly than the Episcopalians have condemned their Protestant brethren. Not one single instance has been found where a Greek bishop has been willing to give communion to a member of the Anglican branch, without the abjuration of his errors; and the rejection of the orders of the English ministers is as unequivocal in the East as it is in the West. Moreover, the doctrines specially condemned by the Thirty-nine Articles are held as firmly in the Eastern branch as in the Western. With all due respect, therefore, we agree with Bishop Lee, and say that, if the Episcopal Church is not a Protestant church, it has no right to be a church at all. Why then do our High-Church friends hanker after the patronage of

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the Greek Church? It will not help them any as far as the Catholics are concerned, and it will certainly fail to make the disinterested public think any better of their claims. They may go upon their faces before the Archbishop of Moscow, and "compromise themselves;" but though like a gentleman he will treat them with courtesy, he will have a meaner opinion of them, and in his heart will say, "Gentlemen, if you have no feet of your own to stand upon, it seems to me you had better sit down."

The High-Churchmen, who seemed to have had the upper hand in the convention, have established a committee on church unity. This able body is to labor on this important subject, with probably the same results as hitherto. No care seems to be given to the thousand Protestant bodies who came into the world either before or after the Episcopal Church. They are out of the question, and, if they want religious unity, must look for it by themselves. But all attention is devoted to the East, where, if they could get even a passing smile, as if of recognition, it would do their hearts good. Perhaps now they will get it, because they have gone so far as to recognize the jurisdiction of the Greek Church in Alaska. The *Church Record* calls this a great advance, and we suppose it means that they will send no ministers to Alaska, because, if they did, it would conflict with the authority of the Greek bishop. This makes it bad for any Episcopalian who may go up there, since they will have no church to go to. The Greek Church will not admit them to its communion, and they cannot have any of their own. The upholders of the branch-theory must, however, put up with this small inconvenience.

Three years are now to be spent in making an accurate translation of the Nicene Creed in "the original Greek." Then we expect to see "the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son" omitted in the Prayer-Book. The question is not whether it is true, or whether the Scriptures teach it. The only question is, Does the Eastern branch receive it? If it does not, then it must go. But we venture to inquire if the learned committee has made itself sure that the authorities at Moscow will be satisfied with this simple concession. We know that there is no evidence like that of sight, and hence respectfully recommend the authorities of the convention to go to the East, and there ask for a recognition. Then, when three years come around, we shall hear some positive answer. It would be a pity to alter the Creed, without any recompense whatever.

Sympathy is also expressed with the Italians who are trying to subvert the temporal power of the pope, and especially with those priests who would like to reform the Catholic Church after the model of the Anglican communion. One gentleman of much information asked, in the convention, if there really was any movement of the kind in Italy. He said he had read many travels, and had travelled himself extensively, and had never seen or heard of any *good* priests who were disposed to turn Protestants, and as for the bad ones, he had not much faith in them. The committee replied that, in their opportunities for correspondence, they had seen much, and the results would one day appear. We wait in patience, then, to see how many good and moral priests will appear in what will probably be called the Protestant Episcopal Church in Italy. As the East, however, is nearer to them than the United States, and as England

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is somewhat passive, we would suggest that this new church be placed, for a time at least, under the jurisdiction of some Greek bishop. This will be more convenient, and less likely to offend, because the Greek bishops cannot marry as the Anglican bishops have power to do. But then a perplexing question will arise. If the Eastern branch has jurisdiction in Alaska, has not the Roman branch some jurisdiction in Italy? This is among the perplexities of the branch theory. To plain common sense, a church with branches is not *one* church, and to Catholics the ultra-Protestant theory is far more tenable. We believe, therefore, that the efforts toward church union will only prove more plainly the isolation of the Episcopal Church from all other Christian bodies. We are for the largest liberty possible with truth, but we are not for falsehood; and we have a right to demand that a man shall call himself what he *is*, and not persist in calling himself what he *is not*.

The view of the state of the church given by the committee is quite a favorable one, though we do not see that Episcopalians are largely increasing by conversion. Several new dioceses were formed, which will, no doubt, divide labor if they do not multiply population. The most important subject which engrossed the convention was that of education; and the principle, so long acted upon by the Catholic Church, was virtually adopted.

It was resolved to establish parochial schools wherever possible, in order to save the young from perversion by the many popular errors of our day. We earnestly hope that this resolution will generally be acted upon. It is quite evident that any denomination which has positive doctrines to teach must take care early to teach its children the principles of faith, and that a system of education without Christianity is effectually an infidel system. When the Episcopalians shall have built their parochial schools, they will be able to appreciate the labors of Catholics, who, far poorer, and far more numerous, have never been willing to trust their children to the public schools. Then perhaps they will unite with us in asking the state legislatures for a just proportion of the funds raised by taxation and devoted to the education of the young. We could never see anything but simple justice in this demand. The action of the Episcopal Convention, if carried out, will be an advance in favor of our practice, and an argument for the propriety of our claims.

The bishops express themselves in their pastoral as anxious to promote the works of mercy and education, by the establishment of communities of men and women. We understand that such organizations are to be devoted to the service of the poor, sick, and ignorant, and that they are to be modelled after the plan of our Christian Brothers or our Sisters of Charity and Mercy. They are to be, however, "free from ensnaring vows or enforced confessions." The members are to come and go when they please, and devote themselves to the labors of the community as long as they are disposed, free to leave, without scruple, at any time. We fear that on such principles communities would not hold together long, nor always act together; but we are very desirous that the Episcopalians should thoroughly try them. Confession is to be permitted, it seems, when it is not forced; hence it would appear that the House of Bishops is in favor of *voluntary* confession for the members of these proposed as-

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sociations. Any step of this kind is a great advance, for it leads the earnest mind toward the true Bride of the Lamb, "whose clothing is of wrought gold." It is hard to see why voluntary confession should be permitted to these communities and not to the Episcopalians in general. But perhaps the bishops did not mean to favor sacramental confession, although they would seem to do so by the language of the pastoral.

In this brief summary we have given what seems to us a candid review of the work of the last Episcopal Convention, as it interests Catholics and the public generally. If at any time there has been anything savoring of the ridiculous or comical in our language, we beg our reader to refer it to the subject-matter, and not to any intention of ours. He that makes assumptions of prerogatives to which he has no title will certainly excite the laughter of his neighbors. The historian who simply records facts is in no way to blame. When Episcopalian ministers call themselves Catholic priests, people will innocently laugh: and perhaps we ourselves, with all our courtesy, could not refrain from a smile. In like manner, when a church isolates itself from all the world by claims which everybody else on earth denies to it, there is something of the ridiculous in its position, and, while we may be pained, we are at the same time amused. If the committee on church union will only labor a little harder, and once in a while travel abroad, they may perhaps open the eyes of not a few.

The Episcopal Church must work either for us or for Protestantism. It has no harvest of its own to reap, and there is no middle ground for the honest mind. It has already sent many a gifted and pure soul to the home of truth and purity, and we Catholics are daily gathering in those whom it has led to our gates. We wish it God-speed in this work of conversion—in this, perhaps unintentional, labor of love. Let the so-called "Catholic priests" go on, and unprotestantize and catholicize their flocks. They will never be able to feed the hunger they have excited, nor satisfy the cravings of the heart in which God the Redeemer is showing the marks of his love. We stand ready for them and their children, to show them a truth and beauty which are real—a church which is not the work of imagination, but a living reality, formed and sustained by the incarnate Word. God grant that they sport not too long with shadows—that they delay not too long before the portals of Sion! "The night cometh in which no man can work." "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

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CHRISTMAS.

GOD an Infant—born to-day!
Born to live, to die, for me!
Bow, my soul; adoring say:
"Lord, I live, I die, for Thee."
Humble then, but fearless, rise:
Seek the manger where He lies.

Tread with awe the solemn ground:
Though a stable mean and rude,
Wondering angels all around
Throng the seeming solitude:
Swelling anthems, as on high,
Hymn a second Trinity.*

Lo, in bands of swathing wrapt,
Meekly sleeps a tender Form:
God on bed of straw is lapt!
Breaths of cattle keep Him warm!
King of glory, can it be
Thou art thus for love of me?

Hail, my Jesus, Lord of might!
Who in tiny, helpless hand
Thy creations infinite
Holdest as a grain of sand!
Hail, *my* Jesus—all my own!
Mine, as if but mine alone!

God made Man, and Man made God—
Natures Two in Person One,
I adore Thy Precious Blood,
Pulsing, burning to atone:
I adore Thy Sacred Heart,
Surest proof of what Thou art.

* Jesus, Mary, and Joseph are called by theologians "The Earthly Trinity."

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Hail, my Lady—full of grace!
Maiden Mother, hail to thee!
Poring on the radiant Face,
Thine a voiceless ecstasy;
Yet, sweet Mother, let me dare
Join the worship of thy prayer.

Mother of God—O wondrous name!
Bending seraphs hail thee Queen.
Mother of God—yet still the same
Mary thou hast ever been:
Still so lowly, though so great:
Mortal, yet immaculate!

O'er our exile's troubled sea,
Thou the star, no sky shall dim:
Christ our Light we owe to thee—
Him to thee, and thee to Him.
Take my heart, then: let it be
Thine in Him, and His in thee.

Joseph, hail—of gentlest power!
Shadow of the Father thou:
Thine to shield in danger's hour
Whom thy presence comforts now.
Mary trusts to thee her Child;
He, His Mother undefiled.

Teach me thou, then, how to live
All for them—my only all;
Looking to thy arm to give
Help in trial or in fall;
Till 'tis mine with thee to prove
What it is to die of love.

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FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN AND CHATRIAN.

THE INVASION; OR, YEGOF THE FOOL.

CHAPTER XIV.

At seven o'clock everything was still quiet.

From time to time Dr. Lorquin opened a window of the great hall and looked abroad. Nothing was stirring; even the fires had gone out.

Louise, seated near her father, gazed sadly and tenderly upon him. She seemed to fear that she would never again see him, and her reddened eyes showed that she had been weeping.

Hullin, though firm, showed signs of emotion.

The doctor and the Anabaptist, both grave and solemn in their manner, were conversing, and Lagarmitte, behind the stove, listened thoughtfully to their words.

"We have not only the right, but it is our duty to defend ourselves," the doctor was saying. "Our fathers cleared these woods and cultivated the land. They are now rightfully ours."

"Doubtless," answered the Anabaptist; "but it is written, Thou shalt not kill! Thou shalt not spill thy brother's blood!"

Catherine Lefevre, whom this view of matters annoyed, turned suddenly from her work, saying:

"Then if we believed as you do, we would let the Germans and Russians drive us from house and home. Your religion is a famous one for thieves! The Allies ask nothing better, I am sure. I do not wish to insult you, Pelsly; you have been brought up in these notions; but we will defend you despite yourself. I love to hear of peace, but not when the enemy is at our doors."

Pelsly remained mute from astonishment, and Doctor Lorquin could not repress a smile.

At the same moment the door opened, and a sentry entered, crying:

"Master Jean-Claude, come! I believe they are advancing."

"I am coming, Simon," answered Hullin, rising. "Embrace me, Louise. Courage, my child; fear not, all will go well."

He clasped her to his bosom and his eyes filled with tears. She seemed more dead than living.

"Be sure," said he to Catherine, "to let no one go out or approach the windows."

He rushed from the house to the edge of the plateau, and cast his eyes toward Grandfontaine and Framont, thousands of feet below him.

The Germans had arrived the evening before, a few hours after the Cossacks. They had passed the night, to the number of five or six thousand, in barns, stables, or under sheds, and were now clustering like ants, pouring from every door in tens and twenties, and hurrying to buckle on knapsacks, fasten sabres, or fix bayonets.

Others — cavalry — Uhlans, Cossacks, hussars, in green, gray, and blue uniforms, faced with red or yellow, with caps of waxed cloth or lamb-skin, were hastily saddling their horses or rolling their blankets.

Trumpets were sounding at every street-corner, and drummers were

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tightening their drum-cords. Every phase of military life seemed there.

A few peasants, stretching their heads out of their windows, gazed at all this ; women crowded at the garret-windows, and innkeepers filled flasks.

Nothing escaped Hullin, and such scenes were not new to him, but Lagarmitte was petrified with wonder.

" How many they are !" he cried.

" Bah !" returned Hullin ; " what does that matter? In my time, we annihilated three armies of fifty thousand each of that same race in six months, and we were not one to four. Rest easy, however ; we shall not have to kill all these ; they will fly like hares. You will see."

These judicious reflections uttered, he turned back to the *abatis*, and the two followed a path which had been made in the snow a couple of days before. The snow, hardened by the frost, had become ice, and the trees formed an impassable barrier. Below lay the ruined road.

As he appeared, Jean-Claude saw the mountaineersfrom Dagsberg in groups, twenty paces distant from each other, in round holes like nests which they had dug for themselves. These brave fellows were seated on their haversacks, their fox-skin caps pulled down over their heads and their muskets between their knees. They had only to rise to view the road fifty yards beneath them at the foot of a very slippery slope.

" Ha, Master Jean-Claude ! When is the work to begin ?"

" Easy, my boys ; do not be impatient ; in an hour you will have enough to do."

" So much the better."

" Aim well at the height of the breast, and don't expose yourselves more than you can help."

" Never fear for us, Master Jean-Claude."

" Do not forget to cease firing when Lagarmitte winds his horn ; we cannot afford to lose powder."

He found Materne at his post, lighting his pipe ; the old man's beard was frozen almost solid.

" They seem to be in no hurry to attack," said Jean-Claude. " Can it be that they will take another route through the mountains ?"

" Never fear it," answered the old man. " They need the road for their artillery and baggage. Listen ! The bugles are sounding, ' Boots and saddles.' But do you know, Hullin," asked the hunter with a low chuckle, " what I saw a while ago in Grandfontaine ? I saw four Austrians knock old Dubreuil, the friend of the Allies, down and thrash him well with sticks, the old wretch ! It did my heart good. I suppose he refused some of his wine to his good friends."

Hullin listened to no more ; for, happening to cast his eyes to the valley, he saw a regiment of infantry debouching on the road. Beyond, in the street, cavalry were advancing, five or six officers galloping in front.

" At last !" cried the old soldier, his face lighting up with a look of fierce determination—" at last !"

And dashing along the line, he cried :

" Attention, men of the Vosges !"

Lagarmitte followed with his bugle. Ten minutes after, when the two, all breathless, had reached the pinnacle of the rock, they saw the enemy's column fifteen hundred feet beneath them, about three thousand strong, with their long white coats, canvas-gaiters, bear-skin shakos, and red mustaches, their young officers, sword in hand, curveting in the intervals between the companies,

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and from time to time turning round and shouting hoarsely, "Forvertz! forvertz!" while above the line the bayonets flashed and glittered in the sun.

They were pressing on to the *abatis* at the *pas de charge.*

Old Materne, too, saw the Germans advancing, and his keen eyes could even note the individuals of the mass. In a moment he had chosen his quarry.

In the middle of the column, on a tall bay horse, rode an old officer, wearing a white peruke, a three-cornered hat heavily laced with gold, and a yellow sash. His breast was covered with ribbons, and his thick black plumes danced merrily as he cantered on.

"There is my man!" muttered the hunter, as he slowly brought his piece to his shoulder.

A report, a wreath of white smoke, and the old officer had disappeared.

In a moment the whole line of intrenchments rattled with musketry; but the Austrians, without replying, pressed steadily upward, their ranks as regular and well aligned as if they were on parade; and to speak truth, many a brave mountaineer, mayhap the father of a family, as he saw that forest of bayonets come on, thought that perhaps he might better have remained at home in his village than have shouldered his rifle for its defence. But as the proverb says, the wine was drawn, naught but to drink remained!

When two hundred paces from the *abatis*, the enemy halted, and began a rolling fire, such as the mountain echoes had never before replied to. Bullets hailed on every side, cutting the branches, scattering the icicles, and flattening themselves on the rocks; their continued hiss was like the humming of a swarm of bees.

All this did not arrest the fire of the mountaineers, and soon both sides were buried in thick gray smoke; but at the end of ten minutes more, the drums beat out the charge, and again the mass of bayonets dashed toward the *abatis;* and again the cry of "Forvertz! forvertz!" rang out, but now nearer and nearer, until the firm earth trembled beneath the tramp of thousands of feet.

Materne, rising to his full height, with quivering cheeks and flashing eyes, shouted, "Up! up!"

It was time. Many of the Austrians, almost all of them students of philosophy, or law, or medicine, gathered from the breweries of Munich, Jena, and other towns—men who fought against us because they believed that Napoleon's fall would alone give them freedom—many of these intrepid fellows had clambered on all-fours over the frozen snow and hurled themselves upon the works. But each who climbed the *abatis* was met by a blow from a clubbed musket, and flung back among his comrades.

Then did the strength and bravery of old Rochart the wood-cutter show themselves. Man after man of these children of the Vaterland did he stretch upon the whitened earth. Old Materne's bayonet ran with blood. The little tailor, Riffi, loaded and fired into the mass with the cool courage of a veteran, and Joseph Larnette, Hans Baumgarten, whose shoulder was pierced by a ball, Daniel Spitz, who lost two fingers by a sabre-stroke, and a host of others, will be for ever honored by their countrymen for their deeds that day.

For more than a quarter of an hour the fight was hand to hand. Nearly all the students had fallen, and the others, veterans accustomed to retiring honorably, turned to retrace their steps. At first they re-

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treated slowly; then faster and faster. Their officers urged them to the attack once more, and seconded their words with blows from the flat of their swords, but in vain; bullets poured among them from the *abatis*, and soon all order was lost; the retreat was a wild rout.

Materne laughed grimly as he gazed after the flying foe, lately advancing in such proud array, and shook his rifle above his head in joy.

At the bottom of the slope lay hundreds of wounded. The snow was red with blood, and in the midst of heaps of slain were two young officers yet living, but crushed beneath the weight of their dead horses.

It was horrible! But men are oftentimes savage as the beasts of the forests. Not a man among the flushed mountaineers seemed to have a thought for all the misery he saw before him; it even seemed to rejoice many.

Little Riffi, carried away by a sublime ardor for plunder, glided down the steep. He had caught a glimpse of a splendid horse, that of the colonel whom Materne had shot, which, protected by a corner of the rock, stood safe and sound.

"You are mine!" cried the tailor, as he seized the bridle. "How astonished my wife Sapience will be!"

All the others envied him as he mounted his prize; but their envy was soon checked when they saw the noble animal dash at full speed toward the Austrians. The little tailor tugged at the bridle, and shouted, and cursed, and prayed, but all to no purpose. Materne would have fired, but he feared that in that wild gallop he might kill the man, and soon Riffi disappeared among the enemy's bayonets.

All thought he would be massacred at once, but an hour later they saw him pass through the street of Grandfontaine, his hands bound behind his back, and a corporal following with uplifted cane.

Poor Riffi! He did not long enjoy his triumph, and his comrades at length laughed at his sad fate as merrily as if he had been a Kaiserlik.

Such is the nature of man; as long as he feels no ill himself, the troubles of others affect him little.

CHAPTER XV.

The mountaineers were wild with exultation; their triumph knew no bounds, and they looked upon each other as so many heroes.

Catherine, Louise, Doctor Larquin, all who had remained at the farm, rushed out to greet the victors. They scanned the marks of bullets, gazed at the blood-stained slope; then the Doctor ordered Baumgarten and Spitz to the hospital, although the latter insisted on still remaining at his post.

Louise distributed brandy among the men, and Catherine Lefevre, standing on the edge of the slope, gazed at the dead and wounded. There lay old and young, their faces white as wax, their eyes wide and staring, their arms outstretched. Some had fallen in attempting to rise, and the faces of some wore a look of fear as if they yet dreaded these terrible blows which the clubbed rifles had dealt. Others had dragged themselves out of the range of fire, and their route was marked by tracks of blood.

Many of the wounded seemed resigned to their lot, and only seeking a place to die; others gazed wistfully after their regiment, which they could discern on its way to Framont —that regiment with which they had quitted their native village, with which they had till then safely

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braved the toils and dangers of a long campaign, but which now abandoned them to die, far from friends and home, surrounded by an infuriated foe. And they thought how a trembling mother or sister would ask their captain or their sergeant, "Did you know Hans, or Kasper, or Nickel, of the first or second company?" And how coldly would come the reply: "Let me see; it is very likely. Had he not brown hair and blue eyes? Yes, I knew him; we left him in France near a little village, the name of which I forget. He was killed by the mountaineers the same day as the stout major, Yeri-Peter. A brave fellow! Good evening."

Perhaps, too, some among them thought of a pretty Gretchen or Lotchen, who had given them a ribbon, and wept hot tears at their departure, and sobbed, "I will wait for you, Kasper. I will marry no one but you!" Thou wilt wait long, poor girl!

All this was not very pleasant, and Mother Lefevre's thoughts, as she gazed, wandered to Gaspard. Hullin, however, soon came with Lagarmitte to where she stood, and cried exultantly:

"Hurrah, boys! you have seen fire, and those Germans yonder will not boast much of this day's work."

He ran to embrace Louise, and then ran back to Catherine.

"Are you satisfied, Mother Lefevre? Fortune smiles; but what is the matter?"

"Yes, Jean-Claude, I am satisfied; all goes well; but look yonder upon the road; what a massacre!"

"War is war," replied Hullin gravely.

"Is there no way of helping that poor fellow there—the one looking up at us with his large blue eyes? O heaven! they pierce my very heart! Or that tall, brown-haired one binding his arm with his handkerchief?"

"Impossible, Catherine! I am sorry; but we should have to cut steps in the ice to descend; and the Austrians, who will be back in an hour or two, would make use of them in their next attack. But we must go and announce our victory through the villages, and to Labarbe, and Jerome, and Piarette. Holla! Simon, Niklo, Marchal! carry the news to our comrades. Materne, see that you look sharp, and report the least movement."

They went together to the farmhouse, and Jean-Claude met the reserve as he passed, and Marc-Dives on horseback in the midst of his men. The smuggler complained bitterly of having had no part in the fight; he felt disgraced, dishonored.

"Bah!" said Hullin, "so much the better. Watch on our right; if we are attacked there, you will have enough to do."

Dives said nothing; his good humor could not so easily be restored, nor that of his men—smugglers like himself—who, wrapped in their mantles, and with their long rapiers dangling from their sides, seemed meditating vengeance for what they deemed a slight.

Hullin, unable to pacify them, entered the farm-house. Doctor Lorquin was extracting the ball from the wound of Baumgarten, who uttered terrible shrieks.

Pelsly, standing at the threshold, trembled in every limb. Jean-Claude demanded paper and ink to send his orders to the posts, and the poor Anabaptist had scarcely strength to go for them. The messengers departed, proud enough to be the bearers of the tidings of the first battle and victory.

A few mountaineers in the great

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hall were warming themselves at the stove, and discussing the details of the fight in animated tones. Daniel Spitz had his two fingers amputated, and sat behind the stove, his hand wrapped in lint.

The men who had been posted behind the *abatis* before daybreak, not having yet breakfasted, were—each with a huge piece of bread and a glass of wine—making up for lost time, all the time shouting, gesticulating, and boasting as much as their full mouths would allow them to, and every now and then, when some one would speak of poor Riffi and his misfortunes, they were ready to burst their sides laughing.

It was eleven o'clock, when Marc-Dives rushed into the hall, crying:

"Hullin! Hullin! Where is Hullin?"

"Here!"

"Follow me—quick!"

The smuggler spoke in a strange tone. A few moments before, he was furious at not having taken part in the battle; now he seemed triumphant. Jean-Claude followed, sorely disquieted, and the hall was cleared in a minute, all feeling that Marc's hurry was of grave portent.

To the right of Donon stretches the ravine of Minières, through which roars a torrent which rushes from the mountain-side to the depths of the valley.

Opposite the plateau defended by the partisans, and on the other side of the ravine, five or six hundred feet distant, rose a sort of terrace with very steep sides, which Hullin had not deemed it necessary to occupy, as he was unwilling to divide his forces, and saw also that the position could be easily turned under cover of the fir forest, if the enemy should occupy it.

Imagine the brave old man's dismay when, from the farm-house door, he saw two companies of Austrians climbing up the side with two field-pieces, which, dragged up by strong ropes, seemed to hang over the precipice. They were pushing at the wheels, too, and in a few moments the guns would be on the flat top. He stood for an instant as if struck by lightning, and then turned fiercely on Dives.

"Could you not tell me of this before?" he cried. "Was it for this I ordered you to watch the ravine? Our position is turned! Our retreat is cut off! You have lost all!"

All present, even old Materne, shrank from the flashing eyes bent upon the smuggler, and he, notwithstanding his usual cool audacity, could not for some moments reply.

"Be calm, Jean-Claude," said he at last; "it is not so bad as you think. My fellows have yet done nothing, and as we want cannon, those shall be ours."

"Fool! Has your vanity brought us to this? You must needs fight, boast—and for this you sacrifice us all! Look! they are coming from Framont, too!"

Even as he spoke, the head of a new column, much stronger than the first, appeared, advancing from Framont toward the *abatis* at the double-quick. Dives said not a word. Hullin, conquering his rage in the face of danger, shouted:

"To your posts, all! Attention, Materne!"

The old hunter bent his head, listening.

Marc-Dives had recovered all his coolness.

"Instead of scolding like a woman," said he, "you had better give me the order to attack those yonder from the cover of the woods."

"Do so, in heaven's name," cried Hullin. "Listen, Marc! We were victorious, and your fault has risked

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all the fruits of our victory. Your life shall answer for our success."

"I accept the terms."

The smuggler, springing upon his horse, threw his cloak proudly over his shoulder, and drew his long, straight blade. His men followed the example. Then, turning to the fifty mountaineers who composed his troop, Dives pointed with his sword to the enemy, and cried:

"We must have yon height, boys. The men of Dagsberg shall never be called braver than those of the Sarre. Forward!"

The troops dashed on, and Hullin, still pale from the effects of his anger, shouted after:

"Give them the steel!"

The tall smuggler, on his huge and strong steed, turned his head, and a laugh broke from his lips. He shook his sword expressively, and the troops disappeared in the wood.

At the same moment the Austrians, with their two guns—eight-pounders—reached the level top, while the Framont column still pressed up the slope. Everything was as before the battle, save that now the mountaineers were between two fires.

They saw the two guns with their rammers and caissons distinctly. A tall, lean officer, with broad shoulders and long, flaxen mustaches, commanded. In the clear mountain air they seemed almost within reach, but Hullin and Materne knew better; they were a good six hundred yards away, further than any rifle could carry.

Nevertheless, the old hunter wished to return to the *abatis* with a clear conscience. He advanced as near as possible to the ravine, followed by his son Kasper and a few partisans, and, steadying his piece against a tree, slowly covered the tall officer with the light mustaches.

All held their breath lest the aim might be disturbed.

The report rang out, but when Materne placed the butt of his rifle again on the ground, to see the effect of his shot, all was as before.

"It is strange how age affects the sight," said he.

"Affects your sight!" cried Kasper. "Not a man from the Vosges to Switzerland can place a ball at two hundred yards as true as you."

The old forester knew it well, but he did not wish to discourage the others.

"Well, well," he replied, "we have no time to dispute about it. The enemy is coming. Let every man do his duty."

Despite these words, so calm and simple, Materne too was sorely troubled. As he entered the trench, the air seemed full of sounds of dire foreboding, the rattling of arms, the steady tramp of a trained multitude. He looked down the steep and saw the Austrians pressing on, but this time with long ladders, to the ends of which great iron hooks were fastened.

"Kasper," he whispered, "things look ill—ill indeed. Give me your hand. I would like to have you and Frantz near me! Remember to do your part like a man."

As he spoke, a heavy shock shook the defences to their foundations, and a hoarse voice cried, "O my God!"

Then a fir-tree, a hundred paces off, bent slowly and thundered into the abyss. It was the first cannon-shot, and it had carried off both old Rochart's legs. Another and another followed, and soon the air was thick with crushed and flying ice, while the shrieking of the balls struck terror to the stoutest hearts. Even old Materne trembled for a moment;

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but his brave heart was soon itself again, and he cried:

"Vengeance! vengeance! Victory or death!"

Happily, the terror of the mountaineers was of short duration. All knew that they must conquer or die. Two ladders were already fixed, despite the hail of bullets, and the combat was once more foot to foot and hand to hand, fiercer and bloodier than before.

Hullin had seen the ladders before Materne, and once more his wrath against Dives arose; but he knew that anger then availed naught, and he sent Lagarmitte to order Frantz, who was posted on the other side of Donon, to hasten to the farm with half his men. The brave boy, warned of his father's danger, lost not a moment, and already the black slouched hats were seen climbing the mountain-side. Jean-Claude, breathless, the sweat pouring from his brow, ran to meet them, crying:

"Quick, quick! or all is lost!"

He trembled once more with rage, attributing all their misfortunes to the smuggler.

But where was Marc-Dives?

In half an hour he had made his way around the ravine, and from his steed saw the two companies of Austrians drawn up at ordered arms, two hundred paces behind the guns, which still kept up their fire upon the intrenchments. He turned to the mountaineers, and in a low voice, while the thunder of the cannon echoed peal upon peal from the valley, and the shouts and shrieks and clatter of the assault rose beyond it, said:

"Comrades, you will fall upon the infantry with the bayonet. I and my men will do the rest. Forward!"

The whole troop advanced in good order to the edge of the wood, tall Piercy of Soldatenthal at their head. They heard the *Werda** of a sentinel. Two shots replied; then the shout of "*Vive la France!*" rang to heaven, and the brave mountaineers rushed upon the foe like famished wolves upon their prey.

Dives, erect in his stirrups, looked on and laughed.

"Well done!" he said. "Charge!"

The earth shook beneath the shock. Neither Austrians nor partisans fired; for a while nothing was heard but the clash of bayonets or the dull thud of the clubbed muskets as they fell; then shrieks and groans and cries of rage arose, and from time to time a shot rang out. Friend and foe were mixed and mingled in the savage fray.

The band of smugglers, sabre in hand, sat all this while gazing at the fight, awaiting their leader's signal to engage.

It came at last.

"Now is our time," cried Marc. "One brave blow, and the guns are ours."

And forth from the cover of the wood, their long mantles floating behind in the wind, every man, in his fiery impatience, bending over his saddle-bow, and pointing his long, straight rapier straight forward, broke the bold riders.

"The point, my lads! the point! never mind the edge!" shouted Dives.

In a moment they were on the pieces. Among Marc's troop were four old dragoons who had seen the Spanish wars through, and two veteran cuirassiers of the guard, whom love of danger had attached to the smuggler. The rammers and short sabres of the artillerymen could avail but little against their well-aimed thrusts, each one of which brought a man to the earth.

Marc's cheek was blackened with the powder of a pistol fired within

* "Who goes there?"

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six inches of his head; a bullet passed through his hat; but his course was not staid until his sword pierced the old officer with the light mustache through and through, at one of the cannons. Then, rising slowly in his saddle until his tall form sat erect, he gazed around, and said sententiously:

"The guns are ours!"

But the scene was terrible; the *mêlée* on the high plateau; the shrieks, the neighing of horses, or their cries of agony; the shouts of rage; men casting away their arms in a wild flight for life, an inexorable foe pursuing; beyond the ravine, ladders crowded with white uniforms and bristling with bayonets; mountaineers defending themselves with the fierce courage of despair; the sides of the slope, the road, and the foot of the *abatis* heaped with dead, or wounded writhing in anguish; still further away, the masses of the enemy advancing, with musket on shoulder, and officers in the midst urging them on; old Materne, on the crest of the steep, swinging his clubbed rifle with deadly effect, and shouting for his son Frantz, who was rushing at full speed with his command to the fight; Jean-Claude directing the defence; the deafening musketry, now in volleys, now rattling like some terrible hailstorm; and, rolling above all, the vague, weird echoes of mountain and valley. All this was pressed into that one moment.

Marc-Dives was not of a contemplative or poetic turn of mind, however, and wasted no time in useless reflections upon the horrors of war. A glance showed him the position of affairs, and, springing from his horse, he seized one of the levers of the guns, and in a moment had aimed the yet loaded piece at the foot of the ladders. Then he seized a match and fired.

Strange cries arose from afar off, and the smuggler, gazing through the smoke, saw a bloody lane in the enemy's ranks. He shook both his hands above his head exultingly, and a shout of triumph arose from the breastworks.

"Dismount!" he cried to his men. "Now is our time for action! Bring cartridges and balls from your caissons. Load! We will sweep the road! Ready! Fire!"

The smugglers applied themselves to the work, and shot after shot tore through the white masses. The fire enfiladed the ranks, and the tenth discharge was at a flying foe.

"Fire! fire!" shouted Marc. And the partisans, re-enforced by Frantz, regained the position they had for a moment lost.

And now the mountain-side was covered only with dead, wounded, and flying. It was four o'clock in the evening, and night was falling fast. The last cannon-shot fell in the street of Grandfontaine, and, rebounding, overturned the chimney of the "Red Ox."

Six hundred men had perished. Many of the mountaineers had fallen, but many more of the Kaiserliks. Dives's cannonade had saved all; for the partisans were not even one against ten, and the enemy had almost made himself master of their works.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Austrians, crowded in Grandfontaine, fled toward Framont, on foot and on horseback, flinging their knapsacks away, and looking behind as if they feared the mountaineers were in hot pursuit.

In Grandfontaine, in a sort of spirit of revenge, they broke whatever they could lay hands on, tore out windows, crushed in doors, de-

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manded food and drink, and insulted the people by way of payment. Their imprecations and cries, the commands of their officers, the complaints of the inhabitants, the heavy tramp of feet across the bridge of Framont, and the agonized neigh of wounded horses, all rose in a confused murmur to the *abatis*.

On the side of the mountain, arms, shakos, knapsacks, dead — all the signs of a rout — were alone seen. Opposite appeared Marc-Dives's guns, ready to open fire anew in case of a new attack.

The partisans had gained the day; but no shout of triumph rose from their intrenchments. Their losses had been too cruel. Silence had succeeded the tumult of battle — silence deep and solemn — and those who had escaped the carnage gazed earnestly at their fellows as if wondering to see them yet alive. A [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

hospital were there. Doctor Lorquin and a fellow-surgeon, named Despois, who had come during the day to his assistance, had work enough on hand; and as Materne and his sons with their piteous load traversed the dimly-lighted hall, they heard cries which froze the blood in their veins, and the dying wood-cutter almost shrieked:

"Why do you bring me here! Let me die in peace. They shall not touch me!"

"Open the door Frantz," said Materne, his forehead covered with a cold sweat, "open quick!"

And as Frantz pushed open the door, they saw, on a large kitchen-table in the middle of the low room, with its heavy brown rafters, Colard, the younger, stretched at full length, six candles around him, a man holding each arm, and a bucket beneath. Doctor Lorquin, his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and a short wide saw in his hand, was about cutting off the poor fellow's leg, while Desbois stood by with a sponge. Blood dripped into the bucket, and Colard was pale as death. Catherine Lefevre was near, with a roll of lint, and seemed firm; but the furrows in her cheeks were deeper than usual, and her teeth were tightly set. She gazed on the ground so as not to see the misery around.

"It is over!" said the doctor at length, turning round.

And casting a glance at the newcomers he added:

"Ah! you here, Father Rochart?"

"Yes; but you must not touch me. I am done for; let me die in peace."

The doctor took up a candle, looked for a moment at the old man's wounds, and said with a grimace:

"It was time, my poor Rochart; you have lost a great deal of blood, and if we wait any longer, it will be too late."

"Do not touch me!" shrieked the old man. "I have suffered enough!"

"As you wish. We will pass to another."

He looked at the long line of mattresses. The two last were empty, although deluged with blood. Materne and Kasper placed their charge upon the last, while Despois went to another of the wounded men, saying:

"It is your turn, Nicholas."

Then they saw tall Nicholas Cerf lift a pale face and eyes glittering with fear.

"Give him a glass of brandy," said the doctor.

"No, I would rather smoke my pipe."

"Where is your pipe?"

"In my vest."

"Good; and your tobacco?"

"In my pantaloons pocket."

"Fill his pipe, Despois. This man is a brave fellow—I like to see such. We will take off your arm in two times and three motions."

"Is there no way of preserving it, Monsieur Lorquin—for my poor children's sake? It is their only support."

"No, the bone is fractured and will not reunite. Light his pipe, Despois. Now, Nicholas, my man, smoke, smoke."

The poor fellow seemed after all to have little wish to do so.

"Are you ready?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," answered the sufferer in a choking voice.

"Good! Attention, Despois; sponge!"

Then with a long knife he cut rapidly around the arm. Nicholas ground his teeth. The blood spirted; Despois tied something. The saw ground for two seconds, and the arm fell heavily on the floor.

"That is what I call a well-per-

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formed operation," observed Lorquin.

Nicholas was no longer smoking; the pipe had fallen from his lips. They bound round what remained of his arm with lint, and replaced him on his mattress.

"Another finished! Sponge the table well, Despois, and then for the next," said the doctor, washing his hands in a large basin.

Each time he said, "Now for the next," the wounded men groaned with fear. The shrieks they heard and the glittering knives they saw were enough to strike a chill to their hearts; but what could be done? All the rooms of the farm-house and of the barn were crowded. Only the large hall remained clear, and so the Doctor could not help operating under the eyes of those who must a little later take their turn.

Materne could see no more. Even the dog, Pluto, who stood behind the doctor, seemed to tremble at the horrible sight. The old hunter hastened to breathe the cold air without, and cried:

"And to think, my boys, that this might have happened to us!"

"God is good," said Frantz, "and why should we let sights even like these affright us from our duty? We are in his hands."

A murmur of voices arose to their right.

"It is Marc-Dives and Hullin," said Kasper, listening.

"Yes, they have just come from the breastwork they made behind the fir-wood for the cannon," added Frantz.

They listened again. Footsteps approached.

"You are embarrassed with your three prisoners," said Hullin, in short tones. "You return to Falkenstein to-night; why can you not take them with you?"

"But where shall I put them?"

"*Parbleu!* In the prison of Abreschwiller; we cannot keep them here."

"I understand, Jean-Claude. And if they attempt to escape on the way, I will plant my rapier between their shoulders."

"You must!"

They reached the door, and Hullin, seeing Materne, cried joyously:

"You here, old friend? I have been seeking you for an hour. Where were you?"

"We were carrying old Rochart to the hospital."

Jean-Claude dropped his head sadly; but his joy at the result of the day's battle soon gained the upper hand, and he said:

"Yes, it is mournful, indeed. But such is the fortune of war. Are you or your sons hurt?"

"Not a scratch."

"Thank Heaven! Materne, those who passed through this day's work may well rejoice."

"Yes," cried Marc-Dives, laughing, "I saw old Materne ready to beat a retreat; without those little cannon-shots, things would have had a different ending."

Materne reddened and glanced angrily at the smuggler.

"It is very possible," he answered; "but without the cannon-shots at the beginning, we should not have needed those at the end, and old Rochart and fifty brave fellows would yet have legs and arms—a thing which would not have hurt our victory."

"Bah!" interrupted Hullin, who saw a dispute likely to arise. "Quit this discussion. Every man has done his duty."

Then addressing Materne, he added:

"I have sent a flag of truce to Framont, to tell the enemy to remove

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their wounded. They will arrive in about an hour, doubtless, and you must order our outposts to let them advance ; but without arms, and with torches. If they come otherwise, fire on them."

"I will go at once," replied the old hunter.

"Return with your sons, and have supper with us at the farm-house, when you have carried out your orders."

"Very well, Jean-Claude."

Hullin ordered Frantz and Kasper to have large bivouac-fires lighted for the night, and Marc to have his horses fed and to go at once for more ammunition, and, seeing them depart on their way, he entered the farm-house.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE UNITY OF SCIENTIFIC AND REVEALED TRUTH.*

I HAVE not been able to come among you as soon as I desired. The duties of my office, and especially the difficulties which always surround one's initiation to a new sphere of duties, are the causes of this delay. Had I the leisure, my first visit after my entrance into this vast diocese would have been to Louvain—to Louvain, so celebrated for its glorious traditions—to Louvain, which has ever remained true to them. To the attraction of great historical remembrances are joined in my case ties of a more intimate nature. This pulpit recalls to my mind the days of a ministry which must always be dear to my heart, and which was far less onerous than that which has replaced it ; for if in those days I spoke of the cross, it was surely without carrying the one which now weighs upon my shoulders. Yet it is with joy that I address for the first time, as pastor of their souls, the children of this city, twice blessed by the Church for the signal services she has rendered to the Christian world, both by her ancient university, and by the one which lives again in our time with so much lustre.

Louvain bears a great title, because she symbolizes a great thing—*the unity of science and faith.* How, then, my brethren, can I avoid speaking of her, and of that unity which men now strive to banish from the schools of learning? Everywhere it seems as if some invincible power had given the command to expel Christianity from our schools in the name of science. I gladly seize, therefore, the first opportunity which has been offered me to consider this question, because it deeply interests the living minds of the age, because it is one of the great cares of our social life, and because here the two interests are united in one place : the interests of science, because I speak of Louvain ; the interests of religion, because I speak from this sacred pulpit.

Not always in their efforts against the unity of science and religion do we find our opponents frankly de-

* A discourse pronounced by the Archbishop of Malines on his first pastoral visit to the city and university of Louvain.

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claring war upon Christianity. No; its enemies prefer to extinguish it by stratagem. They wisely fear the love of parents for their offspring; and while they are eager to destroy the faith of the one, they hope to accomplish their task without the knowledge of the other. It is on this account that they have sought and found the proper word to conceal their design, and this word is *neutrality in teaching*. I wish, then, to show you two things:

First. That neutrality in teaching, as far as it regards the Christian religion, is evidently impossible; that a teacher must unavoidably declare himself for or against the Christian faith, even as Christ himself said, "He that is not for me is against me."

Second. Science cannot declare itself against the Christian faith without denying itself, without being unfaithful to its own principle, which is reason, and without renouncing the very conditions of a free, perfect, and progressive science.

May the Mother of Science and Faith, *Mater Agnitionis*, obtain for us from the incarnated Wisdom the light which we need!

I.

When I speak of instruction, I do not intend to designate certain branches of study in particular, but I refer to the whole course of teaching in each of its three degrees. I affirm, then, that neutrality in teaching is an evident impossibility, so far as it regards Christianity in each of these three degrees, and more especially in the highest grade of instruction. This could be demonstrated by running over a great number of the various branches of study; but in order to be more concise, though not less conclusive, I will speak of only two among them, history and morals, upon which no school can be silent. They will suffice to convince you that the school which is not Christian is necessarily antichristian, and that it will ever be impossible to be neutral.

Let us begin with history. If the Christian religion were a mythology, certainly we could separate it from the teaching of history, and banish it to the domain of fable; but Christianity before as well as after the Incarnation is a great historical fact; nay, it is the greatest fact of history. This fact is a living one in that religious society which embraces every nation. This living fact speaks and affirms itself divine; not divine in man who accepts it, but divine in that which constitutes its essence, in its doctrine, in its worship, and in its doctrinal and sanctifying power.

Christian teaching affirms that Christianity is a *divine* fact. Antichristian instruction denies it. What, then, can neutral instruction be? If it neither affirm nor deny, necessarily it doubts, and consequently it must teach doubt. But is not the teaching of doubt formally antichristian? The divine Author of Christianity teaches us that, in the presence of the proofs of his mission, doubt is inexcusable: "*If I had not come and spoken to them, they would not have sin: but now they have no excuse for their sin.*" (John xv. 22.)

We will see, in a few moments, why this doubt is inexcusable; but we only affirm a self-evident truth when we declare neutrality to be impossible, because he who is not for the faith is necessarily against it, and to teach doubt is only another way to deny truth. But perhaps it will be said that neutral instruction will say nothing concerning this matter; that it will pass by the fact of the Christian religion in silence; and

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that, without relegating it to the domain of mythology, it will quietly ignore its existence. Now, the absurdity of this position is still more manifest, for Christianity is linked to everything in this world. We cannot take a step in history without meeting with it; if you search the annals of antiquity, of the first centuries of the Christian era, of the middle ages, or of modern times, at every age alike you will see Christianity before you, and everywhere it governs all other things from its lofty height.

The pretence of silence in this matter is therefore one of two things: it is either nonsense or it is hypocrisy. It is nonsense when it is said, as I have recently been informed it is in a certain classic work adopted by our schools, that it will contain no question about sacred history, nor about the history of the church, whether of the old or the new alliance, because these questions are all beyond the scope of history. The chain of facts which a Bossuet has unrolled in his discourse upon universal history—that marvellous chain of facts beyond the scope of history! The expectation of redemption among all the people of the globe, which is proved by the universality of expiatory sacrifices, and by foreshadowings which redemption can alone make intelligible; the establishment of Christianity in its last and definite form, its civilizing influence, its trials, its long-continued struggles, its triumphant existence—these are all beyond the scope of history! This pretended silence, then, is not nonsense, it is hypocrisy; it is only, like the neutrality which it defends, the hollow mask of infidelity.

Again, neutrality is not less impossible in the sphere of morals than in history. What is morality? It is the science of duty. By itself, it is the science of means furnished by reason to overcome our passions. Therefore to morals belong these absorbing questions: Why have the passions revolted against reason? Why does not the same beautiful harmony reign in the moral as in the physical order? Why are there, as it were, two men within us, and why do we know what we ought to do, and why do we follow the opposite? What is the cause of this deep-seated evil, which is only too well known to us all? What is the remedy for it? Where shall we find the strength to conquer this interior revolt? Where are the arms with which we can triumph?

He who knows not this knows nothing. But faith has positive answers for these fundamental questions. It teaches us that the revolt of passions in human nature is the first result of the revolt of the human mind against God; that the soul, which did not wish to submit to its Creator and its Master, has rightly suffered the uprising of its own slaves, the senses and the appetites; that, if it would vanquish them, it must humiliate its pride, lament its evil deeds, implore the grace of God, pray to obtain again its lost strength. It teaches us that by prayer we seize familiarly the divine armor, "*armaturam Dei orantes*," and that only by its aid can we hope to combat and to triumph. This is Christian teaching. And will not that teaching be antichristian which denies what Christianity, in this respect, declares to be true? Certainly it must, because in the teaching of morals, to be silent concerning the necessity of grace and of prayer, by which man freely obtains grace, is to make an avowed profession of antichristianity. To say nothing of the grace which strengthens our nature; to say nothing of grace, which not only

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strengthens, but elevates nature above itself; to say nothing of the life of grace, as if, when compared with the physical and intellectual life, there was not a far more noble life, which all men have experienced, since no one is completely abandoned by its merciful inspirations—this is not a neutral course; it is antichristian, formally antichristian.

I might prove to you here that instruction upon morals is not only antichristian when it is silent concerning the means given us by faith to conquer these passions, but also when it refuses to recognize the great motives for fulfilling our duties, for these motives are so many Christian truths. I might show, or rather recall the fact, that these truths have transformed private and public morality, that they have begotten modern civilization; and those are indeed blind and ungrateful who enjoy the fruit of this civilization, while they would miserably tear the fair tree from the hearts of their Christian countrymen.

But I must be satisfied with placing these arguments before you; and I am the more readily contented with this sketch, because I know that it is not requisite to say everything, in order to be understood. I am convinced that I have said enough to make it clear, both to your reason and to your conscience, that instruction must be Christian, or it will become antichristian; that science is necessarily either for or against the holy faith; and that its pretended neutrality is only an unmeaning word. Hence it follows that the organization of public instruction on the basis of a deceitful neutrality is in reality the affirmation of antichristianity in the state.*

II.

It remains for us to see that, when science declares against the Christian faith, it really denies its own principle, that is to say, reason. And why? Because it is reason which invokes the light of faith, and it is reason which recognizes it. It is reason which invokes the light of faith. For what is reason? Reason is that one of our powers which reaches after truth; it is that faculty which is ever forcing us to search out the "*why*" of things. It has even the same name as its object, for the reason and the "*why*" of anything are one. Again, we only act reasonably when we know *why* we are acting. Even in our most insignificant actions, we always propose to ourselves an intention, an end which determines them. In order, therefore, to live reasonably, we must know *why*. It is necessary to know the *why*, or the *end*, of life, so that the first words of our catechism answer the first question of reason. Why are you in the world? Is it only to go to the cemetery? Has man been placed upon the earth only that he may be thrown into a grave? Humanity will never accept this doctrine. The generations of the human race kneel at the tombs of their ancestors and protest against this monstrosity—the miserable and absurd system of those who clamorously desire a liberty of the human mind, which can only terminate in corruption and worms. The human conscience and human reason unite in declaring that life is only a journey, that its end is beyond the tomb, and that to die is to attain it. But what do we attain? Where do we ar-

* In Belgium, there is a society which bears the title of *The League of Instruction*. This society is free to organize antichristianity in its schools, but always defraying its own expenses, and at its own risk and peril. This society has become dissatisfied, because its members know that they cannot gain the confidence of the people; hence they have sought to remove the obstacles by imploring the protection of the state

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rive? Here reason searches, and trembles while she seeks. She looks, and feels that she is powerless to penetrate single-handed into the abyss of the future life. The learned and the ignorant are equally baffled, and can only say, "It is necessary to return to the other world, in order to know what really is done there." The gospel tells us the same; no one has penetrated the heavens except he who came from them: "No one has ascended into heaven, except he who descended from heaven, the Son of Man who is in heaven."

Let us try then, brethren, to discover what reason asks, and justly asks. It asks the "*why*" of life; it does not care to exist without knowing "*why*," and knowing it with certainty. It can obtain certitude in many other spheres of thought; but it wishes to be assured upon this far more than upon any other question. Let us, then, state how reason has certitude in some other matters, and how it wishes and can attain it in this.

We know the things of the exterior world with certainty, and reason tells us to admit that which is well attested by the senses. We know the things of the interior world, of that world which is within our own breasts, because reason tells us to admit what is revealed by our self-consciousness. We know the great mass of truths of the intellectual world with certainty, for our reason tells us that we must acknowledge the truths proclaimed by evidence. We know that which is passing upon the earth in the present day. We know events which occur in distant quarters of the world, and we know the facts which are separated from us by long intervals of time, because our reason tells us that history and the testimony of mankind are reliable grounds of certitude.

But that which we wish to know more than all these things is the end of our own existence; and we wish to know this precisely, because we are reasonable beings. Our reason longs to know more of the meaning of our creation; it desires to know what is true in regard to our end, because this truth must be divine and eternal. But to be certain of divine truth, must not reason be willing to obey the voice of God? To be certain of eternal truth, must we not accept the testimony of eternity? The testimony of God was implored in every age, and from this it comes that faith, which is the acceptance by human reason of God's revelation, is a constant, perpetual, universal fact, even as the fact of reason itself. It is ridiculous to urge against the truth of revelation the various religions which claim to be revealed; for the counterfeits of revelation do not prove more against it than the perversion of reason proves against reason. The wanderings of reason do not compel us to deny the truth of human reason, so neither do the misrepresentations and counterfeits of revelation force us to deny its truth. We have seen, therefore, what reason requires; let us see how it recognizes revelation when it meets with it.

There is a certain manner of speaking indifferently of all religions which is used as a cloak to hide the desire to confound them. This is common in the world of letters among men of scanty science. But serious science, like a sincere conscience, discovers divine revelation, in spite of its human alterations, by certain signs and characteristic marks which are unmistakable. These signs have been multiplied by Providence with love; but I wish to insist here upon that token which has not only followed past ages in their course, but has, if

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I may so speak, grown with their growth: that grand characteristic which reveals the author of nature, and which assures us of the giver of revelation, is unity. The unity of nature reveals God as the creator, the harmony of the heavens and of the earth recount the glory of their author: "The heavens explain the glory of God." It is the chant of the unity of space. But the unity of time is not less splendid than the unity of worlds; it is the harmony of centuries in Jesus Christ, who has revealed God as the author of revelation. Nature and revelation are, then, the two great works in which God is revealed by the same sign—queenly and all-powerful unity! The unity of time in Jesus Christ, and in him alone, is a fact without a parallel; more easy for us to rejoice in than to depict. Yet here is the master-stroke of a great pencil: "These are great facts, clearer than the light of the sun itself, which make us know that our religion is as old as the world, and demonstrate that he only could be its author who, holding all things in his hand, has been able to begin and continue that which holds all centuries in its embrace. To be expected, to come, to be adored by a posterity which will last through every age, is the character of him whom we adore, Jesus Christ, yesterday, to-day, and to endless ages, the same." This, then, is the manifest sign of divine revelation, the unity of time in Jesus Christ.

St. Augustine spoke of this sign, considering it, however, under only one of its aspects, when he answered those persons who envied the good fortune of those who conversed with the risen Christ: "The apostles saw one thing, but they believed another; and because they saw, they believed that which they did not see. They saw Jesus Christ risen, the head of the Church, but they did not yet see this body, this Universal Church, which Jesus Christ announced to them," this marvellous and almost incredible Catholicity, extending over every country, with its unbloody sacrifice of the great invisible Victim, with the manifestation of conscience and remission of sins, with its perpetuity to the end of time, with its centre of unity established by these words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The apostles saw none of these things, and how could they believe in such apparently incredible promises? But they were in the presence of the risen Christ; they had seen him dead and crucified, they saw him living and glorious, and it is from his mouth that they received the promise of that which they did not see. "They have seen the head," says St. Augustine, "and they have believed in the body; we see the body, and we believe in the head. We are like them, because we see, and therefore we believe that which we do not see."

It is necessary for us to recall here what St. Thomas Aquinas says upon this point: "No one believes, unless he sees what is necessary to be believed." It is because we are reasonable that we are believers. It is also because we are believers, we are Christians; and it is as Christians and children of Catholicity that we love with the same affection faith and science, the plenitude of science, the liberty and progress of science. The plenitude of science, for, without its harmony with the sphere of faith and the truths which surround our faith, science must always be incomplete.

There is a science to-day which calls itself "*positive*," meaning that it

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is founded on well-attested facts. It is indeed good to rely upon facts. Facts should undoubtedly be the basis of natural science. Still the natural sciences are not the only ones which should be sustained by facts. The moral order, as well as the physical, appears to be a magnificent assemblage of facts. Humanity with its reason, its conscience, its sublime inclinations, its immortal yearnings—is not humanity a grand fact? Then this great fact must be considered as it really exists, in its entirety, and not as mutilated by the false spirit of a system. If the order of facts to which positivism would limit us were the only order, do you know what humanity would be? An ant which disputes with the grains of sand. But humanity will never allow itself to be thus dishonored.

To the moral fact of humanity corresponds that which we have seen triumph over centuries—the fact of revelation. I say it corresponds to them, because Christian revelation offers the only satisfactory reply to questions which philosophers have always asked and never answered. I say it corresponds, because Christian revelation has alone thrown a flood of light upon the mysteries of the *positive* state of humanity, and it alone affirms that it bears a sovereign remedy for the moral disorder of our nature: "Come to me, and I will refresh you." Do we really possess science, then, if, in the presence of these two great facts and of this divine appeal to experience, we obstinately close our eyes and shut our ears? Have we science when, without investigation, we assert as the first condition the gratuitous denial of the possibility of the things that were to be examined? What is really this pretended scientific position? It is the attitude of fear. If science would be perfect, it must investigate every order of facts, investigate their character, declare their harmony. It is when it states the harmony of the facts of the natural order with the facts (I say *facts*) of the supernatural order, the harmony of the actual condition of the human race with the revelation which enlightens its depths, then it is that science becomes perfect, or at least always tends more and more toward perfection. The very names which represent this harmony are, as you are well aware, the greatest names of science.

But will science be free, some one asks, if it is bound by revelation? Does it cease to be free because it is bound by nature? That which troubles certain minds on this point is due to a false and pitiable notion of liberty. In what respect is liberty everywhere distinguished from license? In this, that liberty always moves within the sphere of law, and license always beyond it. In the order of science, the law is the truth established. The liberty of science is not, then, absolute in its independence, as has been recently declared by an academician. No; liberty is not the independence of science, for it consists precisely in the fact of its dependence upon truth. The servitude of science, on the contrary, consists in its dependence upon opinion. Indeed, it is not the freedom of the human mind, but license, mother of servitude, which pretends to-day to reduce everything to opinion. This pretence is the negation of science. To possess science is to know with certainty; to have only opinions is to doubt; and to submit to doubt is slavery. The true man of learning never asserts when he is ignorant; but science does not require less certainty, and only becomes science when she can attain it. Science is therefore *science* only because the

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truth controls it, and by controlling it, preserves it from the servitude of opinion, so that this shining sentence of our Lord concerns also the learned: "The truth shall make you free."

"But does not experience show that in bearing the yoke of truth we are sure to yield to illusions?" I answer, is it not proven that those who resist the evidence of a divine order, whether in the work of revelation or in the work of nature, bend beneath every breath that passes, turning to every wind of doctrine, yield to every caprice of intellect, and frame their convictions according to the phrases which are daily set forth by the press of both hemispheres? Have you never met with one of these slaves? They are ready to believe anything that is affirmed without evidence, provided it is contrary to the faith, and they are willing to accept any theory as a demonstrated fact, so long as it can be used against Christianity. What is this but the credulity of incredulity?

The notion of progress is not less false among them than that of liberty. Do they not say every day that faith is incompatible with progress, because revelation is immutable? Is not nature also immutable? Is the immutability of nature an obstacle to the progress of natural science? Why, then, is the immutability of revelation, which we have seen clothed with the same divine sign as nature—why, then, is this immutability an obstacle to the progress of the moral sciences? Is it not concerning the progress of these sacred sciences that Pius IX. has recently adopted the words of Vincent of Lerins, and made them his own? "Progress exists, and it is very great; but it is the true progress of faith, which is not constant change. It must be that the intelligence, the science, the wisdom of all ages, as well as of each one in particular, of all ages and centuries of the whole church, should, like individuals, increase and make great, very great progress; so that posterity may have the good fortune to understand that which antiquity venerated without comprehending; so that the precious stones of divine dogma may be cut, exactly adapted, wisely ornamented, that they may enrich us with their grace, their splendor, and their beauty, but always of the same kind, that is to say, the same doctrine, in the same sense and with the same substance, so that, when we use new terms, we do not say new things." You understand then, my brethren, that the immutability of revelation does not offer a greater obstacle to the progress of sacred science than the immutability of nature places in the way of the natural sciences.

The popes were not only the friends of the progress of the sacred sciences; they were the most ardent supporters of all science, as well as of the progress of letters and arts. The facts which prove this are so numerous that I shall content myself with recalling those which concern you more directly. Who founded the universities of Oxford and Cambridge in England? The popes. Who founded the universities of Paris, Bologna, Ferrara, Salamanca, Coimbra, Alcala, Heidelberg, Prague, Cologne, Vienna, Louvain, and Copenhagen? Again the popes. Who instituted the professorships of the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Chaldaic languages at Paris, Oxford, Bologna, and Salamanca? A pope—Clement V. By whom, during two centuries, were sustained, encouraged, recompensed, the works of savants which finally led to the knowledge of the system of the world? By the popes and the cardinals of the holy Roman Church. This is what those ignore who do not blush to perpetuate the fabulous condemnation of

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Galileo by the Church. Neither the Church nor the sovereign pontiffs have ever condemned Galileo. Galileo was condemned by a tribunal of theologians, who soon withdrew this condemnation to give astronomy the same liberty which was granted to Galileo himself, whose sombre prison is only a romance. Where was this system of the movement of the earth adopted by Copernicus, and then first taught by Galileo? At Rome, in 1495, by Nicholas de Cusa, professor in the Roman University, forty-eight years before the birth of Copernicus, and one hundred and thirty-nine before that of Galileo. Nicholas de Cusa defended at that time this system in a work, dedicated to his professor, Cardinal Julian Cesarini. Pope Nicholas V. raised Nicholas de Cusa to the cardinalate, and named him Bishop of Brixen, in Tyrol. Again, it was at Rome, toward the year 1500, that Copernicus explained and defended this system before an audience of two thousand scholars. Copernicus was made Canon of Königsberg. Celius Calcagnini, who taught the system of Cusa and Copernicus, in Italy, about 1518, was appointed apostolic prothonotary by Clement VIII., and confirmed in this position of honor by Paul III.; it was to Paul III. that Copernicus dedicated his work *De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium*. At last, when the renowned Kepler, who developed and completed the system of Copernicus, was on this account persecuted by the Protestant theologians of Tübingen, the Holy See used its utmost endeavors to place in the University of Bologna this savant, so Christian in his ideas, and who had not merely embraced the system of Galileo, but had given it an immense weight by the authority of his immortal discoveries. If I insist on this episode, it is because bad faith is stubborn in its efforts to find an argument against the conduct of the popes in the great history of the moral progress of science. The Church never fears the light. She knows and teaches that the light of reason and the light of faith come from the same source. She knows that one of these truths will never contradict the other, and that among the proofs of revelation we must not forget its harmony with the sciences. The sects cannot withstand the presence of science; never has pagan or mussulman become a savant without losing his poor, bewildering faith. It is not so of the true religion. From Clement of Alexandria and Origen to Descartes, Leibnitz, Pascal Kepler, and De Maistre, to say nothing of our contemporaries, science and faith have dwelt together in the greatest minds of Christendom.

Continue this glorious tradition, young men of the Catholic university, and remain always worthy of your *Alma Mater!* Become truly men, and you will be men the more powerful and useful the more faithful Christians you are.

And you, city of Louvain, be justly proud of remaining, through your university, the object of noble envy to the nations which surround you. Ireland has taken you for her model; France and Catholic Germany look upon you, and endeavor that they too may possess something which resembles you. Never cease to be yourself, the city of science and of religion, that your children, ever faithful to these two lights, may be consoled, during their life and at the hour of death, by the thought that their love has never divided these two great things which have been united by the infinite wisdom of God.

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THE STORY OF MARCEL, THE LITTLE METTRAY COLONIST.

CHAPTER XI.

"WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,
And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the roused-up river pours along,
Resistless, roaring, dreadful."

THOMSON.

THE first inundations of the Loire with which we are acquainted have been made known to us by the celebrated historian and bishop St. Gregory of Tours, who has left detailed accounts of eight dreadful disasters that occurred in the space of eleven years; that is, from 580 to 591. In the archives of France there is preserved an edict of Louis le Debonnaire, son and successor of Charlemagne, who, touched by the piteous complaints made to him by the inhabitants of Touraine and Anjou, whose harvests were in constant danger from the sudden risings of the river, ordered the building of dams and embankments, which, modified by some of his successors and strengthened by others, became at last the magnificent structures we behold them at the present day, between Blois and Tours.

Nevertheless, the capricious river has never yet during all these long centuries been kept for any time within its bed. Its devastations were fearful in 1414, and again in 1615, when the sudden melting of the enormous masses of snow which had fallen on the surrounding country during the winter caused so frightful a catastrophe that it has since been known in French history as the "Deluge of Saumur." The beginning of the seventeenth century saw ten risings of the Loire in ten years; and the Duke of Saint-Simon has left us, in his celebrated memoirs, a notice of one in 1708, which was the cause of much misery. In more modern times, France has had, every eight or ten years, to deplore some dreadful misfortune arising from the same source, and the more favored portions of that beautiful land have been compelled repeatedly to come to the aid of the ruined population of the basin of the Loire, whose farmhouses had been swept away by the flood, their harvest-fields devastated, their cattle drowned, and who, too often, alas! had also had to weep over irreparable losses far more bitter than these—the life of dear ones lost in the surging waters.

About five years after Marcel's admission into the Mettray Colony, one of the most terrible of these visitations overtook the inhabitants of the banks of the picturesque stream. A long continuation of rainy weather had swollen the Cher and the Allier, both tributaries of the Loire, and the river, rising suddenly, broke through its strong embankments and spread itself over the country. The local authorities, of every degree and station—prefect, subprefect, and mayors—with the soldiers, engineers, and townspeople of Tours, all hastened to the relief of the drowning villages and farms, and all did their duty; but even among these courageous men the young Colonists distinguished themselves by their energy and self devotion.

The inundation had commenced

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in the night, and when daylight revealed the extent of the disaster, the director assembled the youths.

"Boys," cried he, "the Loire has risen, the country is under water, and hundreds of families are in danger of their lives. Boys, the oldest and strongest of you must go and help to save them!"

The lads looked at one another an instant in silence, then broke forth in a cry that rang far and near, "Long live Demetz! Long live our director!" a cry that was a perfect explosion of gratitude and of pride; for the poor fellows fully comprehended all that their wise and good director meant them to understand—his confidence in their honor, their honesty, and their courage.

And well they justified his trust in them! More than a hundred were soon actively at work raising dikes and dams, propping houses, and carrying succor to the distressed.

Marcel, Polycarpe, and one of their companions, a young baker, named Priat, to whom both of them were much attached, were among the foremost in these labors. They had gone with some others to carry help to a village containing about twenty families; it was situated only two hundred yards from the river, and completely surrounded by water. An immense quantity of wood—wrecks from other villages swept away by the flood—drifted about in the streets, and was dashed incessantly against the water-soaked walls of the houses, shaking them terribly; two, indeed, had fallen in the night and been washed away. On the roofs, or leaning from the upper windows of the tottering dwellings, were to be seen the frightened inhabitants imploring aid; the mothers holding out their little ones and praying for pity. It was a heart-breaking sight, and the noise of the ever-rising and surging river, of the wind and pouring rain, of the shocks of the drift-wood, increased the terrors of the scene. Nor was it possible to approach near enough to the houses to save any of the unfortunates shrieking for help; for every boat belonging to the place had either been swamped or had been torn from its moorings by the overwhelming current and carried away.

"Let us run to Saint-Pierre," cried Polycarpe, after he and his companions had contemplated the fearful spectacle for a few moments with consternation. "We may find a boat there!"

He started off as he spoke, followed by half a dozen of the Colonists. Marcel did not accompany them, for he had heard cries of distress from the windmill, a short distance off, and had hastened thither with three or four more. The water at this point was quite seven feet deep, and the building evidently giving way. There seemed to be no possibility of saving the miller and his wife and child, for the flood rushed so fiercely around the mill that the most experienced swimmer would not have ventured into it. Marcel was gazing in hopeless pity at the fated building, when a man on horseback trotted into the midst of the group of despairing spectators. A sudden thought struck the boy.

"Give me that horse!" cried he; "quick, give me that horse!"

"What do you mean, youngster?" asked the man, somewhat surprised by the imperative tone and unexpected demand of the stranger.

"For God's sake, lend me your horse; every moment that we lose may cost a life!"

As he spoke he turned toward the mill, where the unfortunate family could be seen at the window, stretching forth their imploring hands and

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crying for help. The traveller got off his horse without another word, and, quick as lightning, Marcel was in the saddle and spurring the animal forward into the water. Before his surprised companions well comprehended what he intended to do, they saw him breasting the furious current and struggling to reach the windmill.

They saw him reach it at last, and then the miller letting down his wife to him by a rope passed under her arms. The poor woman held her child clasped closely to her bosom, and though she clung to her deliverer with a grasp that almost strangled him, she seemed to think only of her babe, whispering to it as Marcel urged the panting horse back again to the land, "Thou art saved, my little one, thou art saved!"

The brave boy placed the mother and child in safety in the hands of the admiring spectators of his courage and self-devotion; then, without staying for a moment's breathing or rest, forced his unwilling horse again into the flood.

This time the owner of the good beast made some indignant remonstrances. "Both boy and horse will be lost," cried he; "they are both tired now; they can never fight against the current!"

"Why don't the miller throw himself into the water and swim? He's fresh and the others aren't."

"Suppose he don't know how," answered one of the bystanders; "and if he did, do you think he could stem that torrent?"

"Why, he'd be carried down the Loire to the sea, just like a piece of straw," said another.

"The horse, the horse, look how he strains! he's giving way! he's lost his footing!" cried half a dozen at this instant.

For a moment the strong, high-spirited animal was hurried along by the foaming, eddying stream, then with a mighty effort recovering himself he reached the mill, and the miller had just time to drop down and cling with a death-grip to the pale, intrepid rider, when the building toppled over and was carried away!

Cries and tears of joy hailed them as they approached the dry land; the young Colonists surrounded their heroic companion, and presently bore him off to Mettray for a change of clothing and some refreshment; his trembling frame told how much he needed them. But the family he had saved so gallantly did not let him depart before they had thanked him with tears of gratitude, while the owner of the noble horse pressed his hand in both of his and swore to be his friend through life.

"You're a brave fellow, and I honor you," cried he. "I'll be your friend, and a true one, or my name's not Charles Rodez!"

The poor miller with his wife and child were taken to a house prepared to receive and succor the unfortunate victims of the inundation. Food and warm clothing and beds were here ready for the half-starved and half-drowned families that were arriving continually—poor, despairing people who had most of them lost their little all, and some of them a father, or husband, or child.

Scarcely had Marcel, cold and wet, but very happy, been borne off in triumph by his comrades, when there appeared on the road, coming toward the village, a great truck drawn by two horses, and loaded with a large boat and its oars.

Polycarpe and his friend Priat had been successful in their search, and were now returning at the head of the little band of Colonists who had followed them to Saint-Pierre.

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The people in the water-logged houses of the village fairly screamed with hope and joy when they saw the procession, and then the boat taken off and launched. A dozen Colonists were eager to jump in, but Polycarpe and Priat were given the precedence, and they, with another well-grown youth, presently pushed off into the fast and furious stream. It was hard work to keep clear of the drifting beams that were hurled along, rather than carried, by the current through the narrow streets of the village; harder still to get the boat near enough to each tottering house to take off the frightened family from the roof or out of the windows.

Once, indeed, it came near being swamped, with eight persons on board, by the sudden falling of a wall of the house from which they had just been saved. Polycarpe's quick eye saw the coming danger in time to give such a vigorous pull with his oar that the boat sprang forward just out of reach of the stones and beams, but she was so violently rocked by the concussion of the falling materials with the water that it seemed a miracle that she did not capsize.

And once, too, the brave boy missed his footing as he climbed on a roof to take off a lame old man, and fell headlong into the water. An admirable swimmer and diver, he did not lose his presence of mind, but passed under the boat and came up on the other side; he was soon hauled in by poor Priat, who was more frightened and affected by this accident than by any other event of that terrible day.

All day long the work of rescue went on. When the three rowers were exhausted with fatigue, three others took their places. There was not one among the young Colonists who hung back or shirked the danger; not one who did not give proof of courage and Christian charity. The boat went and came, until, at last, one after another, all the poor peasants were in safety. When night fell, not a house of the village was left standing, but not a life had been lost.

CHAPTER XII.

"Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not always endless night, nor yet eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, and fear to fall."

SOUTHWELL.

The services rendered by the young Colonists during the inundation attracted unusual attention to the Colony, and visitors from Tours, and even from Paris, flocked in numbers to Mettray every Thursday and Sunday. The afternoons of these two days were set apart for the public, who were permitted to be present at the boys' gymnastic exercises, and for whose pleasure the band of the military establishment performed its best pieces.

On one of these occasions, about a couple of months after the events we have endeavored to describe in the preceding chapter, Marcel remarked a gentleman whose countenance he seemed to remember, who appeared to be looking at him, almost examining him, with much attention. Toward the close of the exercises, he perceived the same gentleman in conversation with one of the head-officers of the place. Presently they came to him.

"Marcel," said the officer, "this gentleman wishes to ask you a few questions."

"I want to ask you, my boy, if you recollect ever to have seen me before!" said the gentleman, with an encouraging smile.

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"Yes, sir," replied Marcel; "I believe that I have. I think that you are the Commissary of Police in the Rue des Noyers."

"I was; I see that I am not mistaken either. I never did forget a face that struck me. You are the boy who, some years since, found a bag of Napoleons in the street and brought it to me. Am I not right?"

"Yes, sir," said Marcel, looking down.

"Well, my good fellow, your honesty saved a poor man from a broken heart; but he was very ill for a long time from the dreadful emotions of that night, and circumstances prevented my seeking you out immediately, and so it happened that, when I did go to the address you gave me, I only learnt that the woman with whom you lived was dead, and no one could tell me anything about you. I suspect that no one would. Perhaps I was recognized to be the Commissary of Police, and inspired no great confidence. But I am glad to see you again, my boy. I have just learned something of your history, and I rejoice to find that I was not mistaken in the opinion I formed of you that night that you brought me the bag. I often regretted that you received no reward. I don't know how it happened either. You're a brave fellow, too, as well as an honest one, they tell me. Shake hands, will you?"

He took Marcel's hand as he spoke; the boy burst into tears; the past returned so vividly to his recollection at that moment; the commissary's long speech brought back so much that had almost been forgotten, so much misery and shame and sin, that the different present overpowered him. The good-natured visitor patted him on the shoulder in a kind, fatherly manner, his eyes glistening with sympathy.

"Come," said he presently, "tell me what you intend to do when you leave the Colony. I hear that your time will soon be out now. What trade have you learned?"

"I am a gardener," replied Marcel. "I always loved flowers, and I should like to cultivate them."

"Quite right," said his new-found friend. "Well, I shall look out for a place for you. And now, my boy, remember that I am your friend, a sincere one, and be sure to write to me in any emergency. This is my address, *M. de Morel, Rue du Luxembourg, Paris;* take care of this card, and do not forget to let me know two or three months before you leave the Colony."

He gave Marcel his card, with another cordial shake of the hand, and, returning to his party, shortly after left the establishment.

Marcel had a long talk with the father of the family and Polycarpe that evening. They both agreed that the promised influence of M. de Morel was a bright prospect for Marcel's future career.

"This friendship, however, is not absolutely necessary for your prosperity hereafter, Marcel," said the father. "You know well that Mettray never abandons her children. Our good director would find you a suitable situation, and continue to watch over your interests. But still I think you must do as this kind gentleman wishes. It is a pleasant and useful thing to have friends; one cannot have too many good ones!"

"You will get acquainted with the poor clerk, very likely," remarked Polycarpe. "Wouldn't you be glad to know him? I should, I think."

"Yes, I think I should too," answered Marcel thoughtfully.

The friends went to bed that night very happy; Marcel to dream of that future garden, the aim of all

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his ambition, in which he wandered, hand in hand with the poor clerk, until the clarion sounded ; Polycarpe to fancy himself marching, drums beating, colors flying, at the head of a regiment of Zouaves !

There is not a pleasanter place in Paris than the Garden of Plants—the people's delight and the people's own !

Who that has seen it in spring can forget its magnificent avenues of linden-trees, fragrant with the delicious perfume of the tassel-like blossoms ; its grand old chestnut-trees, covered with spikes of creamy-white or rose-colored flowers ; its lilac-bushes, its pear-trees, white with blossoms, as if they had been snowed on ! And then the twitter of birds, mingled with the bleating of sheep and goats, and the soft lowing of cows ! Delightful sights and sounds in the very heart of poor old Paris, close by the door of the hospital ! 'Tis there that the pale Parisian workman spends his holiday with his wife and children ; 'tis there the little ones learn to love and be gentle to God's creatures.

How pleasant it is in the warm summer-time, when the shady avenues are crowded with bands of happy children, jumping the rope or playing at hide-and-seek behind the thick trunks of the old trees planted by Buffon, while their smiling mothers sit near with their sewing. How beautiful then are the gay parterres of bright-colored flowers so skilfully grouped, so harmoniously contrasted ! How interesting the rich botanic garden, where so many strange exotic plants, each with its common as well as scientific name legibly inscribed near it, can be freely and conveniently studied by all !

Who that has climbed the little hill, on whose summit stands the Cedar of Lebanon, and rested beneath the glorious spreading branches, has not felt it a heart-warming sight to watch the crowds of hard-working people rambling with their children amidst the trees and flowers of this magnificent garden ; here stopping to feed the patient elephant, who seems to pass his life begging for bits of bread ; here contemplating, with some aversion perhaps, the clumsy hippopotamus bathing its unwieldy form in its tank ; then making a long pause before the monkeys' palace, where some twenty of those natural gymnasts excite roars of laughter by their tricks ; and then again before the great cage of the many-colored parrots, that look to the delighted children like giant flying-flowers ? And as they stroll along, the goats and sheep, and soft-eyed gazelles and fawns, that beg by the way, get each a few crumbs of black bread and many caresses ; and the boys jest *en passant* with the bear at the bottom of his pit—" Old Martin" they call him—and they bribe him to climb the great pole placed expressly for him, with a bit of crust ; and the little girls pity the eagle as they pass by his narrow grated prison. Sitting there under the cedar, the eye falls almost involuntarily on a group of pretty houses, nestled together in a corner not far from the Museums of Natural History. They are the residences of many of the professors attached to the Garden of Plants—professors of botany, of comparative anatomy, of mineralogy and geology, of natural history, etc.—men of world-wide reputations, whom the privileged inhabitants of Paris may hear lecture on these various sciences, in well-ventilated, well-warmed halls, twice every week, for nothing.

In an out of the way nook, but quite near to the homes of these cele-

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brated men, there was one quaint, old-fashioned little house which, in the spring of the year 1859, had been appropriated as the dwelling of one of the head-gardeners, a young man of great intelligence in his profession, and who had lately been appointed to the situation.

It was a very little house, it is true, but large enough for the tenant and his young, newly-made wife, who thought it, for her part, the sweetest nest ever built. It was covered with climbing roses; they could scarcely be shut out by the windows and doors, so that it had received the name of "The House of the Roses." Outside, it needed no other ornament to be beautiful; inside, its charms were neatness, cheerfulness, cleanliness, and quiet.

But the afternoon that we present it to our readers the little house was in a bustle, for wife Gabrielle and her maid Marie were preparing a dinner far more elaborate than was usual in that simple household, and very anxious were the two little women that every dish should be worthy of the occasion, for the banquet was to feast the return of an old friend from the war in Italy.

The master of the house had but just got home from his daily occupations when there came a vigorous ring at the door, and he ran to open it.

"Marcel!"

"Polycarpe!"

The two friends threw themselves into each other's arms, unable to utter another word.

"How well and happy you look!" exclaimed Polycarpe at last, laying his hand caressingly on his friend's shoulder and gazing affectionately at him.

"And you, Polycarpe, what a tremendous fellow *you are* with your turban and your great beard!" returned Marcel, looking with admiration at the supple, sinewy form of the handsome Zouave, on whose broad chest shone the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The blushing young wife received her husband's old friend with a cordiality that soon put the soldier quite at his ease, and by the time the dinner was ended they were chatting together as if they were acquaintances of ten years' standing.

"Now, Marcel," said Polycarpe, when the happy trio were quietly seated in the little salon through whose open windows the fresh roses peeped in, perfuming the soft evening air—"now, Marcel, you must tell me something more about yourself than the few letters I have received from you have contained."

"First, let *me* tell you something, Monsieur Polycarpe," cried Gabrielle. "Let me tell you that I shall be grateful to you, and love you as a brother to my dying day, for having saved Marcel from being a soldier."

"Madam," replied the Zouave, laughing, "you must love me as your brother, but you owe me no gratitude. Why, I had always wished to be a soldier, and it was the most natural thing in the world that I should exchange my good number for Marcel's bad one. But that drawing for the conscription is really a dreadful ordeal!"

"Thank God that you have come back to us!" ejaculated Marcel softly.

"Oh! that horrible battle of Solferino!" cried Gabrielle with a shudder. "When Marcel knew that you had been engaged in it, I thought that he would go distracted, until he was assured of your safety."

"He ought to have seen us Zouaves, how ready we were for the fight; not a man among us who would have backed out!"

"It was because I knew your im-

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petuosity, Polycarpe," said Marcel, "that I despaired of ever seeing you again."

"Well, my friend!" said the soldier, pressing his friend's hand, "here I am, safe and sound, with two legs and two arms; there is many a brave man who came back from Solferino who cannot say that!"

"I have always been lucky," continued he after a short pause; "I entered the army a simple soldier, without a single friend, and yet here I am with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and next month I shall get my epaulettes!"

"I am not surprised, not in the least surprised. You acted like a hero in Italy, I know, or you would not have been decorated! We shall see you a captain soon!" And Gabrielle clapped her little hands with delight at the thought.

"Come, Marcel," cried Polycarpe, laughing, "I shall become too vain if I listen to your wife any longer. Come, tell me; when we parted, you for Paris, and I for the army, how did you get on?"

"It will be a twice-told tale to you, Polycarpe, for you must have received my letters!"

"Never mind! There are gaps in what I know of your doings, and they must be filled up."

"Well, then, after that painful parting with our friends at Mettray, I proceeded to Paris, and went immediately to see M. de Morel; he was just as cordial as he had given me reason to believe he would be, and one of the very first things he did was to take me to see Gabrielle's father."

"Do you know who *he* was, Monsieur Polycarpe, or is that one of the gaps you mentioned?" interrupted Gabrielle, smiling.

"Oh! no, that is not a gap," replied the soldier. "I know that it was your father who lost the bag of gold Marcel was so fortunate as to find."

"What a dreadful remembrance that night is to us all even now! I was very young then, but I can perfectly recollect my poor father's despair, and my mother's bitter weeping. I have never since heard of a sum of money being found, without picturing to myself the loser's agony, and some such scene of wretchedness as I witnessed in my own home!"

"Monsieur Tixier received me as if I were his son," continued Marcel.

"Well, you were to be!" said Gabrielle archly.

"But I certainly never should have dared to have thought of such a thing then," replied her husband, smiling. "I saw Mademoiselle Gabrielle sitting at work by her mother's side; but I little dreamt that that fair young girl would ever be my wife!"

"How glad we were to see him, you can imagine, Monsieur Polycarpe! We had wanted for years to prove our gratitude to him! But you know we had never been able to find him. In the street where he used to live they told father that Pelagie Vautrin was dead, and the family with whom Marcel lived had moved."

"You can understand how that happened, Polycarpe," continued Marcel, "for you know that your unfortunate father was never seen again after that day when we so hastily fled the house. And then your mother and Loulou left the neighborhood."

"Poor father, poor mother, both gone!" sighed the soldier. "How often have I hoped to possess a decent home of my own that I might save them from a miserable old age! They are both gone, for I cannot help believing that my father is dead."

"Loulou will be a comfort to you; the good sisters in Rue St. Jacques have brought her up well. She is a

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good, industrious girl, and an excellent needlewoman. Gabrielle has had her to spend the day with us twice, and we are very fond of her."

"Madame Gabrielle, how can I thank you! What kind, good friends you are to me!" The brave Zouave hid his face for a moment in his hands; when he raised it, his cheeks glistened as if they had just been washed with tears.

"Go on, Marcel, what happened after you had made the acquaintance of M. Tixier?"

"Very shortly after, M. de Morel succeeded in getting me a place in the staff of gardeners attached to the Garden of Plants, and here I have worked steadily on while you have been fighting my battles, Polycarpe."

"You have fought your own, Marcel, and manfully too!"

"Happy years they have been—my profession pleased me, and I made many friends, and as time went on I was promoted, until, at last, six months ago, I was appointed one of the head-gardeners, with a good salary and this little house rent free."

"And then, Monsieur Polycarpe, my good father, who had known for a long time that Marcel and I loved one another dearly, made him understand that my mother would be happy to call him her son!"

"Yes, when my way was clear before me, my good friend bestowed on me the best little wife that ever man was blessed with; and where do you think we went for our wedding trip?"

"Where? Why, to Mettray, of course," cried Polycarpe excitedly.

"Yes, to Mettray. We staid with Rodez at Tours; he was very kind to us, and took us to see all our friends. First of all, Priat; he is foreman to the richest baker in the town, and is very highly esteemed by his master. He was very glad to see me again, and we talked a great deal of you and of the Zouaves."

"Good fellow! I shall go to see him, one of these days!" exclaimed Polycarpe.

"Yes, do. Then we went to Mettray. How my heart beat when I caught sight again of the chapel steeple! I saw many new faces, but our kind director, and the good abbe, and the father of our family were there just the same, all well, and so glad to see me, and so glad to know that I was prosperous and happy; and they admired my little wife so much!"

"Enough, enough, Marcel!" interrupted Gabrielle, brightly blushing and smiling.

"Marcel," said Polycarpe after a short silence, "I have been on the battle-field, my comrades falling by hundreds around me, while I was spared; I have seen death in its most fearful shapes, and human suffering inconceivable to the imagination of those who have not witnessed it, and I have escaped, unhurt, untouched; but I declare to you that when the battle was over and the danger past, I never felt that overpowering gratitude that fills my heart when I remember Mettray. For, after all, what is physical pain, what is the loss of this life compared to that corruption of the heart and conscience that was ours when we first entered the Colony? I do not believe that I have ever closed my eyes in sleep since I quitted that saving home before praying, 'God bless the founders of Mettray!'"

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PROTESTANTISM A FAILURE.*

DR. EWER is a Protestant Episcopal minister of Christ Church in this city, and is, we are assured, no ordinary man. Afflicted in early life with doubts of the truth of revealed religion, but subsequently getting the better of them, he joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, became an Episcopalian minister in California, whence he was called to the pastorate of Christ Church in this city. He is, we are told, a man of great ability, of genuine eloquence, and a true pulpit orator. He appears to be an honest and earnest-minded man, who took seriously the church pretensions of Episcopalians, treated the Episcopal Church as a real Christian church, in which he might hold, develop, and defend what he regarded as real church principles.

But he found that he had counted without his host, that is, without his vestry, with whom the principal power in Episcopalian churches is lodged. His vestry or wardens complained of his preaching, and censured his doctrine as tending Romeward, or as not sufficiently Protestant. Like a brave man, he answered their complainings by these four discourses, in which he distinctly asserts the *failure of Protestantism as a religious system, and "Catholicism" as the remedy.* Nothing could be more startling to a Protestant congregation, and it seems to have startled to a considerable extent the whole American Protestant public. But we are bound to say, if any one imagines that in these discourses Dr. Ewer rejects Protestantism for the church in communion with the Roman Apostolic See, he is very much in error. Dr. Ewer, in the train of the Oxford Tracts, the Puseyites, and the Ritualists, disclaims Protestantism, proves unanswerably that it was a blunder, and is as a religion a disastrous failure; but the Catholicity he looks to for a remedy is of a very different stamp from ours, and whether it be a genuine Catholicity or not, he claims to be as far from being a *Romanist* as he thinks he is from being a Protestant. Rome, he says, failed in the fifteenth century, as Protestantism has failed in the nineteenth.

That Protestantism was a sad blunder, and has proved a disastrous failure, Catholics have proved over and over again; and on this point Dr. Ewer has said no more nor better than they had said before him. He has said no more than was said by the Oxford men, or than is said every day by the Ritualists, who are so strong in the English Church that its authorities do not dare condemn, and are obliged to tolerate them. The Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, lately in session in this city, could not by any means be induced to take any action against them, or to do anything to favor the party in the church opposed to them. The Anglican Church, or a considerable portion of it, would, if it could, like to get rid of the name of *Protestant*, and assume that of *Catholic*. It is growing ashamed of its origin and principles, and it has many noble members who are doing their best to

* 1. *Failure of Protestantism, and Catholicism the Remedy:* Four Discourses delivered by the Rev. F. C. Ewer, D.D., in Christ Church, Fifth avenue, New York. Reported in the New York *Times*, 1868. 2. *Dr. Ewer's Reply to Dr. Adams and Others*, in Defence of his Discourses on the *Failure of Protestantism, and Catholicism the Remedy.* Reported in the New York *World*, November 16th, 1868.

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bring its doctrine and form of worship up to the level of Catholicity. Dr. Ewer indeed says nothing of Protestantism that all thinking men do not see and know as well as he. Protestantism was always more political and national than religious. It originated chiefly with the princes of the sixteenth century, who were opposed, for secular reasons, to the pope, or wished to frighten him in order to bring him to their terms; and it relied wholly on the civil power to diffuse, protect, and defend it. Now, when the civil powers are abandoning it as no longer necessary to their purposes, and giving partial or complete liberty to Catholics, it is able to make a show of sustaining itself only by forming an intimate alliance with the unbelief and naturalism of the age. It is not an insignificant circumstance that, when recently the attempt, for political purposes, was made in England to revive the "No Popery" cry, once so effective, it wholly failed. The Protestant mind in the Protestant world is evidently drifting away from the Reformation, even if not drifting toward the church.

But though the part of Dr. Ewer's discourses which so effectually prove the failure of Protestantism as a religious system is the part most satisfactory to us, we must for various reasons confine the remarks we design to make chiefly to the remedy proposed. The error, nay, the blunder, the author assures us, was in breaking away from the One Holy Catholic Church of the Bible and the Creed, and setting up in its place the Bible interpreted, by the private spirit or private judgment, almost inevitably tending to discredit the Bible, and to develop in pure rationalism or naturalism; the remedy, of course, must be in the return to this One Catholic Apostolic Church with its divinely instituted priesthood, its august sacrifice, its sacraments, sacred rites, and plenary authority in matters of faith and discipline. This, if asserted by us, would be very intelligible to all the world, and would mean a return to the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, or church in communion with the Apostolic See of Rome, the See or the Chair of Peter. But Dr. Ewer takes great pains to have us understand that this is not his meaning, and that in rejecting Protestantism he is far from accepting *Romanism*, or Roman Catholicity. The puzzle, then, is to determine what, which, or where is the One Catholic Apostolic Church which he proposes as the remedy of the widespread evils of Protestantism.

Is it the Roman Church? No. That is a Catholic Church, but not the Catholic Church. Is it the Greek or Oriental Church? No. That is a catholic church, but not the Catholic Church. Is it the Anglican? No. That, again, is a catholic church, but not the Catholic Church. These, the doctor says, near the conclusion of his second sermon, are particular and local churches, not the one universal church itself, but holding from it and subordinate to it. Where, then, is this universal church? He answers, in the same sermon, a little further on, "We must go deeper and broader" than these particular and local churches "to find the Catholic Church, down to the great foundation on which the three stand; down out of the differences of the brothers to the unity of the family, to find the ground upon which we stand as Catholics, not as Romanists, not s Greeks, not as Anglicans, far less as Episcopalians." But is this catholic church which underlies alike the three particular churches an organ-

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ization or organism distinct from them, with a centre of unity, life, and authority, independent of them, but on which they themselves depend for their church unity, authority, and life? Not at all. If we understand the author, the Catholic Church is in what these three particular or local churches have in common, in what they agree in holding, or what remains after eliminating their differences. In order not to do the author any injustice, we quote nearly at length, in his own words, the answer he gives in his fourth discourse to the question, "What is the Catholic Church?"

"Now, a church is an organism. The Catholic Church must be an organism universal over space and universal back through time to Christ. Suppose, now, I go to the Methodists again. I find there an organism; but in looking back I find it was arranged about the time of John Wesley, one hundred years ago. Before his day there was no such church organism. I pass then to the Presbyterians. There I find a different organism. But in looking back I find it dates its origin only about three hundred years ago. That will not answer, then. Very well, I try the Congregationalists, and, in fact, each and all of the modern Protestant organizations. Avowedly they do not, any of them, run back into the dreadful mediæval times—those *dark* ages. Whatever these Protestant organisms may be, then, they must each and all be set aside, as, at any rate, not Catholic organisms either in space or in time, and therefore not Catholic at all. Well, suppose I come to our church. I find it, as an organism, with its bishops, priests, and deacons, its ritual form of worship, its altars and sacraments, its conventions and synods, its dioceses and parishes, running back in the history of England into mediæval times; yea, still further back through the early days of old Britain and up even to the apostles. I seem to strike something Catholic here. But be not in haste. Suppose I go to the Roman Church. I find that I can trace its life back also interruptedly to the apostles. Suppose I go to the Greek Church. I find the same peculiarity of continued existence back to the apostles there. Here, then, in the Roman, Greek, and Anglican churches, we have reached something which it will do at least to pause upon for further investigation.

"But have a care. When we look a little more closely into the Anglican organization as a whole and consider it part by part, and when we examine the Roman organization in like manner, and the Greek, we find that each of the three differs from the other two in certain respects. Rome has a pope and a cultus of St. Mary the ever-Virgin; these are not parts of the Greek (?) or of the Anglican organisms. Though we have paused here, then, though the Catholic Church must be hereabouts somewhere, nevertheless, when we have reached our church, we have not yet reached the Catholic Church we are in search of; when we go to Rome, we have not yet reached that Catholic Church; and equally, when we go to the Greeks, we have not reached the object of our search. For we find that neither of these three organisms, when taken as a whole, and in all its minutiæ, is accepted by the other two. *Shall we go elsewhere, then? There is nowhere else to go.*

"Let us look, then, more closely still here. As we examine, we find that, although the three—Anglican, Greek, and Roman—thus differ in some respects, they are marvellously alike in all others. All three have a hierarchy of bishops, priests, and deacons. All have the holy altar of the tremendous sacrifice as the central object in their churches. All have robed clergy. All have saints' days and identical ecclesiastical seasons. All have a ritual form of worship. All have parishes, dioceses, and provinces. All (?) date their life back into the first century. All have stately ceremonials and processions; the Greeks the most glorious, the Romans less, and the Anglicans the least.

"All acknowledge the authority of general councils. All have the same apostolic succession and the same sacraments. Here, then, I begin to find the Catholic Church. Those few peculiarities in which the Greek, the Anglican, and the Roman differ from each other are merely local; all those many peculiarities in which the three are at one shape out for me visibly, solidly, and sharply the great Catholic Church; one in space as in organism, and one in time; to be found equally in Russia, and Italy, and England, and America, and Mexico, and Germany, and Brazil—everywhere; to be found, too, in the nineteenth century, and equally in mediæval time, and also in the earliest days, unchanged and unchangeable. And everything in the Anglican, Greek, and

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Roman bodies which the three hold in common, and which has been held in them, everywhere, always, and by all, is Catholic. Anything else, any peculiarity which we have that Rome and the Easterns have not, or which Rome has, but the Greeks and we have not, or which the Greeks have, but Rome and we have not, is merely local, partial, and not Catholic."

This is explicit enough. Take all that any one of the three holds in which the other two agree, and you have the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church. Eliminate from all three the points in which they differ, which are assumed to be trifling, and take their points of agreement, and you will have what the preacher calls "Catholicism," and which he proposes as the remedy for the evils of Protestantism. Extend the rule so as to include all professedly Christian churches, denominations, or sects which professedly recognize a Christian church and a Christian ministry, and it will be the view of the Catholic Church generally taken by Protestants. No Protestant sect has ever had the audacity to claim to be itself alone the visible Catholic Church of the Creed; and none of the older Protestant sects deny that there is, in some sense, a visible Catholic Church. In the early Protestant teaching, if not in the later, there is recognized one visible Catholic Church, which is what all professedly Christian communions agree in holding, or which alike underlies them all. In this sense, Presbyterians and Congregationalists, Methodists and Baptists, Lutherans and Calvinists, have always been as strenuous asserters of the Catholic Church and of Catholicity as is Dr. Ewer himself. We see, then, in Dr. Ewer's "Catholicism," nothing that need startle a Protestant or especially gratify a Catholic. In principle, at least, he asserts a very common Protestant doctrine, and in no sense necessarily breaks, except in words, with the Protestant Reformation.

But be this as it may, it is certain that Dr. Ewer admits no catholic body or organic centre of unity and catholicity distinct from the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican churches, and independent of them, and recognizes no catholicity but what these three churches agree in maintaining and possess in common. Neither of them, he contends, is by itself alone the Catholic Church; each is a catholic church, but no one of them is the Catholic Church herself. Whence, then, their quality of catholic churches? Particular or local churches are catholic because they hold from, depend on, and commune with a catholic centre of unity, life, and authority, which is distinct from and independent of themselves. This is not the case with the three churches named; they hold from and depend on no common organic centre, recognize no organic source of life independent of themselves, are subordinated to no authority not each one's own, commune with no centre of unity which each one has not in itself, and not even with one another. They are each complete in themselves, and are therefore not three inferior churches, subordinate to one supreme catholic apostolic church, but, if churches at all, three distinct, separate, and independent churches. If, then, no one of them is the one holy catholic apostolic church, no one of them is even a catholic church, and Dr. Ewer fails entirely to recognize any Catholic Church at all.

The author is deceived in his assumption that these three churches are particular or local churches, subordinated to the universal church. St. Mary's church, which is my parish church, is a catholic church, if the see of Rome is the Catholic Apostolic See; for it depends on it,

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and through the bishop of the diocese communes with that see, and through that see with every other particular catholic church, thus establishing in the unity and catholicity of the See of Rome, or, as the fathers said, the See of Peter, the unity and catholicity of all particular or local churches in communion with it. By coming into communion with St. Mary's church, one comes into communion with the one universal church, is in the catholic communion, and is a Catholic; but nothing of the sort can be affirmed either of the Greek Church or of the Anglican. They acknowledge no subordination to any other organic body in existence; they depend respectively on no ecclesiastical authority or organic centre independent of themselves; they commune neither with each other nor with the Church of Rome, which holds them to be both in schism, and one of them in heresy. Certain Anglican ministers would willingly commune with the Greek Church, but it repels them, and declares that sect to be not even a church. The three churches named cannot, then, be particular churches holding from a common centre of unity, and Dr. Ewer must take one of them as the Catholic Church and exclude the other two, or have no Catholic Church at all.

The fact that there are certain points, if you will, essential points, of agreement between these three bodies, does by no means make them one body. Agreement is not identity. Great Britain and the United States speak the same language; adopt the same Common Law, which governs their respective courts; agree to a great extent in their usages, manners and customs, and civil institutions; and throughout they have a far closer resemblance to each other than has the Anglican Church to either the Greek Church or the Roman Church; and yet, are they not one nation, with one national authority, and having one and the same national life. Eliminate from New York and New Jersey the points in which they differ, and retain only the points in which they agree, and would they be one state under one and the same state government? Not at all, because they are separate organizations, and, as states, are each independent of the other. The Eastern churches were once in communion with Rome under the supremacy of the Apostolic See, and then were one with the Roman Church; but having separated from that see, they are churches in schism indeed, but *de facto* independent. There was, down to the sixteenth century, a Catholic Church in England in communion with the Church of Rome or the Apostolic See; but the so-called Church *of* England is not its continuation, and, in the judgment of both the Roman Church and the Greek Church, is not a church at all, for it has no orders, no priesthood, no sacrifice; its so-called bishops and clergymen are only laymen, but for the most part educated, refined, and highly respectable laymen, devoted to the elegant pursuits of literature and science, the cultivation of private and public morals, and the interests and well-being of their families. But not to insist on this at present, we may affirm that, even supposing Anglicans have an episcopate, and that it resembles the Greek and Roman episcopates, it is no more identical with them than the government of Great Britain is identically that of Italy, Prussia, or Austria. These three states are all limited monarchies; they also all have parliamentary governments, and place the sovereignty in the nation, not in a particular family. But they are not one

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and the same monarchy, nor one and the same government, for they are politically separate and independent. It will not do to answer this by saying that each of these three episcopates hold equally from Jesus Christ, and are one in him; for that would either suppose the church to be in her unity and catholicity invisible, and without any visible organ or manifestation; or else that Christ has three churches, or three bodies, which the author can admit no more than we, for he professes to hold or believe ONE Holy Catholic Apostolic Visible Church.

In the beginning of the extract from Dr. Ewer's fourth discourse, the church is declared to be "an organism." An organism, we need not tell a man like him, is a living body, not a simple aggregation of parts, or an organization which, having no life in itself, depends on the mechanical, electric, or chemical arrangement of its several parts. In every living body or organism, there is and must be—as the older physiologists, and even the most recent and eminent, like M. Virchow, of Berlin, and M. Claude Bernard, of Paris, tell us, and by their researches and discoveries have proved—an original central cell, from which the whole organism proceeds, in which its vital principle inheres, and which is the type, creator, originator, and director of all its vital phenomena. The whole life, evolution, and course of the organism is originated and determined by this original central cell—this germ, or ovule, without which no organic life or living body is possible. This primitive cell or germ is never spontaneously generated, but is always generated by a living organism which precedes and deposits it, according to the old maxim, *omne vivum ex ovo.** It is the origin and law of the unity, evolution, or growth of the organism, and is the type and generator of all the innumerable cells which form the whole cellular system of the entire organism, whether normal or abnormal.

What we insist on here is that there is no organism without this original central cell or germ, and that this central cell, whence the unity of the organism is generated by a pre-existing organism, that is, by ancestors of the same species, and is neither self-generated nor made up by any possible mechanical or physico-chemical action or combination of parts, as Messrs. Virchow and Bernard have demonstrated. This principle or law of all organic life is universal, and applies to the church as an organism, notwithstanding her supernatural character, as to any of the organisms studied and experimented upon by physiologists in the natural order. The Creator does not work after one law in the natural order, and another and diverse or contradictory law in the supernatural order; and herein we discover the reason of the perfect accord of all the Creator's works, the perfect harmony of revelation and real science, and the aid revelation gives to science, and, in return, the aid that real science gives to the interpretation and clearer understanding of revelation. God is one, and works always after one and the same law in all orders, and is never in contradiction with himself.

The essential error of the non-catholic church theory is, that it denies the central cell or germ whence is evolved or produced the whole church organism, and assumes that the church derives her life from her

* See a very learned and scientific essay in *Le Correspondant*, for October 25th, 1868, *De l' Idée de Vie dans la Physiologie Contemporaine*, by Dr. Chauffard, known to our readers by a very able essay *On the Present Disputes of Philosophy*, translated and published in this magazine for November last, though the types made us call him Dr. Chaufaid instead of Dr. Chauffard.

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members, and that she is constituted in her unity and catholicity as a living body by the combination of the several parts, or that the central cell is created by the organism, not the organism by the central or organic cell, which is as much as to say, multiplicity can exist without unity to produce it, or that dead or unliving parts can generate life and activity! No one need be surprised that men of clear heads and logical minds, trying to remove, on Protestant principles, the discrepancies between science and the Protestant religion, should rush into materialism and atheism. The principle the Protestant adopts in his non-catholic church theory is precisely the principle on which Mr. Herbert Spencer proceeds when he ascribes all the phenomena of life, or of the living organism, to the mechanical, electric, and chemical arrangement of material atoms. The same principle applied in theology leads inevitably to atheism; for, multiplicity given as prior to and independent of unity, no argument in favor of the divine existence can have any validity, nay, no argument to prove that there is a God can be conceived. Such is the terrible injury the non-catholic or Protestant church theory has done and is doing to both religion and science.

Dr. Ewer, no doubt, intends to reject, and honestly believes that he has rejected, this destructive theory, which, universally applied, results in nihilism; but we fear that he has not. He includes the one catholic church in what he calls the three particular churches—the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican. Each of these, he says, is a catholic church, but no one of them is the Catholic Church. Whence, then, do they or can they derive their character of catholic? The Catholic Church, according to him, is an organism. If an organism, it must have a central cell, an *organite*, or organic centre, originated not by itself, from which all in the organism proceeds, or in which, in the language of St. Cyprian, all "takes its rise," and therefore on which all the parts depend. This central cell, which in the church we may call the central see or chair, and which the fathers, whether Greek or Latin, call the Chair of Peter, and since it is the origin of all the parts, is evidently prior to them and independent of them. They do not constitute it, but it produces, sustains, and governs them. On no other conditions is it possible to assert or conceive the unity and catholicity of the church as an organism. Particular churches are Catholic by holding from and communing with this central see or the organic centre, not otherwise.

But Dr. Ewer acknowledges no such central cell or central see. His organism has no organic centre, and consequently is no organism at all, but a simple union or confederacy of equal and independent sees. Rome, Constantinople, or Canterbury is no more a central see or organic centre of the church than any other see or diocese, as Cæsarea, Milan, Paris, Toledo, Aberdeen, London, or Armagh, and to be in the unity of the church there is no particular see, mother and mistress of all the churches, with which it is necessary to commune. The several sees may agree in their constitution, doctrine, liturgy, and discipline, but they are not integrated in any church unity or living church organism. This is the theory of the schismatic Greeks, and of Anglicans and Protestant Episcopalians, and is simply the theory of independency, as much so as that of the New England Congregationalists, but it admits no organic unity. It is also the theory

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which Dr. Ewer himself appears to assert and defend. By what authority is he able to pronounce any one of the three churches named a catholic church, since no one of them holds from a catholic centre, or a central unity, for he recognizes no such centre or unity? The only unity of the church he can admit is that formed by the combination of the several parts, a unity formed from multiplicity. He holds that we need a great catholic reformation, a combination of the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican churches, which shall "evolve unity from multiplexity." Here, it seems to us, is an unmistakable recognition, as the basis of his catholicity, of the non-catholic church theory, and a virtual denial of the unity and catholicity of the church; for from multiplicity can be evolved only totality, which, so far from being unity, excludes it altogether.

Recognizing no central see, centre and source of the unity and catholicity of the church, how can Dr. Ewer determine what churches are in schism or what are in union, what are catholic and what are not? What criterion of unity and catholicity has he or can he have? He says the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican are catholic, and he confines the Catholic Church to them. But how can he call them catholic, since they have no common organic centre, and have no intercommunion? We can find in his discourses no answer to this question but the fact that they have certain things in common. Why confine the Catholic Church, then, to these three alone? Why exclude Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and the Swiss, the Dutch, and the German Reformed communions? All these have something in common with the Roman, Greek, and Anglican communions, and even profess with them to believe the Apostles' and Nicene creeds. The Methodists have bishops, priests or elders, and deacons, as the Anglicans, and adopt the same articles of faith. The churches named have presbyters, and so have Presbyterians, the continental Reformed, and the Lutheran churches; some of the Lutheran churches even have bishops. There is something in common between these and the churches the author claims to be catholic. Why, then, does he exclude them from the list of communions of which the Catholic Church is composed? Or why, indeed, exclude any one who professes to hold the Christian church and the Apostles' and Nicene creeds? And why not reject as non-catholic everything which all these do not agree in holding? Does he not say that *catholic* means all, not a part, and why exclude from the *all* any who acknowledge Christ as their Lord and Master, and profess to be members of his church? The author has no criterion in the case but his own private judgment, prejudice, or caprice. He has no other rule, having rejected the apostolic or central see, for interpreting the *quod semper, quod ubique, et ab omnibus creditur* of St. Vincent of Lerins. The *all* with us means all those, and those only, who are, and always have been, in communion with the central or Apostolic See, and obedient to its supreme authority; but Dr. Ewer, who admits no such see, has, and can have, no authority for not including in the *all*, the *omnibus*, all who profess to follow Christ or to hold and practise the Christian religion. His catholicity is, then, the creature of his own private judgment, prejudice, or caprice; and his catholic church is founded on himself, and is his own arbitrary construction or creation. This is not the rejection of Protestantism, but is rather Protestantism gone to seed.

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Throughout the whole of Dr. Ewer's reasoning, except where he is simply following Catholics in pronouncing and proving Protestantism a blunder and a failure, and answerable for the rationalism and unbelief in revealed religion now so prevalent among scientific, intelligent, clear-headed, and honest-minded men, there is the implied assumption that catholicity precedes the church, and that we are to determine not what is catholic by the church, but the Catholic Church by what we have, without her, determined to be catholic. This is not a Catholic but a Protestant method. We must first find the One Catholic Apostolic Church, and from her learn what is catholic, and who are catholics and who are not. This is the only scientific rule, if we acknowledge a Catholic Church at all.

If the Roman, Greek, and Anglican churches are no one of them the Catholic Church, they can be catholic, that is, be in the catholic organism, only by communing with the organic centre from which the life, activity, and authority of the organism proceeds, in which is the source and centre of the unity and catholicity of the church. But all particular churches in communion with the organic centre, and obtaining their life from it, exist *in solido*, and commune with one another. The three churches named do not commune with one another; they are, as we have seen, three distinct, separate, and independent bodies, and foreigners to one another. Then only one of them, if any one of them, can be a catholic church. The other two must be excluded as non-catholic. What the author has to determine first of all, since he restricts the Catholic Church to the three, is, in which of these three is the original, organic, or central cell, or central see, whence all the others proceed, or from which they take their rise. But instead of doing this, he denies that any one of the three is the Catholic Church, and contends that it is all three in what they hold in common or agree in maintaining. The meaning of this is, that no one of them contains the organic cell, that there is no central organic see, as we hold the See of Peter to be, and therefore no church organism one and catholic. But this is to deny the Catholic Church, not to assert it. In attempting to include in the One Catholic Apostolic Church non-catholic and foreign elements, Dr. Ewer, therefore, manifestly loses the Catholic Church itself.

Dr. Ewer, notwithstanding his vigorous onslaught upon Protestantism, remains still under the influence of his Protestant training, and has not as yet attained to any real conception either of unity or of catholicity. Unity is indivisible; catholicity is illimitable, or all that is contained in the unity; and both are independent of space and time. The unity of the church is her original and central organic principle, or principle of life; the catholicity of the church is inseparable from her unity, and consists in the completeness of this organic principle, and in its being always and everywhere the complete and only principle of church life. The unity of the faith is in the fact that it, like the church, has its central principle out of which all in it grows or germinates, and on which all in it depends; the catholicity of the faith is in the fact that this faith is complete, the whole faith, and is always and everywhere believed and taught by the One Catholic Church, is always and everywhere one and the same faith, always and everywhere the truth of God. The catholicity of the church depends in no sense on diffusion in space or the number of her members. The church is catholic, not because

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she is universally diffused in space, but because she is the one only church, and includes in her organism all that is essential to the church as the church, or the mystic body of Christ, to the entire church life for all men and for all times. *Catholic* means *all*, rather than *universal*, or universal only because it means all; and hence the church was as truly catholic on the day of Pentecost as she is now, or would be were all nations and all men included in her communion, as the human race, in the order of generation, was as complete and entire when there was no individual but Adam, as it will be when the last child is born. Time has no effect on either the unity or catholicity of the church; for she is always living in her unity and catholicity, an ever-present church, in herself the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. She is in time and space, but not of them, nor, in her internal organism, affected by the accidents of either. The primitive church, the mediæval church, and the church of to-day are identically the same, and the distinctions these terms imply are distinctions only in things externally related to her, not in herself. Such must be the church if one and catholic, holy and apostolic.

The central life of the church, the source of all the vitality, force, and authority of the organism, of which—to use the figure we have already so many times used—the central cell is the organ, and which gives it all its generative force and governing power, is Jesus Christ himself, who is the *forma* of the church, as the soul is the *forma* of the body, or its organic principle; for the church is the *body* of Christ, and is nothing without him, and if separated from him would instantly die, as does the body when separated from the soul. But we are treating of the church, in which the unity of Christ is made manifest in her visible unity, and therefore of the visible, not of the invisible church. That the invisible unity might be manifested, St. Cyprian argues, in his *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*, Christ established a central chair, the Chair of Peter, whence all might be seen to take its rise from one. This chair, the visible centre of unity, is to the church organism, as we have seen, what the central or organic cell is to every organism or living body in the natural order; but Jesus Christ, whom it manifests or represents in the visible order, is the living force and generative power of the central chair, as the soul is of the organic cell of the human organism. So much we must affirm of the *Christian* church, if we call it, as Dr. Ewer does, "an organism."

This organic central cell generates or produces not many organisms, but one only. So the Chair of Peter, the central cell of the church organism, can generate only one organism. Christ has one body and no more. That only can be the Catholic Church in which is, as its centre, the Chair of Peter, or, as we have before said, the organic central see, which may justly be called the Holy See, the Apostolic See, "the mother and mistress of all the churches," as in the living body the original central organic cell is the mother and mistress of all the secondary or inferior cells generated in the evolution of the organism. Here, again, theology and physiology coincide in principle.

We may now ask, Does the Greek schismatic church, as we call it, contain this central organic see? Certainly not; for she admits no such see, or, if she does, she confesses that she contains it not, and the Roman Church does. The Greek schismatic, as we call him, recognizes no church

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unity in the sense we have explained. He recognizes only diocesan, metropolitan, or patriarchal unity. Does the Greek Church, then, commune with this central see? No. For it communes with no see or church outside of itself. How is it with the Anglican Church? It does not any more than the Greek Church claim to possess it. It does not pretend to find it in the see of Canterbury, York, Dublin, or Armagh, and indeed denies both the necessity and existence of such see. She denounces the Roman see because she claims to be it; and Dr. Ewer tells us, in his reply to Mr. Adams, that the Protestant Reformation rendered noble service to the Anglican Church by delivering it from papal tyranny and oppression. Well, then, does the Anglican Church commune with the central or organic see, or Chair of Peter? No. For she communes with no see beyond herself. Then she is not the, or even a, catholic church. There remains, then, only the Roman Church, which is and must be the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church, if such church there is; for it can be no other. The reverend doctor's attempt, then, to find a catholic church which is not the Roman Church, or a catholicity which is "broader and deeper" than what he, as well as other Protestants, calls "Romanism," seems, like Protestantism itself, to have failed.

Dr. Ewer would evade the force of this conclusion, which the common sense of mankind unhesitatingly accepts, by resorting to what is known as "the branch theory." The Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican churches are not one or another of them exclusively the Catholic Church, but they are catholic churches, because branches of the One Catholic Church. But branches suppose a trunk. Where there is no trunk there are and can be no branches; for the trunk produces the branches, not the branches the trunk. Where, then, is the trunk of which the three churches named are branches, especially since the author says we are not to look beyond them for the Catholic Church? We let him answer in his own words:

"Permit me to close this part of my discourse by an illustration of the Catholic Church. We will take, for the sake of simplicity, a tree. For eight feet above the soil its trunk stands one and entire. Somewhere along the ninth foot the trunk branches into two main limbs. We will call the eastern the Greek limb, and the western we will call the Latin. Six feet further out on the Latin limb, that is to say, fifteen feet from the ground, that western limb subdivides into two vast branches. The outmost of the two we will call the Anglican branch, the other we will call the Roman. These two branches and the Greek limb run up to a height of nineteen and a half feet from the ground. There they are, the three great boughs, each with its foliage, Anglican at the west, Roman in the centre, Greek at the east. If now you shield your vision from all but the top of the tree, there will appear to you to be three disconnected tufts of vegetation; but lo! the foliage and the flowers are the same. But remove now the shield from before your eyes, and behold in the whole tree a symbol of the Catholic Church—one organism from root to summit."

This assumes that the trunk is the primitive undivided church, or the church prior to the separation of the Eastern churches from the jurisdiction of the Roman see. But does that undivided church, the trunk church, still exist in its integrity? No. For if it did, there would be no difficulty. It ceased to exist in the ninth century, and now there is no undivided church. Then that has fallen into the past. Then there is no present living trunk, but branches only. Branches of a trunk that has ceased to live can be only dead branches. The alleged branches communicate

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with no living root, and have no intercommunion; they therefore are not and cannot be one living organism. The author himself half concedes it, for he continues:

"A church that is one like the trunk of that tree for the first nine centuries—that branches then into Eastern and Western; the Western subdividing at the fifteenth century into Anglican and Roman. As a fact, the unity of the organism is not broken; intercommunion between its three parts is simply suspended for a time—suspended until that differentiation shall take place in God's one church which, as Herbert Spencer so admirably shows, is the law of all growth; a differentiation which means, in its last issue, not a complete sundering, but the eventual unity of multiplexity, the harmony of co-ordinate parts. Did it not mix the metaphor somewhat, I would go on and complete the illustration by supposing sundry branches of this tree to be cut off from time to time and inserted into vases of water standing round about the great tree. Being without root, those cut longest ago are all dead; while only the most recently cut are green with a deceptive life, themselves soon to wither and die. These cut branches, standing trunkless and rootless about the living tree, would be apt symbols of the Protestant sects.

"We have found, then, what the Catholic Church is."

There can be no suspension of intercommunion of the branches so long as their communion with the root, or organic cell, through the trunk, is not suspended; for through communion with that they intercommune. But any interruption of that communion is not only the suspension, but the extinction of intercommunion. The restoration of intercommunion once extinct cannot be affected except by a living reunion of each with the root or organic cell of the organism. Probably, then, the author has been too hasty in exclaiming, "We have found what the Catholic Church is." He seems to us to have found neither unity nor catholicity.

Dr. Ewer seems to forget that the church never has been and never can be divided. Has not he himself said that she is one, and does he need to be told that one is indivisible, or that its division would be its death? The tree with successive branches which he adduces in illustration is, no doubt, a living organism; but it can illustrate only the unity and catholicity of the central and ruling see, and the particular churches holding from it. Branch churches are admissible only as particular churches produced by and dependent on the organic centre, or apostolic see, mother and mistress of all the churches of the organism. But we have already shown that the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican churches are not particular churches, for they are independent bodies, subordinate to or dependent on no organic centre which each has not in itself. As the Catholic Church is one, not three, and as we have shown that it is neither the separated Greek Church nor the Anglican, it must be the Roman See and its dependent churches, in which is the primitive, original, productive, and creative life of the church, since, as we have seen, it can be no other. We have refuted the "branch theory" in refuting the author's assumption that the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican churches hold from and are subordinate to the one universal church, which, as independent of them, has no existence.

The failure of the author to find the Catholic Church is due to the fact that, from first to last, though he calls the church one, he really recognizes no church unity, since he recognizes no visible centre of unity whence emanates all her life, activity, and authority. Till the ninth century the East and West were united, and the church was one; but it had no centre of unity at Rome any more than at Antioch, at Alexandria, or Con-

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stantinople, in the successor of St. Peter in the See of Rome any more than in any other patriarch or bishop. Hence no church could be convicted of schism, unless its bishop refused to commune with another, or another refused to commune with him; but which was the schismatic was indeterminable, unless the whole church should come together in General Council and settle the question by vote. This is the author's theory of unity, a unity which has no visible centre. It is the common Anglican theory, and appears to some extent to be that of the schismatical Greeks. But this theory makes the unity of the church a mere collective federative unity, or an aggregation of parts, which is simply no unity at all, and at best only a union. The unity of the church implies that all in the church proceeds from unity, and is generated, upheld, and controlled by it. The unity is the origin of the whole organism, and what does not proceed from it or grow out of it is abnormal—a tumor, or an excrescence to be exscinded. Hence the impossibility of arriving at the unity of the church by aggregating the parts which have lost it or have it not. It is impossible to assert the unity of the church without asserting a central see, and its bishop as its visible manifestation. There is, we repeat, no organism without the central cell, and no visible organism without a visible centre of unity. The author would do well to study anew the treatise *De Unitate Ecclesiæ* of St. Cyprian, to which we have already referred.

There is and can be no visible unity of the church without a central see, the centre and origin of unity, life, and authority; and when you have found that see, you have found the Catholic Church, but not till then. Every see, or particular or local church in communion with that see; and dependent on it, is in the unity of the church and catholic; and every one not in communion with it is out of unity and not catholic, nor any part of the Catholic body. Admitting that there is the Catholic Church, the only question to be settled is, Which is that See? Reduced to this point, the controversy is virtually ended. There is and never has been but one claimant. Rome has always claimed it, and nobody in the world has ever pretended or pretends that it is any other. Constantinople and Canterbury have disputed the supremacy over the whole church of its pontiff; but neither claims nor ever has claimed to be itself the central organic see, the visible centre of the church organism, and organ of its life and authority.

With no recognized central and ruling see with which all, in order to be in unity, must commune, and with only particular, or rather independent and isolated, churches in existence, without any intercommunion one with another, and all of which, as separate and independent churches, have failed, how can those several branches, which are only trunkless, be restored, "unity evolved from multiplexity," and intercommunion re-established? If there is an organic see, the centre of unity, mother and mistress of all the churches, particular churches that have failed can easily be restored if they wish. They have only to abjure their schism or heresy, be reconciled with that see, submit to its authority, and receive its teaching. They are thus reincorporated by the mercy of God into the church organism, and participate in its unity and the life that flows from it. But on the author's church theory, we can see no possible way in which the separate bodies can be restored to the unity of the

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church. Unity cannot be constructed or reconstructed from multiplicity; for there can be no multiplicity where there is no unity. Multiplicity depends on unity, which creates or generates and sustains it. Suppose we grant for the moment the Catholic Church is no one of the three churches, yet is not separable from or independent of them, and, in fact, underlies them, but inorganic, or having only these for its organs. How shall they be brought into organic unity? By a General Council? Where is the authority to convoke it, to determine who may or who may not sit in it, and to confirm its acts? You say, Summon all the bishops of the Roman, the Greek, and the Anglican bodies. But who has authority to summon them, and why summon these and no others? Who shall say? It is the same question we have had up before. Why extend or why confine the Catholic Church to the three churches named? Where there is no recognized centre of authority, that is to say, no recognized authority, there is authority to admit or to exclude. It is necessary that authority define which is the Catholic Church, before you can say what organizations it includes or excludes, or what prelates or ministers have the right to be summoned as Catholic prelates or ministers, and what not.

A nation disorganized, as the author assumes the church now is, though he trusts only temporarily, can reorganize itself; for the political sovereignty resides always in the nation, or, as we say, in modern times, in the people. The people, as the nation, possess, under God, or rather from him, the sovereign power to govern themselves, which they can neither alienate nor be deprived of so long as they exist as an independent nation or sovereign political community. When the old government which, as legal, held from them, is broken up or dissolved, they have the inherent right to come together in such way as they choose or can, and reconstitute government or power in such manner and vest it in such hands as they judge best. But the church disorganized cannot reorganize itself; for the organic power does not vest in the church as the faithful or the Christian people. Authority in the church is not created, constituted, or delegated by the Christian people, nor does it in any sense hold from them. Church power or authority comes immediately from God to the central see, and from that see radiates through the whole body; for the author agrees with us that the church is an organism. Hence we recognize the Council of Constance as a General Council only after it was convoked by Gregory XII., who was, in our judgment, the true Bishop of the Apostolic See, and hold legal only the acts confirmed by Martin V. The disorganization of the church is, then, its dissolution or death. It has no power to raise itself from the dead. If the central see could really fail, the whole organism would fail. The church is indefectible through the indefectibility of the Holy See, and that is indefectible because it is Peter's See, and our Lord promised Peter that, however Satan might try him, his faith should not fail: "Satan has desired to sift thee as wheat; but I have prayed the Father that thy faith fail not." The prayer of Christ cannot be unanswered, and is a promise. The attacks on the Holy See have been violent and continual, but they have never been successful. Our Lord's prayer has been effective, and Peter's faith has never failed. No doubt there is the full authority to teach and to govern in the church; but this authority is not derived from the faithful nor distributed equally among

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them, but resides primarily and in its plenitude in the Holy See, and therefore in the bishop of that see, or the pope, Peter's successor, in whom Peter lives and continues to teach and govern the whole church. All Catholic bishops depend on him, and receive from him their jurisdiction, and by authority from God through him govern their respective dioceses. The church is papal in its essential constitution, not simply episcopal; for we have seen that it is an organism, and can be an organism only as proceeding from an organic centre, or central see, on which its unity and catholicity depend. The Apostolic See cannot be separated from the *Sedens;* for without him it is empty, incapable of thinking, speaking, or acting. It is, then, it seems to us, as utterly impossible to assert the church as really one and catholic, without asserting the pope, or supreme pastor, as it would be to assert an organism without asserting a central organic cell. The failure of the pope would be the failure of the whole church organism, with no power of reorganization or reconstruction left—an important point in which the church and the nation differ. The overlooking of this point of difference is the reason why our catholicizing Anglicans suppose that the church, though disorganized, is able to reorganize herself. The reorganized church, if effected, would be a human organization, not a divine organism as created by our Lord himself.

But the church, as we have seen, has never been disorganized, and could not be without ceasing to exist, and cease to exist it cannot, if catholic. The organic centre from which the whole organism is evolved and directed has remained at Rome ever since Peter transferred thither his chair from Antioch, and the particular churches holding from it and continuing subject to it are integral elements of the catholic organism, which is as perfect, as complete, and as entire as it was when the Oriental churches acknowledged and submitted to the supremacy of the successor of Peter, or when the church in England was in full communion with the Apostolic See of Rome. The separation of these from the Roman communion, though it destroyed their unity and catholicity, did not break the unity and catholicity of the organism; it only placed them outside of that organism, and cut them off from the central see, the source of all organic church life. The revolt of the Anglo-American Colonies from Great Britain, in 1776, and the Declaration of their Independence of the mother-country, did not break her unity or authority as a nation, and indeed did not even deprive her of any of her rights over them, though it enfeebled her power to govern them, till she herself acknowledged them to be independent states.

The author seems to suppose that the Greeks and Anglicans, in separating from Rome, broke the unity of the church, and carried away with them each a portion of her catholicity, so that theren ow can be no One Catholic Church existing in organic unity and catholicity, save in reminiscence and *in potentia*, unless these two bodies are reunited with Rome in one and the same communion. But the Greeks and Anglicans had both for centuries recognized the authority of the Apostolic See, as the centre of unity and source of jurisdiction. When the Greeks separated from that see and refused to obey it, they took from it neither its organic unity nor its catholicity; they only cut themselves off and deprived themselves of both. The same may be said of Anglicans in separating from Rome and declaring themselves

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independent. They deprived themselves of unity and catholicity, but left the original church organism in all its integrity, and only placed themselves outside of it. The separation in both cases deprived the church of a portion of her population, and diminished her external power and grandeur, but took away none of her rights and prerogatives, and in no respect impaired, as we have already said, the unity or catholicity of her internal organism. All that can be said is that the separated Oriental churches and Anglicans, not the church, have lost unity and catholicity, and have ceased to be Catholics, even when agreeing with the church in her dogmas and her external rites and ceremonies.

There is, then, on the side of the church, no broken unity to be healed, or lost catholicity to be restored. If the Oriental churches wish to regain unity and catholicity, all they have to do is to submit to the jurisdiction of the Apostolic See, and renew their communion with the mother and mistress of all the churches. Not having lost their church organization, and having retained valid orders or the priesthood and the august sacrifice, they can return in their corporate capacity. There is in their case only a schism to be healed. The Anglicans and Episcopalians stand on a different footing; for they have not even so much as a schismatic church, since the Episcopalians hold from the Anglicans, and the Anglicans from the state. They have no orders, no priesthood, no sacrifice, no sacraments—except baptism, and even pagans can administer that—no church character at all, if we look at the facts in the case, and therefore, like all Protestants, can be admitted to the unity of the church only on individual profession and submission. There is much for those out of unity to do to recover it and to effect the union in the Catholic communion of all who profess to be Christians, but nothing to render the church herself one and catholic. Her unity and catholicity are already established and unalterable, and so are the terms of communion and the conditions of church life. No grand combination, then, is needed to restore a divided and disorganized church.

But if the church were disorganized and a restoration needed, no possible combination of the several disorganized parts would or could effect it. The disorganization could not take place without the loss by the whole organism of the organic centre, and that, once lost, can be recovered only by an original creation, by our Lord, of a new church organism, which, even if it were done, would not restore us the *Catholic* Church; for it would not be a church existing uninterruptedly from the beginning, and there would be a time since the Incarnation when it did not subsist, and when there was no church. The author assumes that unity may be evolved from "multiplexity," which is Protestant, not Catholic philosophy; without unity there can be, as we have said, no multiplicity, as without the universal there can be no particulars. The universal precedes the particulars and generates them, and when it goes they go with it. Unity precedes multiplicity, and produces, sustains, and directs it. This is implied in every argument used, or that can be used, by philosophers and theologians, to prove the existence of God and his providence. Atheism results from the assumption that multiplicity may exist by itself, independently of unity; pantheism, from the assumption that unity is a dead, abstract unity, like that of the old Eleatics, not a concrete, living, and effec-

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tive unity, and the denial that unity creates multiplicity. Physiology is refuting both by its discoveries, confirming what has always been affirmed in principle by traditional science, the fact that there is no organism or living body, in either the animal or vegetable world, without the original central cell, born of ancestors, which creates or generates and directs all the vital phenomena, normal or abnormal, of the organism, as has already been stated, thus placing science and the teaching of the church in harmony.

Dr. Ewer probably does not in his own mind absolutely deny the present unity on which depends the catholicity of the church; but he supposes it is in some way involved in multiplicity, so that it needs not to be created, but to be evoked from the existing "multiplexity" which now obscures it and prevents its effectiveness. But this we have shown is not and cannot be the case, because the unity not only produces, but *directs* or *governs* the manifold phenomena of the church, and must therefore be always distinct from and independent of them. Also, because so long as unity and catholicity remain, no disorganization or confusion requiring their evolution can take place, except in the parts exuded or thrown off by the organism, severed or exscinded from it, that is, only in what is outside of the One Catholic Church, and forming no part of the catholic body. That schismatics and heretics lack unity and catholicity, is, of course, true; but they cannot obtain either by an evolution from such organization as they may have retained when the separation took place, or may have subsequently formed for themselves, but must do it, if at all, by a return to the organic centre, where both are and have never ceased to be, on the terms and conditions the Holy See prescribes.

Dr. Ewer maintains that the Catholic Church is restricted to the Roman, Greek, and Anglican Churches, and consists in what these have in common or agree in holding. These, he maintains, have all failed, have taught and still teach grievous errors, set up false claims, and one or more of them at least have fallen into superstitious practices; yet he contends that the universal church has not failed. But as the universal church has no organic existence independent of these, has no organs of speech or action, no personality but in them, how, if he is right in his theory, can he maintain that the whole church has not failed? If he held that the unity and catholicity of the church were in the central or organic see, he might hold that particular churches have failed, and that the One Catholic Church has not failed. Then he could assert, as we do, that the organism remains, acts, teaches, and governs through its own infallible organs, in its own individuality, or the supreme pontiff who is its personality or person. But on his theory, the failure of each of the three parts which comprise the whole church, it seems to us, must carry with it the failure of the whole.

Dr. Ewer's difficulty would seem to grow out of his wish to be a Catholic and remain in the Anglican or Episcopalian communion in which he is a minister, or to return from Protestantism to Catholicity without any change of position. This would be possible, if holding, on private judgment, Catholic dogmas, and observing, on no authority, Catholic forms of worship, constituted one a member of the Catholic Church. But he should understand that what he wishes is impracticable, and that all his efforts are labor lost. So

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independent. They deprived themselves of unity and catholicity, but left the original church organism in all its integrity, and only placed themselves outside of it. The separation in both cases deprived the church of a portion of her population, and diminished her external power and grandeur, but took away none of her rights and prerogatives, and in no respect impaired, as we have already said, the unity or catholicity of her internal organism. All that can be said is that the separated Oriental churches and Anglicans, not the church, have lost unity and catholicity, and have ceased to be Catholics, even when agreeing with the church in her dogmas and her external rites and ceremonies.

There is, then, on the side of the church, no broken unity to be healed, or lost catholicity to be restored. If the Oriental churches wish to regain unity and catholicity, all they have to do is to submit to the jurisdiction of the Apostolic See, and renew their communion with the mother and mistress of all the churches. Not having lost their church organization, and having retained valid orders or the priesthood and the august sacrifice, they can return in their corporate capacity. There is in their case only a schism to be healed. The Anglicans and Episcopalians stand on a different footing; for they have not even so much as a schismatic church, since the Episcopalians hold from the Anglicans, and the Anglicans from the state. They have no orders, no priesthood, no sacrifice, no sacraments—except baptism, and even pagans can administer that—no church character at all, if we look the facts in the case, and therefore, all Protestants, can be admitted the unity of the church only on vidual profession and submis There is much for those out of to do to recover it and to union in the Catholic com all who profess to be C nothing to render the one and catholic. I catholicity are alre and unalterable, and of communion and church life. No then, is needed t and disorganize

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And I would fain present,
With worshipful intent,
Thy dewy blossoms on my evening shrine ;
A contrite homage ; sighing to repair,
With the accepted incense of thy prayer,
For sloth like mine.

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long as a man is in a communion separated from the present actual living unity of the church, he can become a Catholic only by leaving it, or by its corporate return to the Holy See and submission to the supreme pontiff.

A corporate return is practicable in the case of the Eastern churches; but even in them the individual who is personally aware of the schismatic character of his church should abandon it for unity at once without waiting for its corporate return; but in the case of Anglicans and Episcopalians, as in the case of all Protestant communions, the return must be individual and personal.

We are surprised at Dr. Ewer's statement that the Greek Church has no cultus of St. Mary ever-Virgin, as we are that many Anglicans, like Dr. Pusey, who object to the Roman Church on account of that cultus, should seek communion with the schismatic Greeks, with whom that cultus is pushed to an extreme far beyond anything in the Latin Church. The truth is, that all that offends Protestants in the Church of Rome, except the papacy, exists in even a more offensive form in the Greek schismatic Church. The schismatic Greek bishops exercise over their flocks a tyranny which is impracticable in the Roman Church, where the papal authority restricts that of bishops and tempers their administration of their dioceses.

But it is time to bring our remarks to a close. We are unable to recognize the Catholicity we profess in that proposed by Dr. Ewer. The one holy catholic apostolic church he sets forth does not appear to us to be the church of the fathers, nor the one of which we are an affectionate if an unworthy son. In our judgment, Dr. Ewer is still in the Protestant family, and following private judgment as his rule, though denouncing it. He has not grasped the central, or, as Dr. Channing would say, the "seminal" principle of the Catholic Church. Yet he seems to be well disposed, and to be seeking it, and has made large strides toward it. We think his discourses are not only brilliant, bold, and energetic, but fitted to have great influence in turning the public mind toward the Catholic Church. We have given our reasons why we do not admit that he has as yet found that church; but still we think his discourses will help many to find it, though he himself may not find it. He has, as yet, strong prejudices against the Church of Rome, and is undeniably anti-papal. But still there can be no doubt that he would like to feel himself a Catholic, and have done once for all with Protestantism.

Dr. Ewer stands not alone. There are large numbers in his communion, and other Protestant communions, who think and feel as he does, who, from the top of Mount Pisgah, have obtained—if not the clear vision Moses had—at least some glimpses, more or less confused, of the promised land, and are attracted and charmed by what they see of it. We have a feeling of respectful tenderness toward these men, and of great sympathy with their trials and struggles. While we must tell them the truth in firm and manly tones, treat them as men, not as children, we would, on no account, say or do anything to wound their susceptibilities, or to create an impression that we do not take a deep and lively interest in their efforts to arrive at Catholicity. The spirit is working in them to bring them to light and life. They are not against us, and to some extent are with us. We would, for their sakes, they were wholly with us, and we never cease

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to pray God that they may find the haven of security and rest it has pleased him that we should find for ourselves. We once were one of their number, thought and felt with them, struggled with them, and we can have for them only words of encouragement and hope. In what we have said we have had only the desire to assist them to find and understand the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Of twilight and fresh dews,
Most odorous flower, thou art the child;
Adorning evening's pensive hues
With splendors mild.

A vesper acolyte,
Born, but for this one night,
To swing thy golden censer of perfume,
While stars the tranquil firmament illume,
For heaven's delight.

Thy term of service, fleet,
Creative wish doth meet;
A swift existence; but which this rare grace
Of ceaseless worship, filling life's brief space,
Crowns as complete.

Thy blissful vigil keep,
Rapt flower, while others sleep:
Adoring angels claim thee from above
A dear companion in their task of love;
And I would fain present,
With worshipful intent,
Thy dewy blossoms on my evening shrine;
A contrite homage; sighing to repair,
With the accepted incense of thy prayer,
For sloth like mine.

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HEREMORE-BRANDON; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

"HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

CHAPTER I.

FOUR little boys: two of them had soft fair hair, and were dressed in the finest cloth; the other two had very bushy heads, and were dressed in whatever they could get. It was early Christmas morning, and the two rich boys were sitting by the window of a handsome brown-stone house, and they had each a stocking plump full of dainties; the two poor boys were calling the morning papers on the stone-cold sidewalk, and if they had any stockings at all, you may be very sure they were plump full of holes.

"An't he funny," remarked the smaller of the two in the house, looking at the larger of the two in the street; "an't he *too* funny!" And between laughing and eating, little Fred came near choking himself. "See his old coat, Josie, it trails like Aunt Ellie's blue dress! And such a queer old hat; don't it make you laugh, Josie?"

"I have seen so many of 'em," explained Josie.

"What are you laughing at, Fred," asked their sister Mary, coming up to them.

"Those newsboys," he answered, and imitated their "Times, 'Erald, Tribune! Here's the 'Erald, Times, Tribune!" so perfectly that their father thought it was a real newsboy calling, and cried out to them from another room to "hurry up and bring a Herald," at which command the children rushed eagerly into the hall, and tugged with their united strength to open the doors, each anxious to be the first to speak to the odd-looking newsboys, and also to be the fortunate one to take the paper to their father. In the mean time, the two newsboys had not been unmindful of the faces behind the plated window.

"I say, Jim," said the big boy, who was about twelve or thirteen years old, "did you ever see the beat of that young 'un there? Don't you choke yerself, youngster, f'fear you'd cheat a friend from doing that same when you're growed up.—Ere's the 'Erald! Tribune! Times!—George! Jim, I wish to thunder there'd some new papers come up. An't yer tired allers a 'hollerin' out them same old tunes?—Times! 'Erald! Tribune!—How d'ye s'pose a feller'd feel to wake up some of these yere mornin's in one o' them big houses?"

"Heerd tell of stranger things 'n that, Dick," replied Jim, who read the weekly papers. "'Turn again, Whittington, Lord-Mayor of London,' as the cat said! Turned out true, too."

"*You'd* better get a cat, Jim, you're such a stunnin' feller; shouldn't wonder if you'd turn out alderman some of these days!" At which, for no apparent reason, Dick laughed until every rag was fluttering.

"They wants a paper; better 'tend to yer business," answered Jim, at which the other newsboy instantly grew grave, and, shuffling his old shoes across the street, mounted the

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steps where the children were waiting and calling for him.

"I want a New York Herald," said Fred very grandly.

"Han't got no 'Eralds," answered the newsboy.

Fred rushed into the house saying, "His Heralds are all gone."

"Tribune, then, and don't keep the door open," instructed the rough voice from some invisible spot. Mary shut the door all but a little crack. "Papa wanted a Herald," she said; "you ought to have one when my papa wants it."

"Thought I had, but couldn't help it; 'Erald's got a great speech to-day, and I've sold 'em all."

"Do you sell papers every day?" Mary asked.

The bushy head made a sort of bow, as the poor newsboy looked at the fair-haired little girl on the stoop, who condescended to question *him*.

"Yes, miss," he answered, "since ever I wasn't bigger'n a grasshopper."

"An't he funny?" said Fred.

"Don't you get tired?" asked Mary.

"Well, I can't say I doesn't, 'specially sometimes."

"An't you glad it's Christmas?" Josie asked, as questions seemed the fashion.

"I kinder am," replied the newsboy.

"Did you have many presents?" questioned Mary.

"Me? Bless you, who'd give 'em to me, miss?"

"Didn't you hang up your stocking last night?" Fred asked.

The newsboy seemed much amused at the question; for it was plain that he could hardly keep from laughing right out.

"Well, no, I didn't," he answered. "Don't think things would stick in one long, if I did!"

"Do you put your money in a savings bank? By and by you'd have enough to build a house may be, if you were careful," said Josie.

"Jim and me likes takin' it out in eatin' best," answered Dick.

"Why don't you bring me that paper?" cried their father's voice. And the two boys ran hastily into the house.

"You may have my candy," said Mary in a stately way. "I can have plenty more." And she put her store of dainty French candy into the boy's hand, and, while he was still looking at her in amazement, followed her brothers into the house and shut the door.

"Just you pinch me, Jim," Dick said, joining his companion. "Drive in hearty, now. An't I asleep?"

"Well, I dunno; what yer got there?"

"She give it to me."

"Who's that?"

"Her on the steps; didn't you see her?"

"You tell that to the marines! Guess you took it."

"No, I didn't," Dick said indignantly. "I never took nothin' as warn't mine yet."

"Let's have a look," said Jem, reaching out his hand for the package; but Dick would not let him touch it. "I'm going to keep it always to remember her," he said.

"Guess you want ter eat it yerself," Jem said. "I wouldn't be so mean."

"I an't gen'rally called mean," Dick answered with great dignity.

"Don't you wonder, Jim," said Dick, as they made friends and passed on—"don't it seem curious how some folks is rich and purty like them there, and others is poor and ugly like me and you, Jim?"

"George! speak for yerself, if ye like. Guess I'd pass in a crowd, if I'd the fine fixin's!"

"S'posin' me and you had dandified coats and yeller gloves, and the

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fixin's to match, s'pose anybody'd know we was newsboys?" Dick asked thoughtfully.

"I *raythur* think," said Jim, "we'd be a deal sight handsomer'n some of them chaps as has 'em now."

"Let's save our money and try it, Jim."

"'Nuff said," answered Jim, laughing. And the newsboys in their queer garments, and with their light hearts, passed out of sight of Mr. Brandon's brown-stone house and fair-haired children.

But not out of all remembrance. The children had a party that Christmas afternoon; and when they were tired of romping, and were seated around the room, the girls playing with their dolls; the Catholic ones telling the others in low voices about the flowers and lights, and the wonderful manger which they had seen at Mass that morning; and the boys eagerly listening to the stories of far-away lands, which one of the older people was telling, little Mary knelt in an arm-chair, and looked out of the window at the people hurrying through the driving rain and snow, and at the street-lamps glaring through the wet and cold. Her kind little heart had been very light, and a strange joyousness had surrounded her all day, making her more gentle than ever, so that she had not spoken one hasty word, or once hesitated to take the lowest part in any of the plays. Though she did not know it, the little infant Jesus had smiled on her that morning when she was kind to the poor, homeless newsboy; and now she understood—for charity had enlarged her mind—more distinctly than she ever had before, that there were many cold and desolate children for whom there were no earthly glad tidings that day, yet who were as much God's own as the little ones grouped around her father's pleasant parlors. Then, just as she did the best she could, and prayed in her heart for the children of the poor, she thought she saw the newsboy to whom she had spoken in the morning standing close to the railing by the window; but before she could be sure of it, the servant lighted the gas; she heard the children calling her for a new game, and she ran lightly away. But there was one crouched in the cold outside, who wondered at the sudden light and glow within; and as the bewildered newsboy saw her dancing past the lighted windows, it seemed to him that it was not so far, after all, to the heaven and the angels of whom he had heard; for the "glad tidings" had come to Dick, even Dick, and they woke up the good, the will to do right, which is in every heart, and which did not sleep again in him, even when the little, uncared-for, outcast head rested on the stone steps that Christmas night.

CHAPTER II.

Very little idea had poor Dick of right or wrong. No fond mother took him to her heart when he was a toddling wee one, just big enough to half understand, and between her kisses told him of angels and saints, of heroes and martyrs, and of that Queen Mother up in heaven, dearer than them all, who never forgot those who once had loved her, and of the beautiful world with its flowers and fruits, its great rivers and high mountains, its delicious green and its glorious blue, which a good Father had given to men for their enjoyment. No loving sister, with bright eyes and tender voice, tossed him in her strong young arms, and sang to him how knights and warriors, the great and good of earth, and loved of heaven, had all been children once like him, only never half so sweet and dear.

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No noble father, true in the midst of trials, ever watched with anxious care that those little feet should walk only in the straight and narrow path. So it was a hard thing for poor Dick, when he rubbed his brown hands through his bushy, uncombed hair the next morning, and pushed the worn old hat over his still sleepy eyes, to know just what to do to find the temple of Fortune. At times, though, he had followed the crowd of noisy boys and girls whom you may see around the doors of any Catholic church at about nine o'clock on Sunday mornings, and had listened with a critical air, and slightly supercilious, from some dark corner near the door, to the talking and the prayers which he did not wholly understand, but portions of which he did once or twice take into his "inner consciousness" and fully approve. In some way, he then seemed to feel that which made him less rough in all his answers, readier in all his responses to the call for papers, not always gently called for; and, though he knew not why, there were fewer wicked words on his lips that day than for many a day before.

It happened that he kept his eyes open and grew thoughtful, and did not forget his wish to be better; so that, from being a newsboy, he became an errand-boy in a book-store, where he learned to be honest and to tell the truth, which was a rapid advance in his education; for you know it is more than some people have learned who have lived to be six times Dick's age. Sometimes a little lady came to that very store to choose her picture-books and Christmas stories; and it was his place to open the door for her; or perhaps some one would call out, "Dick, a chair for this lady," and then he was as happy as a prince. Sometimes he would be sent home with her purchases, and mounted the steps, entered her father's house, and always felt "good" again; for always the same picture of a little girl in blue, with fair hair, and her hands full of dainty French candy, and a ragged newsboy, dirty and amazed, would be there before him.

Christmas had come and gone more than once, and it was coming again, when Dick turned up the gas in a mere closet of a room very high up in a dingy boarding-house, and made a ghost of a fire in an old rusty stove. It wouldn't seem to us a very enlivening prospect; for the room was but slightly furnished, and the stove smoked, while the wind beat at the not overclean windows, on which there were no curtains to shut out the dark and cold. But Dick seemed to think it something very luxurious; for he rubbed his hands before the blue apology for a flame, and sat down on the broken wooden stool, with as much zest as that with which I have seen grand people sink into a great arm-chair after a walk.

"Christmas eve again," he said to the fire, for it was his only companion. "Let me look at you, Mr. Coals, and see what pictures you have for me to-night. How many nights, worse nights than this, I have been glad to crouch under an old shed, or in some alley, and now to think, thanks to the good God, I have a fire of my own! Poor little bare feet on the icy pavement to-night, I wish I had you round my jolly old stove. When I am rich, I will!" Then he laughed at the idea. "But I won't wait until I am rich, or I would never deserve to have the chance."

"How are you, Dick?" said a cheery voice, though deep and rough, at the door. And a man came into the room, which either his figure, or his coat, or his voice, or the flute under his arm, seemed to fill to such an

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extent that the very corners were crowded.

"How are you, Dick? It's blowing a hurricane outside, and you're as cold as Greenland here. It may do for you, but not for me; old blood is thin, my boy, old blood is thin." At which Dick laughed heartily, while putting more coal on the fire; for Carl Stoffs was in the prime of life, hale and hearty, weighing at least two hundred pounds, I am sure, and with a round face, very red, but also very solemn, for Carl Stoffs was a German every inch of him. The stove grew very red also under his vigorous hands; but whether from anger or by reflection I will not attempt to say. "And now," he said, seating himself on the wooden chair, Dick having given it up to his guest, while he occupied a box instead —"and now, how are you, boy? Ready for merry Christmas, eh? You'll come to us to-morrow, so says my wife. In America, you all do mind your wives; mine tells me to bring you."

"Then I must, I know," Dick said, looking at the other, who was near three times his size. "I would have a poor chance in opposing you!" But Carl Stoffs knew well how gratefully the friendless boy accepted the thoughtful invitation.

"Now, shall we have some music," said he, as he drew out his flute, and, without waiting an answer, put it to his mouth, and brought forth such rich, full tones from the instrument that Dick, as he stared at the now bright fire, seemed to be in a land of enchantment.

"You are the only man, from the queen of England down, whom I really envy," said Dick, in one of the pauses. "You can have music whenever you wish it; I am only a beggar, grateful for every note thrown in my way. Were you out, last night?"

"Yes, all night in Fourteenth street, at the rich Brandons. Madam is very gay, this winter."

"I wish I were a musician," said Dick. "It must be jolly to see all the dancing and the bright dresses!"

"And the pretty ladies, eh? who don't mind you no more than if you were a stick or a stone. Indeed, my boy, you'd soon get tired of it; it seems so grand at first, the beautiful picture all in motion; but your eyes —they ache after a little. Too much light, my boy, too much light." And the musician went long journeys up and down his wonderful flute before he spoke again. "They'll go music-mad over some fool at the piano; but you play until your own music makes you wild, and never one thinks or cares about you. Last night, I played only for one. She was always dancing, and she seemed to go on the wings of the music just as it said to her *go*. I was not tired last night."

Awaiting no answer, he turned again to his flute, and all through the dingy, crowded house rang a joyous "*Gloria in excelsis*." Rough captives of labor heard it, and answered to it, knowing well the glad tidings, the most glorious ever sung, and yet sung to kings and shepherds alike. The old sinners heard it, and thought of the strange days when even they were young and innocent.

"Finis," cried the German, rising slowly, and putting on his shaggy overcoat. "I promised my wife that I would be home at nine, and, as do all the people here, I mind my wife; but it is one inconvenient thing. You will come to us after Mass, to-morrow?"

"You are too good to me. When I am rich, perhaps I shall know how to thank you."

"You should think yourself rich

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now. You are young; there is no riches like that."

"I wish I were older, though," sighed Dick.

"Never say that, never, never. The poorest youth is better than the richest age," said the German earnestly. I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Stoffs had just found his first gray hair, and was speaking under its influence. At all events, he did not convince Dick, who said, with equal earnestness and more quickness:

"I must say it: every day seems too long, every hour goes too slowly, until I can get at my life's work. This waiting for it kills me."

"My friend, do you call this waiting?" laughed the German. "Was it waiting and doing nothing that changed you from—"

"But think," interrupted Dick, "of what ought to have been. Some day—some day I will get my hand to the plough, you'll see! At least," a little ashamed of the seeming conceit, "I hope you will."

"And what makes you care?"

"I think it's born in us all to like to be active—to be doing something. Indeed, it's about the only legacy my poor parents left me. It may be, for I know nothing of them, that they were just the same as other people, out of whom bitter poverty has taken all pride and ambition; but I can't think it, somehow."

"Do you really know nothing of them?"

"Nothing. I have a little sealed box, with an injunction on the outside of it that I am not to open it until I am of age. I don't know where I first got it, nor from whom it came. It may be some trick to tease me for years, and disappoint me at last, for all I know; and still I have always kept it, for it is all I have. And I think it came from them."

"It may tell you something wonderful," said his visitor, laughing. For it was easy for *him* to understand that some young mother, who even in her poverty had found the means of reading and believing stories of princes in disguise, and countesses in cellars, disowned and disinherited, all for true love's sake, had made a mystery of leaving a lock of her hair, and perhaps a cheap wedding-ring, to her boy; and he could not forbear a little ridicule of the folly. "It may tell you something wonderful. If it gives you possession of half of New York, don't forget your friends, will you, Dick?" And then, buttoned up to his chin, and with his cap covering half his face, and looking just like Santa Claus, Carl Stoffs bundled his cherished flute under his arm, and obediently went home to his wife.

Dick lingered a moment, after he left, before closing the door. The room was not wholly his own; but his companion had a father and a mother in New Jersey, and he had gone home to them, with something in his pockets for the children's Christmas; so for that night Dick was in undisputed possession. The passages were dark and cold; the snow had got through some of the broken windows, and lay in several little hills on the entry floor; the sash rattled, and Dick shivered, as he stood irresolute at the door of his room. But the irresolution did not last long. He bundled up, as well as his scanty wardrobe permitted, closed the door firmly behind him, and went down the creaking, broken stairs, and through the dreary passages, where he could see the snow huddling up to the dark window-panes, as if it were a white bird trying to get in and beating its wings against the dirty glass. Dick had not far to walk, after leaving the house, before he found that which he had come out

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to find—somebody without a shelter from the storm. And I should not wonder if any night, however bitter and cold, that you or I should take a notion to go out on the same errand, we should not have to go far for equal success, and that even if we started from the most delightful dwelling-place in all New York.

Under the remains of some broken steps, or more truly by the side of them, for they were too broken to shelter a kitten, two dark figures were lying close together. In one of the pauses of the storm, when the street-lamp had a chance to shine a little, Dick could see that the figures were those of two boys asleep. He did not wait long to rouse them. One woke up at once, cross, and, if I must tell the truth, with some very wicked words on his lips.

"Get up, and come with me," said Dick.

"What yer want 'long o' me? I an't doing nothin'," he muttered.

"I know that; but I will give you a better place to sleep in. Come."

Bad words again. "I an't done nothin' to you. Le' me 'lone."

"I want you to come home with me. Did you ever hear of a newsboy called Big Dick? That's me."

"I an't afeard o' nothin'. Here goes!" And the poor little fellow, still believing the other was "chaffing," got on his feet. "Do you want t'other? He an't worth nothin', but he'll keep dark."

"Yes, both of you. Hurry him up; it is a terrible night."

"Come along, Joe. Where's yer spunk? I an't afeard o' nothin'."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," said Dick, as gently as the roaring storm would let him. "Don't talk now, but come on. I'll take you to a room with a fire in it," added Dick, in spite of himself feeling that he was *bon prince* to the little newsboys.

"Come on, Joe," urged the other, dragging and pushing the little newsboy, who was hardly more than a baby, but who seemed to whimper, sleepy and frightened, as no doubt he was, until, as quietly as the old stairs would permit, and almost holding their breath, they followed Dick to his room.

"An't this bully, now?" said Jack in an undertone, when he stood before the fire in the lighted room, and Joe, with round, staring eyes, but not a word of complaint or fear, had been put on the wooden chair. "I say, now, Joe an't much, but he'll never blab; but I'se all right. What yer want us to do, now, sir?"

"To get warm," answered Dick. "I was once a newsboy, and slept under stoops and sheds, like the rest of them; but now I've got a fire of my own, and I wanted company; so I went out and got you and Joe, and now make yourselves at home for to-night. Here's some crackers and cheese, and when you've had something to eat you can go to sleep here. It's better than out there, isn't it?"

The newsboy stared at Dick, and grunted something which sounded very much as if he did not believe a word that his host had said. The other sat silent, stolid, and seemingly ready to hear anything. He ate his share of the crackers and cheese greedily, but with a watchful eye on the giver. The warmth, however, soon proved too much for his vigilance, and, though his eyes were still fixed on Dick's face, they were heavy and expressionless. At last, Dick took him up, undressed him, and laid him in his bed in the corner; and then, for the first time, Joe's tongue was loosened. "There, now," he said, as he lay exactly as Dick had placed him, "I are dead and gone at last. 'Twasn't no lies about t'other world; they wasn't a foolin' on us,

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after all. Here an't no more Heralds and Tribunes. I are dead and gone at last!" And so rejoicing, Joe's eyes closed securely, and it is likely he dreamt of angels, if he dreamt at all, until morning came.

"He an't much," said Jack, whom this act of Dick's, together with the fire and the food, had made less incredulous and more confidential. "He's a soft 'un; he an't got the right pluck. He'll never be nobody."

"Is he your brother?" asked Dick.

"Do yer think I'd have him for my brother? He's a youngster, come from nobody don't know where. He was fetching up in my quarters last winter, and didn't know his name nor nothin'; so we gives him a start, us fellers, and he's stuck on to me ever since."

Then Dick asked more about his new friend's life, and told him a little of his own, and a story or two that he thought suited to his understanding; and, having won the child to believe a little in his good intentions, had the satisfaction of seeing him at his ease, and willing to go to sleep with Joe in the corner.

When this was accomplished, Dick put out the fire and the light, and lay down on the floor to sleep soundly and well, until the joy-bells from the great city churches should wake his guests and himself to the glad tidings that Christmas had come again.

CHAPTER III.

And now I am sure you are satisfied that Dick was on the right road, acting religion as fast as he learned it; trying to be all he knew—to live a truthful, generous, self-respecting life. He had little help, you know, and, if he followed that crowd that I told you of oftener than before, and heard much that enabled him to take whole books into his "inner consciousness" which would otherwise have been a dead letter to him, he was not one to make a flourish of trumpets about it, or to dream of complaining that the world would not stand still until he got up to it. He had but one intimate friend, it is true; but he was a friend you and I might be glad to win; a friend who never argued or lectured, but only quietly built his life on the only true foundation—the true faith—and then left it to show for itself. So, simply trusting in whatever was good, yet so fierce against whatever was evil, scornful of everything wrong and weak, practising as well as believing, you may be sure Carl Stoffs would never have held out his honest hand to Dick, if Dick were not worthy of it. And this makes me think great things of my hero, of whom scarcely anybody thought at all. He had his place in Ames & Harden's store, and he had his talks, too, now with one person, now with another, and perhaps thought of things he heard. He was only a boy yet, and had his follies, without doubt, fancying at times that there was something in him, if circumstances would only draw it out, which would prove him a great deal worthier of high places than those now occupying them. I am not sure but that, if he had had a country-home, he might sometimes have lain down under the trees, and, while watching in a dreamy way the clouds sailing down to the west, and the vigilant stars coming out to guard the earth in the sun's absence, and listening to the wind among the trees, the twittering of some wakeful bird, or the rustling of some grand old river, he might have had yearnings no one could explain, and not have felt the sky too far to climb or the

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river too deep to fathom; for Dick's was only a boy's heart, that had still to learn that we cannot go from the Broadway pavement to Trinity spire in one step. Even in his city home, if home it could be called, it may be that, just after he had been to church with Carl, he had glowed with the thought that he—even he—might some day be a Loyola or a Francis Xavier, for "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

But as yet his life consciously held but one romance—one dream of earth. There were few to care for him; but there was a little girl once who had made Christmas memorable to him, and Dick had not forgotten her. She had grown a beautiful young lady now, in Dick's eyes, though to all others she was merely a thin, dark school-girl. They still lived in the handsome house on Fourteenth street, and Carl Stoffs and his band played for many a dance there, although I am sorry to say that, even after a New Year's party, Dick had to be sent more than once to Mr. Brandon's office with a little bill, due to Ames & Harden, mostly for school-books, novels, and gilt annuals. But then that was no fault of Mary's, you know.

Mr. Brandon was not a pleasant man to go to with a bill, or for much of anything in the money line. "The deuce take it, my dear!" he often said to his wife. "Are you bent on ruining me?"

"Don't be silly, Charley, love," the dauntless little woman would say, not in the least disturbed by the angry voice and black brow that were so terrible to Dick. "For people of our position, we live very shabbily."

"Hang our position! I tell you, madam, we are going the road to beggary; we are, indeed."

"O Charles! do be quiet," was her ready answer. "I am so sick of that sort of stuff."

"Then *be* sick of it," this dreadful man would exclaim; "for I'll tell it to you every day and every hour, until it gets through your silly head. Money! money! money! I never hear anything else in this house. I've sold myself for it, body and soul, and much good it has done me! I'll not give you a penny, madam; not a penny."

But that was all talk; for, of course, he had to give his wife, who was a nice little body, very sweet and good-tempered, but rather fond of the good things of this world, whatever she had set her heart upon having.

"If papa should be right—" Mary would sometimes urge.

"Nonsense! they all say the same thing; why shouldn't they? If I didn't spend your father's money in making things pleasant at home, he'd be spending it on clubs, or whatever it is which uses up their money when they have the spending of it all to themselves. You'll have a husband, likely enough, one of these days, who'll scold for every pocket-handkerchief you buy; but you won't mind it. They must scold about something, you know, dear."

"O mamma! I'd never live a day—if—" At which sentence, never completed, Mrs. Brandon would laugh, and the subject would be dropped for the present; but, of course, after such scenes, Mr. Brandon wouldn't be very amiable to a boy like Dick with a bill in his hand. But Dick to him was a mere machine, belonging to a store over the way, and as such he treated him, with as little malice in his hard words as if he were swearing at a table or chair. To Dick, Mr. Brandon was Mary's father, and that meant a great deal; Dick could

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never talk openly to him, nor stand in his presence quite as he did in the presence of other men.

For, though Dick had never been outside the city limits, and had never seen a hill, nor a field of corn, he was a trifle romantic, I am afraid, after all.

Yes, it is true that he grew to be almost a man without having ever climbed a hill or seen a field of grain. But there was a good time coming.

"Dick," said Carl Stoffs, that true and faithful friend—"Dick, would you like to go to the country?"

"Would I like to go to the country?" he repeated, finding no words of his own to say, so great was his bewilderment at such a question—"Would I like to go to the country?"

"Any time you're ready," said the German, seating himself. "Take your time to answer, my lad."

"What would I do in the country? I was never there in my life!"

"And you don't look more pleased than though I'd asked you to go to —to—the end of the world."

"I have often wished to see the country," returned Dick, in the tone in which we might wish to see China if we had nothing else to do; "but I don't see my way to doing so at present."

"I do believe, Dick, that you have lined the walls with gold pieces, you are so miserly of your time, and so stuck to this old place. Come now, we shall take you to the country, my wife and I. Now, to think there should be one on earth who never saw the green fields and the woods! It is to me a very odd thing! You are the blind man who never saw the sun, and does not think the sun worth seeing."

"Oh! no, indeed; not so bad as that; but—"

"Then you shall go. My sister has a house, with room for many, and we have taken half, keeping one room for you. Come and take your week with us."

"But, Mr. Stoffs, I intended during that week to read so much—to take long walks about the city—and Mrs. Stoffs—"

"My wife sent me; I would not of myself have such a blind man with me, to read, to study, to walk; how can you in the city now? You will be wild when you have been once with us. You will go to-day with me—I will be waiting for you at my place at five. Will you come?"

"Indeed—"

"You will come." And, in truth, Mr. Stoffs had previously said so much of that wonderful land in which he was now living that Dick could not resist his last appeal, and afraid and shy as he well might be, having never spent twenty-four hours in a home circle in his life, he gave his promise to be at the appointed place of meeting in good time for the train.

But when the magnetism of his friend's presence was taken from him, Dick's heart grew heavy in his breast. If it had been to go to another city, or on a matter of business, Dick's excitement would have been delightful; but "the country," of which he knew nothing, and of which he had such strange fancies, picked up he could not tell where, that was another thing. City boys always laughed at country people when they came to the city—they had such queer ways—and yet—and yet—he felt strange and shy about going among them. Perhaps he felt that the tables would be turned on him there, and that his ways would be as queer in their eyes as theirs had been in his; perhaps he felt the full force of the homely old

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saying that "a cock can crow best in his own farm-yard."

But, as the day wore on, Dick's spirits rose; he thought of all the stories he had read of fresh country life; a poem or two of cows and brooks came vaguely among his thoughts, and by the time he reached his little room, and began to pack his not abundant wardrobe, he was eager for the first glance at "the country."

"Then, may the Lord's blessing go with you," said his kind but very slovenly landlady. "I hope you'll come back as brown as a berry, sir. I was two year in the country once, and, though I won't say I'd like it for always, yet my heart do get to wishing these days for a sight o' the flowers and the fields. You'll mind the fruit, sir, and the dews o' night; there does be great dews fallin', and a deal of ague, I'm told. Good-by to you." And Dick said "good-by" to her with something like emotion; for it was his first "good-by" to any one, and the woman had been good to him, and if her hair was in a blouse, and her garments ill made and not clean, Dick was not startled, for he had never seen them otherwise.

Then he walked on to meet Mr. Stoffs, and found he was nearly an hour before the time. It seemed as if the moment of departure would never come; but it did, at last, and, as in a sort of dream, the dusty city youth was whirled by cottages nestling among proud, protecting trees, past the green hills, and through fields "all rich with ripening grain," until the panting train pulled up between a pile of stones and a little yellow station-house, with a narrow platform running beside it.

"Now, then, here we are!" said the German, and took up his bundles and basket; for who ever saw a Carl Stoffs in the cars that had not a bundle and basket, and a quantity of household furniture besides? This last Dick took in charge, and so laden the two made their way out of the cars. Around the little yellow station-house dodged two splendid bays with silver harness, that were being driven rapidly round a corner close to the narrow platform, and went out into the dusty road; for sidewalks there were none. Soon the sound of carriage-wheels made them turn aside, and Dick stumbled, as he walked for the first time on the soft green grass.

When you take a mountain lassie to Rome and show her St. Peter's, she is not enthusiastic; indeed, she is terribly disappointed. She expected something so much greater than her mountains, so much brighter than her green valleys. If Dick was disappointed when he put his foot on nature's velvet carpet and found it only caused him to stumble, I cannot say. I think he felt surprised that a brook beside the way and far blue hills before him wrought no emotion within him. Fortunately Carl asked no raptures.

"That was the Brandons' turnout," he said in a prosaic way, as Dick recovered his footing, and returned to the road.

"Is that so?" asked Dick. "Do they live here?"

"Yes," said Carl, "and a fine place it is too; but I think the man's going too fast."

Then Dick was thoughtful for a minute or two, pitying the daughter, if it were so; but it is hard to think that a man's family are near to want when his stylish carriage has just turned you out of the road, and the pity soon seemed misplaced.

The walk seemed long to Dick; he did, indeed, enjoy the cool breeze, fresher and purer than any he had

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ever felt before; but he had his own baggage and Carl's curtain-rods besides, and he was used to pavements. They had already passed many fine houses, with lawns and carriage-ways, shaded by great trees in front of them, and now and again a little house, with flowers and clustering vines, and groups on the porches; but Carl's steps lingered at none. At last they turned out of the dusty road into a shaded lane, a veritable lane, as new to Dick as the Paris Boulevards would be to Mrs. Partington; two or three more cottages, smaller and not so much garden-room, and then Carl said:

"Eh! but I'm glad to get home! Come here, Will! Come, boys!"

The last call seemed to fill the lane with children. They might have come down from the trees, or up from the earth, for all Dick could tell; but at the sound of Carl's voice the place was alive—big boys and little boys, great girls and small girls, all round and fat, brown-eyed and yellow-haired, with all manner of greetings, gathered around the travellers, eagerly drew their baggage from their hands, and with baskets, bags, bundles, and curtain-rods, made a grand triumphal procession before them, shouting, laughing, pushing against each other, the big ones stumbling over the little ones, and yet nobody hurt.

A few steps more and a rustic gate was opened and some one came and stood under the archway of evergreen branches, intertwined with some drooping vines. She was facing the West, looking down the lane, shading her eyes with her hand, although the sun was almost down. Just for a moment she stood in the bright sunset glow, under the green archway, shading her brown eyes from the light, looking down the shadowy lane; and, as she so stood, she seemed a very fair and graceful girl indeed. An instant more and the children, in the importance of their mission as baggage-carriers, pushed past her, and she retreated with them toward the house.

"Come, Rose! Here we are!" called Carl to her. And she turned and met them as they reached the gate.

"You are welcome," she said to Dick when he was introduced at the gate.

"You are welcome," said Mrs. Stoffs, coming toward them from the porch.

"You are welcome," repeated Mrs. Alaine, at the door. And Dick had not a word of answer to any one of them.

They were to him as grand as princesses and as gracious as queens, as they came forth to receive him and bid him welcome to their little cottage; and Dick was not used to courts or to queens and princesses, so he could only bow and shake the hands so cordially extended to him.

I am afraid my hero was not at all happy for the first few minutes that he sat on the stoop between Mrs. Stoffs and Mrs. Alaine, not knowing what answer to make to even their simplest remark, and that he was much relieved when they joined their voices to the hubbub the children were making around Carl. Such shyness as Dick's is very painful to the spectators, as well as to the embarrassed one; but, then, there's this to be said about it, when it is once entirely conquered it never can come back again, and I fancy there are some very nice people in the world, now very self-possessed and perfectly well-bred, who would give much to feel again the awkwardness and embarrassment which, once upon a time, caused

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them such keen annoyance. The women pitied Dick, but liked him none the less for the color that would come into his face and the hesitation of his replies; but their feeling for the stranger was greater than any pleasure to themselves, and so it was not long before they went into the house with the declared intention of "getting tea." But going into the house was not going away altogether, for the room which served for parlor, library, sitting-room, dining-room, and all, had a low window opening on the stoop, and Carl and Dick could see them well, and speak, if they chose, without raising their voices, as they went back and forth from the table to the closet, and from the closet to the table, not to mention innumerable visits to Carl's basket, which seemed a pantry in itself. The children ran in and out, and one jolly little one, called Trot, who was as round as a dumpling, and was too young to be shy for very long, informed Dick she was glad he had come, for they were to have sweet-cakes for tea. Occasionally Rose would come and stand at the window and say something to tease "Uncle Carl," who was not slow to "give her as good as he got." Thus gradually Dick became more at ease, and began to distinguish a difference in the tones of the children's voices, and to take note of the strange Sunday-like stillness which, except for the merry noises in the house, was complete, and, to him, wonderful.

I think a tea-table is one of the nicest sights in the world. If there is a grain of poetry in a woman, and I believe that there is no woman without a grain of poetry in her, it will surely, mark my words, however rough and prosaic she may be, come out about tea-time. That was a very pretty tea-table at which Dick took his place that evening; there was no silver nor China, and there was, perhaps, too great an abundance of good things; but it startled Dick, and I contend that it was nice and pretty, if only for the reason that it had a clean table-cloth, a bunch of flowers, and every dish in its proper place. Mrs. Alaine, who was only a feminine edition of her brother Carl, sat at the head of the table, in a clean calico dress, with a white collar and a blue ribbon. She had a child on each side of her, whose glee, at the prospect of sweet-cakes and peaches (out of Carl's basket) after they had eaten their bread and butter, she tried to moderate with a smiling, "Hush, children! What will Mr. Heremore think of you?" Mrs. Stoffs, who had also a round flat face, and was dressed in a clean calico, with white collar and a knot of pink ribbons, Dick had seen many times before, and dearly loved the good humor that bubbled all over her face whenever she spoke. She also had a child on each side of her, whose audible whispers about the good things coming she answered and mysteriously increased by promises of the same again another day. But opposite Dick was a face that was not round nor especially good-humored; for the two children under charge of Rose were the least repressible of the whole flock, and they tried her slender stock of patience sorely; especially, as she said afterward to her mother, with many blushes and half crying at the recollection, "as they would say *such* things right before the strange gentleman!" Rose had a pretty blue muslin, with a tiny bit of lace around the neck, for her raiment, and there was a something red, green, brown, blue, pink, or yellow, that fluttered here and there before Dick's eyes whenever she moved to help the children, or turned her young face, with its flitting colors, toward

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him. But whether it were a ribbon, or a blush, or the hue of her hair, or an aureole around her head, and whether it were no color at all, or all colors together, or a rainbow out of the clouds, I do not think Dick had, for one moment, a definite idea —at least, while it was flitting before his eyes.

After tea, Carl took out his pipe, and settled into his big chair on the porch; and the children, having got somewhat over their awe of the stranger, volunteered to take him down the lane, and show him where there had been a robin's nest last spring, an expedition, however, that was vetoed by Carl on the ground that you couldn't see even a robin's nest in the dark. Then Rose came out to tease Uncle Carl again; but, forgetting her purpose, stood where the light from within seemed to set her in glory, like the angels in pictures; and by and by, it came about, no one knew how, that her shrine was vacant, and she, a very nice little girl with her hands in the pockets—very impracticable pockets they were—of her muslin apron, was telling Dick, with the children as prompters and commentators, the full particulars of the finding of the robin's nest, and what work she had had to keep the children from bringing sorrow and dismay to the hearts of the parent robins by stealing away their little ones. Then, as the moon rose, there was no reason why the children should not take Dick down the lane to show to him the tree where the nest had been; and then it was needful that he should know just how far it was from sister Rose's window, and yet how quickly, on hearing the shouts of rejoicing, she had come to Mrs. Robin's assistance. Then it was so funny to see a man who had never climbed a tree, that it was needful two or three should go up one to show how it is done. Then, too, there were lightning-bugs by the million around them, and as Dick had never seen anything like them, unless it was fire-crackers on Fourth of July night, they had to catch several for his investigation. When Rose told how those little things are really the people of the forest, who are so timid they do not dare to come out in the daytime, but do all their praying by night, and have always been good friends to children, showing them their way home when lost, and driving away the ghosts that would frighten the wanderers, then the children opened their brown hands and let them fly away, promising never to make prisoners of them again.

And so, though Dick still felt strange and shy, it was not in such an unpleasant way as when he sat on the porch trying to answer Mrs. Alaine and Mrs. Stoffs when they spoke to him. When, at last, he closed his eyes that night, he was half ready to admit that "the country" might almost be the enchanted land some people had made it out to be.

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LETTER APOSTOLIC OF OUR HOLY FATHER THE POPE PIUS IX.

TO ALL PROTESTANTS AND OTHER NON-CATHOLICS.

TO ALL PROTESTANTS AND OTHER NON-CATHOLICS, Pius IX., Pope:

You already know that We, having been elevated, notwithstanding our unworthiness, to this Chair of Peter, and therefore invested with the supreme government and guardianship of the whole Catholic Church by Christ our Lord, have judged it reasonable to summon to Us Our Venerable Brethren the Bishops of the whole earth, and to unite them together, to celebrate, next year, an Œcumenical Council; so that in concert with these our Venerable brethren who are called to share in our cares, we may take those steps which seem most opportune and necessary, to disperse the darkness of the numerous pestilential errors which everywhere rage to the increasing overthrow and the intoxication of many souls; and also to confirm and increase daily more and more among the Christian people entrusted to our watchfulness the dominion of true Faith, Justice, and the Peace of God. Confidently relying on the close ties and most loving union which in so marked a way unite to Ourselves and to this Holy See these our Venerable Brethren, who, through all the time of our Supreme Pontificate, have never failed to give to Ourselves and this Holy See the clearest tokens of their love and veneration; We have the firm hope that this Œcumenical Council, summoned by Us at this time, will produce, by the inspirations of Divine Grace, as other General Councils in past ages have done, abundant fruits of benediction, to the greater glory of God, and the eternal salvation of men.

Sustained by this hope, and roused and urged by the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave his life for the whole human race, We cannot restrain Ourselves, on the occasion of the future Council, from addressing our Apostolic and paternal words to all those who, whilst they acknowledge the same Jesus Christ as the Redeemer, and glory in the name of Christian, yet do not profess the true faith of Christ or hold to and follow the Communion of the Catholic Church. And we do this to warn, and conjure, and beseech them with all the warmth of our zeal and in all charity, that they may consider and seriously examine whether they follow the path marked out for them by Jesus Christ our Lord, and which leads to Eternal Salvation. No one can deny or doubt that Jesus Christ himself, in order to apply the fruits of his redemption to all generations of men, built his only church in this world on Peter; that is to say, the Church, One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic; and that he gave him all the power necessary to preserve the deposit of Faith whole and inviolable, and to teach the same Faith to all kindreds, and peoples, and nations; so that all men who through baptism become members of his mystical body, and of that new life of grace, without which no one can ever attain to life eternal, may always be preserved and perfected in them; and this church, which is his mystical Body, may always in its own nature remain firm and immovable to the consummation of ages, that it may flourish, and supply to all its children all the means of Salvation.

Now, whoever will carefully examine and reflect upon the condition of the various religious societies divided among themselves, and separated from the Catholic Church, which from the days of our Lord Jesus Christ and his Apostles has ever exercised, by its lawful pastors, and still does exercise, the divine power committed to it by this same Lord; will easily satisfy himself that none of these societies, singly nor all together, are in any way or form that one Catholic Church which our Lord founded and built, and which he chose should be; and that he cannot, by any means, say that these societies are members or parts of that Church, since they are visibly separated from catholic unity.

For such like societies, being destitute of that living authority established by God, which especially teaches men what is of Faith, what the rule of morals, and guides them in everything that relates to eternal life, are always varying in their doctrines, and this changing and instability is increasing. Every one therefore must perfectly understand, and clearly and evidently see, that such societies are distinctly opposite to the church instituted by our Lord Jesus

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Christ; for in that church truth must always continue firm and inaccessible to change, so as to preserve absolutely inviolate the deposit confided to her, for the guardianship of which the presence and aid of the Holy Ghost has been promised to her for ever. Every one also knows that from these divergent doctrines and opinions, social schisms have had their birth, which have again generated within themselves sects and communions without number, which spread themselves continually to the great injury of Christian and civil society.

Indeed, whoever observes that religion is the foundation of human society, must perceive and confess the great influence which this division of principles, this opposition, this strife of religious societies among themselves, must have on civil society, and with what force this denial of the authority established by God, to determine the belief of the human mind, and direct the actions of men as well in private as in social life, has fostered, spread, and supported those deplorable changes of times and circumstances, those troubles which at this day overwhelm and afflict almost all peoples.

Let all those, then, who do not profess the unity and truth of the Catholic Church, avail themselves of the opportunity of this Council, in which the Catholic Church, to which their forefathers belonged, affords a new proof of her close unity and her invincible vitality, and let them satisfy the longings of their hearts, and liberate themselves from that state in which they cannot be assured of their own salvation. Let them unceasingly offer fervent prayers to the God of Mercy, that he will throw down the wall of separation, that he will scatter the darkness of error, and that he will lead them back to the Holy Mother Church, in whose bosom their fathers found the salutary pastures of life, in whom alone the whole doctrine of Jesus Christ is preserved and handed down, and the mysteries of heavenly grace dispensed.

For Ourself, to whom the same Christ our Lord has entrusted the charge of the supreme Apostolic ministry, and who must, therefore, fulfil with the greatest zeal all the functions of a good Pastor, and love with a paternal love, and embrace in our charity all men, wherever dispersed over the earth, We address this letter to all Christians separated from Us, and We again exhort and conjure them quickly to return to the one fold of Christ.

For We ardently desire their salvation in Jesus Christ, and We fear to have one day to render account to him who is our Judge, if We do not show them, and if we do not give them, as far as is in our power, the sure means to know the way which leads to eternal salvation. In all our prayers, beseeching and giving thanks, we cease not, day or night, to ask earnestly and humbly for them, of the Eternal Pastor of souls, the abundance of light and heavenly grace. And since, notwithstanding our unworthiness, We are his Vicar upon Earth, with outstretched hands We wait, in the most ardent desire, the return of our erring sons to the Catholic Church, so that We may receive them with love into the mansion of our Heavenly Father, and enrich them with his unspeakable treasures. On this longed-for return to the truth and unity of the Catholic Church depends not only the salvation of individuals, but still more Christian society; the whole world cannot enjoy true peace unless it becomes one Fold under one Shepherd.

Given at St. Peter's, in Rome, the 13th day of September, 1868, and the twenty-third year of our Pontificate.

The remarks which follow are extracted from *The London Saturday Review:*

THE POPE AND THE GENERAL COUNCIL.

We read the Pope's Address to all Protestants and non-Catholics at some disadvantage. It reaches us only through a French version, furnished to the *Moniteur*, and published in that journal of Monday. And we may, in the first place, complain to His Holiness of the slovenly and parsimonious way in which he discharges the function so dear to him. He expatiates on his zeal for all Christian souls, and he is assured that he shall have to give account for us all at the Great Day. He, the Good Shepherd—such is his title, and we ought perhaps to write it, "His," entrusted to him by Christ Himself our Lord—is bound by the charge of his Supreme Apostolic Ministry to embrace in his paternal charity all men in the whole world, and therefore he addresses this letter to all Christians separated from him. So lofty a purpose might have justified some care in carrying it out. But what has His Holiness done that his epistle should reach his erring people? Does he expect that the whole human race is bound to read the Government journal of Rome? Is his conscience satisfied that his tremendous responsibility is fulfilled by the cheap and easy method of publishing his behests in an obscure newspaper, and leaving to those

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most concerned to find out, as they can, what so nearly concerns their eternal salvation, through the medium of unauthorized versions and newspaper reports? This is the difficulty of a Vicar of Christ who has heavenly functions to discharge, and only human means to work with. As it is quite certain, as things stand, that the awful words which concern the immortal destinies of every human being who names the name of Christ will not reach one in a hundred thousand of them, it seems to follow that if the Pope has these duties toward all mankind, he ought to have been entrusted with an archangelic trumpet to address himself to so very large an audience. It is a sad come-down from the appeal *urbi et orbi* to have to hoist it up in a penny Dublin paper. Who knows how many the Pope would not influence if he would be at the trouble of addressing us by some such mundane instrumentality as the penny post? The Archbishop of Canterbury, for example; has he, as courtesy would seem to require, received in any authoritative way this communication from Rome, or heaven, or wherever it was indited?

We say it with all respect, that the Pope's address was calculated not so much to attract as to repel. He does not condescend to argue; although he assures us that we are enveloped in a cloud of error, he is at no pains to dissipate it; with a bold *petitio principii* he sonorously assumes the very point at issue—the point, be it added, at issue not only between him and his bishops on the one hand, and the imposing ranks of the vast oriental church, our own church, and the vast Protestant communities of Europe and America, on the other, but the point which has been most keenly debated by the theologians and canonists of the western obedience. The Pope's address rests upon one, and upon only one, huge assumption. It is that the Pope, in his single capacity as monarch and autocrat of the church, advanced to the supreme government of the whole Catholic Church, has the inherent right of prescribing the faith of the church; that he is the one and supreme legislator as well as administrator. This is what even the church of Rome has not yet formally decreed, even by the easy method which a few years ago decreed the Immaculate Conception. Ultramontanism—or, in other words, and to express it generally, the personal infallibility and supreme authority of the pope—is not yet *de fide*. But this is what the Pope assumes; and it is most likely as a step toward what it is understood will be the next Roman development of doctrine, and probably the end aimed at in summoning this so-called œcumenical council that the Pope, in his letter, takes up the position of autocrat. He addresses us, but it is only to assist his next move as regards his own subjects, and to help to settle the vexed question which his predecessors have found to be so inconvenient when denied by Bossuet, De Marca, Van Espen, and the Doctors of the Sorbonne, to say nothing of the Councils of Constance and Basle.

In the mean time let us see what it is the Pope in his exuberant charity offers us. It is, we regret to say, extremely little. He bids us stay at home and pray to be united; at least we hope that he goes as far as this. But as he cannot count much upon the efficacy of the prayers of obstinate heretics, it would be perhaps nearer to the truth if we said that all that the Pope has to say is to invite us to return to his fold. The Vatican Eirenicon is of the simplest—no conditions, no explanations, no discussion of difficulties, no healing of wounds, no solemn canvassing of controversies, no arguments. Return first, and discuss afterward, when there is nothing to discuss. Might we venture to hint to Archbishop Manning—who is polite enough to consider the present attitude of the Church of England toward Pius IX. as exactly similar to the state of things as between Gregory I. and the Pagans and Goths and Arians of his time—that even Arius got a hearing, and was allowed his say? Not so with us. There is a controversy between Rome and those whom Rome calls non-Catholics, as to the, not primacy, but exclusive autocracy of the See of Rome. There is only one way of deciding it—*rixa est ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum*. All that we have to do is to be kicked, and submit. This is good schoolmaster's language; but, as far as we remember, it is not the old way of dealing with even heresy and schism. The huge series of councils might have been reduced to a single and very portable volume, had this mode of settling controversy been the church's old and compendious method.

One misunderstanding, or misrepresentation, it seems to be well at once to remove. The Westminster *Gazette*—writing, we hope, without having read the Pope's address—speaks of it as an invitation to those to whom it is addressed to repair to the Œcumenical Council of 1869, adding that the church will ever be ready to offer explanations, and to labor to remove obstacles to reunion. This is just what the Pope does not do. He does not invite non-Catholics, either in any corporate or private capacity, to repair to Rome. He simply says that he will pray for them, and bids them be reconciled. Invitation

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there is none; offers of explanation there are none. We are seriously to lay to heart our condition, and give it up. We are invited to conform, and nothing else. To the council neither our bishops nor pastors are asked. And this is the more noticeable because the Orientals are invited. "We raise our voice once more to you, and with all the power of our soul we pray you, we conjure you to come to this Council, as your ancestors came to the Council of Lyons and to the Council of Florence." Such is His Holiness's language to the Oriental bishops, as we find it in his Apostolic letter of September 8th, translated in the Westminster *Gazette*. This Florentine precedent will hardily be reassuring to the Orientals; and though, after all, the summons to them is substantially only what the summons to us is, as the Pope in either case takes up the same position—that of the exclusive supremacy of the See of Peter, and denies that the Eastern bishops are really bishops till they have submitted to him—yet we must remind not only the Westminster *Gazette* but the *Univers*, that their statement that the Pope has issued anything like an invitation to attend the council, or rather his council, to "all those whose separation dates from the sixteenth century," is simply untrue. Even if we had been asked, and even were it announced that we should have ample liberty to state our case, we say, as Laud said more than two centuries ago, "To what end freedom of speech, since they are resolved to alter nothing?"

The following report of the action of the New School Presbyterian Synod of New York and New Jersey we clip from the columns of one of the daily papers:

THE PRESBYTERIANS AND THE POPE.

The following memorial and resolutions were presented by Rev. Dr. Adams:

Whereas, The Pope of Rome, called Pius the Ninth, did, on the 13th day of September, in the year of our Lord 1868, issue a certain letter, a proclamation addressed to all Protestants and non-Catholics throughout the world, the import of which is to unite and urge all persons and organizations thus designated to hasten to return to the only fold, meaning the Church of Rome.

Whereas, The said Pope in the said letter, called paternal and apostolic, has in an unwonted manner, as if pleading at the bar of public opinion, assigned several and various reasons for its preparation and publication.

Whereas, Among the reasons so mentioned are the assertion of his own supremacy over the human conscience as the vicar of Jesus, and "the authority to govern the persuasions of the human intellect and to direct the actions of men in private and social life," as also this, that the rejection of this authority and protest against it by so many has promoted and nourished those perturbations in human affairs, in this our day, which the said Pope pronounces miserable and grievous, but which must be regarded by every friend of his species as eminently hopeful and auspicious.

Whereas, All such claims and assertions on the part of the Pope of Rome are to the last degree unfounded in fact, contrary to the truth, reason, Scripture, and the whole genius of Christianity, and, if allowed, would prove subversive to all human rights and liberties.

Whereas, Recent movements, especially in Austria and Spain, nations long in subjection to the monstrous pretensions of the Papacy, command the prompt recognition, sympathy, and support of all friends of humanity, freedom, and religion throughout the land; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the facts here recorded furnish and present a proper and fitting occasion for all Protestant churches throughout Christendom, each in the mode which its own wisdom shall suggest, to prepare and set forth for general distribution, through the same channels which the Pope himself has chosen, a suitable response to his letter, which response shall contain a statement of the reasons why his claims can in no wise be recognized, as inconsistent with a catholicity more catholic than Rome—the authority of infallible Scripture and the glorious supremacy of Jesus Christ.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the Synod, whose duty it shall be to consider the expediency of corresponding with other Protestant bodies in this country and in Europe as to the propriety of such timely action for the furtherance of free Biblical Protestant Christianity.

Resolved, That it be referred to the same committee, if they deem it wise, to prepare and publish a reply to the said letter of the Pope, which shall be regarded as an expression of the sentiments of this Synod concerning the matters therein contained as of vital importance to all civil and religious liberty throughout the world, and to the salvation of the human race.

It was suggested that a committee consisting of three ministers and three elders, be appointed to carry out the objects of the resolutions. Dr. Cox wanted to see the com-

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mittee larger. It was an important subject, and we want names on the document which will encourage our brothers in England and in all parts of Europe. The following committee was appointed to take the whole subject into consideration: Rev. William Adams, D.D., Rev. Henry B. Smith, D.D., Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., Rev. Jonathan F. Stearns, D.D., Rev. Edwin F. Hatfield, D.D., Rev. Samuel T. Spear, D.D., Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D., Hon. William E. Dodge, Professor Theodore W. Dwight, LL.D., Hon. Daniel Haines, Hon. Edward A. Lambert, J. B. Pinneo, Esq., S. F. B. Morse, Esq., Cyrus W. Field, Esq.

We subjoin another report of the action of the central authority of the Evangelical Church of Prussia, from *The New York Herald:*

THE BERLIN EVANGELICAL CONSISTORY ON THE PONTIFICAL LETTER.

The pastoral letter in connection with his œcumenical circular addressed by Pope Pius IX. to non-Catholic Christians has roused Prussian evangelic church authority. The following circular has been addressed to its consistories: "An open letter of the 13th ult., by the chief of the Roman Catholic Church, is directed to all Protestants, thus including the members of our Evangelical State Church. As this document contains, besides unjust accusations, many expressions of respect and kindness toward Protestants, we are ready and willing to consider it as a pledge of friendly and peaceable relations for the future between both confessions for the sake of the state and its citizens, and for the efficiency and triumph of Christian truth. Every sincere evangelic Christian acknowledges the duty of loving other confessions and deplores the separation in the church, especially among members of a common country. But as the chief of another church undertakes in the said letter to demand, with assumed authority, from the members of ours a renunciation of their cherished creed, founded upon the inviolable word of God, and a retractation of evangelical truth won by the blessed Reformation, without offering on his part the least prospect of a reconciliation on the basis of evangelical truth, we must decidedly reject his action as an unjustifiable trespass upon our church, and in so doing we are sure of the agreement of all Evangelicals. An appeal to the members of our church not to heed this voice may be deemed unnecessary; but it is proper to keep still more in mind, opposed to such pretensions, the numerous members of our persuasions who in the midst of Roman Catholicism are exposed to the temptations of infidelity toward the Evangelical creed; therefore, to procure the means for preaching to them, giving them the sacraments, the Evangelical school and pastoral care, collections are directed soon to be made in all our churches. The royal consistories will communicate this to the ministers of the dioceses, who on the days of collection on the following Sundays are to make proper mention of it to their congregations.

There was also an announcement in the papers that some sort of a letter to the Pope was proposed by members of the late General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, although we do not know what came of the affair eventually.

We must give justice to one portion of the comments of the *Saturday Review*, namely, that which refers to the publication of the pontifical letter. It is a matter of great inconvenience to Catholics throughout the world, that the publication of important official documents at Rome is so tardy and insufficient. This is a defect which ought to be, and we hope will be, remedied. We have not yet seen the Latin text of the letter addressed by the Sovereign Pontiff to Protestants, and have been obliged to take a translation of it which is not remarkably well-executed, and in which we have corrected forty-seven typographical errors, from an English Catholic newspaper. The English translations of the grand and dignified pontifical documents which are sent forth by the Holy See, are generally wretched, and make them appear to readers who are unacquainted with the originals in a very unfavorable light.

It seems to us that it would have added very much to the effect of the Holy Father's paternal address to his erring and strayed children, if authentic copies had been at once sent to all the bishops, with a command

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to publish both the original Latin text, and also a translation authorized by themselves, with their own official counter-signature appended, for the benefit of all Christians within their several dioceses. As it is, however, the letter of the Holy Father has become very generally known through the indirect channel of the newspapers, and has not failed to produce a great sensation. It is just such an admonition as the head of the Church, who is conscious that his authority to teach the world is indubitable, might be expected to issue. It is in the style and manner which become the Vicar of Jesus Christ speaking to all the baptized, who, by virtue of their baptism, are lawfully subject to his pastoral jurisdiction. The Pope speaks as one having authority, and must necessarily do so, just as our Lord and the Apostles did, because he knows that he has authority, and that the evidence of his authority is so plain and clear, that at least all the educated pastors and teachers of the different Christian sects are capable of perceiving it and bound to acknowledge it. The *Saturday Review* complains that the Pope does not argue on the subject, or adduce reasons to convince those who reject his authority. This is a most unreasonable objection. How would it be possible, within the limits of a brief letter, to address arguments, at length, to all the hundred and one different sorts of Protestants? The letter is not destitute of that kind and amount of argument which are alone suitable in a document of the kind. It appeals to the manifest fact that Protestants are divided among a multitude of differing sects and doctrines, without any principle of unity or certain criterion of truth; whereas the Catholic Church, in communion with the See of Peter, possesses that unity and universality which are the sure and evident marks of the presence of the Holy Spirit within her body, leading her perpetually into all truth, according to the promise of Christ. Our Lord, when he demanded the obedience of faith under the peril of eternal damnation from all his hearers, did not enter into long arguments. He presented brief and simple reasons in an authoritative manner to his auditors, and appealed to the evidences by which his divine mission was attested from heaven. In like manner the Holy Father, who is Christ's vicegerent upon the earth, affirms his own authority, commands submission to his teaching, and presents a simple, obvious argument addressed to the reason and conscience of all men, which they have the means of easily verifying if they will. The affirmation of his authority, and the command or exhortation to submit to it, are not made gratuitously, and do not rest upon a mere personal declaration of the Pontiff, to which men are to yield an assent which is blind, unreasoning, or destitute of solid motives. The motives are not expressed explicitly and at length in the letter; but they are appealed to as existing within the reach of those who are addressed, and the claim of submission is based upon them. The Holy Father speaks as the head of a communion embracing almost two thirds of all Christendom, which has existed in an unbroken continuity of doctrine and organization from remote antiquity, with the entire united moral force of all the bishops, doctors, and saints of the church in the present and the past ages, to back and support him. He speaks to those whose ancestors acknowledged his authority, and who have been severed from his communion by a violent revolution, whose justification three centuries have not

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been able to establish; but whose condemnation has been unmistakably pronounced by the disastrous results it has produced. He has, therefore, a *prima-facie* claim of prescription, possession, and general acknowledgment in his favor, which gives an immense moral weight to his utterance. Moreover, he speaks after having for three hundred years argued the whole case between himself and Protestants in the most thorough and complete manner, by the means of the theologians and writers of the Catholic Church, whose works are accessible in all languages. His bishops and priests are everywhere to be found, ready to argue and explain the doctrines of the church for the benefit of all those who desire it. At the council itself, instructions and conferences in various languages will be given upon all the points of controversy by the ablest and most learned preachers of all nations, and theologians will be ready to give private conferences to those who desire them. It cannot be said, therefore, that the Holy Father shuts out inquiry, argument, or discussion; for he does everything to invite and favor them, and by his act in summoning a council, and challenging the attention of the whole world, throws open all the doors and windows of the church to the light of all the intelligence of Christendom.

The reviewer complains, moreover, that the Pope claims an authority above that which is admitted by a school of Catholic theologians, or even required by any formal pontifical decree to be acknowledged as of obligatory doctrine. This is an utterly reckless and baseless assertion. Whatever may be the teaching of Van Espen, Von Hontheim, Richer, and other court canonists and lawyers, whose erroneous and schismatical doctrine is condemned and rejected in every Catholic school, Bossuet, De Marca, and all orthodox Gallicans have always recognized and supported every whit of that authority which is affirmed or implied in the pontifical letter.

As for the schismatical Orientals, who are supposed to be aggrieved by the terms of the invitation which the Pope has extended to them to attend the council, they are forced, in consistency with the doctrine they have evermore admitted, to acknowledge the primacy of the Roman Pontiff, and his right to call an œcumenical council. The Patriarch of Constantinople, although some of the bishops of his synod are said to have favored the acceptance of the Pope's invitation, has refused even to receive the letter containing it. The Armenian Patriarch will probably follow suit, and the Synod of St. Petersburg, which is only a bureau of the imperial government, will, of course, not only reject the invitation to the council in the most decisive manner, but will put forth the entire political influence which Russia possesses in the East to hinder the Oriental prelates from attending. This line of conduct, however, is totally inconsistent with the principles and professions of the Eastern communions. They all recognize the primacy of the Roman bishop, and his right to convoke a council. They acknowledge that their separation from the Western church is an abnormal condition, and that all portions of Christendom ought to be in unity. Their refusal to attend the council will therefore be a condemnation of themselves, and will manifest most clearly the schismatical spirit by which they are actuated. It may be said that the terms on which they are invited are such that they cannot attend. The gist of this excuse

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is, that the Pope demands a submission to his supremacy which they cannot admit. This, however, does not really excuse them. Admit, for the sake of argument, that the Roman Church has usurped a supremacy which does not belong to it, and is really to blame for the existing schism. They are invited to attend the council and sit in it as bishops. If they are confident of the justice of their cause, why do not they embrace the opportunity to send their patriarchs, metropolitans, and fifty or a hundred of their principal bishops, together with their most learned archimandrites and theologians, and the diplomatic representatives of Russia and Greece, who may argue their cause before the council and in presence of all Christendom. If they had any moral force at all, now would be the opportunity to show it. But they have none, and therefore they dare not go, and by their open manifestation of cowardice and utter recklessness of the common good of Christendom, they will give a death-blow to their own cause.

The Pope is blamed for not having invited the Protestant bishops to attend the council. It is impossible for him to invite them, because it is impossible for him to recognize their episcopal character. The Orientals themselves would not sit with them in council as fellow-bishops. Their claim even to an exterior succession is so extremely doubtful that at the highest it has only probability in its favor. Aside from all question, moreover, concerning the alleged fact of Parker's consecration by Barlow, and of the consecration of Barlow himself, the essential defect of form in the English ordinal of Queen Elizabeth must prevent the recognition of any true episcopal succession in the Protestant Episcopal Churches. This is no reason, however, why the Protestant bishops should not make an attempt to gain a hearing and present their claim before the council. They cannot be admitted to the council as bishops, but they might, and no doubt would, be received with courtesy and urbanity as distinguished personages, and as representatives of some millions of baptized Christians. Do they believe themselves to be a portion of the Catholic episcopate? One of their most learned divines, Palmer, to say nothing of many others, acknowledges that the Roman Bishop, when he is in communion with the whole Catholic Church, is the centre of unity and the presiding bishop of all Christendom. Why, then, do they not depute a large body of their number to go to the council, attended by their most learned theologians, and ask for a hearing? Nothing could give them a better chance of manifesting the full strength of their position, and bringing into the light all the justice there is in their cause, than such a demonstration as this, if they only had courage, independence, and concert of action enough to make it.

We would say the same of other Protestant communions making no pretension to any Episcopal succession. They very generally profess a desire for union among Christians. Surely there must be some basis upon which this union is possible. Those who profess that Jesus Christ has established a religion, given a revelation, taught a doctrine and way of salvation, must admit that there is some way of ascertaining with certainty what Christianity really is, and refuting the claims of every kind of pseudo-Christianity. Why can they not make a bold and generous effort, then, to bring the matter to a test, send their representatives to Rome, and try to have at least some beginning of a conference respecting

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the cause of dissension and disunion?

We are glad to see the action taken by the Presbyterians of New York and New Jersey and the Evangelicals of Berlin. We could have wished that the former had exhibited equal courtesy and amenity in their language with the latter. However, we let that pass. What we desire above all things is, that attention should be drawn to the letter of the Holy Father, and to the great and vital matters which it presents. Our Protestant brethren can do us, in this respect, a much greater service than we can do ourselves. Their resolutions, replies, discussions, and indignant denials of the authority of the successor of Peter only bring before the minds of the multitude more distinctly and universally the claim which he makes to be heard and reverenced as the Vicar of Christ. This is precisely what we desire. We do not ask, and the Holy Father has never demanded, that those who are separated from his communion should submit to his authority without having just and adequate reasons presented before their minds. We ask only that they lay aside their inherited prejudices, and that animosity which is their result; examine, inquire, and weigh calmly, with a pure desire to know the truth, and with prayer to God, the evidence of the supreme authority bequeathed to the Roman Pontiff by St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles. It is idle to pretend that the claims of the Roman See are unworthy of a hearing, and can be set aside by a simple denial. There is no other human being except the Pope who has the slightest claim to call himself the Father of all the faithful, or who would dream of doing it. Whoever should attempt it would receive no attention, but would be disregarded as an idiot. No church, even, however large its numbers, can gain any general attention to its pretensions of possessing that doctrine and polity which are truly apostolic, or its invitations to the rest of Christendom to conform to its peculiar type of Christianity. The Pope alone compels the attention of the world when he speaks. The emphatic protests which his majestic and paternal admonitions to all Christians to return to the fold of unity call forth, are themselves witnesses to the immense power which he possesses as the successor of St. Peter and the heir of that promise which was made by Jesus Christ: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it: and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." There is no humiliation in being admonished and instructed by the voice of one who is the inheritor of such a promise, or in being invited to return under the guidance of such a majestic and ancient pastoral authority. It is not in the spirit of pride or disdain that we urge upon our fellow-Christians the duty of returning to the bosom of the Mother Church. We ardently desire that they may be our brethren, united with us in faith and fellowship, sharers with us in the glorious privilege of Catholic communion, and in the noble work of propagating Christianity throughout the world. We desire to judge as favorably as possible of the motives and intentions of those who, with mistaken zeal, repulse the earnest and paternal exhortations of the Father of Christendom, and trust that when they have more calmly and thoroughly investigated the grounds of their sepa-

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ration, many of them will obey the voice of truth and conscience, and retrace the path which led their ancestors away from the doctrine and fold of the successor of St. Peter. We are not sanguine enough to expect that the approaching Council of the Vatican will be followed by the immediate and universal return of all Christians to Catholic unity. We have no doubt, however, that it will mark a great epoch in ecclesiastical and human history, and, like the Council of Trent, will inaugurate a new period of progression and triumph for the church. To what extent the separated Christians of the East and West will become reconciled to the Catholic Church, we will not venture to predict; but we will hazard a prophecy that within the next half-century the great mass of those who are not reabsorbed into catholicity will have melted away into some form of infidelity, or have been swept up by some new false religion which is openly anti-Christian. What course the body of the Protestant clergy will take remains to be seen; but if they are not wise enough to anticipate and lead the movement which must inevitably bring back the most religious portion of their people to the unity of the See of St. Peter, they will be left behind by it, and will ere long find themselves without flocks and without churches.

SONNET (XIII.) FROM THE *VITA NUOVA* OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

So gentle seems my lady and so pure
When she greets any one, that scarce the eye
Such modesty and brightness can endure,
And the tongue, trembling, falters in reply.

She hears; but heeds not, people praise her worth—
Some in their speech, and many with a pen—
But meekly moves, as if sent down to earth
To show another miracle to men!

And such a pleasure from her presence grows
On him who gazeth, while she passeth by—
A sense of sweetness that no mortal knows
Who hath not felt it—that the soul's repose
Is woke to worship, and a spirit flows
Forth from her face that seems to whisper, "Sigh!"

T. W. P.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A PLEASANTLY-FURNISHED parlor, looking out upon noble trees and gray shrubbery.

Within, books, pictures, portfolios, and a superb piano.

At the piano a lovely girl of twenty summers, whose face, figure, and fair white hands give token that no care, or sorrow, or labor has ever reached her.

A footfall on the piazza startles her; the bell rings, and is answered.

"George!"

"Isabel!"

And in another moment brother and sister are locked in each other's arms. He put her from him a little, and looked in her face.

"You are more than ever *Bella*," he said, while two or three times he kissed her fair forehead.

"How is my mother? Didn't I hear some strains of Mozart's 'Twelfth' as I came into the gate?"

"Yes, I was just playing the *Agnus Dei*. Mother is nicely; and I was enjoying my music immensely; for it is the first day in two or three weeks that I have been allowed to touch the piano."

"Why?"

"Because mother has been so sick. Don't look so frightened; she is quite well now. Did you know you had a little sister up-stairs?"

"No, indeed!" he exclaimed, with an expression of delight, at which Isabel laughed again, while she went on to say:

"Mother was so nervous, and so excited by the storms and shipwrecks that the papers were full of, that for nights and nights she did not sleep at all, and the doctor was afraid she would die or lose her reason; but for some time past she has slept, and now she seems quite recovered."

"Let us go to her—can I go up?"

Just then a little girl of six years came into the room, with wide expectant eyes, and, "Mother says—"

"Ah! little one," said the young man caressingly, "do you remember brother George?"

"Yes, indeed I do."

"Then give me a hug," said he, folding her in his arms, and then releasing her. "It is a long time since you saw me. I should not wonder if you had forgotten me."

"But I have not forgotten you, and mother says," she went on, dancing up and down in great glee, "if it's brother George, you're to come right up-stairs; only you mustn't make a noise for the sake of the baby. What did you bring me?"

"If you have a baby, you ought not to expect me to bring you anything. Isn't the baby enough?"

She smiled rather doubtfully, and trotted on before them up-stairs.

"Isabel," said George, "wait a minute." Then, as if something in his sister's face failed to invite the meditated confidence, he asked, as they slowly ascended the stairs, their hands locked, "Is Philip here?"

"No; he will not be here till next Monday—the Monday before Christmas."

"And you are to be married—"

"On Christmas eve; how glad I am you've come!"

"Is my father well?"

"Yes; he will be so sorry not to have met you at the wharf; but he had to go to W—— on Thursday, and will not be home till evening."

They entered Mrs. Hartland's

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room, and the son, so hardly parted from, so anxiously and long expected, was pressed to his mother's heart. "My darling boy, you are indeed a Christmas gift."

"Yes, dear mother, we ought to have been back long ago; sometimes I was afraid I should never get back to you. Besides that hurricane off the Cape, which obliged us to put in for repairs, we have had very heavy weather since we crossed the line. But I have accomplished the business father sent me to do, thank God, and am with you all once more. Are Mary and Fanny well?"

"Yes, they have gone out to buy Christmas presents, and Robert with them."

"And Charlie?"

"Is spending a few days with Aunt Ellen, and will come back with them on Monday for the wedding and for Christmas."

"O mother dear!" said Isabel, "whom was your letter from?"

"From Aunt Ann. They are all well, and are coming on Monday."

"And Lucy and Jane?"

"Yes."

"But, my darling mother," exclaimed George, with a look of distress, "you will be perfectly worn out with all this company."

"Mother has nothing to do with that," said Isabel; "we take care of that. If mother takes care of the baby, that is all we expect of her; and Mrs. Reilly is to stay till Philip and I are off."

"And how is this dear little Christmas present?" said George, stooping tenderly over the sleeping infant.

"Lovely," said his mother, smiling.

"As lovely," said Isabel, with a slight laugh, "as such little nuisances ever are."

"Why, Bella dear, don't you love her?" asked George.

"Oh! yes, to be sure, I love her; but I don't see the use of her; nobody wants her."

"I beg your pardon, dear, I want her," interrupted her mother.

"Oh! yes, mother, I don't mean that; I know you want her, and I am sure I am glad you have her; only I mean to say that she has chosen to come at the most inconvenient time possible, as babies always do; and that there is no place here for a baby, and that she deranges everything; and turns the whole house upside down; and I think babies are a nuisance; and then Kate is six years old, and we had no right to expect any more babies; and there were enough of us without her; and I am just going to be married, and it all seems so odd and queer."

Mother laughed, and seemed to think it not at all odd and queer, nor yet did she take to heart Isabel's repugnances; but George said musingly:

"And yet you are going to be married yourself next week?"

"That is precisely why it is such a nuisance," said Isabel.

"Would there have been enough of us without her," said her mother, "if brother George had never come back, as for so long a time we feared he would not?"

"There are never enough of us without George," replied Isabel, reddening, partly from vexation, and partly from the consciousness that the brother, of whom she was so fond and proud, was regarding her, she really did not know why, with something like surprise and disappointment.

Just then the baby stirred, woke, was taken up, admired, discussed, and caressed, and in the midst of a consultation as to what her name should be, a noise of feet and voices was heard in the hall below.

By a mutual instinct that "mother's

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room" should be spared the disturbance of too noisy greetings, the young people ran down-stairs. There were tender embraces on the part of the girls, more vehement and tumultuous ones from Bob, and confused cries of, "Are we not glad to see you!" and "How long you staid!" and "We thought you would never come back!" with "I was in danger of never coming back;" and "How you have grown!" and "How pretty you are!" at which Mary and Fanny laughed and blushed.

"I say, old fellow," cried Bob, "hadn't you a terrible time? were you frightened?"

"I hadn't time to be frightened," returned George, "there was too much to do."

"What could you do?"

"Not so much as a sailor, of course; but every one can do something—every one who is cool and not afraid."

"By Jove! but I should think 'twould be fun! only I should be afraid; I shouldn't like to go to the bottom."

"No, most of us would object to that."

"I wish you wouldn't say 'by Jove,' Robert," said Isabel; "I wish you wouldn't take up expressions from your school-fellows that you never hear at home."

"Isabel isn't fond of foreign importations," said Fanny.

"Yes, she is, though," retorted Robert wisely, "what is she made of, from top to toe, but foreign importations?"

Amid the general laugh which followed this thrust, Mrs. Hartland's voice was heard at the head of the stairs:

"Fanny! brother George will want to go to his room; is it ready for him?"

"Yes, mother, it is all ready; I will go and see. You will have plenty of time, George; for dinner is half an hour later to-day, on account of father."

Not long after this, there was a thundering rap at George's door, which opened and admitted his youngest brother, a lad of ten years.

"Why, Charlie, boy," he exclaimed, as the lithe little fellow sprang into his arms, "I didn't expect you; I thought you weren't coming till Monday."

"No, I wasn't; but father saw by the paper that the ship was in, and I told Aunt Ellen I couldn't stay any longer."

"You've grown a head taller since I saw you."

"I should think I'd had time enough to grow; how long have you been gone?"

"Fourteen months; but let's go down and see father."

"But, George," said the little boy, looking round the room, "do let me come back and chum with you now. I've slept with Robert ever since you went away, and I like it very well with Robert, but I'd rather come back to you, mayn't I?"

"Certainly you shall, if mother and Robert agree to it." And Charlie made one leap to the first landing, another to the second, and with a third bound reached his father's door.

A gay party assembled at dinner. Mother came down for the first time, to honor her boy's return. Mr. Hartland said a long, earnest grace, thanking God for the bounties spread before them less than for the return of the long-absent, and for their joyful reunion. The girls were looking their prettiest, the boys full of glee. All being more talkative than hungry, they discussed home affairs, family affairs, the voyage, the tropics, and Valparaiso, until Charlie, tired of his

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chair, pushed it back, and began turning summersets over the floor, by way of digesting his dinner.

A general move followed; father and George exchanged a few sentences on business matters in a low voice to which nobody listened, and the young man left the room. Presently he returned with a bulky envelope, which he gave his father, saying:

"There are the papers, sir; I think you will find the whole matter very clearly stated, and the affair satisfactorily arranged."

Mr. Hartland took the bundle, and, placing himself at a side table, turned the drop-light conveniently and began to open and read. At this signal the rest of the party moved into the parlor; mamma was placed in the most comfortable chair, and the young people were presently absorbed in a conversational and philosophical game. How long the wits of all of them had been on the strain, not one of them could have guessed, when, just as Robert was insisting that the article under discussion must be red clover, and that it must be found chiefly in icebergs, or else both Fanny and George had made wrong answers, suddenly their father's tall figure loomed up before them. His usually calm face was slightly tremulous.

"We never can be thankful enough, my dear boy," he began abruptly, and his voice trembled also, "to have you among us once more; and I must say I am very proud at the manner in which you have managed this business."

George blushed, mamma's eyes filled with tears, and Charlie, who for the last half-hour had been so sleepy that he was of no use except to make a laugh at his own expense, rubbed his eyes and looked up.

"George is a trump!" said he sententiously."

This was a great relief to papa, who fairly looked as if he would have liked to cry himself, and the hubbub of voices and inquiries which followed was quieted by Isabel placing herself at the piano, and beginning the same strain from Mozart's Twelfth which had charmed her brother on entering the gate.

George stood over the piano and again looked at Isabel, as if he were half inclined to tell her something, but refrained; and Isabel was too much occupied with her own plans and prospects to indulge an indiscreet curiosity.

The next day Mr. Hartland having established himself in the library soon after breakfast, and the younger members of the family having gone out on their Christmas errands, Mrs. Hartland bethought herself to go and see if her son's room were supplied with all things necessary to his comfort. The door was open, and George and Isabel were both there, gaily chatting and laughing, amid a confused medley of books, papers, clothes, and odd nicknacks, to which George was busily adding, as he pulled pile after pile from his trunk. Isabel glanced from one object to another, with the idle curiosity and eagerness begotten of such occupation; but seeing her mother approach, she made haste to clear the rocking-chair and place a footstool for her feet.

"Tell mother about that curious little pipe," she said.

"Yes, but let her see it first; isn't it odd?" said he, showing it. "I thought of giving it to Robert, he is so fond of oddities; and see, mother, is not this shagreen case pretty, with the silver trimmings, and that quaint old medallion on the cover? It will do to keep your needles and thimble in."

"Yes, and scissors, and a good-

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sized spool of cotton ; it will do nicely to take to the sewing society, mother dear."

"And here is a box which I thought of giving to father," returned George, "only he never takes snuff," producing a beautiful amber snuff-box, mounted and lined with gold.

"Exquisite! he could keep postage-stamps in it," suggested Isabel.

"That would do very well for you girls, who only write three or four letters a week ; I have something else that will please father much better." And he brought from his trunk a dagger of fine metal, curiously wrought in arabesque, the massive handle also richly carved and inlaid. While her mother was admiring the workmanship of the dangerous little weapon, Bell took up, one after another, the books upon the table, most of them old acquaintances, travelling companions, taken from home and brought home again. As she listened to the story of the pipe, mamma observed in Isabel's hand a little, well-thumbed book which attracted her attention.

"What book is that, dear?" she asked, as the story ended.

"A prayer-book," said Isabel.

"An Episcopal prayer-book?"

"No," said George, "a Catholic."

"What do you have that for?" said Mrs. Hartland, with a mingled expression of surprise, contempt, and indignation.

"Because I want it," he returned, smiling.

"What do you want it for?" she exclaimed, instantly alarmed at his look and tone.

"Because, dear mother, I want it to use ; I am a Roman Catholic."

"A Roman Catholic! You might as well plunge this dagger into my heart," said his mother, "as tell me that. Dearly as I love you, I would much rather see you dead and buried."

"And I," said George quietly, "would much rather be dead and buried than ever be a Protestant again."

"What infatuation! But how came you to be a Catholic, and what put it into your head to change your religion?"

George began to tell her of an acquaintance formed on the outward voyage with a Catholic priest, who was bound for the same port as himself ; of the inexplicable attraction which drew him to this man ; of the charm of his conversation and manners ; of their discussions ; of the books which he lent him ; of his tender and fatherly advice and instructions—here Mrs. Hartland interposed an expression of impatience and contempt —"in short, dear mother," pursued the young man earnestly and quietly, "I became perfectly convinced that the Catholic religion is the only true religion ; and as I did not choose to risk my salvation by living any longer without it, I was received into the church before I left Valparaiso."

"Well, I feel as if all the happiness of my life were blighted."

"I am sorry you feel so, dear mother ; I am grieved to pain you, but there was no help for it ; you would not have me violate my conscience."

"There is such a thing as an ill-enlightened conscience."

"That's so, my dear mother," said he, with something more than his old bright smile, "and I am sure that when you have heard fairly stated the arguments which have influenced me—"

"I don't want to hear any arguments or any reasons ; I would rather die than be a Catholic ; it is a bad sign when young people begin to think themselves wiser than their elders."

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"So it is, dear mother; but you did not repulse Grace Estabrook with that argument when she left the Unitarian church and began to come to yours, against the wishes of both her parents."

"I don't wish to hear anything about it, or to talk or argue; the whole subject is hateful to me. You have given us all the dagger, my son," said she, placing it upon the table, and rising, she went below to communicate to Mr. Hartland the sad intelligence.

The allusion to the dagger affected George very sensibly, and he dreaded to go down-stairs or meet his father and sisters; but having at last made the effort, he was immensely relieved to find every one as kind as usual. His father's face was pale and excited, but he said nothing; Bob stared at him rather saucily, as if he were a phenomenon; and the rest of the family evidently regarded him as an amiable dupe. This was hard, but endurable. His spirits rose, he romped with the little ones, capped verses with his sisters, and convinced every one that his self-respect was in no way diminished by the slender appreciation put upon his faith. There were, of course, not wanting arguments and persuasions to lure him back to the faith of the family; but George was not a fellow having once in his life met with positive truth, to abandon it afterward for a mere negation.

After dinner, some of the novelties which he had brought home were produced: the dagger, which his father accepted and admired, without seeming seriously wounded by it; a collection of shells, a set of corals, and some exquisite little articles of mother-of-pearl. Kate fished out of his pocket a necklace, as she called it, of garnet beads, not running all together, but separated occasionally by little bits of gold chain, with a gold medal pendent from it.

"Isn't this a reward of merit?" exclaimed she; "is this for me, brother George? may I have it?"

"Yes," said George, laughing, "you may have it."

But it would not go over her head, and it had no clasp to fasten round her neck; then she tried it on for a bracelet, but it would fall off. In short, it was not meant to wear, nor for an ornament at all, but for something else; and as she twirled it rather uneasily over her fingers, not knowing exactly what to do with it, George took it from her, and replaced it with a carnelian necklace which he clasped round her white throat. Kate was contented to see the little garnet beads slip back into her brother's pocket, with the assurance that she should see them as often as she wished, not, however, till they had been curiously examined and inquired into by Charlie and Fanny.

"They are to say?" said Fanny, with great curiosity, "how do you say them?" But before George could answer the question, the baby was brought in, and the subject dropped.

The little one was petted, praised, and passed from hand to hand with an affectionate eagerness which showed plainly that she was not generally considered a nuisance, and at last all protested that it was high time she had a name.

"I shall not call her Bridget, to please George," said mamma.

"But it would not please me, dear mother, to have you call her Bridget. I see no more propriety in calling her Bridget than in calling her Eulalie, or Genevieve, or Inez."

"I think I will call her Elizabeth Tudor; she was a good Protestant."

"I doubt very much Elizabeth's being what you would call a good

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Protestant," returned George merrily; "but if you call baby after her, I shall immediately put her under the protection of St. Elizabeth."

"Who was St. Elizabeth?" asked Fanny.

"She was a Hungarian princess, and very pious. She washed the saints' feet and tended the sick and poor with her own hands."

"If it was a boy, I would call him Cranmer," said mamma.

"I guess not," said Mr. Hartland; "I should have something to say about that."

"You might call her Jezebel, or Bathsheba," suggested Robert; "I dare say they were both genuine Protestants." There was frequently an uncertainty as to how Robert's missiles were intended to fall; and whether his barbed arrows were sped in innocence or with malice aforethought was a point in regard to which the most unlimited private judgment was conceded to every member of the family. Of course, nobody laughed at this sally, though Isabel bit her lip to keep from smiling, and George said,

"Why not call her Annie, after Aunt Ann?"

"I have been thinking of that," said mamma, "only Isabel thinks it is such a homespun name."

"I like homespun names," said papa.

Isabel liked Blanche, and Fanny suggested Margaret. Robert thought Schwartz would be more appropriate than Blanche. George said any name was good that was in the calendar. Robert said Charlotte Corday was in the calendar. George thought not, and after a brisk discussion and sundry pros and cons, it was decided to call the little one Annie.

"And St. Anne was the mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary," whispered George to Isabel, as he opened the piano for her.

"Christmas gifts not appreciated," said George, turning round at the head of the first flight of stairs to bid Isabel good night.

"What do you mean?" said Bell.

"I mean the dear little sister in there," pointing to his mother's room, "whom you think a little nuisance."

"Psha!" said Isabel.

"And I here, too," he went on, "who should have been under the water rather than have come home a Catholic. And the gift of faith," he said seriously, "which God has bestowed upon me, and which my friends would wish me to throw away or trample under foot, and the guardianship of saints and angels, which people mock at."

"Baby can hardly be called a Christmas present," said Bell, "since she is four weeks old, and Christmas is not until next Thursday."

"Not precisely."

"Nor your gift of faith, as you call it, since you became a Catholic, you say, before leaving Valparaiso."

"Not as we usually speak; but every blessing comes to us really because of the Incarnation, and so any blessing which we have particularly to be thankful for may be gratefully regarded as a Christmas gift."

"Well, it must be owned," said Isabel, "that you bring your ideas, like the wise woman in the Proverbs, from afar."

George went on quietly without smiling. "There will be more Christmas gifts next Thursday."

"I dare say," said Bell, though her face demanded an explanation.

"Father and mother will have another son, and we all shall have another brother, and you will have one who in some sort will stand to you in the place of God."

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Bell colored and was silent. If she had chosen to speak, she would have said that of all her brother's far-fetched ideas this was the oddest, and one which she was little likely to appreciate. She certainly had not regarded Philip at all in that light, or as a gift from God any way. She returned her brother's good night, and, going into her own room, meditated how George was always the same incomprehensible fellow, always gay and full of life, and yet always taking seriously what every one said in temper or in fun, or by vanity, or for effect, "as if an idle word signified." With every one else in the house she did pretty much as she pleased; but George always contrived to manage her, and had done so ever since she was born. He had a quiet, serious way of talking to her, as if he were twenty years her senior, which was not flattering to Bell's vanity; yet she loved him so very much, she was not at all sure that she loved Philip better.

"Well, George," said Robert on Saturday night, "I suppose you are not going to church to-morrow with us?"

"Probably not," said George.

"I suppose you will go to St. Lawrence's, over here, with servant-girls, and stable-men, and rag-pickers; won't it be a sweet crowd!"

"Do be quiet, Robert," said his father, "what difference does it make whom you go to church with?"

"Mother," said Fanny, "may I go to church with brother George to-morrow?"

"No, Fanny, you may *not*," said Mrs. Hartland shortly, "and you are not to ask for such a thing. The Catholic religion is the religion of the devil, and I don't want you to know anything about it, or to hear or think anything about it. I would rather you were dead and buried than that you should be Catholics, any of you."

Poor Fanny looked dismayed, and Robert and Mary laughed irreverently; but Mr. Hartland said mildly,

"If the Catholic religion were the religion of the devil, my dear, I think there is nothing gained by saying so."

And when the children had dispersed for the night, and he was alone again with Mrs. Hartland, he said:

"George has been led away by his imagination; and your vehement opposition will only strengthen him; let him alone, and he will get over this."

In due time Philip made his appearance. He was a gay, spirited, handsome fellow—a great favorite with every one, and especially with George, whose classmate he had been.

The Shirleys and Hartlands had been intimate for many years, having moved in the same society, inherited the same religious opinions, and imbibed by association the same ideas. Mr. Shirley was a man of great wealth, and was still living; but Philip had just inherited a fine property from the uncle after whom he was named, so that he was as rich as he needed to be now, with a prospect of as much again hereafter. Indeed, as Mrs. Hartland rather proudly said, "It was precisely the connection which they had most desired for Isabel."

And yet, such as Philip was, it was not strange, perhaps, that George's idea of the Christmas gift should seem to Isabel far-fetched. "But it is not so," George reasoned, "for you all say that marriages are made in heaven, and St. James says that

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'Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights.'"

Christmas eve arrived, and, according to the programme, the young people were married. "The wedding was furnished with guests," and it may be taken for granted at once that everything was planned and carried out in the most approved style, since Isabel had the supreme dictatorship. George was first groomsman, and the others were selected from the list of Belle's inconsolable admirers. Little Kate was the smallest bridesmaid, and went through her part with serious gravity, evidently believing that she was assisting at a solemn function. The bride and groom were pronounced the handsomest couple, and so forth; the cake and the weather were delicious. Philip certainly appreciated his Christmas gift, and thought himself a happy man. He had always considered Belle the prettiest girl in P——, as she was certainly one of the cleverest; he was perfectly persuaded that she was equally good and beautiful, and he had the grace to think that his own wealth, with his other advantages, did no more than place him upon a par with her. Certainly, Isabel's prospects of happiness were very fair.

And so she passed away to adorn a new house, very much missed by all at the old, and by none more than by Mary, who succeeded to the place and honors of elder sister, though confessedly by no means so beautiful, brilliant, or clever as "Miss Hartland that was." But Mary was a good girl, played and sang very sweetly, and was always ready to gratify her father with those simple ballads in which he chiefly delighted. Home was quieter, but perhaps scarcely less happy, and home happiness was constantly augmented by the pleasure of anticipating Isabel's visits.

If Mr. Hartland really expected George to get over his love for and belief in the Catholic religion, he was evidently doomed to disappointment; for, to all appearance, it every day penetrated more and more the very substance of his being, though he had always been so sincerely religious that his external conduct was modified by it less than might have been supposed. Fanny never repeated her preposterous request for permission to go to church with brother George; but she was perpetually slipping into his room, peeping into his books, admiring his little pictures and statuettes, trying, in fact, with a girl's insatiable curiosity, to discover why the forbidden fruit was so unspeakably poisonous. She incurred repeated scoldings for her restless inquest; and, after being reproved the twentieth time for taking possession of brother George's books and carrying them off into her own room, she fairly disconcerted her mother by indignantly inquiring, "Why they had no '*creed*,' and what right the people who first started the Protestant religion had to hide away the 'Apostles' Creed' from everybody, so that hundreds of persons who thought themselves Christians, and meant to be Christians, lived and died without ever knowing there was any 'creed.'"

Poor Mrs. Hartland was completely nonplussed; she knew nothing about creeds herself, but she hesitatingly suggested that they had a "form of covenant." This, Fanny insisted, was not the least like the "Creed," and her mother, having no other forces in reserve, took refuge in the usual invective, and assured her daughter in the most solemn manner that she would prefer to see her in her grave rather than have her

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imbibe her brother George's sentiments. Fanny, of course, was obliged to go to George for a satisfactory answer to her question, and having learned from him the gradual process by which the first Protestantism had dwindled down into New England Congregationalism, her reverence for the system in which she had been brought up was not increased.

Meanwhile, almost another year has passed away. Little Annie Hartland is creeping about the carpet, or pushing herself round with a chair, and, under great persuasion and generous bribery, making some diffident attempts to talk. Isabel has been at home some weeks, and is domiciled in her own old room. Philip's visits are frequent, but short and uncertain, for though a rich he is by no means an idle man. All are improving the last beautiful days of autumn, in anticipation of the disagreeable weather of settled winter.

Fanny, especially, who was fond of riding and a capital horsewoman, rode almost every afternoon, sometimes without any escort, and sometimes accompanied by Robert, who was very proud of the elegant figure his sister made on her spirited yet gentle horse.

On one of the loveliest of these days, as George, returning from a long walk, was sauntering up the drive, he was startled at seeing Robert upon the lower end of the piazza without a hat, trembling, and excessively pale.

"Do you know? did you see her?" he asked, quivering with excitement, and without waiting for an answer, "Fan—she's been thrown—and mother says she's been terribly hurt."

"Where was she? who was with her? is she here?"

"In mother's room. Where were you that you did not see it?"

"I have been in the other direction, up toward the academy. Has Philip come?"

"Yes, he came just before Fan was hurt."

George went up-stairs, and found Fanny quite insensible.

The poor child was settled in her mother's room, out of the way of Isabel, whose little boy was only a week old, and from whom the sad news was to be kept as long as possible. For some days it seemed very doubtful whether Fanny would recover; but her youth prevailed, and at last the doctor pronounced that, with great care, she would be perfectly restored, though she would scarcely be able to leave the house before spring.

During this interval Belle, who was rapidly convalescing, had repeatedly asked for Fanny, and wondered so much that she did not come to her room that it was at last no longer possible to conceal her sister's injury. Isabel's excitement and agitation were at first extreme; but the assurance that the invalid was now doing well soon soothed and cheered her, and she pleased herself that before long she could go into her mother's room and show Fanny her beautiful baby.

"He is four weeks old to-morrow," said Isabel, "and the doctor says I may go down-stairs to morrow. Poor dear little Fanny! I wonder when she will be able to go out? Do you know, George, I think, considering all that has been said on several occasions about preferring that we should be dead and buried rather than that we should be this and that, we all ought to be very thankful that Fanny was not killed outright?"

"Of course."

"I wonder if mother ever thought of it?"

But George made no reply; only, after a few minutes, he said:

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"You ought to have this dear little fellow baptized, now, while Philip is here."

"O dear!" said Isabel, "we don't dream of having him baptized till spring; it is too cold; and Philip is going to-morrow evening. Annie was almost six months old before she was baptized."

"I know, but it is very wrong; most Catholic children are baptized before they are ten days old."

"Oh! yes, I know you think it is necessary."

"If it is not necessary, I don't see why you do it at all."

"Why, it is a pious observance," said Isabel. "What hurry is there? besides, we can't have him baptized now, for Philip and I have not agreed what to call him."

"And while you are debating that point, you run the risk of having him die without being baptized at all."

"I don't think there is any danger. He is as well as he can be. And mother's little — I forget what his name was—died without being baptized at all, and I don't believe it makes any difference."

"Just as I told you last year, Belle," said George, smiling, "gifts despised; you place a sacrament instituted by our blessed Saviour himself on the same footing with grace at table; a pious observance, of course; to be attended to, no doubt, when one is not in too much of a hurry."

Isabel half smiled; but she was too proud and happy, and too busy petting her darling, to regard much the drift of her brother's words. At that moment Philip came in to get the baby to show Fanny, and the three adjourned into their mother's room, Philip carrying the baby, of whom he was evidently very proud.

"There are most too many of you," said Mrs. Hartland; but she could not choose which to dismiss, so they all went in. "I don't let Fanny hold *levees*, but you need not stay long."

Fanny was very fond of babies, and they made her examine his beautiful eyes and forehead and dimpled chin; and then Belle called her sister's attention to the exquisitely embroidered dress which she herself had worked.

"I wonder how long it will be before I shall be able to work another," said Fanny, with a patient smile.

"You will soon be well enough, dear Fanny, for me to come and read to you," said George.

"Oh! yes, I shall enjoy that; and if Belle is going down-stairs to-morrow, she can play a little, and if the doors are left open, I shall hear."

"Yes, and Mary can play to you; for I shall be carrying Belle off pretty soon," said Philip.

"No, indeed," said mamma, "she can't go till after Christmas; so you will have to come back and spend Christmas with us."

"It will be a great drawback to our Christmas, having Fanny upstairs," said Isabel.

"Yes," returned mamma; "but if she recovers, we shall have no reason to complain."

"I have been telling Isabel that she ought to have the baby baptized while Philip is here," said George.

"Nonsense, George!" replied his mother; "nobody thinks as you do, and why will you be forcing your peculiar notions upon us?" And so the suggestion passed and was thought of no more.

"Put him down and let me kiss him," said Fanny; "dear little fellow! I wish I could take him." But she knew it was impossible, and she made no objection when, after a few minutes, Mrs. Hartland put them all out of the room.

That evening, when the baby was put to bed, Mrs. Hartland thought

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he seemed dull; but this was natural enough; nurse said he was sleepy. He slept very well and was bright in the morning, but toward night became dull again. Another day brought no improvement, and Mrs. Hartland became uneasy. She consulted the doctor, and strictly followed his suggestions, but the symptoms were only aggravated. She did not like to show Belle her anxiety, and proposed taking the baby herself into Fanny's vacant room, in order, she said, that Isabel need not be disturbed. For two nights she watched and tended him, hardly sleeping herself until daylight, when she suffered Mrs. Reilly to take her place.

Mrs. Reilly was a kind, prudent, motherly woman, and very fond of Mrs. Hartland's children, most of whom had been washed and dressed by her for the first time in their lives. She was also a Catholic.

The second night George sat in his room till very late, reading. Shortly before midnight, he went to bed, and slept uneasily for two or three hours, then rose, and finding that it wanted some minutes to four o'clock, he dressed, and resumed his reading, listening the while till some one in the house should stir.

Soon after the great hall-clock struck five, Mrs. Reilly left Isabel's room very softly, and went into Fanny's to take the baby. George waited until he heard his mother pass from the little room into her own, and close the door. Then he went down-stairs and into Fanny's room, where Mrs. Reilly sat with the poor little suffering child upon her lap.

"Is there any change?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"He'll not live till night, Mr. George," she whispered. "Poor Miss Belle! what will she do?"

Mrs. Reilly could not get over her habit of calling Isabel "Miss Belle."

"Did you ever baptize a child, Mrs. Reilly?"

"Indeed I have, sir."

"Then you can do it once more," said he, smiling sadly. "We must not let this child die without baptism." And he poured water into the basin, and brought it to her.

And the humble Irish nurse performed those sacred acts which, by the power of the Word made flesh, sanctify the soul.

George replaced the basin, kissed the little creature upon whose head the baptismal water was still glistening, and returned to his own room as silently as he came.

Isabel slept heavily and uneasily, and woke unrefreshed and with a vague sense of apprehension. She rose on hearing the bell ring for family prayers, and hearing her brothers go down-stairs she dressed languidly and went into the next room.

The babe still lay upon the pillow in the nurse's lap, and, although the breakfast-bell had already rung, Mary was sitting in the window, looking silently and with folded arms at the sick child.

"Why, he seems so sick," said Isabel, with a tone and look of pain and alarm.

"Yes," said Mary, "he is very sick."

Mary had always helped her mother more than Belle in taking care of the little ones, and she knew better than her sister how to judge of illness. Isabel asked several questions, to which Mrs. Reilly gave only the most vague and cautious answers. The faint ring of silver was heard in the hall.

"There is your breakfast, Belle, dear," said Mary, "go into your own room and take some coffee; you ought not to be standing about here without having taken anything."

"O dear!" said Isabel, "I don't

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[illegible] breakfast. I wonder when Philip will come, and what will he say to see the baby so sick?"

After a few moments, she followed her sister's advice. Mechanically she put the sugar and cream into the coffee, and had just drunk it off, and pushed away the little stand, when the door opened and Philip entered.

"Where is he?" and his face of agony and consternation told all.

He had been sent for, and she knew why.

"Oh! no, no, they don't think he will die," cried Isabel passionately, throwing herself into Philip's arms; "they don't think he will die! O my darling! my baby! my beautiful boy!" And she rushed into the next room.

Her grief was terrible to witness, and Philip had to command himself.

"He has changed a good deal since daylight," said Mrs. Reilly, looking up at Philip; but she was sorry she had looked, and hastily turned her eyes again upon the child.

Presently Mrs. Hartland came in, and insisted that Philip should go down and have some breakfast, and he felt bound to obey.

Isabel was stunned. It had never entered her head that he could die; he was so strong and bright and beautiful, and he was hers. She threw herself helplessly upon the couch, and cared for nothing. By and by she [illegible]

[illegible]

upon the face, the beautiful forehead, the closed eyes with their long lashes—no pain, no sorrow, the ineffable peace there, contrasting with the tumult of agony in her own soul, brought the tears to Belle's eyes.

George could not help thinking of his own little brother, just about as old, whom, years ago, he had seen lying in the same way in that very room, upon whose head the baptismal water had never fallen; and he thought Isabel very happy.

And thus was laid away, till the morning of the resurrection, the fair casket which had enclosed, for so short a time, a beautiful soul.

Isabel's room was neatly set in order. It was the brightest and prettiest chamber in the house, but it looked empty and desolate, though the family inclined to congregate there, every one wishing to do something to comfort their poor sister.

"It is five weeks to-day since my little darling was born," said Isabel; "how proud and happy I was only a week ago, showing him to Fanny."

George seemed in a reverie, but after a moment he said,

"And it is a year to-day since I returned from Valparaiso."

Belle fixed a look of anguish upon her brother's face, and then wept bitterly, until having stopped, apparently from mere exhaustion, she said,

"I have been properly punished."

"What do you mean, Belle dear?"

"I mean I have been punished for making so light of one little life, or [illegible]

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pleasure than about anything else in the world. I have been a member of the church and have had a class in the Sunday-school, and I have thought myself a very good Christian; but I have really occupied all my life in thinking how I should contrive to look prettier and to dress better than others, and to secure my personal gratification. And I have always thought everything a nuisance that has stood in my way. When the dear baby came, I have been thinking ever since he was born how I should dress him and make him look pretty —and now the body that I thought so much of—" She stopped and sobbed again.

"Don't make yourself so unhappy, my darling sister," said George tenderly, as he rose and kissed her.

She seemed soothed, and presently ceased weeping.

"And for my Christmas gift this year, I have that little grave."

"Dear Belle, you must not be too hard upon yourself; the gifts of God are as many as the sands upon the sea-shore, and one honest sight of one's self is a Christmas gift worth having. Even if we think we are punished, his chastisements are always gifts, if we know how to receive them; my dear sister, isn't it so?"

"I have heard so times enough from the pulpit," said Belle, through her tears; "but you know, George, I have never thought about those things. And then, my baby's soul, which I cared so little about—dear George, do you really think it makes any difference?"

"What, dear?"

"Whether he was baptized or not?"

"I don't *think* anything about it, my darling sister; I *know* that it makes all the difference between going instantly to the heaven of heavens, where God is, and staying, perhaps for ever and ever, in a place which, though not an unhappy place, is by no means so happy as the very presence-chamber of the King of kings. But you need not grieve about that; for he was baptized, and your little darling has gone to keep a joyful Christmas in heaven."

And then he told Belle how he came down that morning, and how Mrs. Reilly had baptized the child.

Isabel listened and wept and seemed comforted.

"I am sure I thank you, dear George, you are always so kind and thoughtful. I know father and mother don't think it makes the least difference in the world, and I don't know why I should trouble myself about it; but still, now that I have lost him, I can't bear to think that anything was left undone which could have been done to his possible advantage. And then Philip—Philip is a great deal better than I am; I have thought very often, George, of what you said last year about Philip being a gift to me—a gift from God; he really is very good, and he seemed to feel so badly because baby was not baptized."

"Our blessed Saviour has given us the sacrament of baptism for *something*, no doubt," said George, "and it is taking considerable upon ourselves, short-sighted creatures as we are, to pronounce that it is of no consequence to any one, even to a babe a day old. But you must be comforted now, my darling sister, and remember that God has given you this year for your Christmas gift, not merely that little grave, but a spotless soul before his throne, who will never cease to pray for you and Philip until you are so happy as to arrive there yourselves."

Then bending over her, he made the sign of the cross on her fair forehead, and in his heart invoked on her those Christmas benedictions which faith alone can give.

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THE AMERICAN COLLEGE IN ROME.

We design, in the few following remarks, to call the attention of our readers to a work which is in process of execution in this country at present, to secure an endowment for the American College in the Eternal City. In the earnest appeal which will be found at the end of this article, made by the most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia, in the name of their brethren of the Episcopate, to the more wealthy among our American Catholics, the reasons are plainly stated why this should be done. The voice of our prelates is to us the voice of God ; and we believe that we are furthering the designs of his providence in sustaining this institution, which was founded by the Holy Father for the benefit of the Catholics of the United States. We have had the college in Rome for some years, and we are now called upon to decide whether we shall permit it to be closed for want of proper support, and thus show that we are not able to appreciate the gift of his Holiness, to maintain the College when he has given the building, to do our share when he has so generously done his.

The prelates have placed the whole question with admirable practical wisdom before us. Their plan is both grand and feasible, and is characterized by that energy of purpose, zeal for religion, and attachment to the real progress of the church, which eminently distinguish the hierarchy, the clergy, and the faithful of the United States.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the arguments which are contained in the circular, for they speak for themselves. Reference, however, may be briefly made to some of the immense advantages which are enjoyed by the young Levites brought up in the centre of unity, as Samuel of old within the precincts of the temple. In the first place, the constant presence of the visible head of the church upon earth reminds them continually of our blessed Lord's promises to his first Vicar, so perfectly fulfilled in the long line of his successors, the gates of hell continually striving but never prevailing against them, and excites in their hearts that true devotion to the Holy See which is the surest test of orthodoxy, as it is the most perfect safeguard against error. Wherever they turn, they behold the evidences of the victory achieved by the faith of Christ over paganism and infidelity. The despised cross has fully conquered. The student in Rome is continually reminded of the immense revolution which took place first in Rome, when Constantine embraced the faith of Christ, and the Cæsars gave place to the pontiffs, and heathen temples were converted to the worship of the one true God, and Rome became the centre of another empire grander far than the one of which she was the centre before, which stretches "from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." There is something, moreover, in the atmosphere of Rome provocative of study ; nor is there wanting that generous competition which serves to awaken every energy in the endeavor to excel in the various departments of learning. Rome is, in this sense, an intellectual arena in which contend bright intellects from all parts of the

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known world, whose powers are brought out and strengthened by their very exercise.

Not only are there many advantages to be enjoyed there in a literary and intellectual point of view, but even greater in a spiritual. Where else are the great festivals of our holy religion celebrated with the splendor and magnificence that they are there? Where else is God awarded the first place, and religion paramount? Where else is devotion to the blessed sacrament practised as it is in Rome? To say nothing of the countless masses, of the churches open from early dawn to dusk; the kneeling worshippers; no day in the year but what, in the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours, the blessed sacrament is exposed to the adoration of the faithful—now here, now there—the Son of God upon his earthly throne; lights burning as they burn nowhere else; and the silent throng adoring, worshipping, thanking, praying. Then the intense devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the Madonna at every street corner, in every shop, in every house, and the light which love and reverence have lighted, burning before it. It has well been said that the business of Rome is prayer. What an advantage for one who must labor in a country like ours, filled with every form of religious error, to have these memories to fall back upon, to encourage him in the midst of the contradiction of these dogmas of our holy faith in which he has to dwell, to stimulate both himself and the flock committed to his care to imitate the example of fervent piety and devotion which Rome sets to the world. How powerful there, too, the example of the saints! Nowhere else so much as in Rome does the truth spoken by the apostle, that we are "the fellow-citizens of the saints and the domestics of God," come home to us; we seem to stand in their footsteps, from the martyrs who laid down their lives during the fearful persecutions of the first three centuries to the confessors and virgins almost of our own day. There lie, side by side, the bodies of the great apostles, Peter and Paul; of Peter, who received from our blessed Lord the charge of the sheep and lambs of his flock; of Paul, miraculously converted to faith in Him whose followers he had persecuted; who, in turn, became the great instrument in the hands of God of preaching that holy faith and leading thousands to embrace it. There, in that amphitheatre, the martyrs were torn in pieces by wild beasts from the Libyan deserts. There, in those catacombs, their bodies were reverently laid. Here, one martyr after another suffered. There is the resting-place of Lawrence, of Sebastian, of Agnes, of Cecily. Here lived those holy popes whose names are found in the calendars of the saints; and, to come nearer home to our own day, there St. Ignatius lived; here St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus Kostka passed their angelic lives, and breathed out their pure souls to God. This was the home of St. Philip Neri, the apostle of Rome; here he preached, said mass, and heard confession.

But the list is too long, and we must stop. Let the examples given suffice. There can be no question of the advantages of such influences as these upon the lives of those who are surrounded by them, and specially upon those who are to be consecrated to God in the service of his sanctuary.

Another point must be remembered, and that is, that as Rome is to us what Jerusalem was, under the old dispensation, in a certain sense, the place whither the "tribes of the

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earth go up," so it is very desirable that every nation should have a college there which should serve as a kind of headquarters to represent them, and to which persons coming from that nation could go, and feel that they were at home. Thus, the Englishman naturally finds his way to the English college, the Irishman to the Irish, and so on; and he finds those there who can speak to him in his own tongue, and to whom he can apply for advice and information. Again, at Rome are the *limina apostolorum*, which every bishop is bound to visit at certain periods of his episcopate. We have now between forty and fifty bishops in this country, and from time to time they go thither, as Paul did to see Peter, to expose to the Chief Pastor the condition of their flocks, to consult with him, and to obtain for themselves and their flocks the blessing of the Vicar of our Lord upon earth. During the late gathering at Rome, fourteen of our bishops were lodged at the American College. During the coming council there should be more; and at other than these special times there will be sometimes one, sometimes another of our bishops there, not for himself, but for us; and this alone should be a strong argument why the college should be sustained, that as the bishops of other nations have homes in Rome, so ours should have one too.

There can be no doubt, then, about the advantages of the college and the importance of maintaining it. It involves an outlay of money, but the return will be sure and great. There is no more pressing need at the present time than that which this college, with many others, supplies, namely, an increased number of priests. There are five millions of Catholics in this country, and it is impossible that with so many to prevent it, and specially of the class now called upon, the necessity of closing the college should occur.

We are proud of our country, of its lakes, and its rivers, and its mountains, surpassed nowhere in the world. Let us not be content with these natural excellences which are not of our making, but come to us from the hand of God. Let us try to excel in those things which are under our control—in virtue, in learning, and in all that makes man great and good; and in this particular instance let us try to excel the other nations in our college in Rome. Let it be a model in discipline, in spirit, and in intellectual culture. Let us try to make it the leading college in this respect, and also in the number of students. In this point let it be second only to the Propaganda. Let us not be satisfied until we have it fully established, and at least a hundred students within its walls. That this may be accomplished, we call the attention of our readers to the appeal, and trust that every one who is able will take part in this great undertaking to the utmost of his ability.

APPEAL TO THE MORE WEALTHY AMONG THE CATHOLICS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BELOVED CHILDREN IN CHRIST: You are aware that some years ago the cluster of National Colleges in Rome was increased by one, and that one was the College representing our own nation. Almost every nation had previously been represented there: the Irish, the English, the Scotch, the French, the Germans, the South Americans, etc. At last the deficiency was supplied, through the munificence of our beloved Pontiff, Pius IX., who generously bestowed a spacious and centrally located site for the purpose. Our College was opened, and it has already trained a number of priests for the American Mission; while it has also been a place to which Americans in Rome, no matter what their faith, might resort, and feel that they were at home.

Unfortunately, however, sufficient means were not provided, at the commencement, to establish the College on a solid basis; and

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after struggling on for some years, it is now in imminent danger of being closed. It would be one thing never to have had the College, but it is another altogether to have had it and to lose it. This latter contingency, besides being a great disgrace to us, would be also an irreparable loss to the country.

The late Plenary Council ordered a general collection for the relief of the immediate wants of the College; nor is it our intention to supersede this collection, but rather to aid it toward effectually accomplishing the object in view. This collection will still be necessary to pay debts already incurred, and to provide for pressing needs.

But, in addition to the general collection, which we hope will soon be taken up, it has been suggested to propose to our wealthier Catholics, for their imitation in this matter, the noble example of their forefathers in the faith, who did great things for religion and for God. Instances of this occur in Rome itself, where, besides several other colleges for various nationalities, founded principally by the munificence of particular wealthy Catholics to rear up priests for their respective countries, the English College, since such a blessing to the English nation, was founded by Ina and by Offa, Saxon princes, first as a resting-place for English pilgrims, and then as a nursery to train up priests for the English Mission. In those days, kings and princes, and men of wealth willingly founded and endowed churches, colleges, asylums, hospitals, institutions of religion, learning, and charity, whose very ruins, in lands where they have been allowed to go to ruin, are monuments of former Catholic munificence while they are a reproach to our own degenerate days. It has been thought that, at this juncture, this glorious example of our ancestors would be promptly imitated; and that an appeal made to those Catholics in this country, whom God has blessed with abundant means, to come to the rescue, and not only to save the College, but to put it at once on a sound and substantial basis, would not be made in vain, but would be generously responded to.

It is with this view, that we make our earnest appeal to you at this time, and propose a plan which, we think, with your co-operation, will be successful in speedily founding and endowing the American College in Rome. We urge the matter upon you the more strongly, as next year the great General Council is to be convened in Rome, and we are to meet the bishops of the whole world in one of those grand assemblies which mark an era in the history of the Universal Church. To the Councils of Nice, Ephesus, Chalcedon, Lateran, Lyons, Florence, and Trent, is to be added that of the Vatican. Let us, before we go to the Holy City, have the consolation of knowing that, through your munificence, we have a college there to which we can proudly point, as bishops of a great Catholic people; let us be spared the disgrace of going thither to find its doors closed, and its name blotted out from the list of National Colleges existing in the Eternal City. We confidently appeal to you as Catholics and as Americans, loving your religion and your country, that this may not be so. Surely, the means with which God has blessed you can be applied to no higher or holier purpose than this; nor can there be any which will draw down upon you and your families a more abundant blessing of heaven. The prayers and holy sacrifices which will be cheerfully offered up in your behalf by those who, through your bounty, will be trained up for the holy ministry, cannot fail to draw down upon you heaven's choicest benedictions. Our plan, then, is briefly this:

We wish to raise from $250,000 to $300,000. We have appointed, as our agent in the matter, the Rev. G. H. Doane, Chancellor of the Diocese of Newark, to visit all the principal dioceses of the United States, and call upon those who are most able, to contribute their subscriptions. We propose that of these generous contributors to a noble work there should be three classes:

1. FOUNDERS OF BURSES; who will contribute, once for all, *five thousand dollars* in currency, yielding something over two hundred dollars, in gold, of yearly interest; and who will have the right of selecting, from those who will be recommended and approved of their respective bishops for this purpose, one student of the College for ever.

2. PATRONS; who will contribute *one thousand dollars*, once for all, and will be entitled to send a student, approved of by the bishop, for three years.

3. LIFE MEMBERS; who, by contributing *five hundred dollars*, will share in the holy sacrifices and prayers of the College and of the students.

The names of all these three classes will be enrolled and placed in a handsome frame, to be kept in the Chapel of the American College; and solemn high mass will be celebrated for them in Rome twice a year—once for the living and once for the deceased

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benefactors; besides the private masses which the priests educated at the College will feel impelled by gratitude to offer up frequently for their respective patrons and benefactors and their families.

This plan, if zealously and efficiently carried out, will, we are convinced, accomplish the desired result in very short time. One Catholic gentleman in Baltimore has already founded a Burse, and others will follow his good example. We believe that we can safely calculate on the following amounts to be realized in the United States, under the three heads above named:

Twenty Burses, at $5,000	$100,000
One Hundred Patrons, at $1,000	100,000
One Hundred Life Members, at $500	50,000
Total	$250,000

The reverend father to whom we have entrusted this important matter, and in whose zeal and efficiency we have the utmost confidence, will call upon you during the course of the coming winter. You will, we are quite sure, receive him worthily, as our representative; and you will enable him, we trust, to return to us with fresh and abundant proofs of your well-known generosity and self-sacrifice, and with an ample and sufficient sum not only to save, but to endow, and render perpetual for all time, our *American College in Rome.*

M. J. SPALDING,
Archbishop of Baltimore, and Chairman of Metropolitans.

J. F. WOOD,
Bishop of Philadelphia, Ch'm'n Executive Committee of Bishops, and Treasurer.

Baltimore, Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, 1868.

LETTER OF REV. GEORGE H. DOANE.

Having been appointed by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia, as Chairmen respectively of Metropolitans, and of the Executive Committee of Bishops, who have charge of the affairs of the American College in Rome, with the duty of endeavoring to raise an endowment fund for the College, I have, with the consent of my own bishop, accepted the trust which they have confided to me, and propose to enter upon the work at once. Before Christmas I hope to visit, with the consent of the Archbishops and Bishops of those Sees, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Albany, Boston, and Hartford; during the holidays, New-York, Brooklyn, and Newark; and about the middle of January to start for the North, West, and South.

Love for Rome, and the desire to make some little return for the many blessings I received while a student in one of the National Colleges there, (the American College not having then been founded,) by trying to procure the same blessings to others; and love for my country, with the desire to see preserved for her, in the very heart of the Eternal City, a place where some of her young Levites may grow up in the schools of Rome, under the shadow of St. Peter's, and in the immediate presence of the Vicar of our Lord upon earth, are the motives which prompt me to undertake this arduous duty.

That it may succeed, I earnestly beg the prayers of the faithful, the generous and zealous co-operation of all in the good work, and remembrance on the part of my fathers and brethren at the altar of God in the daily sacrifice.

G. H. DOANE.

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CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

NUMBER THREE.

THE PROBLEM OF MULTIPLICITY.

In the development of the Catholic idea of God, which we have given in the previous number, we have met with no opposition from pantheism.

Here, however, it raises the most difficult as well as the most sublime and profound question which can be proposed to human intelligence—the problem of multiplicity. We shall let a pantheist propose it in his own words.

It will be remembered that the last of the attributes which we vindicated as belonging to the infinite was that of absolute unity. This attribute gives rise to the problem.

"What is unity," says Cousin, "taken by itself? A unity indivisible, a dead unity, a unity which, resting in the depths of its absolute existence, and never developing itself, is, for itself, as if it were not. In the same manner, what is variety without unity? A variety which, not being referable to a unity, can never form a totality, or any collection whatever, is a series of indefinite quantities, of each of which one cannot say that it is itself and not another, for this would suppose that it is one; that is, it would suppose the idea of unity; so that, without unity, variety also is as if it were not. Behold what variety or unity isolated would produce; the one is necessary to the other in order to exist with true existence; with that existence, which is neither multiple, various, mobile, or negative existence; nor that absolute, eternal, infinite existence, which is, as it were, the negation of existence. Every true existence, every reality, is in the union of these two elements; although, essentially, the one may be superior and anterior to the other. You cannot separate variety from unity, nor unity from variety; they necessarily coexist. But how do they coexist? Unity is anterior to multiplicity; how then has unity been able to admit multiplicity?"*

Again: "Reason, in whatever way it may occupy itself, can conceive nothing, except under the condition of two ideas, which preside over the exercise of its activity; the idea of the unit, and the idea of the multiple; of the finite and the infinite; of being and of appearing; of substance and of phenomenon; of absolute cause and of secondary causes; of the absolute and of the relative; of the necessary and of the contingent; of immensity and of space, of eternity and of time.

"Analysis, in bringing together all these propositions, in bringing together, for example, all their first terms, identifies them; it equally identifies all the second terms, so that, of all these propositions compared and combined, it forms a single proposition, a single formula, which is the formula itself of thought, and which you can express, according to the case, by the unit and by the multiple, the absolute being and the relative being, unity and variety, etc. Finally, the two terms of this formula, so comprehensive, do not constitute a dualism in which the first term is on one side, the second on the other, without any other relation than that

* Cousin's *History of Modern Philosophy.*

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of being perceived at the same time by reason. The relation concerning them is quite otherwise essential, unity being eternity, etc.; the first term of the formula is cause also, and absolute cause; and, so far as absolute cause, it cannot avoid developing itself in the second term, multiplicity, the finite and the relative.

"The result of all this is, that the two terms, as well as the relation of generation which draws the second from the first, and which, without cessation, refers to it, are the three integral elements of reason. It is not in the power of reason, in its boldest abstractions, to separate any one of these three terms from the others. Try to take away unity, and variety alone is no longer susceptible of addition—it is even no longer comprehensible; or, try to take away variety, and you have an immovable unity—a unity which does not make itself manifest, and which, of itself, is not a thought; all thought expressing itself in a proposition, and a single term not sufficing for a proposition; in short, take away the relation which intimately connects variety and unity, and you destroy the necessary tie of the two terms of every proposition. We may then regard it as an incontestable point, that these three terms are distinct but inseparable, and that they constitute at the same time a triplicity and an indivisible unity."*

As the reader may have observed, Cousin raises the problem of multiplicity? He expresses it under a logical form, but the problem is a metaphysical one, and hence applicable to all orders, logical as well as ontological. It is raised by all pantheists, whose words we abstain from quoting for brevity's sake; and so far as the problem itself is concerned, it is a legitimate one; and every one, who has thought deeply on these matters, and is not satisfied with merely looking at the surface of things, must accept it.

Let us put it in its clearest light. The infinite, considered merely as unity, actuality, (all words which mean the same thing,) can be known neither to itself nor to any other intelligence. It cannot be known to itself. For to know implies thought, and thought is absolutely impossible without a duality of knowing and of being known, of subject and of object. It implies an intelligence, an object, and a relation between the two. If, then, there is no multiplicity in the infinite, it cannot know itself. It is, for itself, as if it were not; for what is a being which cannot know itself?

Nor can it be known to any other intelligence; for mere existence, pure unity does not convey any idea necessary to satisfy the intelligence.

Moreover, the mere existence and unity of an object does not make it, on that account, intelligible. For an object to be intelligible, it is required that it should be able to act on the intelligence, such being the condition of intelligibility.* Now, action implies already a multiplicity, a subject and the action. Therefore, if the infinite were mere pure unity, it could not be intelligible to any intelligence. But in the supposition that there *is* a kind of multiplicity in the infinite, how would multiplicity be reconciled with unity? How would these two terms agree?

Multiplicity seems to be a necessary condition of the infinite, without which it would not be intelligible either to itself or to others. Absolute unity seems also to be a necessary attribute of the infinite, and yet

* Lecture Fifth.

* See *Balmes's Fundamental Philosophy*, on Intelligibility.

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these two necessary conditions seem to exclude each other. How then must we bring them together?

This is the problem to be solved; the grandest and most sublime problem of philosophy; which has occupied every school of philosophy since man began to turn his mind to philosophical researches.

The two great antagonists, pantheism and catholicity, give an answer to the problem, and it is the province of this article to discuss the two solutions, and see which of them can stand the test of logic, and really answer the problem instead of destroying it. We shall enter upon the discussion, after premising a few remarks necessary to the right understanding of the discussion.

The first remark which we shall make is to call the attention of the reader to the absolute necessity for the existence of the problem.

It is not pantheism, nor Catholicity, which arbitrarily raises the problem; it exists in the very essence of being, in the very essence of intelligibility. Those philosophers who cannot see it may have taken a cursory glance over some pages of what purports to be philosophy, but they never understood a word of that which really deserves the name of that sublime science. We make this remark for two different reasons: First, in order to close the door to all the objections raised against the problem. For if it is demonstrated that a multiplicity is required in the infinite, then to raise objections against it only shows want of philosophic depth, but does not prove anything against the existence of the problem. We shall return to this subject. The second reason is a consequence of the first, to wit, that should we find that the answer to the problem is not as clear and evident as we might desire, we must not, on that account, reject the problem, but should be satisfied with the light that is afforded. This is but reasonable. Deny the problem we cannot. It follows then that we must be satisfied with an answer which, whilst it saves the problem, throws as much light on it as is possible, under the circumstances.

PANTHEISTIC SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF MULTIPLICITY AND UNITY IN THE INFINITE.

Pantheism arrives at infinite unity by eliminating from it all possible determination, definition, reality, ideality, thought, will, consciousness; and rising from abstraction to abstraction, from elimination to elimination, from a more limited indefiniteness to a higher and broader and less restricted one, up to mere simple, unalloyed abstraction and unity.

All pantheists follow the same process in order to arrive at unity. Cousin calls it dead, immovable, inconceivable; a thing existing as if it were not; the Being—Unreality of Hegel. But ascended to such a summit, all multiplicity eliminated, and pure unalloyed unity once found, how is multiplicity to be reconstructed? With the greatest ease in the world. Pantheists make this Being—nothing unfold and develop itself like a silkworm; alleging, as a reason for such development, an intrinsic necessity of nature, an imperative instinct which broods in its bosom.

Thus they reconstruct multiplicity by making the Infinite become finite, cosmos, matter, spirit, humanity, etc. Let us hear Cousin: "This is the fundamental vice of ancient and modern theories; they place unity on one side, and multiplicity on the other; the infinite and the finite in such an opposition that the passage from one to the other seems impossible."

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And, after having remarked that this was the error of the school of Elea, he continues: "Immensity or unity of space, eternity or unity of time, unity of numbers, unity of perfection, the ideal of all beauty, the Infinite, the absolute substance, being itself, is a cause also, not a relative, contingent, finite cause, but an absolute cause. Now, being an absolute cause, it cannot avoid passing into action. If being, in itself alone, is given as absolute substance without causality, the world is impossible; but if being in itself is also a cause and an absolute cause, movement and the world naturally follow. The true absolute is not pure being in itself; it is power and cause taken absolutely, which consequently creates absolutely, and, in *developing* itself, produces all that you see around you."

We quote Cousin in preference to others on account of his lucidity of style and expressions; but every one acquainted with the systems of the German pantheists knows that their answer to the problem of multiplicity is substantially the same. We refer the reader, in confirmation of our assertion, to the excellent lectures on the systems of the German Pantheists, of Heinrich Moritz Chalybäus, professor at the University of Kiel.

Now, does the answer resolve the problem? Does it really conciliate unity with multiplicity in the Infinite? Does it really maintain intact the two terms of the problem? We think that it does not, and maintain that it destroys both terms of the problem. The leading idea and principle of Pantheism is that unity is *becoming* multiplicity.

It is an existence in a continual *ex-sistere* in an emergence and manifestation. *

* Chalybäus' Lectures, etc.

Now, who can fail to perceive that if unity is such, that is, unity when it is merely potential, when it has only the power of becoming, of passing into multiplicity, it is doubtless destroyed as soon as it passes from the power into the act; or, in other words, it is destroyed as unity when it becomes multiplicity? Strip this idea of a potential unity becoming actual multiplicity, strip it of all the logical phantasmagoria with which it has been adorned, especially by pantheists of the German school, which phantasmagoria can only impose upon the simple, and you can see, as clearly as that two and two make four, that the whole thing amounts to nothing but to this; that unity vanishes as soon as it becomes multiplicity. It is with a special intention that we have made use of the simile of the silkworm. This poor creature too, like the unity of the pantheists, has an instinct given it by God, of unfolding and developing itself, and the effect of its operation is the silk which serves to set off the beauty of man. But unfortunately, the process of development exhausts the little creature; for when it is completed, the poor creature dies, and its development is its death, and its production is its shroud; yet, it has this advantage over the unity of the pantheists, that its remains continue to exist, whereas their unity evaporates completely in multiplicity. To speak more seriously, it is perfectly evident to every mind, that the answer of the pantheists destroys the very problem it undertakes to solve. Unity is unity so long as it is a potency, a power of becoming; it vanishes as soon as it becomes multiplicity. Add to this, that their unity, to be infinite, must remain undefined, potential, and in the possibility of becoming; such being their idea of the Infinite. For which reason they

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eliminate from it every limitation, all individuality, all thought, all consciousness. The natural consequence of this principle must be that it remains infinite so long as it is wrapped up in its vagueness and indefiniteness. Let it come forth from its indefiniteness, let it become definite, limited, concrete, and its infinity together with its unity is gone. It evaporates in the finite forms it assumes. On the other hand, let it remain absorbed in its indefiniteness, in its abstractiveness, and consequently, in its infinity, and multiplicity can no longer be conceived. It is absurd then to speak of multiplicity in the Infinite of the Pantheists, since it is clear that, when it assumes multiplicity, it can no longer be either infinite or one; and when it remains infinite it cannot be conceived as multiple. All this we have said, conceding the premises of pantheism. But we have, in the first article, demonstrated the following principles: 1st. If the pantheists take their unity in the sense of a pure abstraction, a transient act, the elements of which do not last one single instant, it is in that case an absolute nonentity, an utter unreality, and then it is useless to speak of multiplicity, since *ex nihilo nihil fit.*

2d. Or, they suppose their unity as something really existing, having the power of gradual development, and in that case we have demonstrated that such a being could not develop itself without the aid of a foreign being.

The premises of pantheism then being false, the solution of the problem falls to the ground independently of its intrinsic value, if it have any, which we have shown it has not.

Pantheism cannot answer the problem of multiplicity. How can we then attain to its solution?

We answer: the Catholic Church resolves it, giving such an explanation of it as the finite and limited intellect of man may reasonably expect. For the Catholic Church does not pretend to give such a solution of the problem as to enable us thoroughly to understand it. She proceeds from two premises, to wit, that God is infinite, and that man, necessarily distinct from God, is finite, and therefore endowed only with finite intelligence. That these premises are true, appears evident from the demonstration we have already given, in which we have shown that the pantheistic idea of the infinite is the idea of finite being when it is not taken as meaning only an abstraction, a pure mathematical point. The ideas of the infinite and the finite exist, and therefore there must be also objects corresponding to these ideas. We shall return to this subject in a following number.

From these two ideas of the finite and the Infinite, it follows that man can never comprehend God; or, in other words, that the intelligence of man, with the relation to God as its object, must find mysteries or truths above and beyond its capacity. For, as it is absurd to shut up a body of large size in a body of much more limited size, supposing the present conditions of bodies not suspended, so it is absurd to suppose that the intellect of man, limited and finite, could grasp or take in God, who is infinite. We are aware of the opposition which is made by many to mysteries or super-intelligible truths; but we insist upon it, that all such opposition would vanish, if men would study philosophy more deeply and more assiduously. Why, a real philosopher, one who has sounded the depths of creation, and plunged into the profundity of the great ideas of being, of substance, of the absolute, of the infinite, the finite and the

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relative, into the ideas of eternity, of immensity, of immutability, of space and time, into the ideas of cause, of action, of movement; one who has entered into the labyrinth of his soul, and tried to catch the flying phenomena of its life, and to analyze all the fibres of its consciousness; such a one meets, at every step, with mysteries, and the more he digs into them, the profounder and the wider is the abyss lying at his feet. If we should meet with a man denying mysteries, and desirous to engage in a discussion, we would beg of him to go and first study the alphabet of philosophy.

The problem, then, proposing the reconciliation of unity with multiplicity in the Infinite, is held by the Catholic Church as a mystery, a truth which cannot be thoroughly understood by the human mind. But, notwithstanding all this, the solution which Catholic doctrine affords, though a mystery, is clear enough to be perceived, and distinct enough to make us see through the agreement of the two terms of the problem; so that, through the help of the Catholic Church, we shall have all the light thrown upon the problem in question which man may reasonably expect, seeing that the object of the problem is the Infinite, and the intellect apprehending it only limited and finite.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PHILIP II. OF SPAIN. By Charles Gayarré, Author of the *History of Louisiana under the French, Spanish, and American Domination.* With an Introductory Letter by George Bancroft. New York. 1866. W. J. Widdleton. 8vo, pp. viii. iv. 366.

Mr. Gayarré is not unknown among American authors. Of Spanish origin, born and nurtured in Louisiana, he has connected his name with the history of that State by his devotion to its annals. Laborious research has enabled him to give to the world three volumes, comprising the history of Louisiana, under French, Spanish, and American domination. Unfortunately, the first volume was taken up rather as a romance of history; and in the treatment of his subject imagination is allowed a scope that the stricter schools of history deny that faculty. Imbued to no small extent with the petty philosophism of the worst age of France, he seldom fails to give the Church, where it enters his historic paintings, darker colors than truth will warrant.

His present work is not a life of Philip II. It is a series of studies, not complete enough, indeed, to form a character of that great and singular ruler, who made Spain a great power in Europe, but failed to bequeath to his successors the ability and statecraft that enabled him to maintain the influence of the peninsula in European affairs.

Mr. Gayarré's studies are disconnected, involve repetitions, and fail to give us the salient points which mainly need discussion and examination. He begins with the death of Philip; then treats of his religious policy; his love of art; his reign in general; Antonio Perez; the Cortes during his reign; literature. The point of view may be inferred from Mr. Bancroft's remark, that the present work is written "with a mind superior to the influences of superstition"—an idea we have already expressed in somewhat different terms, vocabularies differing slightly, as Saul of Tarsus notes, in

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giving the estimate made by the most civilized and enlightened people of his day in regard to the cross.

Philip as ruler of Spain, Portugal, and the Indies; Philip and the Low Countries; Philip in his relations with foreign countries; Philip and the Inquisition in Spain; Philip and his family, here were indeed themes to discuss, to examine by the aid of the soundest authorities. Had Mr. Gayarré done this in true historic spirit, his work, whatever the judgment at which he arrived, would have been of real value to every thinking man. As it is, we cannot say that we see any necessity or utility for the work. In Prescott there is at least a complete picture and an array of authority. Gayarré gives neither, and can scarcely be read without obtaining false views—without the facts which in Prescott often enable you to see the fallacy of statements based really on erroneous arguments.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE. By Horace Greeley. New York. J. B. Ford and Company. 1868.

The autobiographical papers, which compose the larger part of this volume, were originally published in a weekly journal of this city, and have probably attracted the attention of many thousands of readers. They are now issued in a permanent form, under Mr. Greeley's personal supervision, and will take their place among the standard works of American biography.

Whatever may be said or thought of the religious and political principles from time to time professed and advocated by the "Editor of *The Tribune*," no man can deny to him the character of an earnest, outspoken, indefatigable supporter of what, at the moment, he believes to be just and right. The manner in which he braved a public opinion thoroughly tyrannical, both at the opening and close of the late war, sufficiently attests his independence of spirit and his fidelity to the dictates of his own judgment.

One interest, however, attaches to Mr. Greeley, chiefly as a man who, from the humblest beginnings, has raised himself, by his own exertions, to one of the most influential and honorable positions in this country. The story of his projects and reverses, of his perseverance and his triumphs, is well told in the volume before us, and will serve to encourage and refresh the hearts of many young men, whose struggles after influence and honest wealth are meeting with continual disappointment.

In the hurry of preparing this work for the press, Mr. Greeley has fallen into an historical error which should certainly be corrected. In his opening chapter he informs us that, in 1641, during the insurrection which occurred in the province of Ulster in Ireland, against the British power, "40,000 Protestant settlers were speedily massacred, with small regard to age or sex." The number who actually suffered in that "rebellion" has been variously estimated by historians not favorable toward Ireland or her people. Sir John Temple fixes it at 150,000; Milton, in his *Eiconoclastes*, at 154,000 for one province alone; Clarendon puts the number at 40,000. Mr. Greeley follows Clarendon, but with equal reliability he might have taken Temple or Milton for his authority. He might also have stated with the former, that "Hundreds of the ghosts of Protestants, that were drowned by the rebels at Portadown Bridge, were seen in the river, bolt upright, and were heard to cry out for revenge on these rebels. One of these ghosts was seen with hands lifted up, and standing in that posture from December 29th to the latter end of the following Lent." For additional testimony about the presence of the ghosts, he might have called upon Dr. Maxwell, the Protestant Bishop of Kilmore. But if instead of relying upon such ghostly authorities, Mr. Greeley had consulted a little work, entitled *Memoir of Ireland, Native and Saxon*, written by Daniel O'Connell, and published by Greeley & McElrath in 1844, he would have seen that, in 1641, there were less than 200,000 Protestants in the entire island, and that the number massacred (?) in its most northern province failed to reach any thousands whatever. He would also have discovered that in these in-

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surrections it was the Catholics who suffered, and not Protestants, as, for instance, at Island Magee.

Mr. Greeley is too wise and liberal a man wilfully to repeat so stale a calumny, and he is not so inconsistent as to contradict, in 1868, the statements of a work which he deemed worthy of public confidence in 1844. While, therefore, we point out the error, we impute no malice to the writer; to whom, in view of his constant activity, some inaccuracies may be pardoned. But the injury inflicted by his mistake is not lessened by its thoughtlessness, and the least that can be done to remedy the evil is to correct the error in the next edition, should one be ever issued.

THE IDEAL IN ART. By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

The object of these two lectures, first delivered by M. Taine to the students of the School of Fine Arts in Paris, and now published in an American translation by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, is to erect a standard of criticism in art, independent of the taste and fancy of the individual critic, and so based upon established principles as to be worthy of the name of "a law." To our mind, the distinguished author has approached, if not attained, success. The fundamental rule with which he starts, distinguishes between that mechanical skill by which the production of the artist is made a faithful representation of his own ideal, and that artistic genius by which the loftiness and grandeur of the ideal is itself determined. He then proceeds to measure the ideal itself, and, upon the purity and elevation of this, bases the standin gof the artist and the merit of his works.

A complete sketch of M. Taine's system would necessitate a reproduction of the work itself. In his volume there are no wasted words; and while, perhaps, not altogether intelligible to the utterly unlearned in art, the treatise which he gives us will serve to stimulate the reader to an inquiry which cannot fail to improve his taste in literature as well as in the peculiar domain which it professes to explore.

We especially welcome this volume at this time, because of the opportunities which are now afforded for a study of the principles of M. Taine, in connection with the great schools of Italian art themselves. In the Jarves Collection, now at Yale College, may be found paintings of representative masters, from the dawn of Italian art to the commencement of its decline. Hundreds of visitors have examined this treasure-house of painting, and thousands more should follow their example. And we venture to suggest that a careful study of the work before us will render, at least in the case of cultivated persons, what would otherwise have been a mere visit of curiosity, a most valuable lesson on that ideal in art in which the true artists of every age have given the measure of their own genius and the pledge of their artistic immortality.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC, for the United States, for the Year of our Lord 1869. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1869.

This is the first attempt by any Catholic publisher in this country to get up an Almanac suitable for Catholic families. It contains a complete calendar for the year 1869, with a variety of other matter both useful and entertaining. The illustrations, nineteen in number, are excellent. We are glad to be able to state that it is the intention of the Society to issue such an almanac every year, and we hope that this first attempt may meet with the success which it so well deserves.

It should be found in every Catholic household in the United States. Almanacs have become almost a necessity, and are looked for as regularly as the new year. It is, then, highly important that an almanac, to say the least, should contain nothing objectionable to morals, and this cannot be said of too many frequently met with, which are only mere advertising mediums for quack medicines, etc. We hope *The*

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Catholic Family Almanac will henceforth supersede all such trashy productions — which no father of a family should allow to endanger the faith and morality of his children. The excuse heretofore urged for their presence in the house, that there was no Catholic family almanac to be had, is no longer valid.

CRIMINAL ABORTION: Its Nature, its Evidence, and its Law. By Horatio R. Storer, M.D., LL.B., and Franklin Fiske Heard. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1868.

This subject is here brought before the public in a manner proportioned to its importance; and Dr. Storer, for his indefatigable efforts in ferreting out the statistics of this crime, and his outspoken honest opinions, deserves the thanks of the American people. The evidence adduced in support of the author's assertions is so conclusive that the question suggests itself, Whither are we drifting? In a note on page 74, the moral effect of the Catholic religion is shown in preventing this "slaughter of the innocents," but the author fails to suggest the general dissemination of the religion throughout the country as a means of checking this rapidly growing evil.

Book II. gives ample extracts from the Common and State Laws on the subject, as well as quotations "from English reports, which are not generally accessible even to the legal profession in this country," making the work an indispensable addition to the library of every lawyer and physician in the country.

THE KNOWLEDGE AND LOVE OF JESUS CHRIST. By the Rev. Father St. Jure, S.J. New York: P. O'Shea, 39 Barclay street.

St. Jure was one of the best spiritual writers in France of the early part of the seventeenth century, and this is one of his best works. It is full of solid thought and learning, as well as of the purest and warmest piety. I cannot, therefore, be too highly recommended as a book for spiritual reading, well adapted to the wants of the most intelligent and highly educated persons, and approved by the judgment of the most enlightened men in the church for two centuries. The translation was made by the accomplished authoress of the *Life of Catharine Macaulay*, and the publisher has issued it in a very good style.

O'SHEA'S POPULAR JUVENILE LIBRARY. Second Series. 12 vols. Illustrated. New York: P. O'Shea. 1868.

This series is an acceptable addition to our rapidly increasing list of Catholic "juveniles." The titles of the volumes it contains are as follows: The Generous Enemy, and other stories; Anna's Vacation, and other stories; The Beggar's Will, and other stories; Bertrand du Guesclin; Kasem the Miser, and other stories; The Blind Grandfather, and other stories; Trifles; The True Son, and other stories; Marian's History; Patience Removes Mountains, and other tales; The Best Dowry, and other tales.

RURAL POEMS, by William Barnes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.

These poems have received unqualified praise by English critics in the principal literary reviews. It is said of them that they are "in a high degr[ee] pleasant and novel;" "invested wit[h] simple beauty," "clothed in hor[ely] healthy language," etc. We might do, say the same of the renowned Melodies of Mother Goose, whose "Poems" the greater part of the present collection very much resembles. Who will not be forcibly reminded of "Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross" by the following verses?

"Bright was the morning and bright was the moon,
Bright was the forenoon and bright was the noon,
Bright was the road down the sunshiny ridge,
Bright was the water and bright was the bridge:
Bright in the light were two eyes in my sight,
On the road that I took up to Brenbury tower.
The eyes at my side were my Fanny's, my bride,
The day of my wedding, my wedding's gay hour.

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We think that if the author had been an American, the English critics would have laughed at him. The book is elegantly published, with good illustrations, and would make a nice holiday present for children.

BEGINNING GERMAN. Lessons introductory to the Study of the German Language. With a Vocabulary, Select Phrases for German Conversation, and Reading Lessons. By Dr. Emil Otto, Professor of Modern Languages and Lecturer at the University of Heidelberg. First American Edition. With additional reading matter and notes, arranged by L. Pylodet. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

Dr. Otto deserves a great deal of praise for the attention that he has shown to the wants of the student. In the above work he has carefully collected all the necessary matter for the commencement of a systematic study of the German.

The book has been prepared for young persons; but contrary to the usual method, Dr. Otto does not overtask the memory of the learner with endless vocabularies, which serve only to hide the important parts. He first explains the alphabet, and also German accentuation and punctuation. Next he gives a thorough *drill* upon each of the parts of speech, and by the aid of foot-notes, gradually places before the student the salient points of the German grammar. After which comes select phrases and reading lessons.

The vocabularies in nearly all French and German grammars are made up of the most foolish and impracticable sentences that could possibly be invented; and Dr. Otto cannot put forth the claim of originality for his selection of sentences.

The "partitive sense" and the possessive case create an immense amount of confusion in the minds of those who plan German methods, and they accordingly attempt to perpetuate their trouble by filling their exercises with childish and improbable examples. Dr. Otto forms no exception to the general custom. The rules given at the bottom of the pages in regard to declensions, are spread over so many pages that they will not be of much assistance, and the student will be obliged to turn at once to the synopsis of German Grammar, which the book also contains, if he desires to thoroughly understand this part of the German.

The reading lessons are simple and well selected; but there is no necessity for the abundant notes which are appended.

On the whole, this is a very excellent work: being far in advance of the German text-books that are so much used in the schools of this city, by serving to impress upon the minds of the learner a true regard for the grammatical formation of their own language.

THE LITTLE GYPSY. By Elie Sauvage. Illustrated by Lorenz Frölich. Translated from the French by I. M. Lyster. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Pp. 133. 1868.

This is a charming little story—one that we can heartily recommend, both from its intrinsic merits and the beautiful manner in which it is got up, as a suitable Christmas present.

VERSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS. Boston. Published by Patrick Donahoe. 1868.

On the reception of the English edition of this exquisite volume, we called the attention of our readers to the true Catholic beauty and fervor of the poems which it contains. The edition by Mr. Donahoe is elegantly printed on toned paper, and faultlessly bound. We can think of no more appropriate book for a Christmas gift than this.

THE CALAMITIES AND QUARRELS OF AUTHORS: with some Inquiries respecting their Moral and Literary Characters, and Memoirs for our Literary History. By Isaac Disraeli. Edited by his Son, the Right Hon. B. Dis-

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raeli. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 2 vols. pp. 349, 411. 1868.

These two volumes complete an edition in nine volumes of the writings of the elder Disraeli. His works are too well known to need, even if the limited space at our disposal this month permitted, an extended notice.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, ON THE CONDITION OF THE STATE CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY, AND THE HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN COLLECTION ANNEXED THERETO. Albany: Van Benthuysen and Sons' Printing House. 1868.

The study of Natural History is in its infancy in the United States, yet it is encouraging to know that there are a few earnest men who continue their investigations in spite of the almost universal indifference upon the subject. It is not so much because there are no men of science to determine the species of our fauna, as that there is a general lack of attention to these questions. Perhaps one of the most gratifying features of the present Report is the indication of a newly-awakened interest among our citizens. A large number of types have been presented to the Museum by private collectors; among the more interesting of these is the skeleton of a Mastodon found recently at Cohoes. This animal has been imbedded in such an unusual stratum of rock, and in such a peculiar manner, that the learned Curator of the Cabinet believes it will afford a valuable guide in determining its natural history and geological relations. The Smithsonian Institute has generously presented more than two thousand specimens to the collection of shells. These, as will be seen from the catalogues given, are of great value, because they embrace almost exclusively species from distant quarters of the globe, and which consequently can only be obtained through some State institution.

However, the zealous efforts of the Curator and Regents seem to be much impeded by the want of proper cases for the display and arrangement of specimens. A similar difficulty was experienced by the Society of Natural History in this city; they at one time possessed a large and interesting collection of insects, which were packed in boxes and stored in the basement of the Medical College of the New York University. The destruction of that building by fire has relieved the officers of the society from any further trouble concerning them. It is to be hoped that a similar fate does not await the State Collection, but that the modest request of the trustees for a small appropriation will be granted at the present session of the Legislature. The catalogue of books scarcely numbers a hundred volumes, and does not merit the name of a library. This is a serious obstacle in the way of those who are charged with the duty of classifying the specimens sent to them, but one which the Regents of the Cabinet anticipate to see gradually removed.

The statement of the necessities and financial condition of the State Cabinet is followed by an essay of Prof. W. D. Wilson, of Hobart College, on Local Climatology. This is chiefly interesting because of a new theory accounting for the cold weather of winter. Of course, one of the principal reasons why the temperature is lower in winter than in summer is because the days of winter are several hours shorter. But the sun's heating power is also determined by its altitude. Herschel and Pouillet have demonstrated that a large proportion of the sun's rays are absorbed by passing through the atmosphere, or rather by the moisture in the atmosphere, so that only about seventy-five per cent of its heat reaches the earth. Hence, it is evident that the temperature will vary, not only for places of different latitudes, but also at the same place at different seasons of the year, and during the different hours of the day. Still, the mere fact of the absorption of heat does not explain the difference of temperature. Heat absorbed always increases the temperature of the absorbing body, except when the heat becomes latent by

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passing from a solid to a fluid, or from a fluid to a gaseous state. As an atmosphere does not change the form of the heat, it would itself be increased in temperature, and consequently the influence of the heat would be felt in precisely the same degree as if it were conducted directly to the earth. But this difficulty is removed by Prof. Wilson, who claims that the atmosphere has the same power of reflecting as of absorbing heat; hence the heat is never transmitted beyond the outer boundary of our atmosphere, but is immediately reflected into space, and loses its influence upon anything within the power of our observation. The decrease of heat has long been known to depend greatly upon the sun's altitude. It varies with what is commonly termed the sine of the sun's altitude. It is worthy to be remarked, therefore, that on this theory the decrease of heat will depend upon the angle at which the sun's rays strike the atmosphere, and hence it must always, as in fact it does, coincide with the sun's height.

The result of Prof. Hall's labor for the year is seen in several elaborate notices upon the Palæontology of the State. Those who feel interested in this enticing department of Natural History will take pleasure in the clear analysis of certain families and genera described in the Report. The effort to aid beginners in this study, as seen in the monogram upon the Graptolites, is particularly commendable. These sciences cannot make any substantial progress until they are brought down to the capacity of learned men engaged in other pursuits, because they all depend upon the careful observation of phenomena which require the united attention of many individuals. Hence, all domestic contributions to the determining of the species of our own fauna should be sufficiently elementary to be understood by amateurs in the science. And to the want of such works as these may fairly be attributed the fact, that many young men begin to investigate the various branches of natural science, but very few persevere.

The volume is increased in value by a number of well-executed plates, which appear to be accurate copies of the specimens in Prof. Hall's collection. It shows, at least, that he recognizes their importance in conveying scientific knowledge. A figure skilfully drawn will frequently determine a species in a moment's comparison, which would have cost many hours' careful study of the descriptions of even the most accurate and painstaking observer.

BEGINNER'S FRENCH READER. Short and Easy Pieces in Prose and Verse, with a complete Vocabulary. Arranged by L. Pylodet. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

This little book seems to be very well adapted to fully carry out the end indicated by its title-page.

MESSRS. JOHN MURPHY & Co. have just published a small volume containing the life of *John M. Costello, or The Beauty of Virtue, exemplified in an American Youth.* The author simply proposes to lay before the reader "the virtues of a young man who passed seventeen years of his short life in the peaceful seclusion of his home, and the remaining two and a half in the quiet routine of a college, and who, therefore, could have practised only what St. Francis of Sales calls 'little virtues.'"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York: Madame Thérèse; or, The Volunteers of '93. By MM. Erckman-Chatrian. Translated from the thirteenth edition, with ten full-page illustrations.

From PATRICK DONAHOE, Boston: Le Petit Catéchisme de Quebec.—The Farleyes of Farleye: or, Faithful and True. By Rev. Thomas J. Potter, All Hallows College, Dublin.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston: Dr. Howell's Family. By Mrs. H. B. Goodwin.—Hillsboro Farms. By Sophia Dickinson Cobb.—The Mimic Stage. A series of Dramas, Comedies, Burlesques, and Farces, for Public Exhibitions and Private Theatricals. By George M. Baker.

From LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York: Madame de Beaupré. By Mrs. C. Jenkin.

From JOHN MURPHY & Co., Baltimore: The Purgatorian Consoler. A manual of prayers, containing a selection of devotional exercises originally prepared for the use of the members of the Purgatorian Archconfraternity; enlarged and adapted to general use by a Redemptorist Father. Published with the approbation of the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Baltimore.—The Visitation Manual: A collection of prayers and instructions, compiled according to the Spiritual Directory and Spirit of St. Francis de Sales, founder of the Religious Order of the Visitation of B. V. Mary. Published with the approbation of the Most Reverend Archbishop of Baltimore. 1869.

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THE

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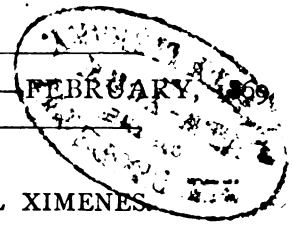

CARDINAL XIMENES.

THE greatness of Cardinal Ximenes has weathered the storms of time. It has spread far beyond the people by whom it was first recognized and proclaimed. All Europe has done it homage, and the whole civilized world hails it with gratitude and joy. It is a small thing in comparison to excel as a prelate, a statesman, a general, or a man of letters; but to shine foremost in each and all of these capacities, as did Ximenes, to make a lasting impression on the age in a fourfold character, and to mould anew the destinies of a nation in virtue of it, have been the lot of few, and scarcely the ambition of any. Ximenes de Cisneros is part of the Spaniard's nationality. They admire, they love him, they boast of him; and so lately as April, 1857, they assembled in vast numbers in the city of Alcalá to deposit his remains in the Iglesia Magistral, just 340 years after his decease. The precious memoirs left by Gomez have never been employed with greater effect than by Dr. Von Hefele, who, from these—the basis of all lives of Ximenes—and from a variety of collateral sources, has produced a complete and most valuable history of the illustrious cardinal.

Like many eminent prelates in the Catholic Church, Ximenes was a self-made man. He was born at Tordelaguna—a small town—in 1436. His father, though of noble descent, was comparatively poor, and collected tithes for the king. His mother likewise came of a valiant stock decayed in fortune; so that Ximenes enjoyed on both sides the advantage of gentle blood. From an early age he was destined for the Church; at Alcalá he was well schooled, and at Salamanca he studied canon and civil law, theology, and the Scriptures. It was here that his love of biblical lore first displayed itself, and gave promise of that abundant growth which afterward made the name of Ximenes famous in the literary world. Poverty was his good angel. It urged him to exertion, and he supported himself at the university by giving lessons. Then, having taken his bachelor's degree in canon and civil law, he boldly turned his face toward Rome, and resolved to better his fortune, if possible, in the heart of Christendom. Twice on the way he was

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plundered by robbers, and but for the kindness of a former school-fellow would have been stopped at Aix, in Provence, and compelled to return, *minus* money, clothes, and horse. To Rome, however, he came, and worked steadily in the ecclesiastical courts during six years, till his father died, and he was recalled to Spain to perform a parent's part to his bereaved family. Happily he carried in his pocket an *expectative* letter, by which the pope granted him the first vacant benefice in the diocese of Toledo. The right of bestowing benefices in this manner had often been questioned, often resisted; but with such controversies Ximenes had nothing to do. It was not till the Council of Trent that *Gratiæ Expectativæ* were finally suppressed;* and it was clearly his interest to obtain a living from the holy father, if he could, according to established precedent. Uzeda soon fell vacant, and though Ximenes laid claim to it immediately, Carillo, the archbishop, was in no degree inclined to yield it to him. The more Ximenes pressed his claim, the more stoutly Carillo resisted, and the result was that the claimant, though backed by papal authority, soon found himself a prisoner in the very parish of which he sought to be pastor. Nothing could break his iron resolution, and being removed to the fortress of Santorcaz, he there spent six years in confinement, till the archbishop, wearied by his firm and constant refusal to forego his claim, at length yielding the point, restored him to liberty, and confirmed him in possession of the benefice.

His constant study of the Scriptures could not escape observation, and he was often referred to as an authority in Hebrew and Chaldee. Being made vicar of the diocese of Sigüenza, and agent for the estates of a nobleman who had been taken prisoner by the Moors, Ximenes sighed for retirement, and entered as a novice a convent of the Franciscan order. But his interior life was still disturbed. Numbers resorted to him for counsel and instruction. He prayed to be sent to some more lonely retreat, and accordingly found his home in a small convent near Toledo, called after our Lady of Castañar. It stood in the midst of a forest of chestnuts, and here, like an anchorite of old, he built a hermitage and supported life on herbs and roots, with water from the neighboring rill. Though a scourge was in his hand and a hair-shirt on his body, the Bible he so prized was before him, angels surrounded him, and the Holy Ghost established within him a reign of serenity and light.

According to the rule of the Franciscans, he was, ere long, again removed. He became guardian of the convent of Salzeda, and it was here, in his fifty-sixth year, that his career, so far as it concerns history, began. A confessor was required for the devout and beautiful Queen Isabella, and Cardinal Mendoza, who had been Bishop of Sigüenza, and knew Ximenes well, recommended him as the fitting person to guide her conscience. Being summoned to court on pretence of business, the Franciscan recluse was introduced, as it were by accident, into the royal presence. Isabella was charmed by his candor, his modesty, and native dignity. In vain he declined the office for which he was designed. The queen would take no refusal, but consented to his residing still in his monastery, away from the splendor and temptations of a court. He strove to avoid interference in politics, but Isabella so much the more applied for his advice in the affairs of state. Thus influence over

* Sess. xxiv. cap. 19.

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others is often given to those whose only aim is to acquire the mastery over themselves. Not long after being made confessor to the queen, Ximenes was elected Provincial of the Franciscan order for Old and New Castile. He made his visitations on foot, begged his way like any other of his brethren, and often lived on raw roots. The order had relaxed its original strictness, and was divided into *Conventuals* and *Observantines*, of whom the latter only adhered to the letter and spirit of their founder's laws. The report, therefore, which the provincial had to make to his royal mistress was anything but favorable, and he consequently became himself an object of calumny and dislike to those whose vices he sought to correct. Many of the *Conventuals* who would not reform were ejected from their sanctuaries by his order, and his conflict with evil was silently and surely preparing him for the high post of Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, and Chancellor of Castile. This see had generally been filled by one of noble birth, and Ferdinand was anxious to bestow it on his natural son, Alfonso, Bishop of Saragossa. But Isabella was strong in her resolve to promote Ximenes. On Good Friday, 1495, she sent for her confessor, and placed a paper in his hands. It was addressed by his holiness Alexander VI., "To our venerable brother, Francisco Ximenes de Cisneros, Archbishop-elect of Toledo." As he read this the friar turned pale. "It cannot be meant for me," he said, and abruptly left the apartment, dropping the packet. "Come, brother," he exclaimed to his companion, "we must be gone in haste." But the royal messengers overtook him on the road to Ocaña, trudging along bravely in the noontide heat. He was flying from an archbishopric with 80,000 ducats a year, from power and influence second only to that of the king, and from towns and fortresses with numerous vassals. No arguments could induce him to accept these earthly goods. During six months he persisted in refusing them, and yielded at last only in obedience to a command from the sovereign pontiff.

He was now in his sixtieth year. In October, 1495, he was solemnly consecrated in presence of the two sovereigns, and when, after the ceremony, he came to do them homage, he said: "I come to kiss the hands of your majesties, not because they have raised me to the first see in Spain, but because I hope they will assist me in supporting the burden which they have placed on my shoulders." Ximenes was, on the whole, the model of a prelate; and accordingly we see in him modesty and self-confidence singularly combined. In the well-balanced mind they react upon each other and produce each other. Hence, humility is the source of moral power. No silver adorned Ximenes's table, no ornaments hung on his walls. His garment was the habit of St. Francis, his food was coarse, his journeys were made on foot or on a mule's back, and his palace was turned into a cloister. But many persons cavilled at this austerity and ascribed it to spiritual pride. The pope thought it undesirable in the case of a primate of Spain, and exhorted Ximenes, by letter, to "conform outwardly to the dignity of his state of life in his dress, attendants, and everything else relating to the promotion of that respect due to his authority."

In private, however, Ximenes continued as mortified as before. The hair-shirt was next his skin, and he mended with his own hand the coarse garments concealed by the silks and

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furs of office. The sumptuous bed, adorned with ivory, purple, and gold, which stood in the palace, was never used by him; he slept, though his attendants knew it not, on the bare floor, and thus, by night and day, he kept up in his own person a ceaseless protest against the prevailing luxury of the times. He feared the seduction of wealth, and was ever on his guard against the temptations of his princely domain, consisting of fifteen cities, besides many villages and towns. But if any presumed on his unworldly habits, and thought that he must be pliant because he was devout, they were soon disabused of their mistake. He refused, at the outset of his primacy, to make any appointments at the instance of great men, and declared that he was willing at any time to return to his convent and his beads; but that "no personal considerations should ever operate with him in distributing the honors of the Church." Even the brother of Cardinal Mendoza was unable to obtain from Ximenes the confirmation of his appointment to the governorship of Cazorla, and his relations, highly incensed, could gain no redress from the queen. Having thus established his own independence and freed himself from importunate suitors, Ximenes saluted Don Pedro de Mendoza one day by the title of *Adelantado* of Cazorla, saying that, as no suspicion of sinister influence could now attach to him, he was happy to restore Don Pedro to a post for which he knew him to be qualified.

In the biographies of Gomez and Quintanilla, of Oviedo and Robles, Marsollier, Fléchier, Baudier, Von Hefele, and Barrett, a number of such anecdotes may be found, illustrating the diocesan life of Ximenes, his wonderful penetration, piety, and zeal. But these, for the most part, we must pass over, and dwell rather on those events in his career with which the history of his country is concerned. Several years had passed since the last Moorish king in Spain had been defeated and stripped of his dominions. The genius of Washington Irving, the research of Prescott, and the fancy of Southey and Bulwer have found full scope in detailing the history of the war of Granada, the surprise of Zahara, the exploits of the Marquis of Cadiz, the fierce resistance of the Moors, and the capture of Alhama. But the Moors, though conquered, had reason to be satisfied with the terms of the victors. They were allowed by treaty to retain their mosques and mode of worship, their property, laws, commerce, and civil tribunals. They had some privileges of which even the Spaniards were deprived; and if, during the governorship of Tendilla and the archbishopric of Talavera, the Moors of Granada were brought under various Catholic influences, they could not complain of any force or severity being employed by those who sought to convert them. Talavera, indeed, whom Ximenes had succeeded as confessor to the queen, was ceaseless in his efforts for their salvation. He learned Arabic at an advanced age, and required his clergy also to do the same. He caused portions of the Scriptures, Liturgy, and Catechism to be translated, and so recommended the religion he professed by his consistent life and amiable temper that Mohammedanism in Granada melted away before the genial light of the gospel, and the Moors themselves came to love and revere the Christian bishop, whom they called "The Great Alfaqui," or Doctor.

Thus far all was progressing hopefully, when, in 1499, Ximenes was invited by the Catholic sovereigns to assist Talavera in his important mis-

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sion. In addition to the means already employed, Ximenes resorted to a large distribution of presents. "In order," says Von Hefele, "that his instructions might make some impression on their sensual minds, he did not hesitate to make the Moorish priests and doctors agreeable presents, consisting chiefly of costly articles of dress and silks. For this object he encumbered the revenues of his see for many years."* Conversions followed in great numbers, and Ximenes baptized in one day 4000 persons. Many of the mosques were converted into churches, and the sound of bells for Mass and vespers was heard continually in the midst of a Moslem population. But this success produced a reaction. The Moors who were zealous for the false prophet raised a clamor against the archbishop and the government. The most noisy were arrested by Ximenes's order, but "in the height of his zeal he overstepped the bounds of the treaty which the government had made with the Moors, by trying to impose on the prisoners the obligation of receiving instruction from his chaplains in the Christian religion. Those who refused he even punished very severely."†

Among those who were thus imprisoned was a noble Moor named Zegri, who had distinguished himself in the recent wars. Being obliged to fast several days and wear heavy irons, he suddenly declared that Allah had appeared to him in a vision and commanded him to embrace the Christian faith. Certain it is that during the remainder of his life he attached himself to Ximenes with constant fidelity, and gave undeniable proofs of the sincerity of his conversion.

Encouraged by this signal success, Ximenes became more and more averse to dilatory measures. He believed that Providence designed the extinction of Islamism in Spain, and that he should best co-operate with the divine will by prompt and energetic steps. Some thousand copies of the Koran and other religious books were delivered up to him by the Moorish *alfaquis*, and committed to the flames in the public square. Works on medicine only escaped, and these were afterward placed in the library of the university which he founded at Alcalá. The children of those Christians who had become renegades were taken from their parents and received into the Church, for Ximenes would not suffer a treaty, which he perhaps considered too temporizing, to stand in the way of rescuing souls from error and converting an entire people.

About the end of the year 1499, a terrible outbreak checked for a time the progress of evangelization. Salzedo, the archbishop's major-domo, was sent by his master into the city with another servant and an officer of justice to seize the daughter of an apostate from Christianity. The young woman, however, raised a cry against the violation of the treaty; the Moors rushed to her aid; the officer of justice was killed by a stone; and the major-domo escaped a like fate only by secreting himself under the bed of an old Moorish woman who offered him assistance. The Albaycin, or Moslem quarter of the city, containing 5,000 dwellings, rose in arms. The palace of Ximenes was the object of their attack, and they cried for the blood of him whom a few days before they had extolled with praises.

The archbishop's friends urged him to fly to the fortress by a secret passage. But they knew not the temper of the man whom they counselled. He would never, he said, desert his servants in the hour of danger. All

* Von Hefele, translated by Canon Dalton, p. 62.
† *Id.* p. 64.

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night he was engaged with them in repelling the Moors' assaults, and in the morning the Count of Tendilla arrived from the Alhambra with an armed force, and rescued Ximenes from imminent peril. The outbreak, however, was not so easily subdued. The herald sent by the count to the rebels was murdered, and his staff of office was broken in contempt. Nine days this frantic resistance continued, though without even a remote prospect of ultimate success. Ximenes tried in vain to soothe the raging multitude; but the milder archbishop, Talavera, going forth with his cross and a single chaplain, like Pope Leo when he encountered Attila, the crowd of rebels became appeased, and pressed round him to kiss his garment's hem. The governor Tendilla then appeared before them in a civil attire, threw his scarlet bonnet among the crowd, promised his influence to obtain the royal pardon, and left his wife and two children as hostages in the Albaycin.

Meanwhile, Ximenes, on the third day of the revolt, sent to the sovereigns at Seville an account of what had happened. His messenger was an Ethiopian slave—one of the telegraphic wires of those days—who could run fifty leagues in forty-eight hours. But the slave got drunk on the way, and arrived in Seville five days after he was despatched, instead of two. Reports frightfully exaggerated had reached the king and queen. The court was in a panic. Ximenes was blamed for his indiscretion; and Ferdinand, who had not forgotten the preference given to Ximenes over Alfonso of Aragon, his natural son, bitterly reproached Isabella for having raised an incompetent monk to the see of Toledo. But the archbishop soon appeared to plead his own cause. The king and queen were not only satisfied with his explanations, but thanked him for his services, and assented to his proposal that the inhabitants of the Albaycin should be punished for high treason, unless they purchased their pardon by being baptized. The treaty made with the Moors was thought to be annulled by the violence of the Moslems themselves. Those who persisted in their errors retired to the mountains or crossed over into Barbary; but by far the greater part of the Moors embraced Christianity, and the number of the converts is computed at about 60,000.

Ximenes and Talavera together catechised the people, working in perfect harmony, except in reference to the translation of the Bible into Arabic. Talavera wished to make the version complete, while Ximenes, on the contrary, was of opinion that the Scriptures should be preserved in the ancient languages hallowed by being used in the inscriptions on the cross. To place the Bible in the vulgar tongue in the hands of neophytes and ignorant persons was, he believed, to cast pearls before swine, and would certainly issue in spiritual revolt. But the friendship of the two prelates remained unbroken, and Talavera declared that the triumphs of Ximenes exceeded those of Ferdinand and Isabella, since they had conquered only the soil, while he had won the souls of Granada. There can be no doubt that in the mass of converts there were many unworthy persons who afterward disgraced their profession. It will always be thus when worldly advantages are held out to proselytes; but Ximenes knew that this would be the case, and was prepared to meet the evil with appropriate remedies. He believed that good on the whole would result from his decisive measures; that many, to say the least, of the conversions would be sincere, and

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that the children of the converts in general would be educated in the true religion. We do not criticise his conduct, neither do we altogether set it up as exemplary. It was more suitable to his time and country than it would be to ours; and having recorded it faithfully, our work is done. By whatever means accomplished, the result has been a happy one. Islamism, after many spasmodic attempts at revival, has died out of Spain, and the cause of European morality and civilization has been saved from its most formidable enemy.

Ximenes was in his sixty-fourth year when extreme activity brought on a severe illness and endangered his life. Every day his energies were divided between the sovereigns who required his counsel and aid, and the converts, chiefs, and others who listened to his instructions. The king and queen evinced the greatest concern for him when smitten down with fever, and removed him from the fortress of the Alhambra, which was exposed to the wind, to the royal summer-house of Xeneralifa. Isabella in particular bestowed on the venerable prelate her utmost care. He was soon able to walk along the banks of the Darro and enjoy its pure and bracing air, soon able to return to his beloved Alcalá, where he was founding the university which has made his name blessed for ever; while the queen, so much younger than himself, who had raised him so high, and from whose sympathy and protection he had so much to expect, the queen who was "the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked,"* was ere long† to be called away from her earthly throne, and leave her aged and faithful servant to fight his way in the midst of those who understood him less perfectly and prized him less highly than she had done.

He was engaged, at this time, in a great work. The new university, founded by him at Alcalá in 1500, became the rival of Salamanca, and was called by the Spaniards "the eighth wonder of the world." From the moment he was made Archbishop of Toledo, he resolved to devote its immense revenues to the construction of this seat of learning. The spot was pleasant, the air pure, and the site of the ancient Complutum was hallowed in the eyes of all whose sympathies were with the past. Gonsalvo Zegri, the converted Moor, assisted at laying the foundation-stone; and Ximenes obtained from his royal patrons an annual grant and sundry privileges for the projected establishment. Thither Ximenes repaired, as to his fondest occupation, whenever the duties of state and of his diocese permitted. Often he might be seen on the ground, with the rule in his hand, taking measurements of the works, and encouraging the laborers by his example and by suitable rewards. Pope Julius II. issued a brief authorizing the endowment, and Leo X. afterward augmented the liberties of the new foundation. The College of San Ildefonso stood at its head; in 1508, several students arrived, and 33 professors with 12 priests were installed, who answered in their numbers to the years of our Lord's life and his college of apostles. Schools were attached for boarders, lectures and disputations were set on foot, classes were formed, scholarships founded, examinations publicly conducted, and diplomas conferred. The intellect of the students was exercised in every branch of knowledge—in the ancient languages, including Hebrew, in theology, canon law, medicine, anatomy, surgery, philosophy,

* Peter Martyr, *Epist.* 279.
† November 26th, 1504.

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moral philosophy, mathematics, rhetoric, and grammar. The physical sciences were as yet little known and barely studied. Theology spread its arms widely beneath and around all attainable knowledge. In 1514, King Ferdinand visited the university, attended some of the lectures, and expressed his admiration of the grandeur and beauty of the buildings. They were but a feeble sign of the mental fabrics which Ximenes was raising to the honor of Spain and for her service. Patriotism blended in him with religion, and helped to make him what he was.

Some years after the death of Ximenes, Francis I., of France, on visiting Alcalá, is reported to have said: "Your cardinal has undertaken and accomplished a work I myself could not attempt. The University of Paris, which is the pride of my kingdom, is the work of many sovereigns. But Ximenes alone has founded one like it."

It was by a ruthless decree that this grand and famous seat of learning was finally broken up, in 1850, by the creation of a central university and the sale of the buildings to the Count de Quinto.* The inhabitants resolved at least to save the rich tomb of the illustrious cardinal, and the translation of his remains was effected with great solemnity on the 27th of April, 1857.

It was in this university that Ximenes published that noble Polyglot by which he earned the praise and gratitude of all biblical students. The text of the sacred Scriptures had become deplorably corrupt at the commencement of the fifteenth century, owing to the inattention or ignorance of copyists. But the invention of printing gave a new impetus to every branch of learning, and promised biblical scholars great advantages in their study of the Bible. From the year 1462 to 1500 no less than eighty editions of the Vulgate appeared; and the zeal of Jews in amending the Hebrew text became an invaluable assistance to the labors of Christians in the same field. The constant perversion of the meaning of Scripture by those who were aliens to the Church made it increasingly necessary to study the Bible in its original languages, so as to be able to refute the impudent assertions of upstart divines. Hence Ximenes, whose designs were naturally grand, formed the intention not only of raising a new university, but of publishing a new edition of the Scriptures in their original tongues, and of thus restoring in some measure the lost *Hexapla* of Origen. No translation, he held, could perfectly represent the original, and the MSS. of the Latin Vulgate were painfully discrepant. It was needful, therefore, to go back to the prime sources, and "correct the books of the Old Testament by the Hebrew text, and those of the New Testament by the Greek text."*

Having thus resolved to revive the dormant study of Holy Writ, Ximenes's next step was to procure assistance from learned men, and access to the most ancient MSS. Several Jewish converts were enlisted, and, besides other professors, a Greek named Demetrius Ducas. They were all handsomely paid and stimulated to the utmost exertion. "Make haste, my friends," Ximenes would say; "for, as all things in this world are transient, you may lose me or I may lose you. Let us work together while we can." Enormous sums were spent by him in the purchase of MSS., and some were lent to him by Pope Leo X., who honored him as sincerely as he loved the fine arts. To these loans Ximenes

L'Univers, June 6th, 1857.

* Prolegomena to the Polyglot.

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refers in the introduction to the Polyglot. It is calculated by Gomez that nearly £25,000 sterling (50,000 ducats=$125,000) were spent in bringing the work to a conclusion. The sale bore no proportion to the publishing expenses, as 600 copies only were struck off, and these, though consisting of six folios, were sold at six and a half ducats each. ' The price of the copies still in existence varies according to the state in which they have been preserved; but it ranges from £40 to £75. The Polyglot occupied fifteen years in its completion, and the New Testament, which forms the sixth volume of the work, appeared first in order of time. The Greek, being without the accents, has a strange appearance, but the editors excuse themselves on the ground of the accents not having been used by the ancient Greeks, nor by the original writers of the New Testament. The volume, on the whole, is beautifully printed, while the grammar and lexicon which accompanies it made it a valuable means of promoting the study of Greek. The Pentateuch appeared in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Greek, together with three Latin translations. The roots of difficult words in the Hebrew and Chaldaic texts are given in the margin, and this is no mean assistance to beginners in studying these languages, in which the radical meaning pervades all the derivatives in so marked a degree. Altogether, it was a boon to mankind, munificent in its cost, noble in its design, beautiful in execution, and as profound in scholarship as it could be in the age in which it saw the light. When John Brocario, the printer's son, brought the last sheets to the cardinal in his best attire, Ximenes raised his eyes to heaven with great joy, and exclaimed: "I give thee thanks, O God most high! that thou hast brought to a long-wished-for end the work I undertook in thy name." Only four months later his eyes were closed in death. The Complutensian Polyglot became very useful in preparing subsequent editions of the Scriptures; and though the labors of Griesbach, Buxtorf, Michaelis, and other critics have thrown its authority into the shade, it was an important link in the chain which has issued in the present comparative purity of sacred texts. All real scholars award it cheerfully their meed of praise, and the charges brought against it by Wetstein and Semler have been amply refuted. It is an astonishing production, considering the disadvantages under which its compilers lay, that they had not access to the best and most ancient MSS., and that the *Codex Vaticanus* was not within their reach. What MSS. were really used we shall never know; for, besides that many were returned to their owners after the Polyglot was completed, others, which had been purchased, were sold in 1749 as waste-paper to a rocket-maker named Torzo!

As the reform of the Franciscan order was the first glory of the hermit of Castañar, and the foundation of a great university the second, so the Bible of Alcalá will ever be regarded as the third durable monument of Ximenes's vast and varied powers.

But his literary labors were not confined to Holy Writ. He set on foot a complete edition of the works of Aristotle; and though his death interrupted the design, he was able to bring out many other useful books, in Latin and Spanish, for the use of the learned and the instruction of the people. The demand for such works was then steadily increasing, and the supply not being equal to it, there was difficulty in finding on sale, fifty years later, a single copy

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of the volumes Ximenes had edited. Ecclesiastical music-books also, which had hitherto been in manuscript, were published by him, and distributed through the churches of his diocese, so that the Gregorian chant, to which he was strongly attached, might be better known and practised. Nor did he forget works on agriculture, being desirous of promoting in every way the welfare of his kind.

Finding among the MSS. in the library of Toledo a number of liturgies in old Gothic characters, he conceived a design of rescuing from destruction the Mozarabic or Mixt-Arabic rite. Its use was long confined to Toledo and to some parishes where Christians lived under Moorish dominion. Then, in course of time, the Mozarabic families having died out, and the reign of the Moors being at an end, the Gregorian rite superseded the old Gothic one, and the memory of it was kept alive only by occasional use on certain festivals. It was evidently desirable, for the sake of history and literature, to collate the MSS. of this ancient liturgy, and preserve it in a printed form for future generations. This task Ximenes accomplished in a manner worthy of his comprehensive genius. He printed a number of Mozarabic missals and breviaries, changing the Gothic characters into Castilian, and erected a chapel in his cathedral where the Mozarabic Mass might be said daily. He founded a college of thirteen priests, who should recite the canonical hours, and perform other functions according to this liturgy. Robles himself, Ximenes's biographer, was one of these chaplains. This foundation gave rise to others of the same kind in Salamanca and Valladolid. They have fully answered the purpose of the founder, and Mozarabic missals can easily be purchased at the present day.

The obstacles which Ximenes had to overcome in reforming his diocese were very serious, but he encountered them with the utmost firmness. The bishops enjoyed at that period immense revenues, the benefices of priests were richly endowed, and the clergy were too numerous, lax in morals, and often extremely ignorant. The corruption of the Castilian court was scandalous, and the natural children of kings and princes were constantly elevated to episcopal sees. The monasteries were changed into abodes of luxury, and it needed a queen like Isabella, and a primate like Ximenes, to stem the tide of licentiousness. His first effort was to reform the lives and habits of his chapter, and in this attempt he was opposed by a canon named Albornoz, whom he caused to be arrested on his way to Rome and cast into prison. Severe measures were indispensable in the state of society then existing. His own life as a bishop was strict in the extreme. He shunned all intercourse with women, and sitting always with a Bible open before him, he had no time for idle and intrusive visitors. His charities made him beloved by the poor, and all the decrees issued by the synods under his presidency tended to revive the spirit and the forms of true religion. The strict rule of the Observantines was introduced into the Franciscan order, and those who would not conform to it were expelled the country. The valiant reformer raised up enemies enough by his courage and zeal; but honest intentions such as his and force of character only triumph the more signally by being opposed. His friends pointed to his works of mercy as the best answer to the calumnies of petty foes. He raised twelve churches; he founded four hos-

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pitals and eight monasteries; he fed thirty poor persons daily at his palace, visited the hospitals, and pensioned desolate widows. Would his enemies, even if they had possessed the means, have done the like?

When Isabella died, Ximenes, holding in one hand the archbishop's cross, grasped in the other the sceptre of state. Joanna, the consort of Philip the Fair, who inherited the crown of Castile, had become the prey of a disordered imagination. Her husband would not reside in Spain, and she would not consent to live there without him. Isabella had foreseen her incompetency and probable absence. She had appointed Ferdinand of Aragon, her own husband, Regent of Castile, till her grandson Charles should have attained his twentieth year. The nobles of Castile factiously resisted this wise provision; and though Ferdinand acted with prudence and moderation, though he caused his daughter Joanna, with Philip her husband, to be proclaimed sovereigns, and contented himself with administering the affairs of state in their absence, a struggle ensued in which Ximenes sided constantly with Ferdinand, and adhered closely to the terms of Isabella's will. Philip prepared an army to drive his father-in-law from Castile, while Joanna wrote to him requesting that he would not resign the government, and surrendering her rights to him in the most earnest and affectionate terms.

By the wisdom and resolution of Ximenes, the rupture between Philip and Ferdinand was partially healed. He mediated between them with admirable *finesse*, and his success was the more remarkable because he found in Philip a faithless, wrong-headed, and vindictive man, the slave of passion and the dupe of evil counsellors; while the confidence reposed in him by Ferdinand was not always complete, nor equal at any time to that placed in him by the virtuous and noble Isabella. With his consent Philip was allowed to have his own way, and to govern Castile without the assistance of Ferdinand. But Philip was removed from this world in the flower of his age, and thus the path was opened for Ximenes becoming Regent of Castile. He was by this time thoroughly conversant with the affairs of state. Every Thursday he gave an audience to the king's chief ministers, and heard from them the most important matters which were next day to be brought before the council. On Friday he gave these matters again his careful consideration, and then handed in a report respecting them to the king.

It was in September, 1506, that Philip died after a short illness, and Ximenes, with several others, was chosen provisional administrator of the kingdom. His powers were soon increased, and exalted above those of his colleagues. He had a difficult part to play, for the Castilian nobles were passionate and intriguing, and the disconsolate widow Joanna refused to endorse his authority as regent. She sat nearly all day long in a dark chamber, with her face resting on her hand, silent, bitter, and sorrowful, listening only at intervals to sweet music which nursed her melancholy. These eccentricities ended in total derangement. She disinterred her husband's corpse at Miraflorés, contrary to the laws of the church and to Philip's will, and ordered it to be conveyed before her by torch-light to the town of Torquemada. Endless funereal ceremonies were performed, and fantastic images of death and grief were multiplied in virtue of her diseased imagination. She insisted on residing in a little town where her

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court and attendants could scarcely find a cabin-roof to screen them from sun and storm.

In August, 1507, the unhappy queen, wild and haggard in appearance, attended by the corpse of her royal husband, met her father Ferdinand at Tortolés. With her consent he assumed the reins of government, and Ximenes resigned his powers into the hands of the king. His services had been great, and Ferdinand was too noble to leave them unrewarded. The archbishop was named Cardinal and Grand-Inquisitor of Castile and Leon. Never was a cardinal's hat bestowed at Rome with greater satisfaction; and the important office of grand-inquisitor, which was attached to the higher dignity, will be estimated more correctly after a few observations.

It was the opinion of St. Augustine, who herein followed that of St. Ambrose and St. Leo, that persons ought not to be put to death for heresy, but the great doctor did not disapprove of force being employed to restrain and correct heresy. This opinion became the basis of the civil laws of Theodosius II. and Valentinian III.; but in the middle ages the alliance between church and state was much closer than it had been in earlier years, and it was usual to punish obstinate heresy as a twofold crime worthy of death. St. Thomas Aquinas defends this as reasonable, but St. Bernard was in favor of a more lenient policy. Ecclesiastical tribunals were established in which cases of heresy were tried, and the civil magistrates were required by law to carry into effect the judgment of bishops. Papal legates also, like Peter de Castelnau, were often entrusted with inquisitorial powers. The Council of Toulouse, in 1229, issued various decrees relative to the suppression of heresy,* and may thus be considered as founding the first inquisition.† The Dominicans especially were employed in the work of extirpating heresy, and but for the exertions of such men the nations of Europe would have been overrun with Manichæism and various other forms of pestilent error. The Jews settled in Spain, penetrated in disguise every branch of society, and strove in every age to Judaize the people. The inquisition was directed in a particular manner against this subtle influence, and the peculiar nature of the evil required peculiar remedies and antidotes. It was Judaism in the church that it labored to extirpate, and not the race of Israel dwelling in the Peninsula.

The inquisitors of Seville took office in 1481, and were appointed by the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella. Nothing was more natural than that they should seek to rid the body politic of a gangrene so fatal as secret Judaism. Yet Sixtus IV. had occasion to rebuke the royal inquisitors for their needless severity and to take measures for the mitigation of their sentences. But the tribunal was placed more and more under the control of the state, and whether clergymen or laymen were employed, they were alike subservient to the Spanish government. In 1492, when, by a memorable edict, the Jews were ordered to quit Spain, unless they submitted to be baptized, the sphere of the inquisition's labors became greatly enlarged in consequence of the increased number of Jews who professed Christianity from worldly motives alone. The Moriscos also, or baptized Moors, came within the sphere of its action; and it was introduced into Granada by the advice of the se-

* Harduin, tome vii. pp. 173–178.
† Von Hefele, p. 286.

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cond grand-inquisitor, Deza, in order to prevent their relapsing into Islamism.

The sovereigns of Castile and Aragon promoted the inquisition for other motives besides those here alluded to. They used it as an instrument for consolidating their own power and breaking that of the clergy and nobles. Piombal, at a later period, did the same in Portugal. Hence it was popular with the lower classes, detested by the aristocracy, and often censured by popes. To these facts Ranke and Balmez abundantly testify, and their evidence is confirmed by that of Henry Leo, Guizot, Havemann, Lenormant, De Maistre, and Spittler. The falsehoods of Llorente respecting the inquisition have been fully exposed, and those who sift the matter thoroughly will find that it was latterly more a political than a religious institution; that the cruelties it exercised have been enormously exaggerated; that it was in accordance with principles universally recognized in its day; that its punishments, however severe, were in keeping with the ordinary penal laws; that the popes constantly endeavored to mitigate its decrees; that Gregory XIII., Paul III., Pius IV., and Innocent XII., in particular, reclaimed against its rigors; that its intentions were good on the whole; its proceedings tempered with mercy; and that Ximenes, the third grand-inquisitor, conducted himself in that office with moderation and humanity, provided for the instruction of Jewish and Moorish converts, and "adopted every expedient to diminish the number of judicial cases reserved for the tribunal of the inquisition."* He caused Lucero, the cruel inquisitor of Cordova, to be arrested, tried, and deposed from his high functions. He protected Lebrija, Vergara, and other learned men from envious aspersions, and kept a strict watch over the officers of the inquisition, lest they should exceed their instructions or abuse their power. He endeavored, but without success in Ferdinand's lifetime, to exclude laymen from the council, and thus free the tribunal as far as possible from state influence. The number of those who suffered punishment under his *régime* has been greatly exaggerated by Llorente; and if he introduced the inquisition into Oran, America, and the Canary Isles, it must be remembered that its jurisdiction extended over the old Christians settled there, and not over the natives.

In reviewing Ximenes's conduct in such matters, we must never lose sight of the fact that absolute unity of religion was then the aim of all Catholic governments, whereas circumstances are now altered, and the question of religious liberty, though the same in the abstract, is wholly changed in its practical application. But the scene now changes. We have seen the hermit of Castañar doff his cowl to wear a mitre, found the University of Alcalá, edit the famous Polyglot, and rule as regent the kingdom of Castile. We shall now behold him mount a war-charger, place himself at the head of an army, and lead it to victory on the coasts of Africa. We shall admire and wonder at the versatility of his genius, and the resolution and activity which no difficulties could break nor advancing years slacken. It would be easy to point out resemblances between Ximenes and the fiery Chatham, nor can we wonder that the latter statesman admired the former more than any other character in history.*

* Von Hefele, p. 387.

* Horace Walpole's *George II.* p. iii. 19.

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The cardinal had a double reason for advising Ferdinand to employ the troops which Gonsalvo de Cordova had led to victory in Italy, in the conquest of some stronghold on the African coast. Mazarquivir was taken in 1505, and Ximenes, expanding his designs as usual, conceived a vaster project for a new crusade and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. It had been for ages the favorite and oft-baffled scheme of popes and Christian princes. It seemed to realize every hope of Catholic domination in Europe, and to involve the downfall of Islamism. The idea was as glorious as the accomplishment would be useful to humanity. It was the cause of civilization against barbarism, and of truth against error. But the strife between Philip and Ferdinand, already referred to, completely frustrated it, and the loss of Mazarquivir, in 1507, supplied Ximenes with an opportunity of opposing Mohammedanism nearer home and under more urgent circumstances. At his earnest request a fleet was fitted out for the conquest of Oran. That city was strongly fortified, rich and powerful, and in its harbors were a multitude of cruisers, ever ready to sweep the shores of the Mediterranean and carry off their victims to be sold as slaves. Though in his seventy-second year, though hampered by the infirmities common at such an age, Ximenes resolved to march in person to the conquest of this place, and to furnish the means required for the expedition out of his own revenues. He would thus, he thought, be able to pursue his own plans with greater freedom, and exempt the king from responsibility and loss which he might not be able or willing to incur. There were those who sneered at the cardinal's girding on his sword, and murmured that he had better tell his beads, but Ferdinand knew well the temper of his mind. He willingly placed at his disposal all the forces that could be raised, and gave him a large number of blank papers, signed only with the royal manual, to be filled up as the great cardinal might think proper. Fourteen thousand men were soon under arms, and Count Pedro Navarro was appointed by Ximenes commander of the forces. A titular bishop was at the head of one division, and all the generals were distinguished for their valor. During some years Ximenes had been husbanding his resources for some such enterprise, and subsidies flowed in from other churches and dioceses.

Intrigues and jealousies delayed for awhile the sailing of the expedition. Navarro strove to obtain the sole command. Ferdinand was often wavering. A mutiny broke out in the army. The soldiers demanded their pay in advance. But the voice of the cardinal calmed the storm, and the soldiers, being promised a part of their pay as soon as they had embarked, hastened to the ships with the merry sound of trumpets. On the 16th of May, 1509, the fleet weighed anchor. Ten galleys, eighty large transports, and many smaller vessels traversed the straits, and on the following day—the Feast of the Ascension—Ximenes with his fleet and army anchored in the port of Mazarquivir. He passed the night in giving his instructions; and though his health and strength were impaired by age, toil, and study, his energy filled the troops with confidence and enthusiasm. He summoned Navarro before him, and entrusted the conduct of the army to him alone, yet the relative positions of the cardinal and the commander were not, after all, clearly defined

The lines were formed in order of

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battle, when a striking scene presented itself. Oran was to be attacked by sea and land. A mendicant friar was transformed into a chieftain and a hero. Forth he rode, mounted on a mule, with a sword belted over his pontifical robes. Many ecclesiastics surrounded him. Canons and priests were his body-guard. Swords and scimitars hung from their girdles, and before them rode a giant Franciscan on a white charger, bearing the primate's silver cross and the arms of the house of Cisneros. The hymn *Vexilla regis prodeunt* rose to heaven as the cavalcade advanced; and the cardinal, riding along the ranks, imposed silence and harangued the troops. His words were few, but full of fire. The mothers of Spain, he said, whose children had been dragged into slavery, were prostrate at that moment before the altar of God, praying for success to his soldiers' arms. He desired to share their danger, remembering how many bishops who had preceded him in the see of Toledo had died gloriously on the battle-field.

Officers and men were excited to the utmost by Ximenes's address, but when he was about to place himself at their head, they entreated him with one voice not to expose so precious a life. He retired, therefore, within the fortress of Mazarquivir, and there, in the oratory of St. Michael, implored the God of battles to crown his troops with victory. Scarcely had he entered the fort, when the folly of Navarro compelled the cardinal to interfere. The commander had ordered the cavalry to remain inactive, because the country was so hilly, and if Ximenes had not resolutely insisted on their supporting the foot-soldiers, the day would probably have been lost. With like energy Ximenes condemned any delay as criminal, and prevented Navarro from deferring the combat, as he proposed, to the next day, when the arrival of the chief-vizier of Tremesen with strong re-enforcements would have been dangerous, if not fatal, to the Spaniards' prospect of success.

The infantry, therefore, in four battalions, advanced immediately up the sides of the sierra, shouting, "Santiago, Santiago!" A shower of stones and arrows was hurled on them by the Moors, and the position was obstinately disputed. But a battery of guns playing on the enemy's flank, they wavered and fled, while the Spaniards, in spite of contrary orders, pursued and slaughtered them with great havoc. The fleet, meanwhile, bombarded the city, and, though ill provided with ladders, the Christian troops scaled the walls, planted their colors, and with loud cries of "Santiago y Ximenes!" opened the gates to their comrades. In vain did their general call them off from the work of carnage. No age or sex was spared; till at last, weary with plunder and butchery, they sank down in the streets, and slept beside the corpses of their foes. Four thousand Moors were said to have fallen, and only thirty Spaniards. The booty was counted at half a million of gold ducats.

The cardinal spent the night in praising God, and the next day, proceeding by sea to Oran, made a solemn entry. The troops hailed him as the conqueror, but he was heard to say aloud, "*Non nobis, Domine, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.*" He set at liberty three hundred Christian captives; and when the entire spoil of the city was presented to him, he reserved nothing for himself, but set apart a portion for the king, and divided the rest among his troops. Sixty pieces of cannon fell into his hands, and it seemed little less than a miracle that a place so defended

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should have been taken in a few hours. Others affirmed that there had been traitors among the inhabitants, and that Ximenes had gained over to his side some persons who acted as spies and gave him secret intelligence. The mosques were soon converted into churches, and a branch of the inquisition was established, lest convert Jews should hasten from Spain to Oran and renounce the Christian religion with impunity.

It now became a question whether the war should be pushed further into Africa. The people of Tremesen, stung to madness by the fall of Oran, had massacred the Christian merchants and slaughtered even the Jews. But Navarro had grown jealous of Ximenes, and scorned to obey orders issued by a monk. He informed the cardinal that his power expired with the siege of Oran, and that, if he remained with the army any longer, he would be treated as a private individual. To this indignity Ximenes would not submit, yet he had no desire to continue in Africa. A letter of Ferdinand's, which he saw by chance, instructed Navarro to detain him there as long as might be needful; and he suspected that the king wished him to languish and die on a foreign shore. He knew that Ferdinand could ill bear to see the glory of Gonsalvo de Cordova, "the great captain," and his special friend, to be obscured by that of a general in a monk's cowl, but he was not disposed to gratify his royal master by dying before his time.

Just a week after he had landed, the cardinal set sail on his return. He remained seven days at Carthagena; established a line of transports to run between it and Oran, and then departed for Alcalá, where he made his entry with a sort of military triumph. A part of the walls had been broken down for him to pass through, but this honor he declined, and contented himself with entering through the usual gate, preceded by Moorish slaves leading camels laden with booty. The keys of Oran, chandeliers from the mosques, banners, and Arabic MSS. on medicine and astrology were presented to the university; and a tablet was placed in the Mozarabic chapel of the cathedral of Toledo, with an inscription recording the success of the expedition. Some of these curiosities are still shown to visitors in the cathedral; but the fame of Ximenes has little need of such memorials. As a martial expedition was an enterprise least to be expected of him, so it is that which marks him most prominently on the page of history.

The capture of Oran led to further conquests on the coasts of Africa; yet, after all, the declining power of Spain made it difficult to retain what she had acquired, and impossible to extend her dominions. In 1790, after a dreadful earthquake, Oran fell into the hands of the Dey of Algiers. Since then, it has been annexed to the French empire, under conditions more favorable to civilization than it enjoyed under Spanish rule.

One of the conditions attached by Ximenes to the conquest of Oran had been that it should either be annexed to the archbishopric of Toledo, or that the expenses he might incur should be refunded from the treasury. Cabals, however, were raised against him. He was charged with having enriched himself, and the promised conditions seemed likely to stay unfulfilled. He persisted in his claim, wrote to Ferdinand on the subject, and was mortified by seeing a commission appointed to examine his private apartments, in order to ascertain what part of the

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spoils he had reserved for himself. The account-book, which he handed to the commissioner, was the only reply he made to this indignity. Not long after, the king proposed that he should exchange the archbishopric of Toledo for that of Zaragoza, and yield the primacy to Ferdinand's natural son, a brave warrior and able politician, but a worldly prelate. To this unworthy proposal Ximenes made answer that he would never exchange his see for any other. He was willing to return to the poverty of a cloister, but if he held any see at all it should be that one over which Providence had appointed him to rule.

Cold and capricious as Ferdinand was sometimes toward the cardinal, he treated him with the same respect as ever when his own interests or those of the state seemed to require it. When he had espoused the cause of Julius II. against the King of France, he sent for Ximenes to meet him at Seville and aid him with his counsels. It was in the depth of winter, but the cardinal promptly obeyed the summons. He admired the bold attitude assumed by the pope, and heartily sympathized with his efforts to recover the territories which had been torn from the Church, to extend the temporal sovereignty of the successor of St. Peter, to compel his vassals to obey him, and to humble the power of Venice, then mistress of almost all his seaports. He saw with satisfaction the blows inflicted on the pride and insolence of the Baglionis and Bentivoglios, and he approved of the League of Cambray, by which Julius II., Louis XII., the Emperor of Germany, and the King of Spain bound themselves to enfeeble Venice and avenge the injuries she had done to the domains of the Church. But Ximenes, though he concurred in the papal policy as regards Venice, shared also the fears of the sovereign pontiff lest France should extend her possessions in the north of Italy. He justified Julius II. in withdrawing from the League into which he had entered, and was prepared to afford him every assistance in resisting the arrogance of Louis XII. when he seized on Bologna and convened a council at Pisa, in defiance of the Holy See. The adhesion of Ferdinand and Ximenes encouraged Pope Julius to form an alliance with Venice, and thus to oppose the united forces of the Emperor Maximilian and Louis XII. Under the auspices of these princes a schismatical council dared to assemble at Pisa, and afterward at Milan. Seven insubordinate cardinals and twenty bishops, chiefly French, were present at the opening, and in the eighth and ninth sessions they audaciously declared Julius II. deposed. But a general council, convened by the pope, met in the Lateran in 1512, condemned these schismatical proceedings, and restored the wavering to obedience. Even Maximilian deserted the King of France, and Henry VIII. of England sided with Ferdinand against the pope's enemies.

It may here be mentioned that Ximenes was averse to the distribution of indulgences under Julius II. and Leo X. for the completion of St. Peter's in Rome. The ground on which he disapproved of it was, that the relaxation of temporal punishment which these indulgences conferred might weaken and disturb ecclesiastical discipline. Devoutly submissive as he was to the Holy See, he nevertheless, as Gomez relates, advised Ferdinand to enact a law by which all papal bulls should, before publication, be submitted to a minister of state. His object was to guard against abuses, since dispensa-

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tions were often obtained too easily from Rome.

During Ferdinand's last illness, Ximenes occupied a prominent post in the affairs of state; and on one occasion, when the sovereign was absent from Castile, the government was entrusted to him, in concert with the royal council. It was, therefore, natural that, when the king died, he should be appointed regent during the minority of Charles V. Ferdinand had, it is true, objected to him as too austere, but he yielded to the advice of others, and consented to the appointment immediately before receiving the last sacraments. It was, he thought, an advantage in his case not to have been born of a noble family, since he could on that account conduct the administration with greater impartiality. Thus, on the 23d of January, 1516, Ximenes became once more the ruler of a nation daily rising in importance.

Another claimant of supreme power appeared on the scene. This was Dean Hadrian, afterward pope, who had been tutor to Prince Charles, and who produced a document signed by the prince, authorizing him to assume the regency of Castile in the event of Ferdinand's demise. The legal decision on the question was unfavorable to Hadrian's claim; but Ximenes, wishing to avoid disputes, consented to rule conjointly with his rival until Charles himself should decide by which of the two he would be represented. Nothing could exceed the promptitude and energy of the cardinal's measures. If an insurrection broke out, troops were despatched instantly to suppress it. Madrid was in the neighborhood of his own vassals, and he therefore chose it as the seat of government, lest he might in some other place be exposed to the violence of interfering grandees.

The authority given in the first instance to Ximenes was fully confirmed by Charles, and in a letter which he addressed to the cardinal he declared that "the most excellent clause he had found in his grandfather's will was that by which Ximenes was invested with the government of the kingdom and the administration of justice." The fame of the consummate wisdom, experience, and eminent virtues of the cardinal had reached, he said, even Flanders; and he therefore enjoined on all the members of his family, the nobles and prelates, to recognize him as regent. To Hadrian the prince assigned a subordinate post, and every arrangement was made with due regard to the rights of the unhappy Queen Joanna, whose derangement made her practically a cipher, though nominally supreme ruler. Her name preceded that of her son Charles in all public documents; but the prince was proclaimed King of Castile by order of Ximenes. It was not until Charles arrived in Spain that the Cortes of Aragon consented to recognize his title as king of that country also.

The height of power is generally the height of discomfort. Many of the nobles combined to harass Ximenes, and incite the people to rebel against "a monk of base extraction." They questioned his authority, and decided on sending messengers to Flanders to demand his dismissal. The cardinal, however, was fully apprised of all their plans; and it is said by Gomez that, when some of them waited on him to ask for the documents in virtue of which he held the regency, he took them to the window, and showing them a park of artillery, said, "These are the powers by which I govern Castile according to the king's will and command."

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He took, indeed, if Peter Martyr can be credited, great interest and pleasure in military affairs. He had heard Ferdinand expatiate on the advantages of a militia as opposed to an army recruited from different countries; and now that he was wielding dictatorial power, he resolved to put the scheme in execution. He conferred with the senate, and issued a proclamation inviting the enlistment of volunteers. They were, with the exception of officers and musicians, to serve without pay, but in return they were exempted from taxes, socages, and all other charges. Immediate success attended this measure. Thirty thousand citizens were speedily enrolled, and were daily drilled in public. The compliments paid to Ximenes by ambassadors, and the envious cavillings of foreign princes, sufficiently proved the wisdom of this organization. It encountered great opposition from the nobles, but, being endorsed by the special approval of Charles, it triumphed ultimately over every obstacle.

Ximenes's attention, at the same time, was turned to the maritime power of the kingdom. He added twenty trireme galleys to the navy, and put the entire fleet in movement against the Moors and pirates who infested the Spanish coasts. The seas were thus cleared of "Red Rovers," and Pope Leo X. congratulated the cardinal on the success of his marine administration. His government was assailed on all sides, but the great churchman was never at a loss. Whether he had to meet invading forces on the frontier, or suppress rebellion in the interior, he was in the highest degree prompt and resolute; he struck terror into his foes, and earned the absent sovereign's warmest gratitude. He was equally attentive to the details of government and to its general aims. He caused exact accounts to be drawn up of the revenues, finances, and laws of the three military orders; and was preparing similar documents relative to the kingdom at large when arrested in his labors by the hand of death. To relieve the royal treasury he suppressed numerous sinecures, beginning with those held by his own friends, and remonstrated with Charles on his lavish expenditure.

Successful as Ximenes had been in the capture of Oran, it was his misfortune afterward to be foiled and worsted by a robber. The name of Horac Barbarossa was feared throughout the Mediterranean. He was scarcely twenty years of age when a pirate-fleet of forty galleys sailed under his command. Though a cannon-ball carried off his left arm in an attack on Bugia in 1515, he returned to the assault, took the citadel, and put the entire Christian garrison to death. He roused the fanaticism of the Moslems, and excited them to throw off the Spanish yoke. The King of Algiers sought his aid against the Spaniards; but the treacherous pirate murdered his friend in a bath, seized the throne, and refused to pay tribute to Spain. He also took the King of Tunis prisoner, and put him to death. A talkative and bragging general, named Vera, was sent by Ximenes with 8000 men to reduce this brigand and usurper to subjection. But he was too strong and skilful for the blundering Vera. The Spanish expedition utterly failed, and the two-armed general who could not beat the one-armed buccaneer was an object of ridicule and scorn to women and children when he returned to Spain.

The conquest of Granada had been the means of bringing into public notice two of the greatest men of

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that or any other age. The appointment of Talavera to the see of Granada led to Ximenes being summoned to court to fill his place as confessor to the queen; and in the joy felt by Isabella at the final victory over the Moors in Spain she granted Columbus the vessels he had solicited during many years. In March, 1493, the glorious adventurer returned from the far West, and brought with him numerous proofs of the extent and importance of his distant discoveries. The natives whom he had on board his ships increased the desire of Ferdinand and Isabella to impart the blessings of Christianity to their new subjects; and Ximenes, then occupied with the conversion of the Spanish Moors, was anxious to co-operate with the sovereigns for the repression of crime and cruelty in the American colonies, and in the instruction of the caciques and the Indian tribes in the faith of the gospel. It is well known how long and how miserably these pious designs were frustrated by the barbarity of Spanish governors, the rapacity and license of Spanish sailors, convicts, and settlers. It is not surprising that the cacique Hatuey vowed he would rather not go to heaven if the Spaniards were there.

The royal decrees respecting slavery had been hesitating and contradictory; nor were the religious orders in the New World agreed as to the practice that should be pursued. Some of the governors allowed the natives to be treated as slaves, while others received orders from the home government to limit slavery to the case of cannibals. When Ximenes became regent, he carefully investigated the matter, heard a number of witnesses, and formed his own resolution independently of other counsellors. The principal caciques were to be called together, and informed, in the name of Queen Isabella and her son Charles, that they were free subjects, and that, though the tribes would be required to pay a certain tribute, their rights, liberties, and interests would be protected. The caciques would rule in the several territories and villages in conjunction with a priest and royal administrator; religion would be taught, civilization promoted, merciful laws introduced, and traffic in slaves, whether Indian or negro, strictly forbidden. It was found by subsequent experience that these wise and merciful regulations were too good for the purpose required; that it would be dangerous to emancipate the Indians suddenly; and that it could only be done after a sufficient number of negro slaves had been imported from Africa.

The authority of Ximenes during the latter part of his regency was disputed, not merely by factious nobles, but also by Dean Hadrian and the Seigneur de la Chaux. They sought to establish a triumvirate, and reduce Ximenes to a second-rate power. But the cardinal receiving some papers to which they had first affixed their signatures, he immediately ordered fresh copies to be made, and signed them himself *only*. From that time neither La Chaux nor Hadrian was ever allowed to sign a decree. They complained, indeed, to the king, but with little effect. Ximenes paid no attention to the remonstrance of the royal ambassador, and the affair ended by his exclusive authority being recognized and approved.

The machinations of his enemies ceased only with his life. To the last, intrigues, jealousies, and calumnies hedged in his path with thorns. In August, 1517, it is said, an attempt was made to poison him; and it would have succeeded had not his

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servant, according to custom, first tasted every dish set before him, and fallen seriously ill at Bozeguillas. His health was failing fast when Charles arrived from Flanders, and the courtiers used every artifice to prevent his having an interview with the young prince. They feared the influence of his genius and experience, and hoped that death might speedily rid them of his presence. Issuing vigorous orders daily for the government of the state, he calmly awaited the arrival of the king, and of his own approaching end, in the monastery of Aguilera. There he renewed and corrected the will by which he left the bulk of his vast property to the University of Alcalá. He often blessed God for enabling him to say that he had never knowingly injured any man, but had administered justice even-handed. The peace of his own conscience did not preserve him from the persecution and insults of his enemies. They even indulged their spite by the paltry annoyance of quartering his servants in a neighboring village, instead of their being under the same roof with their master, when, wrapped in furs, he took his last journey to meet Charles, and welcome him to his kingdom and throne. From the sovereign himself he received a heartless letter, thanking him for all his great services, and expressing a hope that they should meet at Mojados; but after their meeting, he suggested that the cardinal should be relieved of his arduous duties; in other words, that he should share no longer in the conduct of public affairs. This cruel letter is thought by many writers to have hastened Ximenes's death, while others are of opinion that it was never delivered to him, and that he was thus spared a wanton addition to the pangs of dying.

Ximenes died in all respects the death of the righteous. The language of contrition and praise was on his lips, and the crucifix in his hand. He recommended the University of Alcalá to the king in his last moments, together with the monasteries he had founded. He expired, exclaiming, "*In te, Domine, speravi,*" on Sunday, the 8th of November, 1517, in the eighty-second year of his age. All the surrounding country hastened to kiss his hands while his body lay in state. The corpse was embalmed, and conveyed by slow stages, and amid the blaze of numberless torches, to Torrelaguna, his birthplace, and afterward to Alcalá, the city of his adoption. Arriving there on the Feast of St. Eugene, the first Archbishop of Toledo, the day was celebrated yearly from that time by a funeral service and panegyric in honor of Ximenes. Fifty-eight years after the university was founded, his monument was enclosed in bronze tablets, on which the chief events in his career were represented. Thus, by sermons, by external images, by tradition, and by history, the memory of this remarkable man was kept alive. Posterity became indulgent to his defects. They were specks in a blaze of light. Heroism and saintdom encircled his memory with effulgent halos. His person became familiar to the Spaniard's eye: his tall, thin frame, his aquiline nose, his high forehead, his piercing, deep-set eyes, and those two prominent eye-teeth which gained him the nickname of "the elephant." According to the custom of the time, he kept a jester, and his dwarf's jokes diverted him when depressed with violent headaches, or worn with the affairs of state and opposition of factious men. Study was his delight. He never felt too old to learn, and he frequently assisted at public disputations. Prayer lay at the root of his

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greatness; it regulated his ambition, tamed his impetuosity, and filled him with the love of justice. It made him severe toward himself, firm and fearless, equally capable of wielding a sceptre of iron and a pastoral crook. You may search as you will for historical parallels, but Ximenes is the only prime-minister in the world who was held to be a saint by the people he ruled, and the only primate who has acquired lasting renown in such varied characters as ascetic, soldier, chieftain, scholar, man of letters, statesman, reformer, and regent.

FROM LA REVUE DU MONDE CATHOLIQUE.

THE IGNORANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

A RECENT and famous circular respecting the education of women has called attention to the public schools of France, and the revolutionary journals have unanimously profited by the opportunity to load past ages with sarcasm and irony. It is because there is a question of religion in this case, as in all the principal incidents of the time. The antichristian press is but little interested in the degree of knowledge diffused in the middle ages, or in the pretended degradation of the people of Rome;* but under these deceitful pretexts is concealed a design, persistently and ardently pursued—the annihilation of Christianity. Christianity must be put down because it is now the only force that strongly resists unruly passions, and because modern barbarians, eager to possess the goods they covet, wish to submit no longer to any obstacle or delay.

Let not Christians be deceived by the hypocritical protestations of respect uttered by this enemy, to whom falsehood is a jest. Let them not grow weary of countermining the subterranean attacks carried on against the city. For each assault let there be a sortie; for each new battery, a new bastion! Resources are not wanting; we possess facts, works, men, the testimony of history, and even the admission of our enemies, and we are sure victory will be ours in the end.

A former essay* depicted the savage brutality of the barbarous nations converted to Christianity, their passions, their vices, their ferocity, and their excesses. We will now show what the church did in one particular to subdue, civilize, and elevate them, by diffusing with unparalleled munificence the most extended, the most general and complete course of instruction ever given to the world; how, in the most troublous times—in the tenth century, for example—the church was the inviolable guardian of the productions of the human mind; what ardor for knowledge it excited in these men, but recently so violent and so material; and besides its saints, what

* The degradation of which an editor of the *Journal des Débats* (M. J. Janin) wrote in 1836: "Talk to me of the enslaved country of the Holy Father as free!"

* "Les Barbares et le Moyen Age," *Revue du Monde Cath.*, of Aug. 10 and Sept. 10, 1867.

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learned men, it formed—what great men, full of talent and genius!

I.

CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITY.

Some writers, having lost the spirit of Christianity, have denied that Christian antiquity had a taste for science and literature, and have stigmatized the middle ages as *dark*. If they had been Christians, they would have known that this accusation is as erroneous as it is injurious—was contrary to the very principles of Christianity.

Pagan society, established, with a view to this life, for the well-being of a few, kept the people in ignorance in order to keep them in servitude. Ignorance, by rendering men material, disposes them to servility and strengthens tyranny. It had academies for the free-born, but not for the slave. Why trouble themselves about the minds of those miserable creatures who were "incapable of good, of evil, and of virtue," who were called speaking instruments and chattels? It had philosophers, poets, and learned men, but no popular schools; for it loved science and not man.

The first principle of Christianity, on the contrary, is love. Love is without narrowness: it does not repel, it attracts: it is not exclusive, it is all-embracing: it seeketh not its own, it is generously and openly diffusive, it searches out and summons the whole world: *Venite ad me omnes.* Christianity knows only one race of men who are all equal. Its other name is *Catholicism, universality.* It has but one object, which is supernatural—to lead men to God.

In order that man may aspire to this sublime end, he must be made free—*cui liber, est liber*—must be enlightened, that he may comprehend the Supreme Intelligence that created him. Christianity breathes into man "that ardent love of knowledge"* which buoys up his wings: it lights up before him a perspective extending to the very confines of heaven. "The more fully man comprehends in what way God has established everything in number, weight, and measure, the more ardent is his love for him," says a simple nun† of the middle ages, beautifully expressing the idea of the church. This is the reason why Christianity has patronized science, and diffused and cultivated it.

As soon as Christianity had a foothold in the world, instead of turning toward a few, like the philosophers, it addresses all—the poor who had been despised, the lowly who had been made use of, and the slaves who had not been counted. The door of knowledge was opened wide to plebeians. "We teach philosophy to fullers and shoemakers," says St. Chrysostom. From the depths of the catacombs, where they were obliged to conceal themselves, the first pontiffs, whose lives for three centuries terminated by martyrdom, founded schools in every parish of Rome, and ordered the priests to assemble the children of the country in order to instruct them. What, then, was the result when Christianity, issuing from the bowels of the earth, bloomed forth in freedom? There were schools everywhere, monastic schools, schools in the priests' houses,‡ episcopal schools, established by Gregory the Great, and schools at the entrance of churches, (as in the portico of the cathedral of Lucca, in the eighth century.) The decrees of councils, the decretals of

* J. de Maistre, *Du Pape*, iv. 3.

† Roswitha, *Paphnuce.*

‡ A council of the sixteenth century speaks of schools in the priests' houses.

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popes, attest the desire of distributing to all the food of the mind, and of multiplying schools.* And who were their first masters? The priests, bishops, and doctors of the church. "It is our duty," (it is a pope who speaks,) "to endeavor to dispel ignorance." † Ulphidas, a bishop of the fifth century, translated the Bible into the language of the Goths, for the instruction of the barbarians; and at a later period, Albertus Magnus and St. Bonaventura composed abridgments of the Scriptures for the poor, called the *Bible of the Poor*, *Biblia Pauperum*. "If the important knowledge of reading and writing was spread among the people, it was owing to the church," says St. Simon the Reformer.‡

And how did the church bestow it? Gratuitously, "to all who could not pay for it." The church is truly democratic, according to the modern expression, or rather, it is an institution of charity; gratuitous instruction is its conception which it put into execution. (Ventura.) Listen to its councils: "Every cathedral and every church that has the means is obliged to found a professorship of theology for ecclesiastics, and provide a master for the gratuitous instruction of the poor, *according to the ancient customs*.§ It is thus it understood *obligatory* instruction, not imposed on those who received it, which would be tyranny, but exacted from those who gave it, which was an act of virtue.

But was it elementary knowledge alone? Does the church disdain literature, which a father calls the ornament and consolation of the wretchedness of man — polite literature, the humanities *par excellence*, because they sustain humanity in the combat of life? Certainly not; the church found the pagan world powerful and renowned for its attainments in literature, the sciences, and the arts; it would not leave to that world its superiority; it would also become the patron of knowledge, because that would aid in the progress of truth. "We ought," says St. Basil, "to study the profane sciences before penetrating the mysteries of sacred knowledge, that we may become accustomed to their radiance."* The church exhorted its children to the acquirement of knowledge; nay, it even wished itself to excel therein, and it succeeded so as to terrify its enemies, as in the case of Julian the Apostate, who, to crush the church, undertook to prohibit it from studying the sciences. Where shall we find men more learned than Clement of Alexandria, who fathomed and explained the origin of pagan mythology; St. Basil and the two Gregorys, who, pupils of the Athenian school, acquired there the eloquence in which they equalled Demosthenes; St. Augustine, whose work, *De Civitate Dei*, is the compendium of all knowledge, philosophy, literature, science, and the entire history of the world; and Origen, before whom the most celebrated masters of the East rose up and ceased to teach, intimidated by his presence? "We are not afraid," says St. Jerome, "of any kind of comparison!"

The church thus continues: "Study," wrote Cassiodorus, in the fifth century, to his monks—"study Galen,

* Report of the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Duruy, 1865.

† Innocent III. at the Council of 1215.

‡ *La Science de l'Histoire.*

§ The Council of Constantinople in 680; then the Councils of Lateran in 1179 and 1215, and the Council of Lyons in 1245. In the eighth century Theodolphus, Bishop of Orleans, wrote to his priests: "Exact no pay for the instruction of children, and receive nothing, except what is offered voluntarily and through affection, by the parents."

* *Discourse on the Utility of reading Profane Literature.* See also St. Gregory of Nazianzen, *Discourse at the Funeral of St. Basil.*

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Hippocrates, Dioscorides, and the other authors you find in the library." The course of study at Salernum was pursued by a great number of clerics, priests, and bishops:* priests learned history, grammar, Greek, and geometry at the school in the Basilica of Lateran.† Where did the Greek artists, driven out by iconoclasts, take refuge? In Rome, under the protection of the popes. Who were the first historians of the West? Priests and bishops: Gregory of Tours, Fredegarius, Eginhard, Odo, and Flodoard. There is an ecclesiastical tone throughout the entire Merovingian literature—the legends, hymns, and chronicles.‡ Even the poets, Fortunatus and Sidonius Apollinaris, are priests familiar with the works of antiquity. "I am engaged," wrote Alcuin to Charlemagne, "in giving instruction to some by drawing from the fount of Holy Writ, and intoxicating others with the old wine of the ancient schools." And for what purpose? He continues: "In order that the church may profit by the increase of knowledge." Finally, when a pope, great through his genius and his sanctity—Gregory VII.—was inspired with the noble ambition of christianizing the world, he called science to his aid, revived the ancient canons that instituted schools for the liberal arts in the vicinity of cathedrals;§ "desiring a saintly clergy, he wished them also learned."* And it is so truly the spirit of Christianity that schools are multiplied in proportion to its diffusion. Clovis hardly received baptism when schools were established even in his palace;† the more fully kings were imbued with a Christian spirit, the more letters were protected and honored. Theodosius, who almost attained to sanctity by his penitence, decreed that masters, after teaching twenty years, should be ennobled with the title of count, and be on an equality with the lieutenants of the prefect of the pretorian guards; and Charlemagne, the great Christian emperor, established under his eye an academy, which, we are told, was called the Palatial School: the palace was consecrated to science, and its true name would have been the Scholastic Palace.‡

II.

THE TENTH CENTURY.

We are not contradicted. Yes, in the first centuries the church favored knowledge; but there is an exception: from the ninth to the eleventh century, letters almost entirely disappeared, the light of knowledge was obscured, and this epoch is justly called *the night of the middle ages.*

It is not so; a multitude of witnesses prove how unfounded is this prejudice.§

Letters never perished. In the sanguinary tumult, the royal offspring of intelligence was saved by a pious

* Daremberg, *Cours de 1866 sur l'Histoire de la Medecine.*

† And in the Benedictine monasteries.

‡ D'Espinay, *Influence of Canon Law on French Legislation.*

§ Innocent III. continued the work; he extended the obligation of acquiring knowledge among the priests. "The bishop will ascertain," says he, "the capacity of those on whom he confers holy orders. It is better to have a few who are learned to serve the altar than many who are ignorant." And in our own day the Roman College gives gratuitous instruction in the classics and in the higher sciences, theology, philosophy, law, medicine, astronomy, etc., which does not prevent the revolutionary journals from declaring the pontifical government an enemy of progress and of light.

* Ozanam, *Le Christianisme chez les Barbares.*

† Dom Pitra, *Rapport sur une Mission scientifique*, 1850.

‡ Dom Pitra, *Histoire de St. Léger*, ix.

§ That is to say, the erudite men who have carefully studied this confused epoch and have arrived at the same conclusion, whatever their philosophical opinions: Littré and Ozanam, Daremberg and Villemain, Renan and Dantier, Hallam and Berrington, etc.

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hand, and protected that it might be restored some day to the world—great, powerful, and fit to reign.*

Charlemagne was hardly laid in his tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle, when his lords, barons, counts, dukes, and the inferior leaders dispersed and established in a thousand places their divided rule; furious and devastating wars overwhelmed the people and spread terror in every heart through the country; there was no longer peace, security, or leisure. Were intellectual pursuits suspended during that time? No. Throughout Europe, then a field of battle, sheltered in the valleys and intrenched on the summits of the mountains, were fortresses, which became the asylum of knowledge, with an army resolved to defend it—monks in their convents. Italy was like a camp with a reserve corps of instruction: there soldiers were formed and organized and drilled in the use of all kinds of arms; the Benedictines of Monte Casino, "where ancient literature was constantly studied,"† the ecclesiastical schools of Modena, the episcopal schools of Milan, the school of jurisprudence at Lucca, of rhetoric at Ravenna, of literature at Verona, of the seven arts at Parma, of grammar at Pavia, and, in the midst, Rome, guardian of the heritage of ancient traditions and the seat of the papacy, "which has always surpassed all other nations in learning."‡ Beyond the Alps, traverse Provence, almost Italian, Languedoc, also half Roman in learning and in language, on the banks of the Loire you will find these abbeys, famous as seats of learning: Fleury, St. Benoît, and Ligugé, (near Poitiers;) and proceeding to the north, Ferrière, Saint Wandrille, Luxeuil, Corbie, and Le Bec, (in the eleventh century.) From Lyons you could see, far away on the mountain-heights of Switzerland, Reichnau, whose garrison was re-enforced by foreigners who crossed the water, (Irish monks,) and St. Gall, whose monks quote the *Iliad*. In Spain, Christians did not strive in valor alone with the Moors; they vied in learning with the Arabs, and studied and translated their works. The *mêlée* was universal. Luitprand, an Englishman, who took part in it, as well as Gerbert, a Frenchman, heard ten languages spoken there; among others, Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, and Latin.* Cross the Channel: in England at every step are colleges and seminaries: that far-off murmur comes from the seven thousand students of Armagh, in Ireland. And if you penetrate the wilds of Germany, among the Saxons but just converted, you will discover the advanced posts—the school of Fulden, founded by St. Boniface; New Corbie on the Weser, where, at a later day, were found the five books of the *Annals* of Tacitus; and what is more, a convent of learned nuns—the Monastery of Roswitha.

This is the main army, and it is not without support. The leaders of the people and the directors of souls do not abandon these valiant troops. Kings, when they have the power and the leisure, send them re-enforcements: there are the schools of Eugene II. for the study of the liberal arts; of grammar under Lothaire in France; of jurisprudence

* In the tenth century, we include the end of the ninth and the beginning of the eleventh, as men who lived at the end of the seventeenth century and the commencement of the nineteenth are considered as belonging to the eighteenth: Fontenelle and Delille, for example.

† And a great number of other religious houses; as late as the seventeenth century there were more than three hundred.

‡ Villemain, *Histoire de la Littérature au Moyen Age*, lesson xx.

* Greek by merchants, Hebrew by the Jews, Arabic everywhere, while Latin is the foundation of the national tongue.

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at Angers; of Edward the Confessor in England. It is not till the time of Henry of Germany that princes are unmindful of them. He wuld not listen to the petition of a poet for schools of *belles-lettres* and law. These are the scattered forts that support and bind together the main army.

But perhaps they are destitute of arms and have no arsenals and ammunition? What, then, are all these books of medicine dating from the seventh to the tenth century, "accumulated in all the convents"?*—the celebrated libraries of Ferrière and Bobbio, which owned Aristotle and Demosthenes; of Reichnau, which in 850 possessed four hundred volumes catalogued; the Greek manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries discovered at Rome, Verona, Monte Casino,† and at Tournay;‡ the copies of ancient authors, made in the ninth and tenth centuries by the monks of St. Gall?§ Do you not hear resounding the most illustrious names—of poets, historians, philosophers, and orators—Homer, Seneca, Ovid, Sallust, and Pliny?‖ This one, like a watchman who calls for help from the mountain-heights, (Lupus, abbot of Ferrière to Pope Benedict III.,) requests the loan of the *Orator* of Cicero, the *Institutions* of Quintilian, and a commentary of Terence; another (see *Life of St. Columba*) quotes Titus Livius; others (see *Acts of the Saints*) quote Horace; treaties are fortified with passages from Cicero;¶ and there is not a barbarous chronicle in which there are not lightning-like flashes from the inspired lines of Virgil.*

They do not lack arms, and they make use of them. They have captains — leaders who are capable, learned, and indefatigable. They are well known: Abbo, abbot of Fleury-sur-Loire, who is called the "Alcuin of the tenth century," who wrote a history of the popes, on philosophy, physics, and astronomy, and the commander of a numerous corps of more than five thousand students, among whom is one who translated Euclid;† Flodoard, author of *La Chronique de France;* the thirty-two professors of *belles-lettres* at Salernum; St. Fulbert and Henry of Auxerre, in France; Elphege at Monte Casino; in Spain, Petrus Alphonsus, who compares the literature of France with that of his own country;‡ in England, Odo and St. Dunstan, a geometrician, musician, painter, and sculptor;§ and finally, that wonderful man, who made the tour of the world of learning and was familiar with every part of it—mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, literature, and philosophy — at once a prince of the church and of science —Gerbert.‖

But, blockaded in their fortresses by barbarism, brigandage, and tyranny, what important deeds could they achieve, what feats of arms, what expeditions? In the first place, they held their position by keeping the ramparts in constant repair. In the scriptorium of every abbey, a numerous detachment of patient copyists, bending all day over manuscripts,

* Dantier, *Missions scientifiques.*
† Renan, *Missions scientifiques.*
‡ Dom Pitra, *ibid.*
§ Dantier, *ibid.*
‖ There are proofs, says Daremberg, that the Franks of the age of Charlemagne read Pliny. These books were not lost, but preserved in the convents.
¶ Dom Pitra, *Missions scientifiques.*

* See Villemain, *Histoire de la Littérature du Moyen Age*, lesson x.
† There is a second Abbo in the tenth century—a monk also, and a poet.
‡ In his book *De Disciplinâ Cleri.* See Dom Pitria, *Histoire de St. Léger.*
§ Berrington, *History of Literature in the Ninth and Tenth Centuries.*
‖ Gaillard, in his *Histoire de Charlemagne*, gives a list of masters who succeeded each other without interruption from Alcuin till the twelfth century.

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transcribed the holy books and the masterpieces of antiquity, and rendered eminent service to the arts, to letters, and to history by preserving and keeping in order the store of munitions which otherwise would have been squandered and for ever lost. At the same time, watchful sentinels on the walls observed all that was passing in the world without, and made an exact report of it; that is to say, they drew up those chronicles, charters, and cartularies in which were recorded facts, names, contracts, donations, and the changes in the countries in which they lived, among the people they directed, in the lands they cultivated, the sovereigns who ruled over them, and the conquerors who despoiled them.* And that the descriptions might be complete, painters illuminated the margins of the vellum manuscripts, supplying by delicate and faithful miniatures in the brightest colors what was wanting in the text, general details respecting the splendor of the vestments, the sculptures on the walls and the ornaments of the houses, thus bequeathing to posterity a lively and true portrayal of their time. And the whole makes up the immense and inexhaustible treasure where we find depicted the manners, customs, classes of society, the nature of the soil, and facts respecting the tillers of the earth, their lords, and the church, forming the moral, industrial, and agricultural history of all Christendom. These transcripts, chronicles, and paintings are the magazines, casemates, and bastions without which the citadel of letters and science would have been dismantled and rendered uninhabitable for generations to come!

They did not confine themselves to this; nothing was neglected that should occupy a well-organized army; first, regular exercise, which makes the soldier active, robust, and ready for any duty; the study of the liberal arts, divided into two classes for the recruits and the veterans: the *quadrivium*, (arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy,) and the *trivium* (grammar, rhetoric, and dialectics.*) These labors were carried on in the interior of the fortress. They also made expeditions and sallies to keep the ways of access clear —commentaries upon authors, variations of texts, (as the commentaries on the *Fasti* of Ovid,† the treatise *De Senectute*, with different readings of the same text,‡ and numerous manuscripts with Greek annotations.§) They undertook sieges, for a translation may be called a siege; everywhere you could find real workshops for translating Greek authors into Latin, such as books of medicine, (Galen, Hippocrates, and Oribasus,) the fathers, (the *Homilies* of St. John Chrysostom,) and the principal ancient authors,‖ (the *Logic* of Aristotle.) Under the guidance of the leaders already named, they went forth to daily combat and even to fight great battles; in the schools, colleges, monasteries, and public lectures, professors, doctors, and students¶ stimulated the public mind; they touched on every science, and treated, under the names of nominalism and realism, of all those questions about which man is continually agitated—his nature, his origin, his relations with God, and his destiny;

* It is sufficient to mention the *Polyptique* of the abbot Irminon, (tenth century,) and the numerous cartularies that have been published within half a century.

* Mentioned by Roswitha in the tenth century.

† Found at Reichnau by M. Dantier.

‡ At Mr. Philipps's in England, by Dom Pitra.

§ At Monte Casino, by M. Renan.

‖ See Daremberg, *ibid.* A proof, says M. Littré, in *Les Barbares et le Moyen Age*, that during the Merovingian and Carlovingian periods the Greek filiation of the sciences was preserved. As to medical science, he adds, it is evidently not a simple question of medicine.

¶ Béranger, Lanfranc, Roscelin, etc.

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struggles constantly renewed, in which they fought furiously and displayed all their strength by quotations from authors, allusions to celebrated events and to sayings of antiquity, (for example, the sarcasm of Julian to the Christians, mentioned by Roswitha;* the veil given by a king of England to the Abbey of Croyland, on which was embroidered the Ruin of Troy;† the Latin war hymn chanted at Modena, which alludes to the devotedness of Codrus;‡) brilliant tournaments in which, like knights of prowess, some endeavored to distinguish themselves by a display of erudition better suited, it might seem, to the refined age of the sixteenth century than to the tenth. They signed acts written in Greek;§ in Latin verse;‖ they wrote the lives of the saints in French verse;¶ the kings of England prided themselves on the name of *βασιλεύς*; they spoke Greek in ordinary intercourse.** These knights of science, like the paladins in the combats with giants, displayed wondrous feats. "I am over shoes in Cicero's *Rhetoric*," writes Ingulphus, Abbot of Croyland.††

They did not confine themselves to the defensive. In studying the ancient writers they were inspired to imitate them, and they went forth into the open field and vied in a thousand works of the imagination—fiction, poetry—(hymns, poems of the eleventh century, and history.) What is more, they undertook fatiguing and dangerous expeditions into far-off and almost unknown countries—archæology, which had not then a name, (see "the valuable manuscripts of the tenth century, discovered by Mabillon at Einsiedeln, which treat of Roman inscriptions;") cosmography, in which they divined truths of the highest importance. The Irish monk Virgilius taught in Bohemia the antipodes, and consequently that the earth is round. He was not comprehended: they supposed him to believe there were other lands under our earth, with another sun, another moon, and inhabitants for whom Christ did not die, and he was excommunicated. He went to Rome, where he was permitted to explain his theory; the pope withdrew his anathema and elevated him to the episcopacy.* Finally, the drama, into which was infused a new and original character. Whilst the monk Virgilius taught the true form of the earth, the nun Roswitha composed her tragedies, the first specimens of the Christian drama, at once full of the reminiscences of antiquity and the spirit of the gospel.

You will see by all this activity, this animation, and these names, "that the tenth century has been unjustly accused of barbarism" (Magnin)—that age in which there was such a taste for classical studies that "many Christians," says Roswitha, "preferred the vanity of pagan books to the utility of the Holy Scriptures, on account of the elegance of their style," and that, far from meriting the appellation of the Iron Age, it should rather be called "a great centre of light."† When we look

* Christians should congratulate themselves on being deprived of their riches, for Christ said: "Every one of you that doth not renounce all that he possesseth cannot be my disciple." See the *Gallicanus*.

† See Darboy, *Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury*.

‡ A Latin hymn was also chanted at Pisa, in the eleventh century, to celebrate a victory over the Saracens.

§ At Poitiers, at the end of the ninth century.

‖ At Sienna.

¶ In 1050, Thibaud de Vernon, canon at Rouen.

** The monks of England and Ireland.

†† Tenth century.

* Quatrefages, *Peuplement de l'Amérique*, which proves: 1. The geographical knowledge of the times. 2. The perpetuity of tradition. 3. The intercourse of different nations. 4. The tolerance of the church. Bouillet, in his *Dictionnaire universelle d'Histoire et de Géographie*, is deceived on this point.

† Dom Pitra, *Rapport sur une Mission scien-*

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down from the lofty elevation of the nineteenth century, which is called the age of progress, into this deep gulf of the middle ages—the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries—we are not astonished at its darkness, but by the brilliant rays that issue from it. It is not an abyss. At the first glance there seem to be only a few points of light; but the eye is soon attracted by a multitude of peaks everywhere rising up with brilliant summits and resplendent glaciers sparkling with radiant light. We are astonished and give ourselves up to admiration, in the words of the poet who, perceiving the Alps afar off, thinks that

[illegible]

but when he reaches them,

[illegible]

stationary and shut up in their fortresses without endeavoring to see and know each other. It is precisely the contrary. There was a constant and ardent desire for intercourse which caused nations to mingle and exchange languages, ideas, and customs. What was the consequence of the incessant wars, if not to lead men of the North to the South, those of the East to the West, the people of Normandy to Naples and to England, the Britons of Armorica into Great Britain, and *vice versa*, (from the fifth to the eleventh century;)* the Burgundians into Lusitania, where they founded the kingdom of Portugal, (Henry of Burgundy, in the eleventh century, accompanied by knights and troubadours)? And then the varied and extensive commerce of the great cities of France and of the rich and industrious Flemish cities whose ports filled with vessels from every land, resounded, as we are told by the chroniclers, with the sounds of all languages! And the numerous fairs, Beaucaire, Nogent, and the Landit at St. [illegible] Champagne, the Ascension at Saumur, the Lendit—and which were the universities of the middle ages! [illegible] the universities of the Italian [illegible] Bologna, Padua, Salerno, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Milan, Pavia, Turin, Perugia, Siena, Ferrara, Modena, Parma, Piacenza, Urbino, Camerino, Macerata, Fermo, Ancona, Sassari, Cagliari, Catania, Palermo, Messina, Monreale, Mondovi, Vercelli, Asti, Alessandria, Novara, Tortona, Casale, Acqui, Ivrea, Saluzzo, Fossano, Cuneo, Savigliano, Mondovi, Ceva, Garessio, Oneglia, Albenga, Finale, Savona, Noli, Voltri, Sestri, Chiavari, Rapallo, Portofino, Recco, Sori, Camogli, Nervi, Quarto, Quinto, Sestri Ponente, Cornigliano, Pegli, Voltaggio, Gavi, Novi, Serravalle, Arquata, Ovada, Rossiglione, Campo Freddo, Masone, Cremolino, Molare, Tagliolo, Silvano, Rocca Grimalda, Carpeneto, Mornese, Lerma, Cassinelle, Ponzone, Cartosio, Sezzadio, Strevi, Cassine, Rivalta, Bormida, Alice, Castelnuovo, Bormida, Cavatore, Melazzo, Orsara, Bistagno, Terzo, Cassinasco, Canelli, Nizza, Monferrato, Incisa, Scapaccino, Vinchio, Castelnuovo, Calcea, Mombaruzzo, Agliano, Castelnuovo, Don Bosco, Montafia, Cortazzone, Cocconato, Moncalvo, Grana, Montemagno, Casorzo, Ottiglio, Cella, Monte, Serralunga, Di Crea, Pontestura, Ozzano, Frassinello, Treville, Ticineto, Valenza, Mede, Lomellina, Vigevano, Mortara, Garlasco, Gambolò, Sartirana, Lomellina, Cassolnovo, Robbio, Confienza, Palestro, Casalino, Sozzago, Nicorvo, Galliate, Romentino, Trecate, Cameri, Novara, Agognate, Biandrate, Mezzomerico, Vespolate, Terdobbiate, Oleggio, Castello, Oleggio, Bellinzago, Novarese, Momo, Cavaglietto, Suno, Granozzo, Con Monticello, Nibbiola, Casalbeltrame, Casalvolone, Garbagna, Novarese, Fontaneto, Grignasco, Prato, Sesia, Ghemme, Romagnano, Sesia, Sizzano, Fara, Novarese, Briona, Boca, Maggiora, Cavallirio, Prato, Sesia, Grignasco, Gattinara, Lozzolo, Roasio, Arborio, Greggio, Palazzolo, Vercellese, Rovasenda, Vercelli, Asigliano, Vercellese, Costanzana, Trino, Fontanetto, Po, Crescentino, Fontanetto, Po, Livorno, Ferraris, Saluggia, Cigliano, Moncrivello, Carisio, Santhià, Arborio, Tronzano, Vercellese, Buronzo, Balocco

which its adventurous citizens penetrated, (as in the case of Marco Polo and several others,) and with the extreme East, which the nineteenth century has only just discovered, if we may dare say so, and allied with the rest of the world.*

The love of knowledge also drew nations together. Learned men did not hesitate to undertake long journeys, to cross the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the sea, that they might pursue their studies in Italy, (as Fortunatus at Ravenna in the sixth century,) obtain books on medicine, (Richer in the eleventh century,)† meet English students in Spain, (Peter the Venerable in the twelfth century,) hold converse with some doctor at Bologna, or some monk in a monastery of the Apennines. How could there be no intercourse between the universities of Salamanca, of Pavia, of Oxford, and of Paris, when the same questions were discussed at them all; when the metaphysical heresies which sprang from one were refuted in another five hundred leagues distant;‡ when the masters and pupils of Germany, England, Spain, France, and Italy flocked to these schools; from France to Padua, from England to Valencia, and from all countries to Paris, where, almost at the same time, disputations were carried on by Englishmen, Italians, Irishmen, and Germans, who were to be known as Dante, Duns Scotus, Roger Bacon, Brunetto Latini, Albertus Magnus, Alexander of Hales, and St. Thomas Aquinas? It has been said that for literature to flourish, a nation must be invigorated by powerful and varied deeds:* at what epoch was there a more stirring and varied life than in the middle ages?

Follow the continued journeys of the poet-historian Froissart to and fro in every direction, in France and without, now at the foot of the Pyrenees at the Château de Foix, and now in Italy, where, at Milan, he meets another poet, Chaucer of England, who had come to visit Genoa, Padua, etc. From Brittany he goes to Flanders, and even to Zealand, where he forms a friendship with a Portuguese lord. He thinks nothing of crossing the water; he goes to England repeatedly, dwells there, and penetrates even to Scotland, then "an unknown land." He traverses France from one end to the other; is in Spain to-day and to-morrow in Germany. Would you not think you were reading the life of a modern individual? He is called a chronicler: a chronicler indeed, and after the manner of the men of our own time; like them, chronicler and tourist, traversing earth and sea to participate in festivities, witness battles, and mingle in courts.†

Yes, kings, conquerors, and those in pursuit of adventures took long journeys with their armed followers, their vehicles, machines, and engines of war; princes, nobles, and warriors traversed Europe, escorted by brilliant cavalcades, upon their steeds and palfreys; merchants landed on foreign shores, the winds swelling the sails of their vessels; even learned men crossed the water and the mountains to add to their knowledge; conquerors to found empires, princes to strengthen their power by allian-

* The Venetian Sanuto penetrated as far as Cambodia; a goldsmith of Paris settled in China; merchants from Breslau and Poland met Genoese, Pisan, and Venetian merchants in the interior of Tartary, etc. See Le Bas, *Précis de l'Histoire du Moyen Age.*

† Daremberg, *ibid.*

‡ And there were such close relations between the factions in France and those of England, that, in the fourteenth century, the revolutionary movements in Paris coincided with those in London. See Naudet, *Conjuration d Etienne Marcel.*

* Madame de Staël.

† But with this difference: he did not travel in a cushioned car going at the rate of forty miles an hour, but on horseback, at a good round trot, with spurs on his heels and his luggage behind.

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ces, and merchants to gain wealth. But there were men who surpassed all these who were borne by chariots, vessels, and noble horses—the pilgrims who went on foot.

Crowds, in constant succession, of men, women, and children, from all countries, undertook these pilgrimages to hundreds of holy places in Flanders, Spain, Rome, (where, says Villani, the jubilee of 1300 led more than two hundred thousand pilgrims,) and, above all, to the Holy Land, which led to the wonderful outpouring of all Europe into Asia and Africa for three centuries—the crusades, during which the West was brought into contact with Egypt, and through Egypt with India; through Constantinople, where the Latins founded an empire that lasted more than fifty years, with the Greeks, and through them with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of pagan and Christian antiquity, and from whom they obtained books, manuscripts, agricultural implements, and a knowledge of industrial pursuits literature, and the arts.*

And the monks, what long journeys they made in the world! Carried away by zeal for religion, they dispersed in every direction to preach the gospel; some to Prussia, Poland, and the extremities of Europe—to Norway; others from Greece, Egypt, and Syria to Ireland; others still (in the time of St. Louis) into Tartary, and even into China, where they found traces of Christianity left there by other monks who had preceded them. They went still farther beyond Ireland and Norway into Iceland, and from Iceland (St. Brandan in the eighth century) into an unknown land, peopled by strange men, clad with the skins of marine animals, where they built monasteries and churches, whence they penetrated still farther into the interior, even as far as Mexico perhaps, leaving behind them an ineffaceable remembrance, thus being the first to discover* and inhabit the country to which they did not give its present name, but which was really the southern extremity of the New World which, four centuries after, Columbus discovered, and which is called America.

It was neither thirst for riches, nor love of conquest, nor longing for power, nor even enthusiasm for knowledge, that induced them to undertake these extensive, dangerous, and fruitful enterprises; they were inspired by a more sublime sentiment—the love of God and of souls—the desire of devoting themselves to God, and of leading to him new followers out of strange nations.

IV.

WOMAN.

There is no mark more distinctive of the character of individuals or nations than the treatment of woman. Christianity emancipated woman; it brought her forth from the obscurity to which she had been banished, and taking her by the hand, introduced her into the social world, and gave her a place beside man, that she might receive the spiritual aliment which would develop her mind, as well as elevate her soul. Taught by the example of Christ,

* They brought back, among other books, Aristotle's works on metaphysics, and cane, millet, camel's-hair stuffs, etc.

* "When, in the eleventh century, the Scandinavians landed in Greenland, the Esquimaux told them that at the south there were white men clad in long black robes, who walked chanting and carrying banners before them; they were the monks who, in the eighth century, had set sail for Iceland, and had been thrown by the wind on the American coast." (Ozanam, *Le Christianisme chez les Barbares.*) Dom Pitra (*Histoire de St. Léger*) mentions a book of the sixteenth century on the voyages of the Benedictines into America—doubtless these monks lost among the savages, who left those signs of Christianity, crosses, a kind of baptism, etc., which were afterward found, and which otherwise would be inexplicable.

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the most eloquent and learned of the fathers—those philosophers of no sect—Jerome, Gregory of Nazianzen, Augustine, Paulinus, and Basil, address numerous letters to women—to women, so disdained by paganism that not a single letter to a woman is to be found in all the correspondence of Cicero.*

But it may be said that these women who showed themselves worthy of holding converse with such great men read and wrote Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and belonged to the highest Roman society. There are no women who are not noble. The church opened schools for women where they received the same instructions as men.† There is, from the time of the illustrious patrician ladies who followed St. Jerome into the desert, St. Paula, St. Eustochium, etc.,‡ an uninterrupted list of nuns, of abbesses, whom the church reveres as saints, and who might be claimed by the literary world on account of their attainments. For example, St. Radegonde, (in the sixth century,) who introduced into the monastery of St. Croix, at Poitiers, the rule of St. Cæsarius, which obliged all the nuns to the study of letters, that is to say, Latin, the fathers, canonical law, history, cosmography, etc., to devote two hours a day to reading besides that which they listened to during labor and their meals, and to the transcribing of books, etc. etc.; Lioba, at Bischofsheim, in Germany, the mistress of a school in a barbarous country who only left her books to pray;§ St. Bertille, at Chelles; St. Gertrude, in Belgium, (seventh century,) who sent to Ireland and to Italy for books; and those poor women who studied theology under St. Boniface, (eighth century;) and Roswitha, whose dramatic works display not only the inventive imagination of the poet, but a learning rare among women of any age, shown by her quotations from the ancient poets, the historical facts she mentions, her knowledge of foreign languages, etc.* A Gerbert and a Roswitha are sufficient to redeem a whole century from the charge of ignorance and barbarism; and if nuns in the heart of Germany made such attainments in literature, what must have been the women of the age of Charlemagne, of St. Bernard, and of St. Louis? Then the daughters and nieces of the emperor took lessons of Alcuin; a queen sang the sweet serenity of the cloister in graceful Latin verse;† a young girl of Paris had for her teacher one of the most celebrated professors of her time;‡ and then was drawn up a course of studies in which were prescribed, such as these:§

"Children of both sexes, from five to twelve years of age: *reading*, (in the Psalter,) *singing*, *grammar*, *moral distichs*, (of Cato,) and, a little later, *Latin*, which they will learn to speak. Young girls: *natural history*, *surgery*, *medicine*, *logic*, *Latin*, *and the oriental languages*"—a plan drawn up in the dark and ignorant middle ages, which could not be easily pur-

* And of Pliny. If Seneca composed two treatises, *De Consolatione*, for Marcia and Helvia it was because his ideas were modified by contact with Christianity. And I see herein a proof, which has not been sufficiently noticed, of his knowledge of the Christian doctrine or of his acquaintance with St. Paul.

† Dom Pitra, *Histoire de St. Léger*, vi.

‡ And Marcella, Blezilla, Paulina. Fabiola, (of the family of Fabii,) Furia, (of the family of Camillus, Melania, Marcellina, etc.)

§ See Dom Pitra, *ib.* He mentions St. Aldegondes, St. Anstrude, etc. The monastery of Lioba, he says, was like a normal school with respect to the other schools springing up in Germany.

* Spanish particularly, proved by the *Hispanismes* in her style, pointed out by her learned editor, Magnin.

† Richarde, wife of Charles le Gros.

‡ Heloïse, and doubtless she was not the only one among the bourgeoisie of Paris. Recall also the learned nun mentioned in the beginning of Du Guesclin's life, who, in predicting his success, removed, as it were, the obstacles to his glorious career.

§ Boutaric, *Vie et Œuvres de Pierre du Bois*, in the memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions, 1864.

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sued even in this age, distinguished and enlightened by the romances of so many women of genius!

We need not wait till the time of Clemence Isaure (fourteenth century) to find a woman whom Christianity had imbued with taste and a delicate poetical nature. History, chronicles, and ballads have opened to us the chateaux where, whilst the mail-clad baron and his armed followers fought without, his wife, seated in some deep embrasure, would cast a glance from time to time through the narrow window upon the varied landscape, and then resume, in the large, open volume before her, the fabulous and heroic exploits of knights and brave men among the paynim and giants; where, at nightfall, in the midst of her servants and followers, she listened smilingly and thoughtfully to some wandering troubadour singing of war, of love, and of tournaments, and relating his adventures—a charming picture which allies the romantic chatelaine—passing by the elegant and trifling ladies of the court of the Restoration—with the strong-minded women of the seventeenth century, so captivating and so learned, who read philosophical treatises, spoke several languages, studied the doctors and fathers of the church, and who are considered by the world as models of wit, taste, elegance, and grace: Longueville, Montausier, Lafayette, Rambouillet, Jacqueline Pascal, Maintenon, and Sévigné!

V.

THE NOBILITY.

But it is necessary to make a painful avowal. In the midst of the general diffusion of knowledge in monasteries, schools, universities, towns, boroughs, and villages, and even among the poor and lowly, there is one class of society which remained during all the middle ages in shameful ignorance—the nobility.

The kings, however, who issued from its ranks, and who in all ages prided themselves on the name of gentleman, were an exception. The sons of Clovis were the first pupils of the school established in his palace and directed by his chaplain. This example was perpetuated. The princes of the Merovingian dynasty pursued their studies in the monasteries, and literary habits became so congenial to them that, in some instances, they were carried to excess and became a kind of mania, as in the case of the prince called the *Clerc couronné*. (Chilperic.) As to Charlemagne, who spoke the Latin language, understood Greek, made astronomical calculations, brought professors from Italy, (Peter of Pisa and Paul the Hellenist deacon,) and founded the first academy and the first university, it is useless to insist on him, for he is universally acknowledged to be at once a hero, a learned man, and a saint. Nor are the literary tastes of the most eminent sovereigns denied, as Alfred the Great, the translator of Æsop and commentator of Bede; Charles le Chauve, who had Aristotle and Plato explained to him by masters from Constantinople; Alfonso the Wise, astronomer, legislator, and historian; Robert the Pious; Otto II., who appointed Gerbert, the wisest man of the age, tutor to his son: Frederick II., who spoke German, French, Arabic, Latin, and Greek; and Philip Augustus, the patron of literature and the arts, "who, for that age, was as magnificent as Louis XIV."* And later than the twelfth century, is it astonishing that St. Louis admitted St. Thomas of Aquin to his table, where, in his presence, were dis-

* Villemain, *ibid.*

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cussed the highest questions of philosophy? That the rule of study drawn up for John, son of Philip of Valois, included Latin and several languages?* That Charles V. collected at the Louvre a library of considerable size, and that his brothers, the dukes of Burgundy and Berri, carried away by love for the arts, ordered miniatures, which are admirable paintings, from the celebrated painters, Memling, Van Eyck, and Jean Fouquet? But we are approaching the time of the Restoration, and consequently all these facts prove nothing.

But were these enlightened, well-informed, and even learned monarchs satisfied with their own attainments, and did they live in their courts among brutal, ignorant, and coarse warriors who could only talk of combats and gallantry? No; it is well known that their principal vassals, the minor sovereigns, especially those of Southern France, where the learning of Rome was diffused, were not wholly unlettered. In the ninth century, there was the son of a Count (Maguelonne) St. Benedict of Amiane, who was at the head of all the monasteries in France, and who compared, modified, and wrote commentaries on the rules of the various religious orders—Greek as well as Latin; Foulques, Count of Anjou, in the tenth century—yes, in the tenth century, that darkest period of the middle ages—understood Aristotle and Cicero, as has been proved, and in the following century, when the leaders of the crusades assembled at Jerusalem to draw up a code of laws—a civil and political code—charter of citizenship, etc., they evidently understood not only the general customs, but Roman law; and several of them (Iselin, etc.) were no less proficients in the law than valiant knights;* finally, if the muse of France would trace its ancestry back to former times, it would find two princes, William of Poitiers and Thibaut of Champagne. It is right, then, to leave out the testimony of sovereigns.

History also certifies a very singular fact: the leaders, the *leudes*, under the Merovingians, sent their children to the school at the palace "to be initiated in palatial learning." There they underwent examinations, studied the fathers, history, law, religious dogmas, received degrees, etc. This fact is thus explained: these young men were hostages that the king kept at court to insure the fealty of their fathers, no doubt; and the consequence of this truly barbarous idea was to convert a prison into a school and an academy! There was another custom almost as singular: these young men are represented as travelling, even in the earliest ages, in the various countries of Europe—France, Spain, and Italy—and in the East. Yes, notwithstanding the insecurity of the routes, it was the fashion in the seventh century to send young Englishmen to France to be reared, and even in many cases across the Alps to Rome, Padua, etc. Some went to complete their education in Greece, and, after the establishment of the Latin Empire, at Constantinople. These young men apparently belonged to wealthy and noble families. And we would

* In a memoir addressed to the queen in 1334 and composed of one hundred and six articles, the unknown author gives the king's daily rule of life as follows: "Rise at six all the year round—Mass at seven—business till ten—supper at six—to bed at ten—to have his son taught several languages, even Latin, to fit him to travel."

* Robertson, in his introduction to the *History of Charles V.*, is mistaken when he says the middle ages were ignorant of Roman law until the twelfth century. Roman law was not revived by the discovery of a copy of the Pandects at Amalfi: it was always known and practised: it was cited at the tribunals, and generally known during all the middle ages, as demonstrated by Savigny, *Histoire du Droit romain au Moyen Age*. See also Fauriel, *Histoire des Populations méridionales*.

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recall the fact that in the schools directed by Clement, a Scotchman, Charlemagne assembled — strange idea!—"a great number of children of all classes from the highest to the lowest rank;"* that among the pupils of Lanfranc, at the abbey of Bec, were a great number of the children of lords and barons, and, among others, William, Duke of Normandy, and that son of an Italian nobleman who, later, was known as Pope Alexander II. It would appear that these young men did not allow the faculties they had developed to remain unproductive and useless, from the fact that the earliest poets were princes and nobles. But then, poetry is the offspring of the imagination and of genius, and the French race, particularly in the South, are so richly gifted therewith!

What is more surprising, the first French historians were two lords: Villehardoin in the twelfth century, and Joinville in the thirteenth—historians not without culture. There are in their language elegance, distinction, and Attic wit. They mention, *en passant*, and without affectation, names and facts that attest varied knowledge, and their style is so perfect that competent writers have concluded that the nobility moulded the French language to history and poetry—the ideal and the practical!† It is probably to these studious habits and this inclination for intellectual pursuits, perpetuated for ages like a tradition, is due the delicate and correct taste peculiar to the French nobility of the last two centuries, and the noble ambition of the great lords who have not been satisfied with protecting the arts, but have deemed it an honor to have their historical names inscribed on the list of the academies, have striven to acquire a knowledge of letters, to excel in it, and to add to the lustre of their descent brilliancy of talent and the glory reserved for intellectual labors.

Finally—for we must collect testimony for the acquittal of the accused—since the judgment has been so severe, the most conscientious and erudite men of modern times, having traversed the middle ages and returned laden with documents, declare that, among the numberless titles that passed through their hands, they never met this formula, so often mentioned: this one, being a nobleman, attests his inability to sign his name.

Yet in spite of these proofs, these attestations, and the authority of the witnesses, there is one fact beyond doubt, *the absolute ignorance of the nobility of the middle ages*, and we are forced, to our great regret, to conclude that this opinion must be accepted as a historical fact of the same class, and as clearly proved, as the so well authenticated facts of Sixtus V. throwing away his crutches as soon as he was elected Pope, Gilles de Raiz slaughtering his wives like Bluebeard, Charles V. participating in his own funeral rites at St. Just, Marie de Medicis dying of hunger in a garret at Cologne, and Galileo imprisoned in a dungeon of the Inquisition!

VI.

CHARACTER OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The language of a people is one of the signs that mark its progress or decay. If the genius of a language is fully developed, the nation is in its

* The monk of St. Gall, mentioned by Phil. le Bas, *ibid.*

† Villemain, *ibid.*, Léop. Delisle, A. de la Borderie, Marchegay. See also Audé, *Mémoires de la Société d'Emulation de la Vendée*, and the works already mentioned of Boutaric, Littré, Pierre Clément, etc.

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apogee; if it is not developed, or if it is losing its purity, the nation is progressing or declining. This is a truth remarked by one of the most active minds of the last century. "In the thirteenth century," says Rivarol, "the French language had more nearly attained a certain perfection than in the sixteenth."* He is astonished: he finds the fact "very extraordinary," but he does not explain it. The explanation is easy. The French language was much nearer perfection in the thirteenth than in the sixteenth century, because society was more firmly established. The sixteenth century was an age of transition, the dawn of a great era—an avenue leading to a large city which we pass through, but in which we do not linger. The men of that time, without being aware of it, were preparing for the future. They collected materials for building from the remains of antiquity and the attempts of foreigners; they imitated and did not invent. Consequently their language was obscure and loaded with foreign idioms and antiquated expressions; it was neither bold, nor expressive, nor clear; it was ornamented, rich, and redundant; it was overladen like a tree not pruned; the fruit was hidden by an excess of foliage. A great wind—the agitation of civil war—shook off this exuberant foliage and the fruit appeared; the sun of the seventeenth century warmed and colored it with its rays; then it ripened, and the French language attained its definite form and became immortal.

The language of the thirteenth century was as complete and perfect as it could be. At that period were laid the foundations of Christian science.* Doubtless, each age adding to the knowledge of mankind, that science was not as extended as now, but it had the essential qualities of true science: it was analytical; it constantly applied this axiom, which is the condition of progress: *Multùm, non multa.* Everything corresponds: the science of the Egyptians was on a level with their arts; their philosophy was as complex as their religion was mysterious. It was the same in the middle ages. They possessed the true religion, had right views of philosophy, attained to eminence in the arts, and made accurate scientific observations. And late researches have shown that they greatly extended the knowledge they inherited from antiquity.† Their alchemists and physicians were not charlatans. The general principles of Albertus Magnus and the Jewish and Arabian physicians of Spain and Asia harmonize with those of modern science. They were ignorant of certain phenomena, as a certain skill was wanting to the artists of the time; but this ignorance can no more be raised as an objection than against the learned men of our time for not knowing the scientific discoveries of a thousand years hence. It is not extent of knowledge that stamps an epoch as great, but the use it makes of it, and the logical conclusions it draws from its principles.

The science of the middle ages was eminently logical, for it had its source in a mountain whose summit rises to heaven—in theology—whence it flows in streams upon all

* In his *Discours sur l'Universalité de la Langue Française*, always to the point, and often profound, a writer of our time goes still further: "The language was fully developed and equal to our own," says M. Villemain, *Histoire de la Littérature du Moyen Age*, lesson x.

* *La Raison Catholique et la Raison philosophe*, ii., by Ventura.

† Littré, *ibid.*

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minds. Theology, it has been said,* is only the expression of an idea: it is much more, it is the sublime end of thought—the first of all sciences, the science *par excellence*—the science of God. The sceptre of science belongs to Europe only because it had its source in theology,† which occupied every mind in the middle ages—the greatest as well as the narrowest minds—"which, dwelling on great things, became great." It prompted them to other attainments. To climb to the heights of knowledge, they had to lay hold of the asperities of the mountain and of all the branches of science one after another; of jurisprudence, civil law—the branch nearest the surface of the earth; then of the physical sciences; afterward of geometry, algebra, astronomy, and the still higher branches, canon law and philosophy!‡

And above all, and mingled with all, literature; for letters are the expression of the mind itself—the universal mind—whilst "the sciences require only a partial application of it."§ In the literature of a people are embodied its ideas, manners, arts, industrial pursuits, worship, and its whole life. By it man traverses countries and ages, imbibes their spirit, and strengthens his mind more than by any other study. Thence the incessant study of ancient literature, which, in the thirteenth century, was more generally diffused than ever. Latin, the language of tradition and of the church, the original language of the present dominant nations of France, Italy, Spain, and even England, (Latin was spoken in England until the fourteenth century, and a great number of words in the English language is derived from the Latin,) was understood by all classes; discussions in Latin were carried on in universities, and grammar and Latin were taught in the village schools.* They were constantly making researches; Villani at Rome read Lucan, Virgil, Valerius Maximus; the scholars of Cambridge wrote commentaries on Cicero. In France, Sallust and Titus Livius were translated, soon followed by Cæsar, Ovid, and Suetonius, (under Charles V.) Greek became more universally known after the taking of Constantinople by the crusaders; Aristotle was translated into Latin by Michael Scott, and bishops in Italy wrote homilies in the language of Chrysostom.† Theologians, philosophers, and poets were nourished by the valuable and concise remains of antiquity; Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, as well as the Franciscan lyrics and the *Romance of the Rose.* All the works of that time are full of ancient reminiscences.

Nevertheless, they did not neglect other languages. In the great intercourse of nations there was an exchange of idioms. How much is proved respecting that intercourse and the knowledge of languages, by the single fact that the Archbishop of Toledo, at the Council of Lateran in 1215, delivered a discourse in Latin, and then repeated it for the laity in Spanish, French, and German. But they did not restrict themselves to the European languages. Why should not the learned men who went to seek knowledge from the Jews and the Moors, and

* Villemain. *Histoire de la Littérature du Moyen Age*, lesson xviii. He evidently does not comprehend the influence of theology, for he adds, "As in another age the public mind is expressed by politics, the theology of one epoch is the philosophy of another."

† J. de Maistre.

‡ The Oxford students and those of other universities studied at the same time civil and canon law.

§ Expression of Napoleon I.

* Léop. Delisle, *Les Classes agricoles en Normandie au treizième siècle.*

† Manuscripts seen by M. Renan, in the Vatican. *M[illegible]ntifiques.*

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studied Aristotle as often from the Arabian commentators as from the original works, endeavor to acquire the language of those they so often came in contact with? and the adventurers who crossed the deserts into the heart of Asia; and the Italian republics that traded with Africa; the ambassadors that kings sent to the Khan of Tartary; the merchants who daily saw, landing in their ports and mingling in their fairs, the turbans, pelisses, and caftans of merchants from Cairo, Aleppo, Bagdad, Novgorod, and Sarmacand? Besides, the oriental languages had never been neglected. In the sixth century, King Gontran, at his entrance into Orleans, was addressed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac.* In the crowded schools of the eighth century were studied all languages, even the oriental, says Dom Pitra. From the tenth century the pilgrimages to the Holy Land and the crusades made the language of the Saracens (Arabic) familiar to a great number. But there was a still stronger reason which led to the acquisition of the Eastern languages—the conversion of the infidels.

The course of study already mentioned was inspired by a great idea—Christian in its nature—the conquest of the East by the infusion of Christianity; regeneration by civilization, to use the modern expression. The noble mind that conceived it wished to continue the work of the crusades by diffusing the doctrines, opinions, and arts of Christendom: after arms, the sciences. France, in its enthusiasm for proselyting, wished to send on a mission of priests, artisans, physicians, women, entire families, in fact, a whole colony. These people would establish themselves in the Holy Land, colonize it, found a Christian race, and from that sacred spot—from Mount Zion—diverge on every side, into Africa as well as Asia, into Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, and Arabia; mingle among the people enveloped in darkness, (the term is just in this case,) influence them by their actions, morals, intelligence and good deeds, and accomplish in that age—the thirteenth century—the providential work that Europe, without entirely knowing what it is effecting, is realizing in our day—the transformation of the rest of the world, the union of savage, barbarous, and brutal people into a universal nation who will be guided by the spirit of the gospel.*

It was in order to prepare laborers for this sublime enterprise that this plan of studies, as varied as extended, was prepared. Do you not see all it supposes—the comprehension of the authors, schools, and men capable of applying the plan? And it did not remain a mere project; it began to be executed. The University of Paris proposed to establish a professorship of the Tartar language. It was not done till a later day, because the university only acts with a view to science; but the church did not delay, prompted by a more noble motive. At Rome it taught the oriental languages in its colleges; at Paris, the monks of St. Père de Chartres, at the annual expense of one thousand francs, opened, for the space of three years, a school for young men from the East, who returned to their country carrying with them the acquirements of the West and the eternal truths of religion.† The councils (that of Vienna in 1311) decreed that the oriental languages

* See Gregory of Tours.

* Abel de Rémusat, *Mémoire sur les Relations des Princes Chrétiens avec les Empereurs Mogols*, quoted by M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Civilization en Europe*.

† Cartulary of St. Père de Chartres.

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should be taught at Paris, Salamanca, Bologna, Oxford, and all the great universities. The church wishes to diffuse knowledge in order to evangelize the world; it arms men with science that they may be more powerful, and it pushes them forward in the career of learning, that, at the end, they may find God.

VII.

ARDOR FOR LEARNING.

And the church has always found disciples eager to listen to its instructions. The very barbarians, it has been remarked, were not averse to study; they had, on the contrary, that innate taste for letters which distinguishes the Germanic race. The Franks were easily instructed; they mingled among the Gauls of the South in the course of rhetoric and poetry, (at Bordeaux in the fifth and sixth centuries;) St. Medard, Bede, and Mici counted them by thousands in their schools. When the twelfth century opened more numerous schools, an immense crowd hastened to them. It was an invasion of recruits, who wished to learn the use of the arms of knowledge, in England, Germany, and Italy; at Milan there were eighty masters who were laymen; France, above all, displayed its characteristic ardor. At Paris, colleges were founded one after another; two at the end of the twelfth century, fifteen in the thirteenth and fourteenth; one half of Paris was transformed into schools. That of the Canons of Notre Dame extended from the church to the Petit-Pont; then it passed over the left bank and ascended the mountain*—the mountain that has preserved the name of *Quartier Latin*—the true realm of science imagined by the poets, where lived, in close proximity, turbulent bands of students from every land, in groups, according to their nations and languages. Foreigners* proclaimed Paris the centre of knowledge, and, in a right and elevated sense, the leader of Europe. There was then some merit in the pursuit of knowledge. The name of one of the streets of Paris, the Rue du Fouare, so-called from the straw and hay upon which they seated themselves, bears witness to the ardor of these students of the dark ages, less anxious for their ease than to obtain knowledge. They rewarded their own masters, and valued no expense to obtain those most renowned; they sent to all parts of Europe for them, and gave them a position often ten times more valuable than that of the professors of our time.† It was difficult for many to contribute their share in all this expense, in addition to the cost of living in a large city; but in the hope of acquiring the knowledge, the poorer subjected themselves to the most painful sacrifices. The romance of *Gil Blas* depicts the young men of the University of Salamanca as valets and students. What existed in Spain in the eighteenth century was the condition of many students of the middle ages. Yes, they reduced themselves to servitude to obtain degrees, and made themselves valets to gain their daily bread—a noble servitude for which they did not blush, which put the body in subjection, and left the mind free, showing the superiority of mind over matter; it was a voluntary humiliation, which, for a time, put the indigent scholar beneath

* Vict. le Clerc, *Histoire de la Litterature au treizième siècle.*

* John of Salisbury, Dante, Brunetto Latini, etc.

† Le Play, *Réforme sociale*, (47.) and Matteucci, *Les Universites d'Italie*, (*Revue des Cours scientifiques*, 1867.)

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the rich, but aided him to attain in the world the place due to intelligence and knowledge, to rise to the level of the most powerful, and often to the most eminent dignities of the church and state—to the councils of kings and the purple of cardinals.

And what ardent scholars! It was the age of the schoolmen. Scholastic learning, afterward so disdained by forgetfulness or ignorance, was the animated, living, and natural form which gave expression to the passionate love of those young men for study. Those descendants of the Franks rushed forward with the same eagerness as to battle to share in the close reasoning, the logic that contended so fiercely, that made every effort and climbed tooth and nail to obtain a position strongly contested. What valiant armies! what soldiers in "these tournaments that are like combats!"* But what captains also! what leaders! what masters! St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus—at once theologians, philosophers, moralists, politicians, writers on political economy, and savants! What a trio in one century and at the same period!

But do you know what took place in the thirteenth century at the course of Albertus Magnus? Not hundreds but thousands of pupils hastened to his lessons.† It was not ardor that animated them, but enthusiasm; an apartment was not required to contain them, but a square! No enclosure would have sufficed for such a multitude. A great commotion forced the master to leave his chair—a commotion such as is rarely seen in our days, in which the crowd cried to their teacher, "Away from here!" "*Exi! Foras!*"—a respectful uprising in which the master is proud to obey; he descends from his chair into the midst of the crowd, which is roaring like the sea, and is borne away by a thousand arms to a large square, where, on an elevation of stone, he can overlook the countless human heads which extend back to the houses and fill up the openings of the streets, but which are now motionless, attentive, and mute before the sound of a single voice that enchains them. O barbarous generation! O age of darkness in which a master required the open air of heaven and the paved square for a classroom! Compare the literary dilettanteism of a few hundred young men enclosed within the walls of an amphitheatre of a hundred feet, with the ardent thirst of this crowd, which required not a jar, but a whole river, to satisfy its thirst for knowledge, and which has left a proof of its eager desire in the capital and in the language, the name of the square into which so many students crowded to hear their master—the Place Maubert, Magni Alberti—the Square of the great Albert!

We see how erroneous is the opinion that attributes to the epoch between the middle of the fifteenth and the middle of the seventeenth centuries the revival of letters and the arts. Letters were not revived; they still existed and enlightened the world. "The great agitation of the Reformation is often represented as having contributed to literary and scientific development," says M. A. Maury, a writer not suspected of partiality to the middle ages. "This is not absolutely true. The contests to which it gave rise retarded for a time the diffusion of knowledge; many monas-

* Bonald.

† It was the same throughout the middle ages. At Bologna there were, in the thirteenth century, ten thousand pupils at the law school; in the eleventh century, they came from every land to attend the instructions of Abelard; he counted several thousand auditors, and among them twenty cardinals and fifty bishops. We could multiply these examples indefinitely.

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teries, libraries, and schools were suppressed, which had been, up to that time, the *great sources of light.*" Christian historians were the first to become suspicious of error and to point it out. Hurter, the great German historian, says: "Only superficial minds that disdain the study of documents and are blinded by the pretended superiority of our epoch, or by systematic hatred, dare accuse the church of having favored ignorance."* All truly learned men soon became of the same mind. One of them, who has made the middle ages his study for twenty years, cannot restrain his indignation: "Our historians, even those who are considered the best, dwelling on the grossest conjectures and influenced by obsolete prejudices, without thinking of verifying, still less of rectifying, old assertions, have summed up the whole history of the first part of the middle ages in these two words, *ignorance and superstition;* but it is to themselves," he adds severely, "and not to the ages they have misunderstood and calumniated, that these two words should be applied."† "The idea of progress is not a pagan idea," says Ozanam.‡ The doctrine of progress is as old as the gospel; and the author of *Les Etudes sur les Barbares et le Moyen Age* confirms this: "The people of the middle ages felt the necessity of knowledge; they studied and labored conscientiously and energetically, and marked each age by important developments." The more carefully we examine those ages, the better shall we understand the extent of knowledge in the church. The most eminent men of those times—who does not know them?—are bishops, monks, and popes: Gerbert, St. Bernard, Innocent III., and St. Thomas Aquinas, who can only be compared to Aristotle; the most original writers —who does not forget it?—are priests: Froissart, Petrarch, and later, Calderon, Lope de Vega, and Tirso de Molina; the greatest poet of the middle ages, Dante, was he not a theologian? Cimabue, who revived the art of painting, was he not reared among the Dominicans of Florence? Was not the first press in Paris set up at the Sorbonne? The best informed class of men were so incontestably the clergy that the names of priest and savant were confounded. The word *clergie* in the middle ages signified learned.* The church takes the highest rank in the world of science. It does not acquire knowledge for itself alone, but to diffuse everywhere, that the whole earth may be enlightened. Like the sun, it is a great centre diffusing the light it derives from God—its eternal source!

* *History of Innocent III.*, book xxi.

† Daremberg, *Cours of* 1867; and to the support of his opinions he brings Guizot, Dom Pitra, Ozanam, Heeren, etc.

‡ *Histoire de la Civilisation au cinquième siècle*, chap. iv.

* J. de Maistre, *Du Pape*, ii. 16.

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FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN AND CHATRIAN.

THE INVASION; OR, YEGOF THE FOOL.

CHAPTER XVII.

At the end of a dark passage through the house was the farm-yard, to which five or six well-worn steps descended. To the left were the barn and the press; and to the right, the stables and the dove-cote, the dark shape of the last standing sharply outlined against the gray, misty sky. Opposite the door was the wash-house.

Not a sound was heard. Hullin, after the wild and stormy day, was impressed with the deep silence. He gazed at the tufts of straw hang-between the rafters of the barn, the harrows, the ploughs, the carts, half hidden in the gloom of the sheds, with an indefinable feeling of calmness and satisfaction. Fowl were roosting along the wall, and a cat fled by like a flash, and disappeared in the cellar. Hullin seemed waking from a dream.

After a few moments of silent reverie, he turned slowly toward the wash-house, the three windows of which shone through the darkness. The kitchen of the farm-house was not large enough to prepare food for three or four hundred men, and the work had been carried thither.

Master Jean-Claude heard the childish voice of Louise giving orders in a tone so resolute that it astonished him.

"Come, come, Katel, hurry. It is nearly time for supper, and the poor fellows must be hungry. Just to think—fighting since seven this morning, and not eating a morsel! Here, Lessele, move yourself. Salt! pepper!"

Jean-Claude's heart beat at that voice. He could not avoid peering through the glass before entering. The kitchen was large but low, and with white-washed walls. A huge fire of beech-logs crackled and blazed upon the hearth, in the midst of which appeared the black sides of an immense pot. The chimney, high and narrow, was scarcely large enough to carry off the billows of smoke that arose. Near the fire was the graceful figure of Louise, lit up by the brightest tints that flashed from the hearth, bustling, active, coming, going, tasting sauces, trying the meat, approving, and criticising.

The two daughters of the Anabaptist, one tall, dried up, and pale, with large, flat feet, cased in great shoes, hair bound with black ribbons into a little knot, and a long gown of blue stuff hanging down to her heels; the other, chubby, and waddling along much like a goose, formed a strange contrast with her.

The good Anabaptist himself, seated at the end of the room upon a wooden chair, with feet crossed, cotton cap pulled well down upon his head, and hands plunged into the depths of the pockets of his blouse, gazed on all that passed with an air of wonderment, and from time to time ejaculated sententiously:

"Lessele, Katel, do as you are told, my children. Let this be for your instruction; you have yet seen nothing of the world. Walk quicker."

"Yes, yes, you must move," added Louise. "What would become of us if we meditated days and weeks about

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putting a little seasoning in a sauce? You, Lessele, are the tallest; unhook that bundle of onions from the ceiling."

And the tall girl obeyed.

Hullin was proud and happy as a prince.

"How she makes them mind!" he chuckled. "What a little dragoon she is! a very puss-in-boots! Ha, ha, ha!"

And he waited full five minutes before entering.

Louise flung down the spoon she held, and rushed to him, crying:

"Father Jean-Claude! papa Jean-Claude! You are not hurt? you are not wounded?"

Poor Hullin could not speak for a moment. He folded her tenderly in his arms, and at length replied, in a voice whose tremor he could not repress:

"No, Louise, no; I am well and happy."

"Sit down, Jean-Claude," said the Anabaptist, seeing how his emotion affected him. "Here, take my chair."

Hullin seated himself, and Louise, placing her hands upon his shoulders, burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked the old man in wonder. "A moment ago you were brave enough."

"Yes, I made believe, but I was very frightened. I thought — I thought, 'Why does he not come?'"

Then a sudden whim seemed to enter her little head; she seized her father's hand, and cried, laughing through her tears:

"Let us dance, papa Jean-Claude! Come, dance!"

And she pulled him around the room.

Hullin, smiling in spite of himself, turned to the Anabaptist, who saw all that passed without a change in his grave visage, and said:

"We are somewhat foolish, Louise and I; but don't let that astonish you, Pelsly."

"It does not, Master Hullin. Did not King David dance when he had smitten the Philistines hip and thigh?"

Jean-Claude, rather astounded at his resemblance to King David, made no reply.

"Well, Louise," said he, "you were frightened during the battle, were you?"

"Yes, at first; the cannon-shots and the din were fearful! But afterward I only thought of you and mother Lefevre."

Then she took him by the hand, and, leading him to a regiment of pots, kettles, and pans, ranged around the fire, enumerated her forces with the air of a conqueror:

"Here is the beef; here is General Jean-Claude's supper; and here is broth for the wounded. But that is not all. Here is our bread," she added, showing him a long pile of loaves on the table, and she was dragging him to the oven, when Catherine Lefevre entered.

"It is time to set the table," cried the old woman. "Everybody is waiting. Come, Katel, spread the cloth."

The stout girl departed, running; all followed to the great hall, where Doctors Lorquin and Despois, Marc-Dives, and Materne and his two sons, impatiently awaited the meal.

"How are the wounded, doctor?" cried Hullin.

"Rest easy, Master Jean-Claude; all are cared for. You have given us a hard day's work; but the weather is favorable, and fever or mortification need not be feared. Everything looks well."

Katel, Lessele, and Louise soon entered, bearing an enormous soup-dish, and two magnificent rounds of beef, which they placed upon the table. Sharp appetites left scant

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room for ceremony, and soon the rattling of knives and opening of bottles alone were heard. Without, the broad flames from the bivouac-fires flashed on the window-panes, and showed the mountaineers doing full justice to Louise's cheer.

At nine o'clock Marc-Dives started for Falkenstein with his prisoners. At ten, all in the house, or around the fires, were sleeping, and no sound broke the stillness save the passage of the rounds and the challenge of the sentries.

So ended the first day in which the mountaineers proved that the spirit of their fathers had not degenerated in them.

But other and not less stern trials were soon to follow those already past; for throughout man's life one obstacle is overcome only to make way for another. The world is like a stormy sea: wave follows wave, from age to age, in a flow that eternity alone may stay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DURING the entire battle, until nightfall, the people of Grandfontaine saw the fool, Yegof, standing on the summit of Little Donon, his crown upon his head, his sceptre waving in his hand. There he stood, like a Merovingian king, issuing his orders to his imaginary armies. What feelings shook him as he saw the Germans beaten back, routed, no man may say. At the last echo of the cannon he disappeared. Whither had he gone? This is what the people of Tiefenbach say:

At the time of which I speak, two strange beings—sisters—lived on the Bocksberg. One was called Little Kateline; the other Tall Berbel. These two ragged creatures made their home in the cavern of Luitprand, so named, as old chronicles aver, from the fact that the King of the Germani, before descending into Alsace, buried beneath its immense vault of red stone the barbarian chiefs who had fallen at Blutfeld. The hot spring, which always bubbles and streams from the middle of the cave, secured the sisters from the fierce cold of mountain winters, and Daniel Horn, of Tiefenbach, the wood-cutter, had the charity to close the main entrance from without with great heaps of broom and brushwood. At the side of the hot spring was another spring, cold as ice and clear as crystal.

Kateline always drank at this spring, and was not more than four feet in height; but what she lacked in length she made up in rotund breadth; and her wondering look, round eyes, and enormous throat, gave her the appearance of a meditative matronly hen. Every Sunday she bore an osier basket to the village of Tiefenbach, and the good people there filled it with cooked potatoes, loaves of bread, and sometimes, on holidays, with cakes and other remnants of their festivities. Then the poor creature would make her way back to the cave, breathless, laughing, chattering, rejoicing.

But Tall Berbel was ever careful not to drink at the cold spring. She was bony, fleshless as a bat, and had lost an eye; her nose was flat, her ears large, and her single orb sparkled like a coal; she lived upon the fruits of her sister's sallies. She never left Bocksberg. But in July, when the heat was greatest, standing upon the height, she shook a withered thistle over the grain of those who had not regularly filled Kateline's basket; and fearful tempests, or hail, or swarms of rats or field-mice, ruined the budding harvest. The spells of Berbel were feared like pestilence; she was everywhere known

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as the *Wetterhexe*, or storm-witch, while little Kateline was esteemed the good fairy of Tiefenbach. In this way Berbel lived in idleness, and Kateline begged food for both.

Unfortunately for the two sisters, Yegof had for some years previously established his winter residence in the cavern of Luitprand. Thence he departed in the spring, to visit his numberless castles and to count his feudatories, as far as Geierstein in the Hundsruck. Every year, toward the end of November, after the first snows, he arrived with his raven —an event which the storm-witch always bitterly bemoaned.

"Again thy plaints," he was wont to say, as he tranquilly installed himself in the most comfortable spot the cave afforded; "do you not both live upon my domains? I am very good to suffer two *valkyrs*,* useless in the Valhalla of my fathers, to remain here."

Then would Berbel, aroused to fury, overwhelm him with reproach and insult, and Kateline look offended; but he, careless of the storm he raised, would only light his old boxwood pipe, and relate his far-off wanderings among the souls of the German warriors, who, for sixteen centuries, lay buried in the cavern, calling them by name, and speaking to them as to men yet living. You may imagine with what delight Berbel and Kateline looked forward to the coming of the fool with his dismal tales.

But this year, Yegof had not come, and the sisters believed him dead, and duly rejoiced over the prospect of seeing him no more. Nevertheless, the Wetterhexe had observed the agitation in the valleys, the crowds of men, musket on shoulder, leaving Falkenstein and Donon. Surely, something strange had happened; and the sorceress, calling to mind that the preceding year Yegof had related to the spirits of his warriors how his countless armies would soon invade the land, felt a vague uneasiness. She would fain have learned the cause of the movement around her; but Kateline having made her tour the Sunday before, would not again budge from her home for an empire, and no one ever climbed to the cavern.

In this frame of mind Berbel came and went, wandered restlessly about the cave, growing hourly more uneasy and irritable. But during Saturday she had enough to think on. From nine o'clock in the morning, heavy and deep peals rang like thunder over the mountain side, and awoke the thousand echoes of the valleys; far away toward Donon rapid flashes crossed what sky appeared between the peaks; and as night approached, yet louder sounds rolled through every gorge, and the hollow voices of Hengst, of Gantzlée, Giromani and Grossmann replied.

"What can all this be?" asked Berbel of herself, "can the day of doom have come?"

Then returning to the cavern and finding Kateline huddled in a corner munching a potato, she shook her rudely and hissed:

"Idiot! hearest thou nothing? Fearest thou nothing? Carest thou for nothing but eating and drinking?"

She dashed the potato furiously to the ground, and sat herself trembling by the hot spring, which sent its grey vapors to the roof. Half an hour later, the darkness growing deeper, and the cold intense, she lighted a fire of brushwood, which threw its pale flashes over the vault of red stone, and pierced to the end of the cavern, where Kateline slept

* Maidens of Odin, whom he sends to every battle-field to decide who shall fall and who shall be victorious. They also wait upon the heroes in Valhalla.

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with her feet buried in a heap of straw, and her chin resting on her knees. Without, all noise had ceased. The storm-witch pulled aside the briars at the entrance, and gazed down the mountain side; then she returned to her post by the fire, her thin lips set tightly together, and her eyelids closed; she drew an old woolen coverlet over her knees, and seemed to sleep. No sound broke the stillness but the dripping of the condensed steam falling from the vault back to its source with a melancholy plash.

So lasted the silence for hours. Midnight was nearing, when suddenly the sound of footsteps, mingled with discordant noises, started Berbel from her slumber. She listened, and heard the cry of a human voice. She arose trembling, and, armed with a huge thorn branch, glided to the opening; there, pushing aside the briars, she saw in the moonlight the fool Yegof advancing alone, but writhing as if in agony, and beating the air with his sceptre, as if thousands of invisible beings surrounded him.

"To the rescue, Roug, Bléd, Adelrick!" he shouted in tones that pierced the cold air like the clangor of an iron bell, his matted beard and hair waving the while, and his dog-skin cloak folded like a buckler around his left arm; "to the rescue! Follow me to the death! See you not who are coming, cleaving the skies like eagles? On, men of the red beards! Crush this race of dogs! Ah! Minan, Rochart, are ye here?"

And then he called with savage shouts, upon all the dead of Donon, defying them as if they were really there; then he recoiled step by step, still striking the air, hurling curses, urging unseen armies to the fight, and struggling as if surrounded by foes. A cold sweat poured from Berbel's brow, she felt her hair rise upon her head, and she would have fled; but at the moment a strange murmuring arose within the cave, and, to her horror, she saw the hot spring boiling fiercely, and masses of vapor rising from it and advancing to the entrance of the cave.

Like phantoms the thick clouds came slowly on, and suddenly Yegof appeared, crying in a husky voice,

"At last ye have heard me! ye are come!"

With a bound he darted to the opening. The icy air filled the vault, and the vapors pouring forth, twisted and wreathed beneath the vast vault of heaven, as if the dead of to-day and those of long gone centuries had begun a never-ending conflict.

The pale moonbeams shed a weird light over Yegof's face and form, as he stood with flashing eyes and sceptre outstretched, and beard falling over his breast, saluting each phantom and calling it by name.

"All hail, Bléd! Hail to thee, Roug! and to ye all, brave warriors! The hour which for centuries you have awaited is at hand; the eagles are whetting their beaks; the earth thirsts for blood! Remember Blutfeld!"

Berbel's senses had almost left her; fear alone kept her standing; but soon the last clouds escaped from the cavern and melted in the limitless blue.

Yegof entered the vault and sat upon the ground near the hot spring, his head resting upon his hands, and his elbows on his knees, gazing with haggard eyes on the bubbling waters.

Kateline awoke sobbing, and the storm-witch, more dead than alive, observed the fool from the darkest nook of the cave.

"They have all arisen from their

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graves," cried he suddenly; "all! all! not one remains behind. They will give life to the hearts of my young warriors, and teach them to despise death!"

He raised his face. A crushing sorrow seemed settled there.

"O woman!" he said, fixing his eyes upon the Wetterhexe with a wolfish glare, "O thou descendant of the Valkyrs, but who at the festal board hast never filled the deep cups of the warriors with mead, nor placed before them the smoking flesh of the boar Serimar, what canst thou do? Canst spin winding-sheets? To thy task then! Spin night and day, for thousands of bold warriors are stretched upon the snow. They fought valiantly. They did their work well, but the hour had not yet come. Now the ravens feed upon their flesh!"

Then in ungovernable fury, seizing his crown with both hands, and tearing it from his head, although with it came away handfuls of hair, he shouted:

"Accursed tribe! Will ye ever bar our way! But for ye we had long since conquered Europe; ay, we of the red beards had been masters of the world. And I humbled myself before this race of dogs! I asked his daughter of one of them, instead of bearing her off as the wolf does the lamb! Ah Huldrix! Huldrix! Listen, Valkyr," he suddenly added in a low tone, "listen!"

He raised his finger solemnly. The Wetterhexe listened; a blast arose without, and shook the old frost-laden forest. How often had the sorceress heard that sound before, during the long winter nights, without giving it a thought. Now, she was afraid.

And while she stood trembling, a hoarse cry smote her ear, and the raven Hans, sweeping beneath the rock, flew in circles round and round the cavern, flapping his wings as if in terror, and croaking mournfully.

Yegof became pale as death.

"Vod! Vod!" he cried in despairing tones, "what has thy son Luitprand done to thee? Why choose him rather than another?"

And for some seconds he seemed to have swooned; but soon, as if carried away by a savage enthusiasm, brandishing his sceptre, he darted from the cavern.

Wetterhexe, standing in the opening, followed him with an anxious eye.

He strode straight onward, with outstretched neck, like a wild beast rushing at its prey. Hans flew before, and they disappeared in the gorge of Blutfeld.

CHAPTER XIX.

TOWARD two o'clock that night the snow began to fall, and at daybreak it rested inches deep upon the men at the bivouacs.

The Germans had left Grandfontaine, Framont, and even Schirmeck, and black spots far away on the plains of Alsace showed where their battalions were in full retreat.

Hullin, roused at early dawn, inspected the bivouacs; he stopped for a few minutes to gaze at the plateau—the scene of Dives's charge at the cannon pointed down the mountain side, the partisans stretched around the fires, and the pacing sentries; then satisfied that all was well, he returned to the farm-house where Catherine and Louise were yet sleeping.

The gray morning was entering at the windows. A few wounded, whom the fires of fever had already seized, shrieked loudly for their wives and children. Then the hum of many voices arose, and at last

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Catherine and Louise appeared, and saw Jean-Claude seated in a corner of a window; ashamed to be thought more devoted to slumber than he, they hastened to bid him good morn-morning.

"Well!" said Catherine inquiringly.

"They are gone, and we are masters of the road."

This assurance did not seem sufficient for the old woman. She gazed through the windows, and saw the Austrians far off in Alsace. Still her face bore the impress of an indefinable uneasiness.

Between eight and nine o'clock, Father Saumaize, the priest of the village of Charmes, arrived. A few mountaineers then descended to the foot of the slope, and collected the dead who lay there so thick. Then a long trench was dug, to the right of the farm-house, in which partisans and Kaiserliks, in their blouses, their slouched hats, their shakos, and their uniforms, were ranged side by side. The good priest, a tall old man, with locks white as snow, read the ancient prayers for the dead in that rapid and mysterious voice which pierces the very depths of the soul, and seems to summon long-past generations to greet the new-comers to their realms—which calls so vividly to the hearts of the living thoughts of the darkness and terrors of the grave, and of the light and mercy beyond.

All day wagons and sleds kept carrying the wounded to their villages; for Doctor Lorquin, fearing to increase their excitement, was forced to yield to their cries and prayers that they might again see their homes. Toward evening Catherine and Hullin found themselves alone in the great hall; Louise had gone to prepare supper. Great flakes of snow still continued to fall without, and from time to time a sled departed silently bearing its wounded owner buried in straw, sometimes a man, sometimes a woman, leading a horse by the bridle. Catherine, seated at the table, folded bandages with an absent air.

"What ails you, Mother Lefevre?" asked Jean-Claude. "Ever since morning you have been sad and thoughtful. Is this your rejoicing over victory?"

The old woman looked up, and slowly pushing the linen from her, replied:

"True, Jean-Claude; I am anxious."

"Anxious? About what? The enemy is in full retreat, and Frantz Materne, whom I sent to watch them, and all Pivrette's and Jerome's and Labarbe's couriers report that they are returning to Mutzig. Old Materne and Kasper, after having buried the dead, learned at Grandfontaine that not a white coat is to be seen toward Saint Blaize-la-Roche. All this proves that our dragoons of the Spanish wars gave them a warm reception on the Senones road, and they fear to be turned by way of Schirmeck. I see no reason for uneasiness, Catherine."

And Hullin gazed at her with a look of inquiry.

"You will laugh at me again, Jean-Claude," said she; "I have had a dream."

"A dream!"

"Yes; the same that I dreamed at Bois-de-Chênes."

Her voice grew louder, and, before Hullin could interrupt, she continued half angrily:

"Say what you will, Jean-Claude, a great peril hangs over us. Yes, yes, all this seems senseless, and is only a dream, but it was not a dream; it was what had passed and what I saw again and

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recognized in my sleep. Listen! We were as we were to-day—after a great victory—where I know not—in a sort of huge wooden hut, crossed by strong beams and defended by palisades. We were secure and careless. All whom I saw around me I knew. There were you, Marc Dives, Old Duchêne, and many others—old men long since dead—my father and old Hugo Rochart of Harberg, the uncle of him who has just died, all in gray blouses, and with long beards and bare necks. We were rejoicing and drinking from great vessels of red earth, when a cry arose, 'The enemy are returning!' And Yegof on horseback, his beard streaming in the wind, his crown surrounded with spikes, an axe in his hand, and his eyes glittering like a wolf's, appeared before me. I rushed at him with a stake; he awaited me, and I saw no more. But I felt a sharp pain at my throat; a cold blast struck my face, and it seemed as if my head were swinging at the end of a cord. Yegof had hung it to his saddle and was galloping away." The old woman ended her story in such a tone of belief that brave Jean-Claude shuddered.

There were a few moments of silence; then Hullin, rousing himself, replied:

"It was but a dream. I, too, often have horrible ones. It was the noise, the shrieks, the terror of yesterday tormenting you, Catherine."

"No!" she answered firmly, as she resumed her work; "it was not that. In good truth, during the whole of the battle—even when the cannon thundered upon us—I feared nothing; I was sure we would be victorious, for that too I had seen. But now I fear!"

"But the Austrians have evacuated Schirmeck; all the line of the Vosges is defended; we have more men than we need, and still more are arriving every moment."

"No matter!"

Hullin shrugged his shoulders.

"Come, come, Catherine! You are feverish. Try to calm yourself and dispel such gloomy thoughts. I laugh at all these dreams as I would at the Grand Turk with his pipe and blue stockings. We have men, munitions, and defences, and these are better than the rosiest-colored dreams."

"You mock me, Jean-Claude."

"No; but to hear a woman of sound sense, of courage and determination, talk as you do, makes one indeed think of Yegof, who boasts that he has been living sixteen hundred years."

"Who knows?" said the old woman obstinately. "He may remember what others have forgotten."

Hullin proceeded to relate his conversation of the day before with Yegof, at the bivouac, thinking thus to disperse her gloom; but seeing that she was inclined to agree with the fool on the score of the sixteen centuries, the good man at length ceased, and paced the room with bowed head and anxious brow. "She is becoming mad," he thought; "another shock, and her mind is gone."

Catherine, after a silence, seemed about again to speak, when Louise tripped into the room, crying:

"Mamma Lefevre, Mamma Lefevre, a letter from Gaspard!"

Then the old woman, whose lips had been pressed tight together in her indignation at Hullin's ridicule, lifted her head, and the sharp lines of her face softened.

She took the letter and gazing at the red seal, said to the young girl:

"Kiss me, Louise; it bears good tidings."

Hullin drew near, glad that something had happened to distract Ca-

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therine's thoughts, and Brainstein, the postman, his heavy shoes covered with snow and his hands resting upon his staff, stood with a weary and careworn air at the door.

Catherine put on her spectacles, opened the letter slowly, notwithstanding the impatient glances of Jean-Claude and Louise, and read aloud:

"This, my dear mother, is to inform you that all goes well, and I arrived Tuesday evening at Phalsbourg, just as they were closing the gates. The Cossacks were already on the Saverne side, and skirmishing was kept up all night with their advance. The next day a flag of truce summoned us to surrender the place. The commandant Meunier told the bearer to go and hang himself, and, three days after, a storm of shell and canister began to hail upon the city. The Russians have three batteries; but the hot shot do the most harm. They set fire to the houses and when the flames appear, showers of canister prevent our putting them out. The women and children keep within the blockhouse; the citizens fight with us on the ramparts. They are brave men, and among them are some veterans of the Sambre-and-Meuse, of Italy and Egypt, who have not forgotten how to work the guns. It makes me sad to see their grey moustaches falling on the cannon as they aim. I will answer for it, they waste no powder; but it is hard to see men, who have made the world tremble, forced in their old age to defend their own homes and hearths."

"Hard indeed," said Catherine, drying her eyes. "It makes my heart bleed to think of it."

She continued:

"The day before yesterday the governor decided to attack the tile-kiln. You must know that these Russians break the ice to bathe in platoons of twenty or thirty, and afterward dry themselves there at the fire. About four in the afternoon, as evening was coming on, we made a sally through the arsenal postern, passing through the covered ways and filing along the path leading to the kiln. Ten minutes after, we began a rolling fire on it, and the Russians had scarcely time to seize their muskets and cartridge-boxes, and, half-dressed, to form ranks upon the snow. Nevertheless, they were ten times more numerous than we, and began a movement to the right, on the little chapel of Saint John, so as to surround us, when the guns of the arsenal opened a fire upon them, the like of which I never saw before, sweeping them down in long lanes. In less than a quarter of an hour they were in full flight to Quatre-Vents, without waiting to pick up their coats, their officers at their head, and round-shot from the town acting as file-closers. Father Jean-Claude would have laughed at their predicament. At night-fall we returned to the city, after destroying the kiln, and throwing two eight-pounders we captured into its well. So ended our first sortie. I write you from Bois-de-Chênes, which we have reached on a foraging expedition. The siege may last months.

"I should have told you that the Allies are passing through the valley of Dosenheim to Weschem, and flooding the roads to Paris by thousands. Ah! if God would only give the emperor the victory in Lorraine or Champagne, not one of them would return. But the trumpets are sounding the recall, and we have gathered a goodly number of oxen and cows and goats. We may have to fight our way back. Farewell, my dear mother, and Louise, and Father Jean-Claude. You are ever in my thoughts and my heart."

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Catherine's eyes grew moist as she finished.

"What a brave fellow he is!" she murmured; "he knows only his duty. Well! well! Do you hear, Louise, how he remembers you?"

Louise threw herself into the old woman's arms, and Mother Catherine, despite the firmness of her character, could not restrain two great tears, which coursed down her furrowed cheeks; but she was soon herself again. "Come, come!" said she; "all is well. Come Brainstein, eat a morsel of bread and take a glass of wine, and here is a crown for your trouble; I wish I could give as much every week for such a letter."

The postman, well pleased at her bounty, followed her, and Jean-Claude hastened to question him as to the enemy's movements; but he learned nothing new, except that the Allies were besieging Bitche, and Lutzelstein, and that they had lost some hundreds of men in attempting to force the defile of Graufthal.

CHAPTER XX.

ABOUT ten o'clock that night Catherine Lefevre and Louise, after having bid Hullin good-night, retired to their chamber, which was situated over the great hall. In this room were two huge feather beds, with red and blue striped curtains rising to the ceiling.

"Sleep well, my child," said the old woman. "I can no longer bear up against my weariness."

She threw herself upon her bed, and in a few minutes was in a deep slumber. Louise did not delay following her example.

This lasted mayhap two hours, when a fearful tumult broke upon them.

"To arms! to arms!" shouted fifty voices. "They are on us! To arms!"

Shots resounded, and the tramp of hurrying feet mingled with cries of alarm; but above all was heard Hullin's voice giving orders in short, resolute, ringing tones, and to the left of the farm, from the gorges of Grosmann rose a deep heavy murmur like that of an approaching storm.

"Louise! hearest thou, Louise?" cried Catherine.

"Yes, yes. Great Heaven! it is terrible?"

Catherine sprang from her bed.

"Arise, my child," she cried; "dress quickly."

The shots redoubled and the windows were lit up as if by constant flashes of lightning.

"Attention!" shouted the voice of Materne.

They heard the neighing of a horse without, and the rush of many feet below in the passage, the yard, and in front of the house, which shook to its foundations.

Suddenly shots were fired from the hall on the ground floor. A heavy step sounded on the stairs; the door opened, and Hullin, pale, his hair disordered and his lips quivering, appeared, bearing a lantern.

"Hasten," he cried, "we have not a moment to lose."

"What has happened?" asked Catherine.

The firing became louder and louder.

"Is this a time to explain?" he shouted. "Come on!"

The old woman covered her head with her hood and descended the stairs with Louise. By the fitful light of the shots, they saw Materne, bare-necked, and his son Kasper, firing from the doorway on the abatis, while ten others behind them loaded and passed the muskets to them. Three or four corpses, lying against the bro-

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ken wall, added to the horrors of the fight, and thick smoke hung among the rafters.

As he reached the stairs, Hullin cried:

"Here they are, Heaven be thanked!"

And the brave fellows below shouted:

"Courage! courage, Mother Lefevre!"

Then the poor old woman, whose stout heart seemed at last broken, burst into tears. She leaned heavily on Jean-Claude's shoulder; but he lifted her like a feather and ran from the house, skirting the wall to the right. Louise followed, sobbing.

They could hear nothing but the whistling of bullets, or their dull thud as they flattened themselves on the rough east wall, scattering the plaster in showers, or as they hurled the tiles from the roof. In front, not three hundred paces distant, they saw a line of white uniforms, lighted up by their own fire in the black darkness. These the mountaineers on the other side of the ravine of Minières were assailing in flank.

Hullin turned the corner of the house; there all was darkness, and they could scarcely distinguish Doctor Lorquin, on horseback, before a sledge, swinging a long cavalry sabre in his hand and bearing two horse-pistols in his belt, and Frantz Materne, with a dozen men, the butt of his rifle resting on his foot and his lips foaming with rage. Hullin seated Catherine in the sledge and Louise by her side.

"Here at last!" cried the doctor, "God be thanked!"

And Frantz Materne added:

"If it were not for you, Mother Lefevre, you may be sure that not one of us would quit the plateau to-night; but for you—"

At this moment, a tall gaunt fellow, passed at full speed, shrieking as he ran:

"They are upon us! Every one for himself."

Hullin grew pale.

"It is the miller of Harberg," he muttered, grinding his teeth. "Traitor!"

Frantz said nothing, but brought his rifle to his shoulder, aimed and fired.

Louise saw the coward fling his arms in the air and fall face downward on the snow.

Frantz, with a strange smile, reloaded his piece.

"Comrades!" said Hullin; "here is your mother; she who gave you powder and food that you might defend your homes; and here is my child. Save them!"

And all answered:

"We will save them or die with them."

"And remember to warn Dives to remain at Falkenstein until further orders."

"We shall not fail."

"Then forward, doctor, forward," cried the brave old man.

"And you, Hullins?" asked Catherine.

"My place is here. Our position must be defended to the death."

"Father Jean-Claude!" cried Louise, stretching her arms toward him.

But he had already turned the corner; the doctor whipped up his horse; the sledge crunched the snow, and behind it Frantz Materne and his men, their rifles on their shoulders, strode on, while the roll and clatter of the musketry continued. The old mistress of Bois-de-Chênes, remembering her dream, was silent. Louise dried her tears and threw a last long gaze on the plateau, which was lighted up as if by a fire. The horse galloped beneath the blows of the doctor, so that the mountaineers

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of the escort could scarcely keep up with it; but it was long ere the tumult, the shouts of battle, the clatter and crash of the shots, and the whistling of the balls, cutting through the branches of the trees, and growing more and more indistinct, were heard no more; then all seemed vanished like a dream.

The sledge had reached the other slope of the mountain and darted like an arrow through the darkness. The tramp of the horse's hoofs, the hard-drawn breath of the escort, and from time to time the call of the doctor, "Ho, Bruno, old fellow!" alone broke the deep stillness.

A rush of ice-cold air, rolling up from the valley of the Sarre, bore from afar, like a sigh, the never-ending plaint of the torrents and woods. The moon broke through a cloud and looked down on the dark forests of Blanru, with their tall, snow-laden firs.

A few moments after, the sledge reached a corner of the woods, and Doctor Lorquin, turning in his saddle, cried:

"Now, Frantz, what are we to do? The path turns to the hills of Saint-Quirin, and here is another going down to Blanru. Which shall we take?"

Frantz and the men of the escort drew near. As they were then on the western side of the Donon, they began to catch glimpses once more of the German fusilade, and occasionally they heard the crash of a cannon-shot echo through the abysses.

"The path to the hills of Saint-Quirin," replied Frantz, "is shorter if we wish to stop at Bois-deChênes; we shall gain at least three quarters of an hour by it."

"Yes," said the doctor, "but we risk being taken by the Kaiserliks who now hold the defile of the Sarre. They are already masters of the heights, and they have doubtless sent detachments to the Sarre-Ridge in order to turn Donon.'

"Let us take the Blanru path then," answered Frantz; "it is longer, but safer."

The sledge descended the mountain side to the left, along the skirts of the wood. The partisans in single file, their rifles slung on their backs, marched upon the top of the slope, and the doctor, on horseback, in the narrow way, broke through the snow-drifts. Above hung the long fir branches, burying road and travellers in deep shadow, beyond which streamed the pale moonlight. The scene was picturesque and majestic, and under other circumstances Catherine would have wondered at its weird beauty, and Louise would not have failed to admire the long icicles glittering like spars of crystal where the moonbeams fell; but now their hearts were full of unrest and fear, and soon the sledge entered the deep gorge whence they could see no light but that which flooded the mountain peaks. Thus they pushed on in silence until at length Catherine, rousing herself from the gloomy thoughts in which she seemed plunged, spoke.

"Doctor Lorquin, now that you have us at the bottom of Blanru, will you explain why we have thus been carried off? Jean-Claude seized me, threw me on this truss of straw, and here I am."

"Ho, Bruno!' cried the doctor.

Then he answered gravely:

"To-night, Mother Catherine, the greatest of evils has befallen us. It cannot be laid to Jean-Claude; for by the fault of another we have lost the fruit of all our blood and toil."

"By whose fault?"

"Labarbe's, who did not guard the defile of Blutfeld. He died afterward doing his duty like a man; but his death could not repair his fault; and if Pivrette does not arrive in time

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to support Hullin, all is lost. We must then abandon the road and retreat."

"What! Blutfeld in possession of the enemy."

"Yes, Mother Catherine. But who would have thought that the Germans would have entered it? A defile almost impracticable for infantry, surrounded by pointed rocks, where the herdsmen themselves can scarcely descend with their flocks and goats? Well, they passed through it, two by two, turned Roche-Creuse, crushed Labarbe, and then fell upon Jerome, who defended himself like a lion until nine at night, but finally had to take to the woods and leave the road to the Kaiserliks. That is the whole story, and it is fearful enough. Some one must have been cowardly and treacherous enough to have guided the enemy to our rear—to have delivered us over bound hand and foot. O the wretch!" cried the doctor in a trembling voice; "I am not revengeful, but if ever he falls under my hand, how I will dissect him! Ho, Bruno! Ho, boy!"

The partisans still maintained their steady shadowy march, and no word was spoken.

The horse again began a gallop, but soon slackened his pace and breathed heavily.

Mother Lefevre was once more buried in thought.

"I begin to understand," said she at length; "we were attacked to-night in front and flank."

"Just so, Catherine; and, by good fortune, ten minutes before the attack, one of Marc-Dives's men—the smuggler Zimmer, an old dragoon—arrived at full speed to warn us. If he had not come, we were lost. He fell among our outposts after having passed through a detachment of Cossacks on the plateau of Grosmann. The poor fellow had received a terrible sabre-thrust, and the blood was pouring from his wound."

"And what did he say?" asked the old woman.

"He had only time to cry, 'To arms! We are turned! Jerome sent me—Labarbe is dead—the Germans passed through Blutfeld!'"

"He was a brave man!" murmured Catherine.

"Yes, a brave man!" replied Frantz, drooping his head.

All became silent, and thus for a long time the sledge kept on through the narrow, winding valley. From time to time they were forced to stop, so deep was the snow, and then three or four mountaineers took the horse by the bridle and pulled him on.

"No matter," exclaimed Catherine, emerging from her reverie, "Hullin might have told me—"

"But if he had told you of the two attacks," interrupted the doctor, "you would not have come away."

"And who dare hinder my doing as I wish? If it pleased me to descend from this sledge, am I not free to do so? I had forgiven Jean-Claude—I repent having done so!"

"O Mother Lefevre!" cried Louise; "if he should be killed, while you speak thus!"

"She is right, poor child!" thought Catherine—

And she continued:

"I said I repent of forgiving him; but he is a brave man, to whom I can wish no ill. I forgive him with all my heart. In his place I would have done as he has done."

Two or three hundred yards further on, they entered the defile of the Rocks. The snow had ceased falling and the moon shone brilliantly from between two great black and white clouds. The narrow gorge, bordered by pointed rocks, seemed to unroll its length to their view, and on its

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sides high firs rose, until lost in distance. Nothing broke the deep quiet of the woods; human turmoil seemed indeed far away. So profound was the silence that they heard every step of the horse in the soft snow, and even his weary breathing. Frantz Materne halted from time to time, cast a glance over the dark mountain sides, and then hastened to overtake the others.

And valleys succeeded valleys; the sled ascended, descended, turned to right and to left, and the partisans, with their cold blue bayonets fixed, followed steadily after.

Thus toward three in the morning they had reached the field of Rumbelles, where even yet may be seen an old oak standing in a turn of the valley. On the other side, to the left, in the midst of bushes white with snow, behind its little wall of loose stones and the palings of its little garden, the lodge of Ciney, the [illegible] against the mountain side, with its three beehives [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Could Jean-Claude hold his own until the arrival of Pivrette? So many painful thoughts weighed upon the mind of each that no one cared to speak.

They were some five minutes under the old oak when the cloud slowly passed away and the pale moonlight streamed down the gorge. But what is that yonder, between the two firs? A beam of light falls upon it—upon a tall dark figure on horseback; it is a Cossack with his lambskin cap, and long lance hanging backward under his arm, slowly advancing; Frantz had already aimed, when behind appeared another lance, and another, and in the depths of the forest, under the deep blue sky, the little group saw only swallow-tailed pennons waving, lances flashing, and Cossacks advancing straight on toward the sledge, but without hurry, some looking around, others leaning forward in their saddles like people seeking something. They numbered more than thirty.

Catherine and Louise gazed upon each other. Another minute and the savages would be upon them. The [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

the field, fleeing like deer, to the forest lodge.

"There they go," cried the doctor; 'we are safe!"

But the brave surgeon was too hasty in his conclusion; the Cossacks, describing a circle in their career, massed their force, and then, with lance in rest, bending over their horses' necks, came right on the partisans, shouting "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Frantz and the others threw themselves before the sledge.

It was a terrible moment. Lance grated against bayonet; cries of rage replied to curses. Beneath the old oak, through the branches of which only a few scattered moonbeams fell, rearing horses, with manes erect, struggled up from the field to the path, bearing barbarous riders with blazing eyes and uplifted arms, striking furiously, advancing, recoiling, uttering yells that might chill the stoutest hearts.

Louise and the old mistress of Bois-de-Chênes stood erect in the sledge, pale as death. Doctor Lorquin, before them, parried, lunged, and struck, crying the while:

"Down, down! Morbleu! Lie down!"

But they heard him not.

Louise, in the midst of the tumult, thought only of protecting Catherine, and Catherine—imagine her horror when she saw Yegof, on a tall, bony horse, among the assailants—Yegof, his crown upon his head, his unkempt beard and dogskin mantle floating on the wind, and a lance in his hand. She saw him there plainly, as if it were broad day, flourishing his long weapon not ten paces from her, and she saw his gleaming eyes fixed on hers.

The most resolute souls seem often utterly broken by the pursuit of a relentless and inflexible fate. What was to be done? Submit—yield to that fate. The old woman believed herself doomed; she saw the mingled combat—men striking and falling in the clear moonlight; she saw riderless horses dashing over the field; she saw the attic window of the forester's lodge open, and old Cuny aim without daring to fire into the mass. She saw all these things with strange distinctness, but she kept repeating to herself, "The fool has returned; whatever may happen, he will hang my head to his saddle-bow. My dream is true—true!"

And indeed, everything seemed to justify her fears. The mountaineers, too feeble in numbers, began to give way. Soon, like a whirlwind, the Cossacks burst upon the road, and a lance's point passed through the old woman's hair, so that she felt the cold steel pass across her neck.

"O wretches! wretches!" she cried, as she fell to the bottom of the sledge, still holding, however, the reins in both hands.

Doctor Lorquin, too, had fallen upon the sledge. Frantz and the others, surrounded by twenty Cossacks, could render no assistance. Louise felt a hand grasp her shoulder—the hand of the fool, mounted on his tall steed.

At this supreme moment, the poor girl, crazed with fear, uttered a shriek of distress; then she saw something flash in the darkness; it was the barrels of Lorquin's pistols, and, quick as lightning, she had torn them from the doctor's belt. Both flashed at once, burning Yegof's beard, and sending their bullets crashing through the skull of a Cossack who was bending toward her. She seized Catherine's whip, and standing erect, pale as a corpse, struck the horse's flanks with all her might. The animal bounded from the blow, and the sledge dashed through the bushes; it bent to the right—to the left; then there was a shock;

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Catherine, Louise, sledge and straw, rolled down the steep road-side in the snow. The horse stopped short, flung back on his haunches and his mouth full of bloody foam. He had struck against an oak.

Swift as was their fall, Louise had seen some shadows pass like the wind behind the copse. She heard a terrible voice - the voice of Dives—shout,

"Forward! Point! point!"

It seemed but an illusion—a mingled vision, such as at our latest hour passes before our glazing eyes; but as she rose, the poor girl doubted it not; sabres were clashing twenty paces from her, behind a curtain of trees, and Marc's voice still rang on the night:

"Bravely, boys, bravely! No quarter!"

Then she saw a dozen Cossacks [illegible]

"You bore yourself well and bravely," said the old woman. "Jean-Claude, Gaspard, and I may well be proud of you."

Louise trembled from head to foot. The danger passed, her gentle nature asserted itself, and she could not understand her courage of a few moments before.

Then, finding themselves more composed, they tried to reach the road, when they saw the doctor and five or six partisans coming to meet them.

"Ah! you needn't cry, Louise," said Lorquin; "you are a dragoon, a little Amazon. Your heart seems now in your throat, but we saw all. And, by the by, where are my pistols?"

As he spoke, the thicket separated, and tall Marc-Dives, his sabre hanging from his wrist, appeared, crying:

"Ha! Mother Catherine! What a time? What luck that I happened to be on hand! How those beggars [illegible]"

"[illegible]" [illegible]

[illegible]

only sure that matters were going as well on Donon, we might indeed rejoice."

"Yes; Frantz told me all about it; something is always going wrong," answered Marc. "But here we are standing in the snow. Let us hope that Pivrette will not let his comrades be crushed, and let us empty our glasses which are yet half full."

Four other smugglers came up, saying that the villain Yegof was likely to return with a swarm of thieves like himself.

"Very true," replied Dives. "We will return to Falkenstein, since Jean-Claude so orders; but we cannot bring our wagon with us; it would hinder our crossing the country, and in an hour all those wretches will be upon us. But let us go to Cuny's. Catherine and Louise will not object to a cup of wine, nor will the others. It will put back your hearts in the right place. Ho! Bruno!"

He took his horse by the bridle. Two wounded men were placed on the sledge. Two others killed, with seven or eight Cossacks, lay stretched upon the snow. They left them as they were, and all entered the old forester's house. Frantz was beginning to console himself for not being on Donon. He had run two Cossacks through the body, and the sight of the lodge put him in good humor. Before the door stood the wagon, laden with cartridges. Cuny came out crying,

"Welcome, Mother Lefevre. What a night for women to be out! Be seated. What is going on yonder?"

While they hastily emptied a bottle, everything had to be again explained. The good old man, dressed in a simple jacket and green knee-breeches, his face wrinkled and his head bald, listened with staring eyes, ever and anon clasping his hands as he cried,

"Great God! good God! in what days do we live! We cannot travel the high roads without fear of being attacked. It is worse than the old stories of the Swedes!"

And he shook his head.

"Come," said Dives, "time presses; forward!"

All went out; the smugglers drove the wagon, which contained several thousands of cartridges and two little casks of brandy, three hundred paces off, to the middle of the valley, and there unharnessed the horses.

"Forward, forward!" cried Marc; "we will overtake you in a few minutes."

"But what are you going to do with the wagon?" asked Frantz. "Since we have not time to bring it to Falkenstein, we had better leave it under Cuny's shed than to abandon it in the middle of the road."

"Yes, and have the poor old man hung when the Cossacks return, as they will in less than an hour," replied Dives. "Do not trouble yourself; I have a notion in my head."

Frantz rejoined the party around the sledge, who had gone on some distance. Soon they passed the sawmill of Marquis, and struck straight to the right, to reach the farm-house of Bois-de-Chênes, the high chimney of which appeared over the plateau, three quarters of a league away. When they were on the crest of the hill, Marc-Dives and his men came up, shouting,

"Halt! Stop a moment. Look yonder!"

And all, turning their eyes to the bottom of the gorge, saw the Cossacks caracoling about the wagon to the number of two or three hundred.

"They are coming! Let us fly!" cried Louise.

"Wait a moment," replied the smuggler; "we have nothing to fear."

He was yet speaking, when a sheet

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of flame spread its purple wings from one mountain to the other, lighting the woods to their topmost branches, and the rocks, and the forester's lodge fifteen hundred feet below; then followed a crash that shook the earth.

And while with dazzled eyes they gazed at each other, mute with horror, Marc's peal of laughter mingled in the sound that yet rang in their ears.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he shouted; "I knew the beggars would gather round the wagon to drink my brandy, and that the match would have time to reach the powder. Do you think they will follow us further? Their limbs adorn the firs. So perish all of their kind who have crossed the Rhine!"

The entire party, partisans, the doctor, everyone, had become silent. So many fearful scenes, scenes which common life knows not, gave all food for endless thought. Each one murmured to himself: "Why must men thus torture, tear, ruin one another? Why should they thus hate each other? And what ferocious spirit urges them to such deeds, if not the spirit of evil, the archdemon himself?"

Dives alone and his men were unmoved, and galloped on laughing and applauding what had been done.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cried the tall smuggler; "I never saw such a joke! I could laugh a thousand years at it."

Then he became gloomy, and said, "Yegof is at the bottom of all this. One must be blind not to see that it was he who guided the Germans to Blutfeld. I would be sorry if he were finished by a piece of my wagon; I have something better in store for him. All that I wish is, that he may remain sound and healthy until I meet him some day in a corner of the woods. Let it be one, ten, or twenty years—only let it come! The longer I wait, the keener will be my appetite: good morsels are best cold, like wild-boar's cheek in white wine."

He said all this with a good-humored air; but those who knew him knew that beneath that lay danger for Yegof.

Half an hour after, all reached the field of Bois-de-Chênes.

INSCRIPTION ON A DOOR.

WRITTEN BY [illegible]

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"POOR MARA!"

THE celebrated Rosenthal, in Germany, was the retreat where Goethe passed so many hours of leisure when a student. It was indeed a valley of roses, especially in early summer, when flowers are most abundant, and the tender green of the rich foliage is freshest and brightest. It was a lovely afternoon, but not sultry; a large awning was spread for temporary use; and just in the shade of a group of trees was set out a table with refreshments. A dozen seats were arranged round it, evidently for a small and select company. Ere long, carriages drove up, and some ladies alighted, and began to arrange the collation. Two of them were the wife and daughter of Doles, the musician; they brought flowers which they had gathered, and decorated the table, placing a wreath of roses and laurels over the seat destined to be occupied by their honored guest, no less a person than Mozart, who had come to give his last concert in Leipsic. The rest of the company soon joined them; and it would be interesting, had we space, to relate the conversation that formed the most delightful part of their entertainment. They were a few choice spirits, met to enjoy the society of Mozart in an hour sacred to friendship. There was no lack of humor and mirth; indeed, the composer would have acted at variance with his character had he not beguiled even the gravest by his amusing sallies; but the themes of their discourse were the musical masters of the world, and the state and prospect of their art.

"Oh! could we only entice you to live here," said one of the company to the great composer.

"No; the atmosphere does not suit me," replied Mozart; "the reserve would chill my efforts, for I live upon the love of those who suffer me to do as I please. Some other time, perhaps, I may come to Leipsic; just now Vienna is the place for me. By the way, what think you of Bonn?"

"You cannot think of Bonn for a residence?"

"Not I. Had you asked me where art had the least chance of spreading her wings for a bold flight — where she was most securely chained down and forbidden to soar, I should have answered, 'Bonn.' But that unpromising city has produced one of the greatest geniuses of our day."

"Who? who?" eagerly demanded several among the company.

"A lad, a mere lad, who has been under the tutelage of the elector's masters, and shocked them all by his musical eccentricities. They were ready to give him up in disgust. He came to me just before I left Vienna; modest, abashed, doubting his own genius, but eager to learn his fate from my lips. I gave him one of my most difficult pieces; he executed it in a manner so spirited, so admirable—carried away by the music, which entered his very soul, forgetful of his faint-heartedness—full of inspiration! 'Twas an artist, I assure you; a true and noble one, and I told him so."

"His name?"

"Louis von Beethoven."

"I know his father well," said Hiller.

"Then you know one who has given the world a treasure! For, mark me, railed at as he may be for

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refusing to follow in the beaten path, decried for his contempt of ordinary rules, the lad Beethoven will rise to a splendid fame! But his *forte* will be sacred music."

The conversation turned to the works of Bach and Handel.

As the sun declined westward, the company rose and returned to the city. When they had left the grounds, a figure came forward from the concealment of the foliage, and walked pensively to and fro. He had heard most of the conversation unobserved. It was the artist Mara, a violoncellist of great merit—famous, indeed—but ruined by dissipation. His wife had left him in despair of reforming his intemperate habits; his friends had deserted him; all was gone but his love of art; and that had brought him to see the great Mozart.

"Well, well," he said to himself, "I have heard and know him now. His taste is the same with mine; he glories in Handel and old Sebastian. Ah! that music in my dream." He struck his forehead. "But I can keep nothing in my head; Mara—Mara—*non e peu com era prima!* If 'twere not for this vertigo, this throbbing that I feel whenever I strive to collect my thoughts and fix them on an idea; if I could but grasp the conception, oh! 'twould be glorious!"

The spirit of art had not yet left the degraded being it had once inspired; but how sad were the struggles of the soul against her painful and contaminating bonds!

"Why," resumed the soliloquist—"why was I not invited to make one among the company assembled here to welcome the great chapel-master? I, too, am a famous artist; I can appreciate music; the public have pronounced me entitled to rank among the first. But nobody will associate with Mara in the day-time! It is only at night, at the midnight revels, where such grave ones as the director scorn to appear, that Mara, like a bird of evil omen, is permitted to show his face. Then they shout and clap for me, and call me a merry fellow; and I *am* the merriest of them all! But I do not like such welcome. I would rather be reasonable if I could, and the wine would let me. The wine! Am I a slave to that? Ha, a slave! Alas! it is so; wine is my master; and he is jealous of every other, and beats me when I rebel, till I cry mercy, and crouch at his feet again. Oh! if I had a friend strong enough to get me out of his clutches. But I have no friends—none, not even Gertrude. She has left me; and there is no one at home now even to reproach me when I come back drunk, or make a noise in the house over the table with a companion or two. Heinrich—no; he laughs and makes game of me like the rest. I am sick of this miserable life; I am tired of being laughed at and shunned; I will put an end to it all, and then they will say once again, 'Poor Mara!'"

With a sudden start the wretched man rushed away, and was presently hid among the branches of the trees. A whistle was heard just then, and a lad, walking briskly, followed, hallooing after him. He came just in time. A stream, a branch of the Pleysse, watered the bottom of the valley; Mara was about to throw himself into it in the deepest spot, when his arm was caught by his pursuer.

"What the mischief are you about?"

"Let me alone!" cried Mara, struggling.

"Do you mean to be drowned?"

"Yes; that is just what I want. I came here for that purpose; and

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what have you to say against it, Friedrich?"

"Nothing, if your fancy runs that way," replied the lad, laughing; "only you have plenty of leisure for it hereafter, and just now you are wanted."

"Wanted?"

"Yes; I came to look for you."

"Who wants the poor drunkard Mara?"

"They want you at Breithoff's, to-night, at the supper given to Mozart after the concert; and you must bring your instrument; we are to have some rare fun. Come, if you are obedient, you shall go with me to the concert."

Mozart's concert! Surprised and pleased that some of his acquaintances had remembered him, Mara suffered himself to be led away by his companion.

The concert was a splendid one, and attended by all the taste and fashion of Leipsic. The orchestra was admirable, the singers were full of spirit and good humor, the audience delighted, the composer gratified and thankful. Mozart thanked the performers in a brief speech, and as soon as the concert was at an end was led off in triumph by the connoisseurs, his friends.

Magnificent beyond expectation was the entertainment prepared, and attended by many among the wealthy and the noble, as well as the most distinguished artists. The revelry was prolonged beyond midnight, and, as the guests became warmed with good cheer, we are bound to record that the conversation lost its rational tone, and that comical sallies and uproarious laughter began to usurp the place of critical discourse. They had songs from all who were musical; Mara, among the rest, was brought in, dressed in a fantastic but slovenly manner, and made to play for the amusement of the company. When he had played several pieces, the younger guests began to put their practical jokes upon him, and provoke him to imitate the noises of different animals on his violoncello. Mara entered into all their fun, convulsing them with his grotesque speeches and gestures, drinking glass after glass, till, at last, he fell back quite overpowered and insensible. Then his juvenile tormentors painted his face and clipped his mustaches, and tricked him out in finery that gave him the look of a candidate for Bedlam, and had him carried to his own house, laughing to imagine what his sensations would be, next morning, when he should discover how ludicrously he had been disfigured. In short, the whole party were considerably beyond the bounds of propriety and sound judgment, Mozart included.

It was considerably after noon, the next day, that poor Mara, the victim of those merciless revellers, might be seen sitting disconsolately in his deserted home. He had no heart even to be enraged at the cruelties practised on him. Pale as death, his eyes sunken and bloodshot, his limbs shivering, sat this miserable wretch, dressed in the same mockery of finery which had been heaped upon him in wicked sport.

The door soon opened, and Mozart entered. At sight of the composer, Mara rose and mechanically returned his salutation. Mozart looked grave and sad.

"You are much the worse for last night's dissipation, my good fellow," said he.

"Ah Master Mozart!" said the violoncellist, with a faint smile, "it is too good of you to visit such a dog as poor Mara."

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"I have something to say to you, friend," answered the composer, in a voice of emotion. "In the first place, let me thank you for your music, last night."

The bewildered artist passed his hand across his forehead.

"I say, let me thank you. It is long since I have heard such music."

"You were pleased with it?" asked Mara, looking up, while a beam of joy shot into the darkness of his soul.

"Pleased? It was noble—heart-stirring! I must own I did not expect such from you. I expected to be shocked, but I was charmed. And when you played the air from *Idomenio—sacré!* but it went to my soul. I have *never* had my music so thoroughly appreciated—so admirably executed. Mara, you are a master of your art! I reverence you!"

"You?" repeated the artist, drawing his breath quickly.

"Yes; I own you for my brother, and so I told them all, last night."

The poor man gave a leap and seized the master by both hands; rapture had penetrated his inmost heart.

"Oh! you make me very happy," faltered he.

"I am glad of it, for now I am going to say something painful."

Mara hung his head.

"Nay, I reproach myself as much as you. We both behaved ill, last night; we both forgot the dignity of the artist and the man."

Again the poor violoncellist looked bewildered.

"We forgot that such as we are set up for an example to the uninitiated, and yielded to the tempter wine! Art—our mother—has reason to blush for us."

"For me," cried Mara, deeply moved; "but not for you."

"Yes, for me," repeated Mozart, "and for all who were there. It was a shameful scene. What," he continued, with rising indignation—"what would the true friends of art have thought of such beastly orgies, celebrated in her name? Why, they would have said, perhaps, 'These men are wild fellows, but we must let them have their way; we owe the fine music they give us to their free living; they must have stimulants to compose or play well.' No, no, no! it is base to malign the holy science we love. Such excesses but unfit us for work. I have never owed a good thought to the bottle. I tell you, I hate myself for last night's foolery."

"Ah master, you who are so far above me?" sighed Mara.

"And lo, here the wreck of a noble being!" said the composer, in a low voice and with much bitterness; then resuming: "Listen to me, Mara. You have been your own enemy, but your fall is not wholly your own work. You are wondrously gifted; you can be, you shall be, snatched from ruin. You can, you shall, rise above those who would trample on you now; become renowned and beloved, and leave an honored name to posterity. You have given me a lesson, Mara—a lesson which I shall remember my life long—which I shall teach to others. You have done me good—I will do something for you. Come with me to Vienna."

The poor violoncellist had eagerly listened to the words of him he so venerated—whom he looked on as a superior being. While he talked to him as an equal, while he acknowledged his genius, lamented his faults, and gave him hope that all was not yet lost, the spirit of the degraded creature revived within him. It was the waking of his mind's energies; the struggle of the soul for life against the lethargy of a mortal malady. Love triumphed! Mara was

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once more a man; but overcome by the conflict and by the last generous offer, he sank back, bowed his face upon his hands, and wept aloud.

"Come," cried Mozart, after a pause, during which his own eyes moistened—"come, we have no time to lose. I go out to-night by the evening post for Vienna; you must accompany me. Take this purse, put your dress in order, and make haste. I will call for you at eight. Be ready then. Not a word more." And forcing a well-filled purse into his trembling hands, the master hastened away too quickly to hear a word of thanks from the man he had saved from worse than death.

The great composer was early summoned from this and many other works of mercy and benevolence. But if this noble design was unaccomplished, at least good seed was sown, and Mara placed once more within view of the goal of virtuous hope. Rescued from the mire of degradation, he might, by perseverance, have won the prize; if he did not, the fault was wholly his own. Whatever the termination of his career, the moral lesson is for us the same.

DISCIPLINE.

A BLOCK of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarotti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn deeps,
Like meteor-lighted skies.

And one who stood beside him listened,
Smiling as he heard;
For, "I will make an angel of it!"
Was the sculptor's word.

And soon mallet and chisel sharp
The stubborn block assailed,
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner unveiled.

A brow was lifted, high and pure;
The wak'ning eyes outshone;
And as the master sharply wrought,
A smile broke through the stone!

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Beneath the chisel's edge, the hair
Escaped in floating rings;
And, plume by plume, was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.

The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been,
An angel stood instead!

O blows that smite! O hurts that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the Master's tools
Forming a work divine?

O hope that crumbles to my feet!
O joy that mocks, and flies!
What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies?

Sculptor of souls! I lift to thee
Encumbered heart and hands:
Spare not the chisel! set me free,
However dear the bands.

How blest, if all these seeming ills
Which draw my thoughts to thee
Should only prove that thou wilt make
An angel out of me!

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FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. B. WERNEKE.

THE TEACHINGS OF STATISTICS CONCERNING THE FREEDOM OF THE HUMAN WILL.

THE enemies of Christianity are, in our days, making war upon its dogmas more fiercely and more generally than at any previous period. Materialism—the teachings of which may be summed up in the following propositions: There exists no God as a spiritual, immaterial personality; there exists no spirit as a supersensible, self-existent, immortal substance—is finding its way into every rank of society. By clothing it in a popular garb, its advocates are meeting with no small degree of success in making converts to its errors, even among the working classes and the deluded *prolétaires* who have a dread of labor. Materialism no longer goes to the trouble of exhibiting itself in the guise of a well-connected philosophical system: it prefers the more insidious method of appearing only occasionally, in writings and speeches whose theme is of quite another nature. It puts on an appearance of science and of devotion to genuine progress; and herein consists its principal danger. When doctrines, opposed to faith, are secreted in works on natural science, and placed side by side with evident facts, there must necessarily result a strong temptation for the unwary to look upon them all as undeniable truths.

The science of *moral statistics* is one of those that have been most recently perverted to the purposes of materialism. The founder of this science is Quetelet, the celebrated Belgian astronomer and statistician. He first observed that, by considering large masses of men during a long period, a certain uniformity in the manner of their accomplishment could be traced, in such voluntary acts as come under the observation of statisticians, more especially in marriages, suicides, and crimes. He even reached the conclusion that acts elicited under the influence of free-will occur with a greater degree of regularity than events which depend exclusively on the influence of physical causes. This discovery was pursued still further. Observations were made upon different nationalities, the results were compared, and upon their evidence it was thought justifiable to speak of a law of nature by which all human acts were supposed to be controlled. This new law could not but be hailed with pleasure by the disciples of materialism. They immediately took it up and adduced it as evidence in favor of their doctrines. It requires but a small amount of perception to see that, if all human acts are controlled by a law of nature, there cannot be any free-will. The denial of free-will implies the elimination of one of the essential faculties of the human soul, and it, at the same time, shakes Christianity to its foundation. For, if everything is subjected to an immutable necessity, sin and grace, redemption and sanctification, need no longer be mentioned.

It is well worth our while to sub-

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ject the new doctrine, founded on the evidence of moral statistics, to an examination and to test its tenability. We propose to do this in the following pages. Before entering, however, into the assertions and inferences of the materialists, it will be expedient to state a few of the principal results of the science of moral statistics, so that the reader may see the method by which such unexpected and surprising conclusions have been reached, and may thus be enabled to form a judgment for himself.

A glance at the statistical tables which record the sum-total of marriages contracted in a single country reveals in reality that their number is nearly the same, year after year. Even in so-called anomalous marriages, that is, marriages in which a young man allies himself to a woman much older than himself and *vice versa*, as well as in marriages between widows and widowers, there seems to be a certain uniformity. Thus, if we take Belgium, with a population of about four and a half millions, we find the total number of marriages, from the year 1844 to the year 1853, running as follows: 29,326, 29,210, 25,670, 24,145, 28,656, 31,788, 33,762, 33,169, 31,251, 30,636. During the same years, the number of marriages between men of 30 years and under, with women of 30 years and under, stands thus: 13,024, 13,157, 11,578, 10,749, 12,642, 13,933, 14,440, 14,337, 13,488, 13,161. Anomalous marriages, between men of 30 years and less, and women of from 45 to 60 years, likewise evince a perceptible regularity during the same years: 129, 102, 118, 98, 101, 140, 130, 128, 104, 115. On the other hand, marriages between men of 60 years and over, and women of 30 years and under, during the same series of years: 41, 36, 33, 42, 44, 47, 49, 42, 39, 32. These figures are sufficient for an illustration. The result is similar in the case of other countries.

If we consider the age at which marriage is contracted, we discover considerable uniformity in a single country, but wide differences in different countries. The following table exhibits what percentage of men and women contract marriages in the different countries, at the different ages indicated:

		Under 20.	20 to 25.	25 to 30.	30 to 35.	35 to 40.	40 to 50.
In England,	Men...	2	46	26	11	5	10
	Women	12	50	20	8	4	6
In France,	Men...	2	27	33	18	9	11
	Women	19	38	22	10	5	6
In Norway,	Men...	1	23	39	20	8	9
	Women	5	35	33	14	6	7
In Bavaria,	Men...	0	12	32	38		18
	Women	4	25	32	29		10

These figures show that in England 72 per cent of the men marry between the ages of 20 and 30 years; in France, 60 per cent; in Norway, 62 per cent; in Bavaria, however, only 44 per cent. In England, 82 per cent of the women contract marriage at and under the age of 30 years, whilst in Bavaria the percentage is only 61. It is hardly to be supposed that what Quetelet calls *la tendance au mariage* (the tendency toward marriage) is less strong in Bavaria than in England: we may only infer that the conditions which render marriage practicable are more easily realized in England than in Bavaria, and a single glance at both these countries will show that such is really the case.

We shall now give a few figures from the statistics of suicide. The following table contains the annual aggregate of suicides, during a period of twenty years:

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	France.	Belgium.	Denmark.	Austria.	Prussia.	Saxony.
1836.....	2340	189	241	...	1436	214
1837.....	2443	165	269	534	1502	264
1838.....	2586	167	292	...	1453	261
1839.....	2747	192	297	486	1474	246
1840.....	2752	204	261	550	1480	336
1841.....	2814	240	337	...	1630	270
1842.....	2866	220	317	587	1598	318
1843.....	3020	242	301	588	1720	420
1844.....	2973	255	285	...	1575	335
1845.....	3082	216	290	596	1700	338
1846	3102	247	376	611	1707	373
1847.....	3647	251	345	...	1852	377
1848.....	3301	278	305	...	1649	398
1849.....	3583	275	337	452	1527	328
1850.....	3596	...	340	454	1743	392
1851.....	3598	165	401	552	1816	402
1852.....	3676	150	426	637	2073	530
1853.....	3415	161	419	705	1942	431
1854.....	3700	189	393	770	2198	547
1855.. ...	3810	166	399	...	2351	508

Making all possible allowance for increased population in each of these countries throughout the space of twenty years, and for greater accuracy in the later records than in the earlier ones, it still remains incontestable that in civilized countries suicide is on the increase, and that this increase exceeds that of the population.

By taking the annual proportion to a million of inhabitants, we shall perceive that this crime is more frequent in some countries than in others. The following figures comprise the period from 1856 to 1860: In France, to one million of inhabitants, there occurred yearly 111 suicides; in Belgium, 47; in Denmark, 276; in Austria, 64; in Prussia, 122; in Saxony, 245; in Bavaria, 72; in Hanover, 137; in Würtemberg, 85; in Baden, 108; in Hesse, 134; in Mecklenburg, 162; in Nassau, 102; in Portugal, 7; in England and Wales, 65; in Hungary, 30; in Dalmatia, 11; in Europe generally, 84.

Very notable differences may be observed in these figures. The degree of intellectual culture and social refinement is about the same in Saxony as in Belgium, yet these two countries stand widely apart on the record of suicides, even if it be allowed that the estimate for Belgium is somewhat too low. There can be no doubt that religion exercises a decided influence in this matter. Saxony is a Protestant country, whilst Belgium is Catholic. Similar divergences exist in favor of Austria when compared with Prussia, and of Bavaria compared with Hanover.

Suicides are far more frequent amongst Protestants than amongst Catholics. The latter possess in their faith far more remedies against temptation to suicide than the former are able to obtain from theirs. A Protestant despairs more readily than a Catholic.

These remarks apply only to countries at large. The great metropolises, which may properly be designated hot-beds of suicide, must be taken as exceptions, because in them practical religion easily dies out and cannot exercise its usual influence. In the year 1865, when Paris had a population of 1,863,000 inhabitants, there were 706 cases of suicide, that is, one to every 2638; in Vienna, with a population of 550,000 inhabitants, there were 110 cases, that is, one for every 5000; in London, with 3,000,000 inhabitants, there were 267, that is, one for every 11,715; and in New York, population 1,095,000, 36 cases of suicide, one to every 28,000 inhabitants. Accordingly, the greatest number of suicides is committed in Paris, where reign the highest degree of social culture and the most rigorous police surveillance, and the smallest number occurs in New York, the seat of the greatest social and political liberty.

We may here state, as a general rule, that high intellectual culture is not a preventive of suicide. Observation shows, on the contrary, that it is comparatively most frequent in countries where the enlightenment of the population has attained the highest point, and that it occurs far oftener in cities than in rural districts. This fact is unmistakable

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evidence that moral improvement is not keeping pace with intellectual progress, and that governments, whilst furthering the latter with increasing zeal, are not bestowing sufficient care on the former. From the year 1826 to the year 1860, suicides increased 130 per cent in France, whilst the population increased but 13 per cent. This astounding circumstance has been looked upon as attributable to the advancement of industry and the progress of science and popular education; and no doubt mostly, if we consider how much more frequently suicide is committed in the enlightened northern and eastern departments of France than in the less progressive southern and western

venting for the purpose a *general law*, according to which suicides are supposed to be apportioned to the various ages of human life.

We will now cast a glance at the statistics of crimes. Accurate records upon this subject, published in England, Belgium, and France during a series of years, afford us ample material for this investigation. Similar records, commenced at a later period, have been kept in the Netherlands, in Bavaria, in Baden and other states; and since 1854, the Prussian Ministry of Justice has every second or third year, published a thorough report of the proceedings of the criminal courts of that kingdom. It is impracticable, however, to establish a comparison between

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On an average, from eighteen to nineteen per cent of the accused were every year pronounced not guilty. It might naturally be expected that, in the case of special crimes, the ratio of those acquitted to those condemned would vary greatly. Thus, of 100 accused of theft, an average of 6 was acquitted; of serious injury done to the person, an average of 25; of murder, about 16; of violation of official obligations, about 36; of perjury, upward of 41.

By calculating what proportion of the accused from 1859 to 1862 belonged to each of the above-mentioned religious denominations, we find that of the Jews there was one accused for every 2978 inhabitants; one Catholic for every 3087, and one Protestant for every 3415. Hence, the accused were most numerous amongst the Jews; least numerous amongst the Protestants. The unfavorable position here assigned to the Catholics is accounted for by the fact that large figures refer to the eastern provinces of Prussia, which are inhabited in a great measure by Catholic Sclaves, with little culture and very much impoverished. A considerable difference is observable in the provinces. The average of a period of four years (1859–1862) counts 1 accused for every 2345 in Silesia, 2503 in Posen, 2853 in Brandenburg, 3101 in Prussia proper, 4056 in Pomerania, 4436 in Saxony, 4863 in Westphalia, 5095 in the Rhenish province.

The eastern provinces present a sadder condition than the western. Unfortunately the statistical tables give us no information concerning the nationality of the accused. But, if we confine our investigation to Rhineland and Westphalia, where the population is purely German, the result will be found altogether in favor of Catholicity. The census of these two provinces, including Hohenzollern, amounted in 1861 to 1,474,520 Protestants and 3,313,709 Catholics. During a term of five years, (1858-1862,) 1463 Evangelicals and 3138 Catholics appeared before the tribunals, making 1 for 5035 Evangelicals and 1 for 5280 Catholics. Whence we infer that nationality, want of education, and poverty produce effects in the eastern provinces which cannot be found where Catholics and Protestants are on an equality in those respects.

The comparison seems to be specially favorable to the Catholic provinces when the infliction of punishment upon the guilty is considered. For great offences, the punishment is penitentiary; for less offences, imprisonment. Now, although in 1855 the number of accused was much greater amongst the Catholics than amongst the Protestants, nevertheless there was but one penitentiary culprit for 8430 inhabitants in Rhineland and Westphalia, whilst in the Protestant provinces there was 1 for 4179. Hence, the number of penitentiary culprits in these latter being double argues likewise greater crimes.

The foregoing statistics of criminals, considered with respect to creed, enable us to form a conclusion in regard to the influence of the particular form of religion upon the dispositions of men. Amongst Catholics, the crimes peculiar to youth seem to predominate, whilst amongst Protestants they are the crimes of mature and of advanced age.

The former appear to decrease with the advance of intellectual culture and improvement in temporal welfare, whilst the latter, on the contrary, appear to become more numerous.

Further figures might be given showing that the majority of crimi-

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nals belong to the laboring classes, and that the incentives to crime are want and absence of training amongst the working people, and dissipation and luxury in higher ranks of society. We will, however, content ourselves with what has been stated, and proceed to discuss the conclusions which materialists draw from such data.

At the present day, materialists conclude, from such facts and figures as these, that the volition of man is not free. They pretend that it is impossible to explain the regularity with which acts, seemingly voluntary and deliberate, are elicited, unless we accept the conclusion that free will is a mere fiction of the imagination, and that science inevitably forces us to the conviction that all human acts depend on what they designate a law of nature. They say that such a degree of order in the occurrence of human acts could not possibly result from the unbiassed power of self-determination. They reject the distinction between nature and man as a being partly spiritual, and consider him as a purely material product of nature, subjected, like animals, plants, and minerals, to general laws, without the power of exercising the slightest influence on his own destiny. And this outcry against free-will is raised by men in every department of science, by naturalists, philosophers, historians, physicians, and jurists. Says Buckle, in his *History of English Civilization*, speaking of the evidences of moral statistics:

"In certain conditions of society a large proportion of men *must* put an end to their own existence. Such is the general law. The special inquiry as to who is to commit the crime depends, of course, upon particular laws, which, in their united energies, must obey the general law to which they are subordinate. And the force of the higher law is so irresistible that neither the attachment to life nor the dread of the future can to any degree hinder its execution."

Dankwart declares boldly:

"Man is not a free agent. He is just as little responsible for any of his deeds as a stone which, in obedience to the law of gravitation, falls upon one's head. The criminal act was the necessary development of a law of nature."

What are we to say in reply to these attacks? Are the facts of statistics really so decisive and convincing as to compel us to abandon the time-honored dogma of Free-Will, to which the noblest and loftiest minds of all ages have so tenaciously adhered? Can those imposing arrays of figures operate in us to the conviction that, when a man contracts marriage, commits a crime, puts an end to his own life, or performs any other act, he necessarily follows a universal law of nature, and cannot, therefore, be held responsible for his deed? Do the acts of men enter into the economy of nature like ebb and flow of tide, day and night, summer and winter? It is not our purpose to enter into deep philosophical disquisitions on free-will. Its materialist adversaries ignore all philosophical speculation. They occupy themselves exclusively with *facts*—visible, palpable facts—and upon this vantage-ground we intend to oppose them. Our task, then, in the present instance, is to demonstrate that the conclusions drawn from the given premises are unwarranted and erroneous; that the *regularity* in the recurrence of certain acts can be satisfactorily accounted for by *other* causes, without having recourse to a mysterious *law* of *nature;* and lastly, that there are many facts which, even without free-will, are problems not less difficult to solve.

In examining the method by which our adversaries draw inferences from facts, we shall find that their

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logic is in contradiction to all the laws of correct thinking. "Not all acts are free, therefore some acts are not free," is a proper conclusion; "but some acts are not free, therefore all acts are not free;" who would admit such a conclusion? As an illustration, let us take another example from statistics. According to the testimony of statistics, of 908,000 families in Belgium, only 89,630 were in good circumstances in the year 1857. 373,000 were in a very straitened condition; 446,000 were in downright misery. In all probability, the same relative situation may be found existing through a series of years. Now, what would the enemies of free-will say to the following reasoning: "In Belgium, the masses are in poverty, therefore all Belgians are poor; affluence does not exist at all in Belgium"? Is not the following reasoning of theirs identically the same: "In marriages, suicides, crimes, and other human acts, the influence of free-will is imperceptible, as shown by statistics; therefore, these acts are *not* free; therefore, the influence of free-will is impossible in *all* acts; there is no free-will at all"? We might even, for argument's sake, grant—which, of course, we do not—that the above-mentioned acts are not free, without thereby doing away with free-will in numberless other human acts.

But this is not the only logical blunder made by our opponents. They infer from the *deed* to the *volition*. "The deed is not free, therefore neither is the volition." Do the deed and the volition always correspond so perfectly that we may, under all circumstances, infer from the former to the latter? The very fact that in trials before courts extenuating circumstances are so strongly insisted upon, is proof positive that the deed and the volition are not always identical. It is a long way from deliberation to decision, and from decision to execution. We may not more infer from the deed to the volition than from the volition to the deed. How absurd to infer from the volition to the deed! And should the reverse be more logical?

What does experience show—in trials, for example? A man is murdered, for instance. In one case, the evidence shows that the murderer had harbored his dark design for years, until finally a favorable moment presented itself for the execution. In another case, it will appear that, in a casual quarrel, a man dealt a mortal blow to another, perhaps even to his friend, *without intending to do it!* The criminal courts of all countries present multitudes of such instances. It is the statistician's province to note the deed, but not the volition; and hence, sound logic will never permit inferences in regard to the volition to be drawn from statistical facts.

Let us now examine the foundation on which arguments against the freedom of man's will are based. This foundation is the *regularity* with which the aforesaid acts have been observed to recur, as if within the range of a higher and wider law. How have statisticians discovered this regularity? Evidently only by summing up facts as they took place within a period of some duration, and over an extensive range of territory, a process by which the actual differences were entirely put out of sight. We learned above that, from 1855 to 1862, a yearly average of 6244 criminals was arraigned before the criminal courts of Prussia. But particular years fall wide of this average figure. Thus, in 1856, the number was 8722, that is, 2500 more than the average; in 1858, the number was 4995, that is, more than 1300 less than the average;

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and the total of the difference of these years, 3800. It would seem that this might as truthfully be called *irregularity* as *regularity*. If, in Prussia, crimes are merely the necessary consequences of a natural law, and of political and social circumstances, can it be reasonably believed that these underwent so great a change in the space of two years that the number of crimes was diminished by one half? It is impossible to draw from such premises conclusions strong enough to uproot convictions planted as deeply in the human breast as is that of the freedom of man's will. External circumstances may indeed have undergone changes within two years, still these changes are not sufficient of themselves to account for such variations in statistical figures as we have above quoted. These can be accounted for only by taking into consideration the freedom of the human will which may be influenced, in a measure, by external circumstances, but not [illegible]

[illegible]

on the brink of the stream, we *imagined* that the water was in motion and produced a sound; but in this elevated position, from which we see the stream for miles, we discover that we were mistaken; the stream is evidently silent and without motion"? Where lies the mistake in this instance? and where the truth? Is not the case of the statistician the same? If, viewing things from his elevated stand-point, he fails to recognize the free-will of the individual, is the cause to be found in the absence of all free volition, or is it not rather owing to his having taken too high a stand-point? In order to obtain correct information concerning the material creation, we must enter into details, and carefully examine single specimens; hence the importance of the microscope in natural sciences. And why shall we pass by the individual altogether, and generalize our observations when we undertake the study of moral phenomena? Surely, there can be no reason for proceeding thus. No man looking from a high tower upon a flock of sheep can expect to obtain accurate knowledge of their animal nature and [illegible]

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to our moral powers, as well as to the physical, in order to hinder man from encroaching upon his eternal laws. The possibility of founding a science of moral statistics, and of drawing useful inferences from it, depends mainly on the fact that, as soon as observations are made upon a *large number of individuals*, the human will retires and manifests no perceptible influence."

The action of the free-will of man is, in reality, confined within very narrow limits. The less a man knows, the fewer must be the objects of his volition and of his desire. Most men have, in this respect, but a very narrow range. It is the poor and the illiterate who everywhere compose the bulk of the population, and it is this bulk precisely that the statistician is obliged to consider. The *power of execution* is still more limited. For executing, ability and means are required, which, however, in innumerable instances, are found insufficient. But even though the will and the power to execute be limited, freedom of volition may still exist. For we speak of the freedom of a merely *human* will, and man is by nature a *limited*, not an infinite, being. The freedom of man's will can be made available only within the limits placed about the individual. The individual can *will* only that which he has knowledge of, and do that which he has the means to do. Nero once wished that the whole Roman people had but one head, that at a single blow he might strike it off. It was simply the wish of a tyrant gone crazy. It is pretty nearly the same with free-will as with unencumbered bodily motion. We have it in our power to wander in every direction upon the globe, but the globe itself we cannot leave. It revolves about the centre of the planetary system, and carries us with it in its career. In the same manner can we possess freedom of volition and of *doing;* but step beyond the limits of our nature we cannot, and for this very reason, says Quetelet, does the influence of free-will disappear when larger groups become the object of observation.

The transition from the will to the deed depends on the objective possibility of accomplishing the deed. External circumstances must be considered ; at times they are favorable, at times again they are unfavorable. Any man can elevate his thoughts to God. The will becomes the deed forthwith. But raising his hands in prayer is quite another thing. This can be done only by a man who has the free use of his members. We may infer from a glance at the statistics of marriages and crimes, how much the execution of the will depends upon external circumstances. We quoted above that, among every 10,000 inhabitants, there are usually 87 marriages in Prussia, 82 in Saxony, and only 66 in Bavaria. Now the question arises, Is there less inclination to marriage amongst young people in Saxony and Bavaria than in Prussia, or does the law of necessity, supposed to control such events, cease to be in force when it reaches the boundaries of Bavaria? Not at all. The difference is simply this. In Prussia it only requires two parties, a bride and a groom, for a marriage contract, whilst in Bavaria it requires three, a bride, a groom, and a functionary of the police department, and, as everybody knows, it is harder for three to come to an agreement than for two. Besides these legal hinderances, there are many others that oppose the will to marry. We have only to look about to notice them. One man may have the will to marry, but cannot find a suitable match ; another may not be able to

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obtain the consent of his parents; a third may not have a sufficient livelihood; a fourth may be prevented from marriage by war, by sickness or any other cause. They all may have the will to get married, but external circumstances do not permit it.

External circumstances exert a similar influence upon crimes. Statistics show that five times more men than women are arraigned for crimes. Are we to suppose hence that women are so much better than men? Hardly. The number of women criminally disposed cannot surely be much less than that of men; but women want the ability, the means, and the adventurous spirit necessary to carry out their evil designs. In years of famine, as the number of marriages decreases, that of theft increases. In France, in 1840, a year of plenty, [illegible] persons were convicted of larceny. In 1847, a year of scarcity, the figure rose to [illegible], and the year after, it fell again to [illegible]. [illegible] might be quoted for England. What becomes of the law [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

happens to be placed. Still it cannot be conceded that these circumstances do away with the freedom of man's will. True enough, men permit themselves to be controlled, in a great measure, by the circumscribed relations of private life, but they do so for the very purpose of remaining in those relations. There are many cases in which men see no motive for withdrawing from under the influence of existing circumstances. Sacrifices are even made to existing circumstances in order that they may continue the same. As for instance, in the case of tax-paying. We may complain loudly of the burden of taxes, still we pay them. Should we have a mind not to pay them, we leave the country for another less oppressed. The man that remains pays his taxes [illegible] indeed, yet [illegible] will. Unwillingness does not preclude free-will.

The narrower the circumstances, the more limited the education, the lower the rank of a man, the greater are his efforts to accommodate himself to circumstances; and [illegible] the greater his wealth and the higher his education, the more independent is he.

In European countries, a son usually [illegible] the profession of his father. [illegible]

[illegible]

interference on the part of man, natural circumstances continue the same during centuries. At the present time the Amazon river presents about the same appearance as when the first white men paddled their frail canoe along its luxuriant banks. The hand of man has made but few changes. But within the same space of time the Mississippi and its tributaries have undergone the most astonishing changes. Flourishing towns now occupy the former pasture-ground of the buffalo, and where the alligator once held undisturbed possession, are now to be seen golden acres of corn and snowy fields of cotton. It would be hard to recognize in the Germania of Tacitus the Germany of the present day. Soil and climate have both undergone changes. Were men controlled by laws of necessity like the rest of creatures, they never would have been able to effect these modifications of physical nature. There is a principle in man which other creatures want. Together with understanding, he is endowed with a free-will whose action is always perceptible where man engages in an unusual struggle with nature.

Much ado is made about the influence of the social, domestic, and religious condition of the masses upon the individual. It is said that his action is necessarily directed and controlled by this influence. But we would know who creates these particular conditions—who brings them about — and who changes them? Everybody knows that elephants are very sagacious animals. But the elephants employed nowadays in India for the chase and other purposes are not a whit more sagacious nor a whit less stupid than those which King Porus employed in the war against Alexander the Great, 2000 years ago. Had elephants been endowed with understanding and free-will, they would, in all probability, have made some little progress within 2000 years. We never speak of intellect, morals, and religion when animals are the subject of consideration; we only speak of their natural condition, and this circumstance alone shows that we must not look upon man as a mere part of material nature, under the same necessary laws. So far as the body is concerned, he belongs to material nature, and undergoes its influence; but, as to the spirit, he rises above nature, and for this very reason, enters into a contest with nature, and triumphs. The fertile marshes of Holland and Friesland are not a gift from the ocean, but man has wrested them from the ocean; they are the creation of his mind and invincible strength of will.

We several times before made mention of the happy influence of Catholicity upon its adherents. Most Catholics, it is true, belong to the communion by virtue of their descent from Catholic parents, and, thus far, this may be called a natural circumstance. But this same circumstance is brought about by the deliberate and free will of thousands of persons who in England, Germany, and America are annually returning to the old church. Somebody might perhaps imagine a "conversion-law," according to which a certain number of Protestants must inevitably become Catholics every year.

It seems to us that the science of moral statistics has been turned against the dogma of free-will, chiefly because statisticians have directed their attention to such facts only as are most immediately under the control of external circumstances. Had they selected other facts, the result would not have led men so easily to form conclusions opposed to the freedom of the human will. We will

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give an example. France is a Catholic country. There are 35,000,000 of Catholics in France. It is customary amongst Catholics to go to confession. We suppose it would not be putting the figure too high if we said that about 100,000,000 confessions are heard annually in France. Every statistician will readily grant that in France, and in every Catholic country, the aggregate of the confessions will be nearly alike for different years—and that the proportions of men and women, and the variances for the different seasons, months, days, etc., will present a decided appearance of regularity. Now, would Buckle be ready to say: "In the present condition of France, one hundred millions of confessions must take place every year. This is the general law. The particular inquiry as to who is to go to confession depends, of course, on special laws whose united forces must, however, obey the general laws to which they are subordinate. And the force of the general law is so irresistible, that neither fear of the priest nor the impenitence of man can exert the slightest influence for the hinderance of its action"? We are inclined to think the materialistic historian would have hesitated a while before ranging confession under the *economy of nature.*

Before concluding, there are two more facts which we beg permission simply to state. Materialists believe in facts. They say that there is no effect without a cause, and that the effect corresponds with the cause. Now, it is an undeniable fact, that every man that has attained the use of reason believes his *will* to be free. How will materialists account for this fact? The belief in the freedom of the will is an effect —the effect of what?—of real necessity? We thought the effect should correspond with the cause. For centuries men have believed their will free, and for centuries criminals have been held responsible for their deeds, and have been punished — and lo! now the statistician does away with free-will altogether! It is plain that this mode of blotting out free-will is merely a cunning but erroneous piece of calculation.

The second fact is this: As often as a reaction follows upon a period of greater political and social freedom in a state, it has been remarked that at once the number of births decreases and that of deaths increases. It was the case in France in 1854, and in Prussia in 1855. From this fact we infer that liberty is the atmosphere that suits the nature of populations best, and furthers their increase most. If this is the case, can we, in consequence of the mistaken evidences of statistics, refuse individual man the faculty of free-will, which must be the basis and condition of every other kind of liberty? Certainly not.

One more observation. The free-will of man is one of the fundamental dogmas of Christian, and in particular, of Catholic faith. We have seen what can be advanced against it on the evidence of moral statistics. But the case of statistics is like that of many other sciences. Its results, at first, appear opposed to Catholic faith, and the enemies of the church begin to shout with joy at the victory of "Science over Superstition." But when more closely inspected, the new facts and developments are not only nowhere in contradiction to faith, but are often found to agree with and even to aid in substantiating it.

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FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE JENNA.

THE VOLUNTEERS FOR PIUS IX.

BOTH from Rome and France these men have earned a radiant crown of merit;
As they drew their sword of fire, all hell, with trembling, saw its flashings.
What their name? One—Christians! Fear no more when such have come to guard thee,
Throne and home of Pius!

On they came, those boasters, fed by Rapine, armed by drivelling Folly,
Eager to profane with blood-stained hands the apostolic altar.
They were met. And now, as ever, at thy gates, O holy City!
Hate by Love is conquered.

At thy pure and sacred majesty they dared, O holy Pontiff!
Dared to mock with cries defiant; and like wolves for blood were thirsting—
Thine! No, never! Thou hast drunk enough of Suffering's bitter chalice.
Father! look—thy children!

These for thee have gladly quitted wives and mothers, home and country:
When the clamorous dastards cried, "Down with the Pope!" then these, uprising,
Clutched their arms, and shoulder unto shoulder marched. "Fear not!" they shouted,
"We will come and save thee!"

In their faces gleamed the sacred fire that burns in breasts of Frenchmen!
If but one of them should fall—for thee the boon of life disdaining—
From their country's borders there would rise upon the morrow morning
Thousands to avenge them.

Only that one day, at least, the Christian phalanx—serried closely,
So that heart may beat to heart—could know that thou hast gazed upon them;
Only that the Holy Church in prayer their names will once remember,
Death they gladly welcome.

Holy Father, keep thy double sceptre and thy stainless glory!
Rome is spared to thee and thou to Rome. Not yet, O sacred exile!
Heaven will claim thee soon enough, and then, bereaved of thy dear presence,
We shall be the exiles.

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Yes; the Christian world has sworn that thou from Rome shalt not be driven,
As a gage it sends these dauntless heroes forward to thy rescue.
Look upon them. Mark that steady tread, those eyes that flash forth victory.
Raise thy hand and bless them!

On to triumph, cavaliers of Christ! Yea, Lord, for thee they conquer,
When they overcome the enemies of him who represents thee.
Count *this* faithful band, O Thou who in thine hour of dereliction
Saw all thine desert thee!

You whose dear and sacred memory is upon our hearts engraven—
You, who were the elder brethren of this youthful band of heroes—
You, who bore the white cross banner till the hands of all fell lifeless
At Castelfidardo—

You were there! And more than one of these beheld your glorious spirits
Hovering o'er them as they proudly fell and yielded up their life-blood,
Waiting with the crowns and palms prepared for such as should be honored
So to die and conquer.

Happy ye, O chosen ones! your death is fruitful. Ever passing
Through the world the Church broadcasts her seed in sadness;
Harvesting in turn with overflowing hands upon the places
Sown with blood of martyrs.

Mothers, wives, they come not back, the nearest, dearest that have left you!
Weep! *He* also wept. But ponder well the words that He has spoken:
"Greater love no man may show for him he loves than dying for him."
Even thus they loved Him!

Weep! but sing a song of triumph as the bitter tears are flowing.
Blest are ye who, in his temple, humbly kneeling at the altar,
There can offer him a sacrificial incense of such sorrow
With such glory mingled!

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CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE BLESSED TRINITY, OR MULTIPLICITY IN THE INFINITE.

GENERAL IDEA OF THE BLESSED TRINITY.

CATHOLIC doctrine admits that the most pure, simple, and undivided unity of the Godhead lies in its nature; but that this most simple nature is terminated by three real, distinct subsistences or persons, who form the only true and living Infinite. How this answer affords the solution of the problem will be seen in the course of this treatise, in which we shall endeavor to develop the idea of the church in a scientific form. But, before we proceed to analyze it, we feel obliged to develop it in a cursory manner, in order to enable the reader to follow us in the analysis to which it will be subjected.

We say, then, that the essence of God, absolutely simple, is terminated by three real, distinct, opposite subsistences, which are a primary unbegotten activity, a begotten intelligibility, an aspired goodness; all three in a state of personality. For this primary, unborn activity in the state of personality, in whom the whole Godhead resides, by understanding himself, begets a most faithful conception of himself, an intellectual utterance, a word or *logos*. Now, the nature or essence of intellectual conception or logos, consists in being the object conceived in the state of intelligibility. It follows, then, that the conception of the primary activity, in whom the fulness of the Godhead resides, is, in consequence, the Godhead itself in the state of intelligibility, whilst the conceiver is the Godhead itself, in the state of intelligent activity. Under this last respect, to wit, of intelligent activity and of intelligibility, the conceiver and the conception are necessarily related to each other; a relation which arises from an opposition of origin, since the conceiver, as such, originating the conception, is necessarily opposed to it, and the conception, as such, by being conceived, is necessarily opposed to the conceiver. In this sense they are necessarily distinct from each other. It follows from this that each one has a concreteness of his own, a termination or a state, by whatever name it may be called; which concreteness is incommunicable to the other, and hence each one has the ownership of himself, and therefore is a person. For the first is the whole Godhead under the termination of unborn intellectual activity, which termination is strictly his own and incommunicable. The second is the fulness of the Godhead, under the termination of intelligibility or conception, which belongs to him alone, and is likewise incommunicable. But because in both resides the whole identical Godhead, though under a distinct, opposite, and relative termination, they are both one and the same God.

God conceiver and God conceived are, then, in nature and essence, one and the same; whilst as the conceiver and the conceived, they are two distinct persons; and in this sense, there is a necessary duality in the infinite. This duality is brought

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into harmony and unity by the production of a third termination, the Holy Ghost. The conceiver and the conceived necessarily love each other. This is the result of a metaphysical law of the act of intelligence, including subject and object; since to intelligence an object produces an inclination or attraction in the subject toward it. Now the two persons in the Godhead intelligence each other; therefore they love each other. It is, again, the nature of love that the object loved should abide in the subject loving, in a state of feeling or an actively attractive state, a state which human language cannot utter. The best expression we can find is, that the object should abide in the subject in the capacity of beatifying it. The Godhead, under the termination of conceiver, loves the Godhead under the termination of conceived; and, *vice versa*, the Godhead, under the termination of conceived, loves the Godhead under the termination of conceiver. The result of this operation is a third termination of the Godhead—the Godhead under the termination of love, goodness, or bliss, proceeding from the other two terminations, the conceiver and the conceived. This new termination being distinct from the two former, and opposed to them, inasmuch as it originates from them, is consequently its own, incommunicable to the others, and hence a person. But as it is the same identical Godhead, under the termination of love, the three are but one and the same God. Without these terminations or triplicity in the Infinite, the God cannot exist or live. For what is a being without the knowledge of himself and without love? What is life but action? and action without a term originated is a contradiction in terms. The Godhead must, then, intelligence and love himself. The result of this are three terminations in the Godhead; a primary, unbegotten activity, a begotten intelligibility, an aspired goodness. That these three terminations do not break the unity of the Infinite will be manifest from the analysis to which we shall subject them.

We shall now proceed to vindicate the personality of the three terminations against a class of disguised pantheists—disguised even to themselves—that is, the Unitarians.

Why should these three terminations in the Godhead be persons? Could not the Godhead understand and love itself without supposing three personalities?

We answer that without the admission of three persons in the Godhead, we should necessarily fall into the pantheistic theory concerning God.

The Unitarians will concede to us that God must understand and love himself. Without this he were inconceivable. Now, we beg the Unitarians to tell us what this intelligence and love are? Are they only passing and transient acts or modifications, or are they faculties and attributes? What are they?

Besides essence and nature, which includes substance, our minds cannot conceive any other categories than the following:

1st. Attributes or perfections.

2d. Faculties.

3d. Acts of the faculties or modifications.

4th. Subsistence and personality.

Now, excluding subsistence and personality, the understanding and love of the Godhead must be either an attribute or faculty, or a transient act, or both of these together.

The Unitarians may demur at so many distinctions; but we would beg them to observe that when we see the most sacred dogmas, nay, the

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very pivot of knowledge, attacked by a flimsy and proud philosophy, we have a right to descend into the depths of science, and ask of the flimsy and boastful philosophy what it means when it attacks so sweepingly and so confidently. This remark has been forced from us by reading the following words of Channing: "We believe in the doctrine of God's unity, or that there is one God, one only. To this truth we give infinite importance, and we feel ourselves bound to take heed lest any man spoil us of it by vain (?) philosophy. This proposition, that there is one God, seems to us exceedingly plain. We understand by it that there is one being, one mind, one person, one intelligent agent, and one only, to whom underived and infinite perfections and dominion belong. We conceive that these words could have conveyed no other meaning to the simple and uncultivated people, who were set apart to be the depositories of this great truth, and who were utterly incapable of understanding those hair-breadth distinctions between being and person, which the sagacity of other ages has discovered."

We have read very few passages of other authors in which we find as much magisterial tone, sweeping assertion, profound ignorance of true philosophy, confusion worse confounded, as in these few lines of Channing.

Is it possible that Dr. Channing should call a hair-breadth distinction, that which lies between essence and nature, and personality? We suspect that the distinction between these terms being so nice, Dr. Channing never apprehended it; and without this elementary apprehension of the most fundamental notions of ontology, Dr. Channing should have kept his peace, and never have written a book touching mysteries, held and defended even unto death by thousands of the sublimest, the profoundest, and the most universal geniuses of Christianity; such men as S. Athanasius, S. Justin, S. Irenæus, S. Hilary, S. Augustine, S. Ambrose, S. Chrysostom, S. Jerome, S. Fulgentius, S. Thomas, Bossuet, Fénélon, Pascal, Leibnitz, etc. Before the testimony of such intellects, even the self-assurance of Dr. Channing should have hesitated. Dr. Channing, then, along with all those who hold his opinion, will be kind enough to tell us what they mean by God being one mind, one person, one intelligent agent. Are these things attributes, faculties, or acts? Let us define the terms, that the distinction which exists between them may be more manifest. An attribute or perfection is a partial conception of our minds, of a certain nature, and more particularly of the Infinite. The idea of the infinite implies all perfections. But as our limited minds cannot apprehend all that is contained in that idea at one intellectual glance, we are forced to apprehend it partially, and to divide it mentally, and to consider each side apart. The ideas or notions corresponding to all these apprehensions of the infinite, we call perfections or attributes. But let it be distinctly understood; ontologically, that is, in the order of reality, they do not exist out of, and are not distinct from, the essence of the Infinite. A faculty is the capacity of development in a being. An act is the transition from capacity into movement. Now, before we close with the Unitarians, we shall give the definition of individuality and personality as carefully and intelligibly as we can.

That last termination or complement of a being, which makes it a unit, *in se*, separated or at least dis-

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tinct from all other beings, which makes it *sui juris* and incommunicable to all others, constitutes what ontology calls individuality. To illustrate this definition, let us suppose our body in the two different states to which it is subject, when it is united to our soul, and when it is separated from it. It is evident that when my body is yet united to the soul, it is a corporal substance, but not an individuality, because it has none of those elements necessary to constitute individuality. It is not a unit *in se*, neither is it separated from any other being, because it is united to the soul, and hence it is communicable; and above all, it is not *sui juris*, since the soul possesses it as its most intimate and most subordinate organ and instrument. Let us take the other state of our body, when the soul has left it.

By this very fact, the body becomes an individuality, that is to say, a unit *in se*, distinct and separated from any other being, *sui juris*, and incommunicable. So true is this, that should that body in such a state, undergo any change, or do what we might improperly call an action, that change or action would be attributed to it, and to it alone.

For instance, suppose that body should fall and crush by its weight some living creature, we should say that body has killed that creature, because it *is* an individuality; whereas, suppose that same body, possessed of the soul, falling at night out of bed, should kill by its weight that living creature, we could no longer say that body has killed, but we should say that man fell last night out of his bed, and killed, for instance, his child; because the union of the body with the soul as its most intimate organ, deprives it of its individuality, and consequently of solidarity.

Personality adds to individuality the element of intelligence, and consequently of self-consciousness.

A person, therefore, is a substance, possessed of intelligence and self-consciousness, forming a unit *in se*, and hence being distinct from all others, having the ownership of himself, *sui juris*, and being the principle of imputability for all his actions.

If these notions, on which depend the whole field of ontology, which are the foundation of morality, of all social and political rights of man, on which the very bliss and ultimate perfection of man rest—if such notions are hair-breadth distinctions, we thank God that we are endowed with intelligence enough to apprehend them; else, were a man to-morrow to force us into slavery, on the plea that we are only things, and not persons, we should be at a loss how to stop him, not being able, like Channing, to apprehend our own personality, that supreme gift which makes us feel master and owner of ourselves and accountable for our actions.

Having premised these notions, we say the Unitarians, who grant that the Infinite is endowed with intelligence and will, must admit one of these three things: either the intelligence and will are perfections or attributes, or they are faculties, or they are persons. If they admit them to be perfections, they divide the Infinite; if they admit them to be faculties, they fall into pantheism.

This is what we are going to prove in the following propositions.

First proposition: If intelligence and will were admitted to be mere perfections in God, the admission would imply a division in God and a breaking up of the Infinite.

Before we proceed to prove this proposition, we premise that in the argument we take intelligence and

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will in action, and not in potentiality; in other words, we take them as acts, and not as faculties.

The reason is because, as we shall prove, there can be no faculties or potentiality in the Infinite. This premised, we lay down the undoubted ontological truth that between intelligence in act and the conception or interior *logos*, the result of intelligencing, there is and must be a real distinction. In other words, the intellect in act and the conception of the intellect necessarily imply a duality.

The reason of this is evident. First, because between the intellect in action and conception there is necessarily an opposition. The intellect in act, is such, inasmuch as it is not conception, and *vice versa*. Now, a real opposition implies, necessarily, a real distinction. Again, the conception or interior *logos* is to the intellect in action as the effect is to its cause, or, better, as the consequence is to its principle.

If, therefore, there were no real distinction between the intellect and the conception, there would be no real distinction between the effect and its cause, the principle and its consequence. Hence, thinking and thought are necessarily distinct. What is true of the act of thinking and of thought is true of the will and its *volition*, for the same reason. Hence it is evident that the intellect in action, thought or the conception, the will in action and its volition, are necessarily distinct by their very ontological nature and relation. It follows, then, that if we admit them to be mere perfections of the Infinite, we would imply a real distinction in the essence of the Infinite, in other words, a duality of essence; because a perfection in the Infinite is identical with essence, since we have said that perfections have no real existence *in re*, and are only partial conceptions of our minds, which cannot take in the Infinite at one intellectual glance.

Intelligence in action and conception, therefore, being considered as perfections, would be identical with the essence; and they requiring, in force of their metaphysical nature, a real distinction, the distinction would fall upon the essence of the Infinite. Any one versed in ontology will perceive this truth at a glance. Hence, Unitarians cannot say that the intelligence and the conception of the intelligence, the will and love in the Infinite, are mere perfections, without admitting a real distinction in the essence of the Infinite, and thus admitting a multiplicity of Infinites, which is absurd.

Second proposition: If Unitarians rank the intellect and thought, the will and its volition, of the infinite among faculties, they then fall into pantheism.

Ontology, as we have said, defines a faculty to be a force of development by union with its object.

Its notion implies three elements:

1. A force residing dormant in a being.

2. An object.

3. A union of the force with the object, to render the development actual.

Applying this idea to the subject in question, every one can see at a glance that a faculty cannot be predicated of the Infinite without falling into pantheism.

For it would be to admit in God a force of development, a capacity of unfolding, of actualizing himself.

Now, every faculty of development necessarily begins, from the minimum degree of actuality, to travel by progressive stages of unfolding to an indefinite maximum of progression. Hence, in the supposition, we should

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be forced to admit that God started from the minimum of life and action, and that he travelled through numberless stages of development, and will travel indefinitely through higher stages in the direction of a maximum of progress never to be attained. Now, this is almost verbatim the pantheistic theory of Hegel.

Every one who has read Hegel will have observed that his idea of the Infinite coincides perfectly with the above. For he starts from a minimum of reality, the *Being, Idea*, which, through a necessary interior movement, becomes matter, organism, animality, intelligence, etc.

It would not do for Unitarians to say that the argument does not apply to their system, since they admit a substance already existing and perfect as to being, only endowed with faculties. For, in the supposition, they would admit a finite, not an infinite being.

In a finite being we can conceive one already perfect in the order of existence, with faculties or force of accidental development. But we cannot say the same of the Infinite. The positive infinite, so to speak, is essentially actuality itself; hence, perfection itself, all terms which exclude and eliminate every possibility of development. If it be not that it must be the Infinite of pantheism, a mere abstraction and unreality.

From what we have said, we conclude:

First, that the mystery of the Trinity is essentially necessary to the idea of God; that there can be no conception of Infinite actuality but through the supposition of three distinct terminations of the same essence.

Secondly, that Unitarians are absolutely powerless before pantheism; nay, that their system is disguised pantheism; and that by holding fast only to the unity of God, they sap the very foundation of the reality of the Infinite.

The Infinite is essentially living. A living God is essentially conceiving himself by intellect. A subjective conception necessarily implies an objective conception. These two are absolutely and necessarily opposed to each other, and hence, really distinct. Again, a living God, who necessarily conceives himself, necessarily loves himself through his conception. Again, subjective love necessarily implies an objective love, and the two are essentially opposed, and hence distinct.

Thus we have three real distinct relations in the Infinite, a conceiver, a conception, and love.

On the one hand, these three relations cannot be either perfections or faculties; on the other, they cannot be denied of the Infinite without destroying the very idea of the Infinite. It follows, then, that they should be three terminations of the same essence.

The act of intelligence in God is so actual and perfect as to be in the very same state of personality intelligence itself. The production of this act is also so actual and perfect as to be conception itself, a personality distinct from the first. Love, the necessary production of both the intelligence and the conception, is also so actual and perfect, as to be love itself in a state of personality, three distinct subsistences of the same one infinite essence.

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HEREMORE-BRANDON; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

CHAPTER IV.

In the beautiful dawn Dick awoke, hardly remembering where he was, and almost frightened at the wonderful absence of many noises which had never before failed to greet his waking. Not knowing whether it were very late or very early, Dick took the safest view of the subject, and hurriedly dressed himself; then, cautiously opening his door, he looked out to see if there was any sign to guide his further movements. All was silent around him; but the hall door stood wide open, letting in a square of golden sunshine at the foot of the stairs. He went carefully and noiselessly down, and found himself, when he reached the porch, in a flood of glorious light. The flowers that hung above the porch were sparkling in it, for the dew was yet fresh on all the world; a thousand birds were carolling songs of exultation from every tree, while the cool, fragrant morning air came to him in the freshest, purest breezes that ever were known.

Even the pebbles, from which the sun had not yet kissed away a single dew-drop, were sparkling like jewels as Dick approached them on his way to the little rustic gate under the evergreen arch. He stood leaning over it a long time, looking down the cool, shadowy lane, his heart joining in the joyous morning hymn of nature, for the first time heard.

He was standing by the gate, enjoying all, when new voices reached his ears—human voices—and the children all at once came rushing from the garden at the back of the house, in a tumult of delight, surrounding him almost before they were aware of his presence, so intent were they upon their mission to the village.

"Me doing to the 'tore!" exclaimed little Trot, rubbing her hands. "Me dot a pocket."

Which double hint Dick took at once by putting pennies in the "pocket," much to her delight and the older ones' annoyance.

"For shame, Trot!" said Will, "that's as bad as asking; and you can't go to the store either; you'll get wet, the grass is all wet. 'Tan't no good for girls; you stay home."

Whereupon Trot rubbed her brown little fists in her eyes, and loudly bewailed her misery in being only a girl, showing also that she had a will of her own that by no means acknowledged this big boy as its lord and master. Dick attempted to show him that whereas Trot's dress was already a finger deep with wet from the long grass through which she had been tramping all the morning so far, it couldn't make much difference if it got a little wetter. But Will was firm, and Trot inappeasable, until, much to our hero's relief, the noise brought out Rose, who was greatly ashamed of Trot for making "such a time before the strange gentleman," and very firmly decided for Will. In some magic way she sent the boy portion unencumbered by any of the weaker sex, on their way rejoicing, found something for the girls to do, and took Trot's hand so resolutely that not a sob was ventured by that small maiden, so that there was again peace in the land.

Then came breakfast, with a fur-

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ther display of clean calico, a great deal of laughing and merry talk, but in a less leisurely way than at tea, for the day's work was before not behind them. Breakfast finished, the children, our hero, Rose, and Rose's bosom friend, Clara Hays, were sent off to pick berries in the woods. Half the morning they were in getting started; for everybody spoke at once, and everybody hurried and detained everybody else. There were at least a dozen false starts. As soon as seven got to the gate, Trot and Minnie were reported missing; no sooner were Trot and Minnie secured, than some one else was out of the way. But at last they got fairly off, and went down the lane in great glee; the children swinging their pails and baskets in advance, and running back every two minutes to give some valuable information about the road or the woods or the berries, or something equally important. Rose, Clara, and Dick brought up the rear in a manner that showed they had a becoming sense of the responsibility thrown upon them as the elders of the party.

What they did all day in the woods, how many brooks they crossed, who fell in and was fished out with much laughter; how little Trot got in everybody's way, and ate the others' berries as fast as they were picked; how the children met other children on the road; how often all parties rested, and teased each other, and compared the quantity each had picked; and whether Dick, who had soon got over his awkwardness, put his berries into Clara's pail or into Rose's basket, I am not able to relate. I only know they returned at evening very noisy and very tired; and that Rose had a larger stock than any other one of the whole party; and that as she took off her broad-brimmed straw hat, and pushed back the moist curls from her face, this young lady did not go up at once to wash off the purple berry stains from her hands, and to put on the pretty blue muslin with its tiny bit of lace around the neck, but lingered to hear the children, each interrupting the other, until they were nearly all talking at once, tell Mr. and Mrs. Stoffs and Mrs. Alaine the day's adventures. Dick, too, had somewhat to relate, and glanced at Rose while he told it, although it was only what the children had told twice over already, how Mr. Dick—it had come to that with the children—didn't know a turkey from a goose, and had called things by their wrong names all day; whereat Rose laughed with the rest, and then ran up to bathe her glowing cheeks in time to help get tea.

When she came down, she found the children in the same eager excitement, following the two women from kitchen to cellar, from the closet to the table, still telling about the big snake they were sure they had seen run across the path just before them, and the rabbits, and what Minnie had said, and Will had done, and Charley had thought; to all which the listeners gave an attentive ear, laughing when there was need, and surprised at the proper moment. At tea, the day in the woods continued to furnish food for animated discussion, and neither Rose nor Dick looked as if the subject were a tiresome one.

"And how did my little Trot get along?" asked Uncle Carl; but Trot, who was tired, and cross, and impatient for her piece of cake, made no answer.

"Trot tumbled into the water," said Will; "she always tumbles in."

Then Trot who couldn't bear to be

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teased, looked as if she were about to cry, but was appeased by a word or two from Rose, and Carl asked who pulled her out.

"Oh! I did," answered Will readily; "I and Mr. Dick."

"I see that Mr. Dick is very good to you," said Mrs. Stoffs, with a kind smile toward our hero, who colored and looked his delight.

"I don't think we can get along without Mr. Dick any more, can we?"

The children declared they could not, and Dick was as pleased as if he had just taken a degree; but Rose said nothing about the matter.

Well, that was a merry, merry week; there were so many things needed, and such long walks were required through the woods, and over the hills, and even down to the beach, in order to procure them, while every errand took all day to perform, that Dick learned to walk on the soft grass without stumbling; even to loiter slowly along by Rose's side, not often looking to see where he placed his feet; and the children were such good tutors that he learned the names of the birds and animals and insects that came in his way, and knew where there had been the best cherries in the spring, where there would be the best place for nutting in the fall, and when the grapes would be ripe, "If only he could be here!"

If only he could be here! But a week is only a week, and it will end, if it has a life-time in its seven days. The last day had come, and they all knew it; there had been a better dinner. "Mr. Dick's last dinner with us, you know," they had said to each other; and something more than sweet-cakes and peaches for tea, for "to-morrow Mr. Dick will not be here." But, for all their consideration, Mr. Dick hardly knew that night if he were eating sweet-cakes or bitter bread.

It was a very quiet evening that followed the last tea at Carlton. The children were more silent than usual; even Trot was not proof against the indescribable feeling that settles over a group from which one is about to take his departure. She climbed into Dick's lap, and—an uncommon thing with that restless maiden—did not offer to leave her position all those long twilight hours. When Miss Brandon rode by—as I forgot to state she did at twilight every evening—her beautiful pony, her long dress, her hat with its drooping feather, her veil fluttering in the evening breeze, her buff gauntlets, and her silver-handled riding-whip — things which had set the whole flock in commotion before — were hardly commented upon. When Mr. Irving, so tall and princely, left her side for a moment, and, coming close to the gate, called after Will, it was found Rose had forgotten the usual bouquet of flowers for the ladies, and had to beg the gentleman to wait. Rose felt very guilty; but Dick endeavored to console her by saying that, without doubt, Mr. Irving was glad to have a little more time with such a beautiful young lady as Miss Brandon; and then fell to praising Miss Mary vehemently—how beautiful she was, how gracious and pleasant to all, and yet always remembering she was a grand young lady. Rose thought it very easy to be good and pleasant when people are rich and beautiful; and then Dick tried to comfort her again, and perhaps with better success than before; for her only answer was a silent act of contrition for the envious thought that had flitted across her mind. Then, still in silence, she cut the flowers that she could hardly more than guess at in the gathering

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twilight. Dick was silent, too; and yet there was a great deal he would like to have said, even though he little suspected that all he had so far made clear to her was that Miss Brandon was to him like an angel in a picture, or a heroine in some old romance, and that, beside her silent act of contrition, poor little Rose's heart had given one great throb, and had then made an act of resignation beside. But Dick found voice to ask for a good-by flower, which Rose gave; and it may be there were spoken then a few words of more solemn meaning, such as will come when two people, young and fresh, find their skies suddenly glowing above them, and their hearts full of grateful praise to God, who has made life so sweet. And it may be that little Rose, who said her prayers so regularly for all sinners and for all who are tempted, said a few broken, bashful words, exhorting Dick to goodness even in the midst of the "snares of the great city," and that he eagerly caught the words as they fell, promised her never to forget them, and inwardly made a quick cry for God's grace to let him die then rather than do aught to offend him who had showered such blessings upon him. It may be, too, that Rose—the simple-hearted maiden—was sure he would never break the promise, and that their good-by there was a request and a promise each to pray for the other. But if so, it was not said in long paragraphs, with flowing periods; for Rose was too conscientious to detain Mr. Irving a moment longer than needful.

But I am afraid Rose had to make another act of contrition that night; for when Will brought her the money for the flowers—the garden was her own—she would not take it, but told him to divide it among the children, himself, of course, included. Dick thought it very generous of her; but I have my own opinion about that. Too soon for all the last "good-nights" were said, and Dick knew he had spent out his last evening in Carlton for who could tell how long? Yet his dreams were not sad. If he did not actually believe he was riding on a splendid great horse, by the side of a fair damsel on a white pony, down the shadowy lane, into the broad road of the future; that he had given Carl a home for life, and a load of toys to the children, with, perhaps, an uplifting of his heart, and a readiness to bear whatever life should bring him worthy of a faithful Christian, I think it was something "very like it."

The next morning there was a hurried breakfast, after which they all went to the little yellow station-house to see him off, and waved their hats and handkerchiefs until the train was out of sight. A little longer, and they had returned in a rambling procession home, each with some remembrance of him to tell the other, while he was in the city at work once more, but as a different Dick Heremore from the one who had said good-by, not without emotion, to his slovenly landlady.

CHAPTER V.

When Christmas came around again, and made the first break in the routine of his life after his ever-memorable visit to the country, Dick, now no longer a follower at a distance of that Sunday morning crowd, but a devout and well-instructed Catholic, to whom all the glory and grandeur of the Christmas lights and flowers, the music and the bells, were no longer mysteries; after hearing the grand high mass—not the only one he had heard that day—turned down Fourteenth street, ac-

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cording to the custom of many years, in order that he might pass the Brandons' house, which had ever held a charm for him, since on its broad steps he had first seen the beauty and loveliness of charity. But he was not thinking just then of Miss Brandon, nor of his newsboy days, nor yet of the fast approaching hour when he should present himself at Carl Stoffs's table, in a quarter of the city very different from this, where he was to eat his piece of Christmas turkey. His thoughts, I am afraid, will seem wild ones; but he was young, it was Christmas-day, he had just come from that glorious mass, and the world seemed so small and easy to conquer to one who had heard the "glad tidings," so that he may be forgiven for dreaming, in a less prosaic and unspiritual manner than I can tell you, of a time when he would eat his Christmas dinner neither at a boarding-house nor at another man's board, but would carve his own Christmas turkey, at his own table. Of whatever he was thinking, he did not fail to notice the house, and to glance upward when he came to the stoop where he—was it really he, that rough, shaggy, ragged little newsboy, ignorant and dirty?—where he had, for the first time in his hard young life, heard a voice address him kindly; and his glance changed to a steady gaze of surprise when his eye caught a name on the door-plate that was not Brandon. He looked at the number—that was all right, but the old name was gone. He was perplexed, and walked absently backward and forward for several moments.

"Then Mr. Stoffs was right," he said, "and he" (meaning Mr. Brandon) "has had to come down a peg or two, or he would not have given up his house at this season. I wonder where they have gone now."

He remembered, at this moment, that none of the family had been at Ames & Harden's during the whole fall, and that he had not seen Miss Brandon since she and Mr. Irving had ridden down the lane for the flowers that Rose had forgotten to have ready at the usual hour. It so happened that, remembering the neglected flowers, why they had been forgotten, and how the negligence had been repaired, Dick's thoughts strayed from the graceful figure of the beautiful lady, who had seemed to him more magnificent and gentle than a vision, and turned to another figure, not tall nor stately—to another face, not grand nor graciously sweet.

But when he met Mr. and Mrs. Stoffs, almost the first words he said were,

"I went by the house on Fourteenth street to-day, and Mr. Brandon's name was off the door. I had not heard of their going away."

"It's long ago, though," said Mr. Stoffs.

"Is it any difficulty made them leave their old house?" asked Dick.

"There's been no end of difficulties," answered the German, puffing out great clouds of smoke between every sentence. "Things were bad enough last summer, and when Mrs. Brandon died—"

"Mrs. Brandon dead!" exclaimed Dick.

"Oh! I forgot that was after you left; it was quite an excitement. The horses ran away one night—those same stylish bays of which she was so proud—when she and her daughter were returning from some party, and she was dead before morning."

"And Miss Brandon?" Dick could hardly ask, his terror of the answer was so great.

"Miss Brandon," answered Mr.

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Stoffs in a formal way, and puffing out greater clouds of smoke than ever, "Miss Brandon was ill for some days, and they were afraid would never get over the shock; your fine ladies are so nervous!"

"Miss Brandon is not that kind," said Dick hastily, vexed by the contemptuous tone of his friend's remark. "And I don't believe fine ladies are any more—more—fussy than others."

"I suppose you know them well enough to be a certain judge," said Carl, who seemed in a very ugly humor.

"Of course I don't know one in the world," answered Dick, with considerable animation and a deeper color in his face. "But I can't see the good of always running down people, just because they happen to be richer than ourselves."

"Hush! now," interposed Mrs. Stoffs, as her husband was about answering, "or no dinner shall you have this day. I will not let you two quarrel."

"You were going to tell me about Mr. Brandon's difficulties," suggested Dick very gently, after both he and Mr. Stoffs had assured their peacemaker that they were never in better humor toward each other. "You were going to tell me about Mr. Brandon's difficulties."

"Yes. His wife she died, and it was found he had used all her money and had lost it, as he had his own; there was a failure and everything was sold out, and so—there's an end of him."

"Did he leave New-York?"

"I don't know. Who asks what has become of a one-time rich man after the bubble has burst?"

"I think I heard he wanted some situation to start life again," said Mrs. Stoffs. "Poor man!"

Mrs. Stoffs was right. Mr. Brandon had tried to start again; but he had been a hard man in his days of prosperity, and an unfaithful man, or he would not be as he was now; and so, many who heartily pitied him and his family for their fall, and who would willingly have given them assistance out of their own pockets, did not feel justified in giving him a position that could be better filled by some man in whom they could trust. Thus among all his rich friends, not one of whom felt unkindly toward him, there was none to push him a plank with which to save himself from drowning.

Dick had learned all that his hosts could tell, and knowing well how fearfully rapid is a man's fall when once he is over the precipice of failure, his heart was heavier than it had ever been for troubles of his own. He sought to sustain his part in the conversation, feeling that a silent guest seems selfish and ungrateful, and tried to laugh as heartily at his friend's jokes as ever; but it was not without an effort, and his friends were keen and saw that he was troubled.

"I do not like it," Carl grunted in his deepest tones, that Christmas night after Dick had gone and the children were asleep; "I do not like it."

"You must not think too hardly of him," answered Mrs. Stoffs, who, with that sort of perception women obtain when they become wives, knew her husband referred to Dick's troubled manner, the anxious way in which he had asked about Miss Brandon, and his hot resenting of Carl's careless words. "You are too hard on him," said Mrs. Stoffs, not because she did not equally dislike it all, but because there would be no conversation between them if old married folks were always to agree.

"Fine ladies, indeed!" muttered

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Mr. Stoffs, puffing away harder than ever. "Miss Brandon—what for should he care if Miss Brandon was hurt, more than for any other lady?"

"She is poor enough now," said Mrs. Stoffs musingly. "It would not be so strange now;" and under her breath she sighed, "Poor Rose!"

"Not that he has one thought of such a thing," Carl went on consistently; "you women always get such ideas into your heads."

Mrs. Stoffs, being an experienced wife, raised no question about the ownership of the "ideas," whatever they were, but sat looking into the fire for a long time before she spoke again, and then it was to say, "After all, I am glad we were too poor to have Rose come up for Christmas."

"If she would not be satisfied with what we had, so am I," grumbled Mr. Stoffs.

"I was not thinking of that," answered his wife mildly.

"I know Heremore's never such a fool as to be thinking of one so much above him as Miss Brandon," remarked Mr. Stoffs.

"She is not above him now that they are poor," answered his wife.

"It isn't the money that made the difference," said Carl rather impatiently, "it's the habits that money gives. That's what is the matter. Miss Brandon may not be half worthy of him, and yet he would be mad to think of her; it is misery when people marry out of their rank, misery to both."

"But if they love each other?" suggested his wife.

"That only makes the matter worse; he knows not her ways. She has a language that is not his; if they did not care, they could go their own ways, and seek their own. I think Heremore is a great fool; I do!"

"I don't believe he has a thought of such a thing," said Mrs. Stoffs; but there was a manifest question in her voice.

"If he has, he'll rue the day he thought of it first," said her husband emphatically; and there the conversation ended; but when Mrs. Stoffs wrote again to Mrs. Alaine, which she did not do for some time—for to write a letter was an event in the honest woman's life—she thought proper to give her sister a hint of that which they had observed; and Mrs. Alaine, in her turn, thought proper to convey the hint, in the form of information, to Rose, who, however, answered readily,

"Love Miss Brandon? Well, mamma, and why shouldn't he?"

"Because Miss Brandon is not in the same class of life that he is, dear."

"I am sure Mr. Heremore is better off than her father is now," urged Rose; "for he has a regular salary, and Mr. Brandon has nothing left, and nobody will give him any place."

"No doubt, my child; but it is not money that makes the difference. Miss Brandon has her ideas of life now just as she had them when she was rich; and Mr. Heremore is what he is, and would not be different if he were suddenly made a millionaire."

So Rose said no more.

While Mr. and Mrs. Stoffs were thus disturbed about him, Dick, unconscious of any cause he had given for their disquietude, was walking slowly and thoughtfully home. "Where was that little Mary with her fair hair and gentle smile this cold Christmas night?" was the question he kept putting to himself. It was a clear, bright night, with the moon shining on the pavements and the frozen earth, not at all such a night as that during which he had

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slept by her father's steps, and there was no fear that her fair head was shelterless; but still it was very sad to think of her, whose Christmas days had been such pleasant ones, in mourning for her mother, and perhaps in troubles such as those which men hear, but shudder to see, clouding the girlish youth that is so short, and should be so sunny.

"With God's help I'll find them out before to-morrow night if they are in this city," said Dick to himself, and then walked on more rapidly.

And he kept his word, though not without much trouble; and within twenty-four hours he stood in front of the wretched boarding-house to which poverty and sickness had already reduced the family that, a few months before, had never dreamed of the meaning of want.

But though he had found them out and stood before their door, Dick had done and could do nothing to lessen their trouble. Mr. Brandon had not seemed more unapproachable when, a rich man, he scowled and said hard words to the ill-dressed errand-boy—than he now did to the simple clerk, though Dick himself was richer now than was the once rich merchant. Miss Brandon was, in his eyes, now no less a lady, belonging to a sphere far above him, than she had been when, in all the glory of wealth, youth, and beauty, he had seen her ride down to the Stoffs's cottage to buy flowers for her hair. It seemed to him greater presumption for him to think of approaching her now than it would have been then, so he passed and repassed her door, grieved for her trouble, but more grieved, if possible, that he, with his youth and strength, should be powerless to give her one grain of comfort. How often and often, as he had watched her—she all unconscious of him and his grateful reverence—in her days of prosperity, had he dreamed of her as like some damsel of olden romance in sore distress, and thought that never had knight rushed more joyously or more potently to the rescue than he would to hers. Now his dream had come to pass—she was a damsel in sore distress; but where was his prancing steed, his burnished armor, his ready lance? Then, as he smiled in remembrance of his boyish fancy, he suddenly thought of Mr. Irving, the gentleman—just a boy's ideal of a gallant knight—whom he had seen so often with Miss Brandon in the country. He recollected well the manly bearing of that "perfect gentleman," whom he and Rose had looked upon as a veritable Sir Launcelot; he had seen many an act of "gentle courtesy" shown in a grave, tender way, to the fair lady by whose side he always rode; and where was he now that that fair lady needed her knight as never before?

There was nothing morbid or bitter about Dick. When he asked himself that question, it was with no thought of the common judgment pronounced upon "summer friends." He recognized Mr. Irving's right to aid and comfort the family of his former host. He knew that he had wealth, position, character, and, of course, ample influence, and not for an instant doubted that he would use every means in his power to befriend Mr. Brandon, if only for the sake of that beautiful daughter whom he so evidently admired. Where, then, was Mr. Irving? If he had been here, all this could not have happened. But as Dick asked himself this, it did not occur to him that Mary thought as he thought: if Mr. Irving had been here, all this would not have happened.

At last Dick, fully convinced that

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he would be guilty of no presumption in speaking his mind to Mr. Irving on this subject, cheerfully turned his steps homeward, and resolved that the first moment he had of his own should be spent in seeking Mr. Irving, and informing him of what he could not now be aware of, the downfall of the Brandons. For the fall of the Brandons, as he heard from one or two who knew, had been very great, very rapid, and, it was feared, was not yet completed. Mr. Brandon had never held his head up since his failure, but dragged around, shabbily dressed, querulous and half-sick, dejected and clearly miserable. His two sons had been given very poor situations, on very niggardly pay, by a relative in another city, who, having always been odiously cringing to Mr. Brandon when he had money, seemed to delight now in heaping humiliations upon his sons. So great a crime it was in his eyes to be better bred, better educated, and more kindly cared for than were his own rude, blustering, ignorant boys. If only Fred and Joe had been taught whence come adversity and prosperity, doubtless these humiliations would have been crowns of glory for them; but theirs had been only a vague, dreamy sort of faith, which they never suspected had any application to their real life. I dare say they were very idle, useless, self-conceited and aggravating boys; but I can't help feeling sorry for them in their troubles. Miss Brandon, Dick was told, had not recovered her strength since the accident, and however well she might have been, with all her accomplishments, could not have done more than she was now doing: giving music-lessons to a few persons residing near her new home.

But all hope of seeing Mr. Irving faded the first thing the next day; for Dick's questions brought the unwelcome information that he had left home in October for two years' travel in Europe, and Dick, of course, could not presume to write to him.

PORTER'S HUMAN INTELLECT.*

THIS formidable volume is, unless we except Professor Hickok's work on *Rational Psychology*, the most considerable attempt that has been made among us to construct a philosophy of the human understanding. Professor Porter is able, patient, industrious, and learned. He knows the literature of his subject, and has no little facility and fairness in seizing and setting forth the commanding points in the views and theories of others; but, while he shows great familiarity with metaphysical and psychological questions, and some justness and delicacy as an analyzer of facts, he seems to us to lack the true philosophical instinct, and that synthetic grasp of thought which seizes facts in their principles and genetic relations, and reduces them to a dialectic whole, without which one cannot be a philosopher.

* *The Human Intellect; with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul.* By Noah Porter, D.D., Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. New-York: Scribner & Co. 1868. 8vo, pp. 673.

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The professor's book is a hard book for us to read, and still harder for us to understand. Its mechanical aspect, with three or four different sizes of type on the same page, is repulsive to us, and prejudices us against it. It is not absolutely dull, but it is rather heavy, and it requires resolution to read it. It has nothing attractive or enlivening, and it deals so much with particulars and details that it is difficult for the reader to carry what he reads along in his memory. Even when we have in our minds what the author actually says, it is not easy to understand it, or determine which of several possible meanings he adopts. Not that his language, though seldom exact or precise, and disfigured occasionally by needless barbarisms, and a terminology which we hope is not yet in good usage, is not clear enough for any one accustomed to philosophical studies, nor is it that his sentences are involved and hard to be construed, or that his statements, taken as isolated statements, are not intelligible; but it is hard to determine their meaning and value from his point of view, and in relation to his system as a whole. His book is composed of particulars, of minute and not seldom commonplace observations, without any perceptible scientific reduction to the principle which generates, coördinates, and explains them.

It is but fair to the professor to say, in the outset, that his book belongs to a class of books which we seldom read and heartily detest. It is not a work of philosophy, or an attempt even to give us a science of things in their principles and causes, their progress and destiny, but merely a *Wissenschaftslehre*, or science of knowing. Its problem is not what is or what exists; but what is knowing, how do I know, and how do I know that I know? With all deference to the Fichteans, we venture to assert that there is and can be no science of knowing separate from the science of things, distinct from and independent of the subject knowing. We know, says all that, we know that we know, says. He who knows, knows that he knows; and if one were to doubt that knowing is knowing, we must let him doubt, for we have only knowing with which to prove that knowing is knowing.

We can by no possible anatomical dissection of the eye, or physiological description of its functions explain the secret of external vision. We are told that we see not external objects themselves, but their pictures painted by the light on the retina, and it is only by them that we apprehend visible objects. But suppose it so, it brings us no nearer to the secret of vision. How do we see the picture? How by means of the picture apprehend the external object? Yet the man who sees knows he sees, and all that can be said is, that to elicit the visual act there must be the visive subject, the visible object, and the light which mediates between them and illuminates them both. So is it with intellectual vision. We may ascertain some of the conditions under which we know, but the knowing itself is to us an inexplicable mystery. No dissection or possible inspection of the soul can explain it, or throw the least light on it. All that can be said is that to the fact of knowledge, whatever its degree or its region, there must be the intellective subject, the intelligible object, and the intellectual light which places them in mutual relation and illumines alike both subject and object. Having said this we have said all that can be said. Here is works intended to construct the science of science, or

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knowledge, are not only useless, but worse than useless; for, dealing with abstractions which have no existence in nature, and treating them as if real, they mislead and perplex the student, and render obscure and doubtful what without them is clear and certain.

Professor Porter is a psychologist, and places all the activity in the fact of knowledge on the side of the soul, even in the intuition of principles, without which the soul can neither exist, nor think, nor feel. His purpose in his Introduction is to establish the unity and immateriality—spirituality, he says, of the soul against the materialists—and to vindicate psychology not only as a science, but as an inductive science. With regard to the unity and immateriality of the soul, we hold with the professor, though they are not provable or demonstrable by his method; and we recognize great truth and force in his criticisms on materialism, of which we have to deplore in the scientific world, and even in popular literature, the recrudescence. That psychology is, in a secondary sense, a science, we do not deny; but we do deny that it is either "the *prima philosophia*," as the professor asserts, or an inductive science, as he endeavors to prove.

All the inductive sciences are secondary sciences, and presuppose a first science, which is strictly the science of the sciences. Induction, the professor himself maintains, has need of certain first principles, or *a priori* assumptions, which precede and validate it. How can psychology be the *prima philosophia*, or first philosophy, when it can be constructed only by borrowing its principles from a higher or prior science? Or how can it be the first philosophy, when that would suppose that the principles which the inductive sciences demand to validate the inductive process are contained in and derived from the soul? Is the professor prepared to maintain that the soul is the first principle of all the sciences? That would imply that she is the first principle of things, of reality itself; for science is of the real, not of the unreal. But this were pure Fichteism, and would put the soul in the place of God. The professor would shrink from this. He, then, must have made the assertion that psychology is the *prima philosophia* somewhat hastily, and without due reflection; unless indeed he distinguishes between the first principles of science and the first principles of things.

The inductive sciences are constructed by induction from the observation and analysis of facts which the soul has the appropriate organs for observing. But psychology is the science of the soul, its nature, powers or faculties, and operations; and if an inductive science, it must be constructed by induction from psychical facts observed and analyzed in the soul by the soul herself. The theory is very simple. The soul, by the external senses, observes and analyzes the facts of the external world, and constructs by induction the physical sciences; by her internal sense, called consciousness, she observes and analyzes the world within herself, and by way of induction from the facts or phenomena she observes, constructs psychology, or the science of herself. Unhappily for the psychologue, things do not go so simply. To this theory there are two grave objections: First, the soul has no internal sense by which she can observe herself, her acts or states in herself; and second, there are no purely psychical facts to be observed.

The professor finds the soul's faculty of observing the facts of the internal world in consciousness, which he defines to be "the power by which

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the soul knows its own acts and states." But consciousness is not a power or faculty, but an act of knowing, and is simply the recognition of the soul by the soul herself as the subject acting. We perceive always, and all that is before us within the range of our percipient powers; but we do not always distinguish and note each object perceived, or recognize the fact that it is we who are the subject perceiving. The fact of consciousness is precisely in the simple perception being so intensified and prolonged that the soul not only apprehends the object, but recognizes itself as the subject apprehending it. It is not, as the professor maintains at great length in Part I., a presentative power; for it is always a reflex act, and demands something of memory. But the recognition by the soul in her acts as the subject acting is something very different from the soul observing and analyzing in herself her own powers and faculties.

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We deny not that the soul can know herself as manifested in her acts, but that she can know herself in herself, and be the object of her own thought. I can not look into my own eyes, yet I can see my face as reflected in the glass. So the soul knows herself, and her powers and faculties, but only as reflected from, or mirrored in, the objects in conjunction with which she acts. Hence the powers and faculties are not learned by any observation of the soul herself, but from the object. The soul is a unit, and acts always as a unit; but, though acting always in her unity, she can act in different directions, and in relation to different objects, and it is in this fact that originates the distinction of powers and faculties. The distinction is not in the soul herself, for she is a unit, but in the object, and hence the schoolmen teach us that it is the object that determines the faculty.

It is not the soul in herself that we must study in order to ascertain the faculties, but the soul in her operations on the objects in relation with which she acts. We know the soul has the power to know, by knowing; to feel, by feeling; the soul has power [illegible]

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"Thought," says Cousin, "is a fact that is composed of three simultaneous and indissoluble elements, the subject, the object, and the form. The subject is always the soul, [*le Moi,*] the object is something not the soul, [*le non-Moi,*] and the form is always the relation of the two." The object is inseparable from the subject as an element of the thought, but it exists distinct from and independent of the soul, and when it is not thought as well as when it is; otherwise it could not be object, since the soul is all on the side of the subject. The soul acts only in conjunction with the object, because she is not sufficient for herself, and therefore cannot suffice for her own activity. The object, if passive, is as if it were not, and can afford no aid to the fact of thought. It must, therefore, be active, and then the thought will be the joint product of the two activities. It is a grave mistake, then, to suppose that the activity in thought is all on the side of the soul. The soul cannot think without the concurrent activity of that which is not the soul. There is no product possible in any order without two factors placed in relation with each other. God, from the plenitude of his being, contains both factors in his own essence; but in creatures they are distinct from and independent of each other.

We do not forget the *intellectus agens* of St. Thomas, but it is not quite certain what he meant by it. The holy doctor does not assert it as a faculty of the soul, and represent its activity as purely psychical. Or if it be insisted that he does, he at least nowhere asserts, implies, or intimates that it is active without the concurrence of the object; for he even goes so far as to maintain that the lower acts only as put in motion by the higher, and the terrestrial by the celestial. Hence the *præmotio physica* of the Thomists, and the necessity in conversion of prævenient grace—*gratia præveniens.*

But even granting that there is the class of facts alleged, and that we have the power to observe and analyze them, as, in the language of Cousin, "they pass over the field of consciousness," we cannot by induction attain to their principle and causes; for induction itself, without the first principles of all science, not supplied by it, can give us only a classification, generalization, an hypothesis, or an abstract theory, void of all reality. The universal cannot be concluded, by way of induction, from particulars, any more than particulars can be concluded, by way of deduction, from the universal. Till validated in the *prima philosophia,* or referred to the first principles, without which the soul can neither act nor exist, the classifications and generalizations attained to by induction are only facts, only particulars, from which no general conclusion can be drawn. Science is knowledge indeed; but the term is generally used in English to express the reduction of facts and particulars to their principles and causes. But in all the secondary sciences the principles and causes are themselves only facts, till carried up to the first principles and causes of all the real and all the knowable. Not without reason, then, has theology been called the queen of the sciences, nor without warrant that men, who do not hold that all change is progress, maintain that the displacement, in modern times, of this queen from her throne has had a deleterious effect on science, and tended to dissipate and enfeeble the human mind itself. We have no philosophers nowadays of the nerve of Plato and Aristotle, the great Christian fathers, or the mediæval doctors, none of whom ever dreamed of separating theology

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and philosophy. Even the men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had a grasp of thought, a robust vigor of mind, and a philosophic insight into the truth of things and their higher relations that you look in vain for in the philosophers of the eighteenth century and of our own. But this by the way. When things are at the worst, they sometimes mend.

Psychology, not psychologism, is a science, though not an inductive science, nor a science that can be attained to by the study of the soul and her phenomena in the bosom of consciousness. The psychologists—those, we mean, who adopt the psychological method, a method seldom adopted before the famous *cogito, ergo sum* of Descartes—seem incapable of comprehending that only the real is cognizable, and that abstractions are not real but unreal; and therefore that the first principles of science must be real, not abstract, and the first principles of things. Thus Professor Porter appears to see no real connection between them. True, he says, (p. 64,) "Knowledge and being are correlatives. There must be being in order that there may be knowledge. There can be no knowledge which is not the knowledge of being. Subjectively viewed, to know implies certainty; objectively, it requires reality. An act of knowing in which there is no certainty in the agent, and no reality in the object, is impossible in conception and in fact." This would seem to assert that only being can be known, or that whatever is known is real being, which is going too far and falling into ontologism. Only being is intelligible [illegible] but existences which are from being and participate of being, though not intelligible in or by themselves, since they do not exist in and by themselves, may yet be really known by the light of being which creates them. We know *by* being, as well as being itself.

But be not alarmed. The professor's being, the only object of knowledge, his reality without which there is no cognizable object, is nothing very formidable; for he tells us, in smaller type, on the same page, that "we must distinguish different kinds of objects and different kinds of reality. They may be *formed by the mind, and exist* [only] *for the mind that forms them*, or they may exist in fact and space for all minds, and yet in each case they are equally objects. Their reality may be mental and internal, or material and external, but in each case it is equally a reality. The thought that darts into the fancy and is gone as soon, the illusion that crosses the brain of the lunatic, the vision that frightens the ghost-seer, the spectrum which the camera paints on the screen, the reddened landscape seen through a colored lens, the yellow objects which the jaundiced eye cannot avoid beholding, *each as really exists* as does the matter of the solid earth, or the eternal forces of the cosmical system." The "eternal forces" of the cosmical system can be only God, who only is eternal. So the illusions of fancy, the hallucinations of the lunatic, and the eternal, self-existent, necessary being whom we call God, and who names himself I AM THAT AM SUM QUI SUM, are alike being and equally real!

The learned author tells us elsewhere that we call by the name being beings of very different kinds and sorts, owing to the poverty of our language, which supplies but one name for them. He will permit us to say that we suspect the poverty is not in the language. We have in the language two words which serve us to mark the precise difference be-

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tween that which is in, from, and by itself alone, and that which exists in, from, and by being. The first is *being*, the other is *existence*. Being is properly applied only to God, who is, not Supreme Being, as is often said, but the one only being, the only one that can say, I AM THAT AM, or QUI EST; and it shows how strictly language represents the real order that in no tongue can we make an assertion without the verb TO BE, that is, only by being, that is, again, only by God himself. Existence explains itself. Existences are not being, but, as the *ex* implies, are *from* being, that is, from him in whom is their being, as Saint Paul says, "For in him we live, and move, and are," "*vivimus, et movemur, et sumus.*" Reality includes being and all that is from and by being, or simply being and existences. Nothing else is real or conceivable; for, apart from God and what he creates, or besides God and his creatures, there is nothing, and nothing is nothing, and nothing is not intelligible or cognizable.

Dr. Porter understands by reality or being only what is an object of knowledge, or of the mind in knowing, though it may have no existence out of the mind, or, as say the schoolmen, *a parte rei*. Hence, though the soul is certain that the object exists relatively to her act of knowing, she is not certain that it is something existing in nature. How, then, prove that there is anything to correspond to the mental object, idea, or conception? In his Second Part, which treats of the representative power, he tells us that the objects represented and cognized in the representation are purely psychical, and exist only in the soul and for the soul alone. These, then, do not exist in nature; they are, in the ordinary use of the term, unreal, illusory, and chimerical, as the author himself confesses. If the object of knowledge can be in any instance unreal, chimerical, illusory, or with no existence except in and for the soul itself, why may it not be so in every instance, and all our knowledge be an illusion? How prove that in any fact of knowledge there is cognition of an object that exists distinct from and independent of the subject? Here is the *pons asinorum* of exclusive psychologists. There is no crossing the bridge from the subjective to the objective, for there is no bridge there, and subject and object must both be given simultaneously in one and the same act, or neither is given.

Dr. Porter, indeed, gives the subjective and what he calls the objective, together, in one and the same thought; but he leaves the way open for the question, whether the object does or does not exist distinct from and independent of the subject. This is the difficulty one has with Locke's *Essay on the Understanding*. Locke makes ideas the immediate object of the cognitive act; for he defines them to be "that with which the mind is immediately conversant." If the soul can elicit the cognitive act with these *ideas*, which it is not pretended are things, how prove that there is any real world beyond them? It has never been done, and never can be done; for we have only the soul, for whose activity the *idea* or concept suffices, with which to do it, and hence the importance to psychologists of the question, How do we know that we know? and which they can answer only by a paralogism, or assuming the reality of knowledge with which to prove knowledge real.

For the philosopher there is no such question, and nothing detracts so much from the philosophical genius of the illustrious Balmes as his assertion that all philosophy turns on the question of certainty. The

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philosopher, holding that to know is to know, has, after knowing, or having thought the object, no question of certainty to ask or to answer. The certainty that the object exists in nature is in the fact that the soul thinks it. The object is always a force or activity distinct from and independent of the subject, and since it is an activity it must be either real being or real existence.

The error of the author, as of all psychologers, is not in assuming that the soul cannot think without the concurrence of the object, or that the object is not really object in relation to the soul's cognitive power, but in supposing that the soul can find the object in that which has no real existence. He assumes that abstractions or mental conceptions, which have no real existence aside from the [illegible] from which the [illegible] may be real objects [illegible] knowledge. [illegible]

the individual. They and their individuals subsist always together in a synthetic relation, and though distinguishable are never separable. The species is not a mere name, a mere mental conception or generalization; it is real, but exists and is known only as individualized.

The unreal is unintelligible, and, like all negation, is intelligible only in the reality denied. The soul, then, can think or know only the real, only real being, or real existences by the light of real being. If the soul can know only the real, she can know things only in their real order, and consequently the order of the real and of the knowable is the same, and the principles of the real are the principles of science. The soul is an intelligent existence, and the principles, causes, and conditions of her existence are the principles, causes and conditions of her intelligence and therefore of her actual knowledge. We have, then, only to ascertain the principles of the real to determine the principles of science. The principles of the real are given us in the first verse of Genesis: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," and in the first article of the Creed: "I believe in one God [illegible]

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tuition of God, or know by intuition that God is. We have intuition of that which is God, but not that what is given is God. Ontology is a most essential part of philosophy; but exclusive ontologists are as much sophists as are exclusive psychologists.

The first principles of reality are being, existence, and the creative act of being, whence the ideal formula or judgment, Being creates existences. This is the *primum* in the real order. All that is real and not necessary and self-sufficing being must be from being; for without real uncreated being there can be nothing, and existences are something only in so far as they participate of being. Things can exist from being, or hold from it, only by virtue of its creative act, which produces them by its own energy from nothing, and sustains them as existent. There is only the creative act by which existences can proceed from being. Emanation, generation, evolution, which have been asserted as the mode of procession of existences, give nothing really or substantially distinguishable from being. Existences, then, can really proceed from being only by the creative act, and, indeed, only by the free creative act of being; for necessary creation is no creation at all, and can be only a development or evolution of being itself. In theological language, then, God and creation include all the real; what is not God is creature or existence, and what is not creature or existence is God. There is no reality which is neither God nor creature, no *tertium quid* between being and existence, or between existence and nothing. The *primum* of the real is, then, the ideal formula or divine judgment, *Ens creat existentias*, for it affirms in their principle and their real relation all that is and all that exists. This formula is a proper judgment, for it has all the terms and relations of a judgment, subject, predicate, and copula. Being is the subject, existences is the predicate, and the creative act the copula, which at once unites the predicate to the subject and distinguishes it from it. It is divine, because it is *a priori*, the *primum* of the real; and as only the real is intelligible or knowable, it must precede as its principle, type, and condition, every judgment that can be formed by an existence or creature, and therefore can be only the judgment of God affirming his own being and creating the universe and all things, visible and invisible, therein.

Now, as the soul can only know the real, this divine judgment must be not only the *primum* of the real, but of the knowable; and since the soul can know only as she exists, in the real relations in which she stands, and knows only by the aid of the object on which she depends for her existence and activity, it follows that this judgment is the *primum scientificum*, or the principle of all real or possible science.

Is it asked, How is this known or proved, if not by psychological observation and analysis? The answer is, by the analysis of thought, which discloses the divine judgment as its idea, or necessary and apodictic element. This is not psychologism nor the adoption of the psychological method. Psychologism starts from the assumption that thought, as to the activity that produces it, whatever may or may not be its object, is purely psychical, and that the ontological, if obtainable at all, is so by an induction from psychological facts. The first assumption is disproved by the fact just shown, that thought is not produced or producible by the psychical activity alone, but by the joint action of the two factors subject and object, in which both are affirmed. The other as-

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assumption is disposed of by the fact that what is found in the analysis of thought is not particular facts or phenomena from which the first principles are concluded by way of induction, which could give us only a generalization or abstraction, but the first principles themselves intuitively given.

Philosophers generally assert that certain conditions precedent, or certain ideas *a priori*, are necessary to every fact of experience or actual cognition. Kant, in his masterly *Critik der reinen Vernunft*, calls them sometimes cognitions, sometimes synthetic judgments, *a priori*, but fails to identify them with the divine judgment, and holds them to be necessary forms of the subject. Cousin asserts them and calls them necessary and absolute ideas, but fails to identify them with the real, and even denies that they can be so identified. Reid recognized them, and called them the first principles of human belief, sometimes the principles of common sense, after Father Boutlier, which all our actual knowledge presupposes and must take for granted. Professor Porter also recognizes them, holds them to be intuitively given, calls them certain necessary assumptions, first truths or principles without which no science is possible, but fails to identify them with the divine judgment, and seems to regard them as abstract principles or ideas, as if abstractions could subsist without their concretes, or principles ever be abstract. We deny that they are abstract ideas, necessary assumptions, or necessary forms of the understanding or cognitive faculty, and hold them to be the principles of things, of the real and the knowable, without which no fact exists and no act of knowledge is possible. They cannot be created by the mind, we contend, by the mind operating on the concrete objects of existence, nor in any manner obtained by our own mental activity; for without them there is no mind, no mental activity, no experience. Dr. Porter, after Reid, Kant, Cousin, and others, has clearly seen this, and conclusively proved it—no philosopher more conclusively—and it is one of the merits of his book. He therefore justly calls them intuitions, or principles intuitively given; yet either we do not understand him, or he regards them as abstract truths or abstract principles. But truths and principles are never abstract, and only the concrete or real can be intuitively given. Those intuitions, then, must be either real being or contingent existences; not the latter, for they all bear the marks of necessity and universality; then they must be the real and necessary being, and therefore the principles of things, and not simply principles of science. Dr. Porter makes them real principles in relation to the mental act, but we do not find that he identifies them with the principles of the real. He doubtless holds that they represent independent truths, and truths which are the principles of things; but that he holds them, as present to the mind, to be the principles themselves, we do not find.

Dr. Porter's error in his Part IV., in which he discusses and defines intuitions, and which must be interpreted by the foregoing parts of his work, appears to us to be precise in his taking principle to mean the starting-point of the soul in the fact of knowledge, and distinguishing it from the principle of the real order. He distinguishes between the object *in mente* and the object *in re*, and holds that the former is by no means identical with the latter. He thus supposes a difference between the scientific order and the real, and

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therefore that the principle of the one is not necessarily the principle of the other. This is to leave the question still open, whether there is any real order to respond to the scientific order, and to cast a doubt on the objective validity of all our knowledge. The divine judgment, or ideal formula, we have shown, is alike the *primum reale* and the *primum scientificum*, and therefore asserts that the principles of the two orders are identical, and that the scientific must follow the real, for only the real is knowable. Hence science is and must be objectively certain.

The intuitive affirmation of the formula, being creates existences, creates, places the soul, and constitutes her intelligent existence. The author rightly says every thought is a judgment. There is no judgment without the copula, and the only real copula is the copula of the divine judgment or intuition, that is, the creative act of being. Being creating the soul is the principle of her existence; and as we have shown that she can act only as she exists, the principle of her existence is the principle of her acts, and therefore of her knowing, or the fact of knowledge. There is, then, no thought or judgment without the creative act for its copula. The two orders, then, are united and made identical in principle by the creative act of being. The creative act unites the acts of the soul, as the soul itself, to being.

The difficulty some minds feel in accepting this conclusion grows out of a misapprehension of the creative act, which they look upon as a past instead of a present act. The author holds that what is past has ceased to exist, and that the objects we recall in memory are "created a second time." He evidently misapprehends the real character of space and time. These are not existences, entities, as say the scholastics, but simple relations, with no existence, no reality, apart from the *relata*, or the related. Things do not exist in space and time; for space and time simply mark their relation to one another of coexistence and succession. Past and future are relations that subsist in or among creatures, and have their origin in the fact that creatures as second causes and in relation to their own acts are progressive. On the side of God, there is no past, no future; for his act has no progression, and is never *in potentia ad actum*. It is a complete act, and in it all creatures are completed, consummated, in their beginning, and hence the past and the future are as really existent as what we call the present. The Creator is not *a causa transiens*, that creates the effect and leaves it standing alone, but a *causa manens*, ever present in the effect and creating it.

Creation is not in space and time, but originates the relations so-called. The creative act, therefore, can never be a past or a future act, an act that has produced or that will produce the effect, but an act that produces it always here and now. The act of conservation, as theologians teach, is identically the act of creation. God preserves or upholds us in existence by creating us at each instant of our lives. The universe, with all it contains, is a present creation. In relation to our acts as our acts or our progressiveness toward our final cause or last end, the universe *was* created and will remain as long as the Creator wills; but in relation to God it is created here and now, and as newly created at this moment as when the sons of the morning sang together over its production, by the divine energy alone, from nothing; and the song ceases not; they are now singing it. There is noth-

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ing but this present creative act that stands between existences and nothing. The continuity of our existence is in the fact that God creates and does not cease to create us.

We have only to eliminate from our minds the conceptions that transport the relations of space and time to the Creator, or represent them as relations between Creator and creature, where the only relation is that of cause and effect, and to regard the creative act as having no relations of space and time, to be able to understand how the divine judgment, intuitively affirmed, is at once the principle of the real and of the scientific, and the creative act, the copula of being and existence, is the copula of every judgment or thought, as is proved by the fact already noted, that in no language can an assertion be made without the verb *to be*, that is, without God.

Dr. Porter, engaged in constructing not the science of things, but a science of knowing—a *Wissenschaftslehre*—has apparently been content with the intuitions as principles or laws of science, without seeking to identify them with the real. He is a doctor of divinity, and cannot intend to deny, with Sir William Hamilton and the Positivists, that ontology can be any part of human science. The Positivists, with whom, in this respect, Sir William Hamilton, who has finished the Scottish school, fully agrees, assert that the whole field of science is restricted to positive facts and the induction of their laws, and that their principles and causes, the ontological truths, if such there be, belong to the unknowable, thus reducing, with Sir William Hamilton, science to nescience. But though Dr. Porter probably holds that there is an ontological reality, and knows perfectly well that it cannot be concluded from psychical phenomena, either by way of induction or of deduction, he yet seems unable or unwilling to say that the mind has in intuition direct and immediate apprehension of it. The first and necessary truths, or the necessary assumptions, as he calls them, which the mind is compelled to make in knowing particulars, such as "what is, is," "the same thing cannot both be and not be at the same time," "whatever begins to exist must have a cause," etc., are, in his doctrine, abstract ideas, which, though they may represent a reality beyond themselves—and he tries to prove that they do—are yet not that reality itself. These ideas he states, indeed, in an abstract form, in which they are not real; but they are all identified in the ideal formula, or divine judgment, which is not an abstract but a real, concrete judgment. He holds them to be intuitions, indeed; but intuition, in his view, simply stands opposed to discursion, and he makes it an act of the soul immediately affirming the object, not the act of the object immediately affirming itself by its own creative act. Till being, in its creative act, affirms itself, the soul does not exist; and the intuitive act is that which creates it, and creates it intelligent. The intuition cannot, then, be the act of the soul, unless you suppose the soul can act without existing, or know without intelligence. If we make intuition the act of the soul, and suppose the necessary truths intuitively given are abstractions or representative ideas, how can we know that there is any reality represented by them? The old question again: How pass from the subjective to the objective?—from the scientific to the real?

The doctrine of representative ideas comes from the scholastics, and most probably from the misapprehension of their philosophy. Plato maintained that we know by

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similitude, which similitude he called *idea*. No doubt, Plato often means by *idea* something else; but this is one of the senses in which he uses the term. This idea, with the peripatetics, becomes in sensibles the phantasm, in intelligibles the intelligible *species*. The intelligible *species* was assumed as something mediating between the soul and the intelligible object. But though they asserted it as a medium, they never made it the object cognized. In their language, it was the objectum *quo*, not the objectum *quod;* and St. Thomas teaches expressly that the mind does not terminate in the *species*, but attains the intelligible object itself. In this magazine for May, 1867, in an article entitled "An Old Quarrel," we showed that what the scholastics probably had in mind when they spoke of the intelligible *species*, is adequately expressed by what we, after the analogy of external vision, call the light, which illuminates at once the subject and object, and renders the one cognitive and the other cognizable. This light is not furnished by the mind, but by being itself light, and the source of all light, present in every fact of knowledge in the creative act.

The Scottish school has made away with the phantasms, and proved that, in what our author calls sense-perception, we perceive not a phantasm, but the real external object itself; but in the intelligible or supersensible world, this direct apprehension of the object Dr. Porter appears not to admit. He consciously or unconsciously interposes a *mundus logicus* between the mind and the *mundus physicus*. The categories are with him abstract relations, and logic is a mere formal science. This is evident from Part III., in which he treats of what he calls "thought-knowledge." But the categories are not abstract forms of thought, but real relations of things; logic is founded in the principle and constitution of things, not simply in the constitution and laws of the human mind. Its type and origin are in being itself, in the Most Holy Trinity. The creative act is the copula of every strictly logical judgment. The Creator is logic, the λόγος, or, as Plato would say, logic in itself, and therefore all the works of God are strictly logical, and form, *mediante* his creative act, a dialectic whole with himself. Whatever does not conform to the truth and order of things is illogical, a sophism; and every sophism sins against the essence of God, as well as against the constitution of the human mind. Psychologism is a huge sophism; for it assumes that the soul is being, and can exist and act independently when it is only a created, dependent existence; that it is God, when it is only man. Satan was the first psychologist we read of. Ontologism is also a sophism of very much the same sort. Psychologism asserts that man is God; ontologism asserts that God is man. This is all the difference between them, and they terminate at the same point. Existences cannot be logically deduced from being, because being, sufficing for itself, cannot be constrained to create either by extrinsic or by intrinsic necessity. Existences are not necessarily involved in the very conception of being, but are contingent, and dependent on the free-will of the Creator. God cannot be concluded by induction from psychological facts; for the universal cannot be concluded from the particular, nor the necessary from the contingent.

Both the ontological *primum* and the psychological must be given intuitively and in their real synthesis, or no science of either is possible. The

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mind must take its starting-point and principle of science from neither separately, but from the real synthesis of the two, as in the ideal formula. The attempt to construct an exclusively ontological or an exclusively psychological science is as absurd and as sophistical as the attempt to express a judgment without the copula, or to construct a syllogism without the middle term. The real copula of the judgment, the real *medius terminus* that unites the two extremes of the syllogism, is the creative act of being.

All Gentile philosophy failed, because it failed to recognize the creative act. Outside of Judaism, the tradition of creation was lost in the ancient world. In vain will you seek a recognition of it in Plato or Aristotle, or in any of the old Gentile philosophers. [illegible]

bers who look upon the world God has made as a huge machine; and now that it is made, as independent of him, capable of going ahead on its own hook, and even able to bind him by its laws, and deprive him of his freedom of action, as if it were or could be anything but what he at each moment makes it. He ought, as a doctor of divinity, to understand that there can be no science without the efficacious presence of God, who created the soul, and none without his presence creating it now, and by his light rendering it intelligent. To construct science without God in his creative act as the principle, is to begin in sophism and end in nihilism.

We need hardly say that in asserting the divine judgment or ideal formula as the principle of all science, and as the necessary and [illegible]

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eternal, the immutable, the necessary, of which we have intuition in all our mental acts, is and must be real, necessary, universal, eternal, and immutable being, that is to say, God himself. Few reflect far enough to perceive that in intuition the object is real being; and the number of men who distinctly recognize all the terms of the formula in their real relation is a very small minority, and every day growing smaller.

But the intuition is not, as Dr. Porter supposes, of ideas which lie latent or dormant in the mind till occasion wakes them up and calls them into action; but they are the first principles, or rather the principles from which the mind proceeds in all its intellectual acts. They are intuitively affirmed to the mind in the creative act, and are ever present and operative; but we become aware of them, distinguish them, and what they imply or connote, only by reflection, by contemplating them as they are held up before the mind, or sensibly represented to it, in language. Though the formula is really the *primum philosophicum*, we attain to it, or are masters of what is really presented in intuition, and are able to say, being is God, and God creates existences, only at the end of philosophy, or as its last and highest achievement.

The principles are given in the very constitution of the mind, and are present to it from its birth, or, if you will, from the first instant of its conception; but they are by no means what Descartes and others have called *innate ideas*. Descartes never understood by *idea* the intelligible object itself, but a certain mental representation of it. The idea was held to be rather the image of the thing than the thing itself. It was a *tertium quid* somewhere between real and unreal, and was regarded as the medium through which the mind attained to the object. In this sense we recognize no ideas. In the fact of knowledge, what we know is the object itself, not its mental representation. We take *idea* or the ideal in the objective sense, and understand by it the immediate and the necessary, permanent, immutable object of intuition, and it is identical with what we have called the *primum philosophicum*, or divine judgment, which precedes the mind's own activity. Hence we call that judgment the "ideal formula." With this view of idea or the ideal, analogous, at least, to one of the senses of Plato, from whom we have the word, it is evident that the Cartesian doctrine of innate ideas, which was afterward changed to that of innate faculties, cannot find in us an advocate.

The formula is ideal and apodictic, but it is not the entire object of the cognitive act. It is that which precedes and renders possible experience, or what Kant calls synthetic judgments *a posteriori*. We have said the soul can know only as she exists, and that whatever object she depends on for her existence must she depend on for her acts, and it enters into all her thoughts or facts of knowledge. The soul depends for existence on God, on humanity and nature. In the formula, we have only the ideal principle of man and nature, and therefore the ideal formula, while it furnishes the principle and light which render knowledge possible, does not supersede experience, or actual knowledge acquired by the exercise of the soul and her faculties. Here the soul proceeds by analysis and synthesis, by observation and induction, or deduction, according to the nature of the subject. We do not quarrel with the inductive sciences, nor question their utility; we only maintain

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that they are not sciences till carried up to the principles of all real science presented to the mind in intuition. Induction is proper in constructing the physical sciences, though frequently improperly applied; but it is inapplicable, as my Lord Bacon held, in the construction of philosophy; for in that we must start from the ideal formula, and study things in their principles and in their real synthesis.

We have got through only the author's Introduction, yet that has brought up nearly all the salient points of his entire volume. Here we might stop, and assuredly should stop, if we had no higher object in view than to criticise its author, or simply to refute his psychological method. We believe one of the first steps toward arresting the atheistical or pantheistical tendency of the age, and of bringing the mind back to truth and the logic of things, is to set forth and vindicate sound philosophy, the philosophy which in substance has always been preserved in the Christian church. To use up an author or to denounce a false system is a small affair. The only solid refutation of error is in presenting the truth it impugns. As there are several questions of importance raised by the author on which we have hardly touched, we propose to return to the book and consider them at our earliest convenience.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW OF PUBLIC EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

[We republish the following article from *The American Educational Monthly*, with the permission of the editor, on account of the importance of the subject, the intrinsic value of the article, and to aid in giving it a wide circulation. Ed. C. W.]

It would be wholly superfluous to address an argument to any portion of the American people upon the absolute necessity of popular education. Upon that point there is no diversity of opinion. The fundamental principles of our social system rest upon it as a corner-stone; such as, that government derives all of its authority, under God, from the consent of the governed; the people possess the sovereignty; public officers are only public servants; the multitude rules by representation; Congress, the President, and the Courts are the people—without the people they have no existence; constitutions and laws are but the well-ordered expression of the public will, at all times revocable, in an orderly manner, and binding upon each citizen as the will of all, unless the popular decree be against the law of God, when, of course, it bind's no man's conscience. Hereditary rights, class privileges, ancient social divisions, and distributions of power have all disappeared, or rather, have never existed here. Even in Colonial times, the Crown was almost a myth, and cast but a

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shadowy reflection into the deep waters of the Hudson and the Mississippi, as they rolled on to the sea from the illimitable forests where the moccasined hunter was then as free as the Red Indian had been for unrecorded centuries. The Revolution of '76 changed the government, but really left the cardinal points of our American civilization very much as it found them. In fact, our political education is traceable back to the days of Alfred and Edward the Confessor; for the Norman king gave us no concession in Magna Charta which was unknown to Saxon liberty. In our Republic we have only drawn out these principles to their extreme conclusions. We have gone back to the original hypothesis, that society is an association of equal rights for mutual protection; and that power, under God, belongs to the whole body of corporators—that is, the multitude. From this postulate we are obliged to pass immediately to the axiom that there can be no fit administration of power without knowledge. Knowledge may be acquired in several ways. The most direct and impressive is experience. Alcuin was master of books; but Charlemagne was master of men. The great emperor could not read, but he possessed the wisdom to govern. Who shall say that he was not "educated" in the highest sense of that vague term? And yet, it is very clear that knowledge gained only by the slow accretions of experience will not answer the wants and rapid movements of such a republic as ours in the age of steam and electricity. Each generation must be trained from the cradle, and made to possess, enlarge, and transmit to its successor all the accumulated knowledge of its predecessor. As no atom of matter perishes, but is for ever recombining and reproducing; so every true idea and sound moral sentiment must be made the inheritance of society, and never cease to exert its power for good among men. Not that moral truth can ever change; for it is now precisely what it has been from all eternity; nor is it better understood by the divine to-day, than it was by Moses when he came down from the mountain; but the multitude may be made more fully to comprehend and reverence it. Christianity, although specially revealed and miraculously propagated, did not suddenly conquer and civilize barbarous peoples. It has been eighteen hundred years struggling with the powers of darkness and the corruption of the human heart; and yet, alas! how very, very far removed are not even the most polished nations from the severe standard of Christian perfection! See the tyrannies, the oppressions, the cruelties, the wars, the pride, the luxury, the folly and deceit which fill the fairest parts of the earth with mourning, and drag mankind down into the slough of sin and sorrow! To be sure, there is a certain stereotyped class of saints and philosophers who cry aloud, "Compare our enlightened era with the rude times of the crusaders; or place the nineteenth alongside of the ninth century; and let the celestial light of our civilization shine down into the abysses of monkish superstition!" We shall, nevertheless, refuse to close our eyes to those stupendous sins which have supplanted the violent crimes of our ancestors. We shall see how their robber-sword has been put aside for our forger's pen; how their wild foray has given place to our gigantic stock speculation or bank swindle, which sweeps widows and orphans, by the ten thousand, into utter poverty and despair; how their fierce lust has been civilized into the decorous forms of the di-

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vorce courts; how their bold grasping of power has been changed into the arts of the whining demagogue; how their undisguised plunder of the public treasure in times of civil commotion has been superseded by the adroit peculation and covert bribery of our times of peace; how their courageous, rude anger has vanished before the safer and more efficacious process of concealed hatred, nestling, like the scorpion, among the roses of adulation. We certainly shall be obliged to remember these things, to the great reproach of our times, and in serious dread of the future; and we shall feel anxious to go to work to find the cause and the remedy. We are all agreed that education, that is, knowledge and moral training, cannot be dispensed with for an hour—that no nation can be governed safely, much less govern itself at all, without a clear head and a sound heart—that, if governed as a dumb brute, it will kick against the pricks, fly in the face of its hard master, and dash out its foolish brains against the stone wall! It will sing the *Marseillaise* and cover its garments with the blood of kings and aristocrats; until, having spent its fury, it will return to its crust and shout "Vive l'Empereur!" Should it attempt to govern itself, it will become the prey of the infamous men who are the spawn of its own passions. Without knowledge, the nation is either a silent sepulchre, where all hopes are buried, or a raging sea where they are quickly wrecked. Knowledge, then, *must have*. But *what* knowledge? Shall we say, knowledge of the arts? Ask Pericles and Praxiteles if the arts saved Greece! Shall we say, polite literature? Ah! let the immortal choruses of Sophocles, Æschylus and Euripides give testimony to the sad cries of those who suffer deeply in a good worse than the sublimest tragedy could teach them! Shall it be the eloquence of the orator or the wisdom of the legislator? We shall hear in the Philippics how vainly the master of orators appealed to a degenerate race, and we shall read in the closing annals of Athens and Sparta how utterly the wisdom of Solon and Lycurgus had failed to save polished and warlike states from the penalty which God has affixed to the crimes of nations. Shall we take refuge in human philosophy? Socrates and the divine Plato had cast off the degrading superstitions of paganism, and had proclaimed to their intellectual countrymen the eternity and unity of God, and the immortality of the soul of man. They had most earnestly enjoined upon them the sanctity of all the natural virtues—temperance, industry, patience, courage, honesty, benevolence, patriotism, continence, filial duty, conjugal fidelity; but what did their philosophy avail? Why did it not save the Grecian states? They went down into the night upon which no sun ever again shone! Their Roman conquerors seized upon the rich treasures of their knowledge. The Senate listened with rapture to the wisdom of the old Hellenic sages translated by Cicero into the noble Latin tongue. Virgil and Livy sought to inspire the Roman heart with grand ideas borrowed from the Greek masters. What did it all avail? The Roman republic had practised the natural virtues as fully as unregenerated man is capable of doing by the power of his graces and illuminated reason. What did it avail? They, too, went down into the tomb of dead nations, and a few broken columns remain to mark the seat of their world-wide empire. It is very manifest, even that intellectual culture, even when carried to the highest development of which men are capable, can

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never subdue their passions, nor enable them to uphold the civilization to which they may have attained in the freshness of their national life. If this were not so, then we could not clearly perceive the necessity of the Christian revelation. If man was self-sustaining, he would not require the arm of God to lean upon. The apothegm of the Greek sage, "*Know thyself*," was a dead letter. It was precisely to teach a man how to know himself that our Saviour came. And this is the whole knowledge! No poetry, oratory, history, philosophy, arts, or sciences could teach that, else the world would have learned it four thousand years ago, and the primitive races would not have perished. Even under the Christian dispensation, and in very modern times, men and nations have failed to know themselves, because they turned their backs on Christ and placed their hopes in human science and natural virtue. And so we have seen an enlightened nation in our day deify humanity, refuse to adore God, and prostrate itself before a harlot, as the high-priestess in the apotheosis of Reason! We have seen an antichristian conspiracy, formed of the most learned, eloquent, witty, and fascinating men of modern Europe, exerting the highest arts of genius to repaganize the world. We have seen science, rudely torn from religion, waging an insane war against the peace of society. That terrific phase of blasphemous infidelity has passed from our immediate view; but has it left nothing more dangerous behind? We think it has. The mass of mankind shrank with horror from the defiant blasphemy of Voltaire; and they recoiled with alarm from the ruin caused by his teachings. We love liberty; but we dread license, anarchy, chaos. Man is, also, naturally religious. Long after he had forgotten the traditions of the patriarchs and had lost God in the night of heathen idolatry, he still clung to

"The instinct of old reverence!"

and his wretched soul yearned after its Creator.

The false worship of Greece and Rome was the inarticulate cry of a lost people for that true worship which was promised to the Gentile at the appointed time. False and hideous as it was, who will not say that it was far preferable to atheism? It was only when the Epicurean philosophy had destroyed the faith of those people, that they cast off all moral restraint, and were swept away in the torrent of their vices. Man is naturally religious; and therefore the world will not long patiently tolerate the presence of blatant infidelity. *The danger is not there.* He who goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, knows very well that mankind is more easily seduced under the forms of virtue than by gross sin. His incarnate agents on earth know this too. Hence we find all the world covered over with gossamer nets of seduction! The press teems with books and journals, not confessedly infidel, yet working in the interests of infidelity; fanning the passions and exciting the morbid sensibilities of youth; teaching religious indifference under the pleasing garb of liberality; holding up the discipline of the church as hostile to personal freedom; depicting the doctrines and ceremonies of the Christian religion as trammels upon mental activity and intellectual progress; arraying the laity against their pastors; insisting that to be a humane man, an honest and industrious worker, a faithful friend, a good husband and father, a patriotic citizen, is to be all and to do all that the highest Christian morality can require or the welfare of the human race demand;

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asserting that the specific dogmas of the Christian faith, with perhaps one or two exceptions, are not essential, and may be rejected without concern; receiving with indifference and polite complacency either the divinity or the humanity of Christ; and accepting him as a God Saviour, a man-prophet, or a harmless, self-deluded impostor, as your fancy may please to dictate; in a word, deifying man, and making this world, with its wealth, its pleasures, its pride and pomp, its power and magnificence, its civilization and nationalities, the sole object of his anxiety and love. Such, we say, is the growing evil of this nineteenth century, which is so scornful of the "dark ages," an evil [illegible]

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minding them that the evil works of centuries, like old forest trees, have deep roots, and cannot be rudely torn out of the bosom of society without endangering its life, they cry out in their enthusiasm, "These are the voices of the enemies of the people, the voices of priests and aristocrats, away with them to the guillotine!" Only too late do they experience the retribution which God invariably visits upon those who presumptuously seek to drive the chariot of his Providence!

Not one word of what we have said is inapplicable to our own land. We live, move, and have our whole being in the midst of these same principles. Steam, electricity, commerce and emigration have made us a part of the great European family. Every wind of their heaven is felt on our own bosom. [illegible]

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views are correct as to the principles which we have presented.

Enlightened rulers all over Europe have been profoundly impressed with the lessons of this and the last century. It was once believed by monarchs that to enlighten their subjects would be to imperil their thrones. It is now very clearly seen that "the divinity which doth hedge a king" has long ceased to be an oracle to the people. The French emperor erects his dynasty upon popular suffrage. Hereditary right has come down from its ancient pedestal to accept from the people the confirmation of its authority. It is now too evident for further doubt that no ruler can rule modern nations by any appeal to the mausoleum of his ancestors. The garish light of the sun has penetrated every royal tomb, and has altogether annihilated the mystery which once filled the hearts of nations with awe and unquestioning obedience. Public opinion now rules the ruler. Kings and their ministers have now to elect between intelligent and virtuous opinion on the one hand, or revolutionary passions on the other. The wisest of them, therefore, are hastening to educate the people; and they are striving above all things to make such education distinctly *Christian*, and not simply *moral;* for they well remember the fate of all nations who have staked their salvation upon the sufficiency of the natural virtues. While kings are doing this to preserve the shadow of their royalty from the aggressive spirit of the age, we, in this chosen land, are doing or aiming to do the same thing, in order that we may rear successive generations of virtuous and enlightened heirs to the rich inheritance of our constitutional democratic freedom. Ours should be much the easier task; as we labor for no dynasty, but strive only to make a nation capable of self-preservation. We are no less in earnest than the kings; and we may surely examine their work and see what is good in it. The kings tried the pagan idea of intellectual culture adorned with the glittering generalities of moral philosophy; and they added to it the maxims of the Christian gospel, whenever that could be done without getting entangled in the conflicting creeds of the numerous sects. The school was like Plato's lecture-room, only that the sacred voice of the evangelist was heard occasionally in such passages as do not distinctly set forth faith and doctrine, about which the scholars could differ. Sectarianism, as it is called, had to be excluded, of course, in a mixed system of popular education, wherein freedom of conscience was conceded to be a sacred right and proselytism was disavowed. The result was twofold: first, tens of thousands of children were deprived of distinct religious instruction and doctrinal knowledge; and secondly, in countries where the Roman Catholic population was large, though in a minority, other tens of thousands were left without secular education, because their parents would not permit them to be brought up in habits of indifferentism, which means practical infidelity, or trained in knowledge hostile to their religious faith. Prussia, though she is the very embodiment and representative of Protestant Europe, soon came to the conclusion that this would not do—that education must be Christian—that it must be doctrinal and conducive to religious practices—that, as all could not or would not believe alike, each should have full opportunity to be reared in his own faith, to learn its doctrines and to fulfil its duties and discipline—and, therefore, that enlightened government established the denominational

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system, giving to each creed practical equality before the law, a separate school organization, (wherever numbers made it practicable,) and a ratable share of the public school-fund; reserving to the government only a general supervision, so as to secure a faithful application of the public money, and to enforce a proper compliance with the educational standard. The public schools are organized so that every citizen shall obtain the complete education of his child, in the faith and practice of his own church. All difficulties have disappeared, and perfect harmony prevails.

In France, by the last census, the population was thirty-seven millions, divided about as follows: 480,000 Calvinists, 207,000 Lutherans, 30,000 of other Protestant sects, and 73,000 Jews; the remaining thirty-six millions being either practically or nominally Catholic. Although the dissenters from the national faith are less than one million, that government has provided for them, at the public expense, separate primary schools, where each sect is at full [illegible] to teach its own doctrines. [illegible] three seminaries [illegible] higher education of Lutherans [illegible]

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maintained upon pagan ideas; and that the safety of every commonwealth depends upon the Christian education of the people. They have also clearly seen that *doctrines, discipline, morals*, and "*the religious atmosphere*," must be kept united, and made to penetrate and surround the school at all times; and that, however greatly the Christian denominations may differ from each other, or even err in their belief, it is far better for society that their youth should be instructed in some form of Christian doctrine, than be left to perish in the dreary and soul-destroying wastes of deism. Experience has proved to them that moral teaching, with biblical illustrations, as the piety of Joseph, the heroism of Judith, the penitence of David, will not suffice to establish the Christian faith in young hearts, or to quiet the doubts of inquiring minds. The subtle Gibbon, mocking the cross of Christ, will confront the testimony of the martyrs with the heroes of pagan history. Voltaire did the same for the French youth of the last century to their destruction. No. The experience of wise governments is this: that *morals* must be based upon faith and faith made efficient in deeds of practical virtue; for faith worketh by charity. And another experience is this which is best given in the very words of the eminent Protestant statesman and historian, M. Guizot: [illegible]

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that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into all its parts. Religion is not a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour; it is a faith and a law, which ought to be felt everywhere, and which after this manner alone can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our minds and our lives." The meaning of which is, that not a moment of the hours of school should be left without the religious influence. It is the constant inhalation of the air which preserves our physical vitality. It is the "*religious atmosphere*" which supports the young soul. Religion cannot be made "*a study or an exercise to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour.*" It will not do to devote six days in the week to science, and to depend upon the Sunday-school for the religious training of the child. M. Guizot is right. The enlightened governments of Europe have accepted his wisdom and reduced it to practice in their great national school-systems.

Now, the Catholics of the United States have said no more than that; have asked no more than that; and yet, a wild cry of anger has been raised against them at times, as though they were the avowed enemies of all popular education. They pay their full quota of the public taxes which create the school-fund, and yet they possess, to-day, in proportion to their wealth and numbers, more parochial schools, seminaries, academies, colleges, and universities, established and sustained exclusively, by their own private resources, than any other denomination of Christians in this country! Certainly this is no evidence of hostility to education! And why have they made these wonderful efforts, these unprecedented sacrifices? It is because they believe in the truth uttered by M. Guizot. It is because they believe in the truth established by all history. It is because they believe in the truth accepted and acted upon by enlightened men and governments of this age. It is because they know that revealed religion is to human science what eternity is to time. It is because they know that the salvation of souls is more precious to Christ than the knowledge of all the astronomers. It is because they know that the welfare of nations is impossible without God. And yet, they fully understand how religion has called science to her side as an honored handmaid; how learning, chastened by humility, conduces to Christian advancement; how the knowledge of good and evil (the fruit of the forbidden tree) may yet be made to honor God, when the sanctified soul rejects the evil and embraces the good. Therefore the Catholic people desire denominational education, as it is called.

That is the general view of the question; but there is a particular view, not to be overlooked, and which we will now briefly consider.

The most marked distinction between pagan and Christian society is to be found in the relations which the state bears to the family. Scarcely was the Lacedæmonian boy released from his mother's apron-string, when the state seized him with an iron hand. The state was thenceforth his father and his mother. The sanctities and duties of the family were annihilated. Body and soul, he belonged to the Moloch of Power. Private conscience was no more than a piece of coin in circulation; it was a part of the public property. Christ restored the family as it existed in Adam and Eve. Christian civilization denies that the state can destroy the family. The family is primary; the father the head; the mother the

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[illegible] the children in subjection, and for whom the parents shall give an account to the Father in heaven. The Christian state has no authority, by divine or human appointment, to invade this trust. It has, therefore, no mission either to create conscience or to dictate the education of it. It is the duty of the state in every way to facilitate, but it cannot arbitrarily control the mental and moral training of the people's children. That right and that responsibility are domestical, and belong to the parent.

Now, the Catholic parent is aware that there are between his creed and all others the widest and most irreconcilable differences, and that it is impossible to open the New Testament, at almost any page, without forthwith encountering the prime difficulty. To read the Bible, without note or comment, to young children, is to abandon them to dangerous speculation, or to leave them dry and barren of all Christian knowledge. In mixed schools there is no other recourse; because it is impossible to make any comment upon any doctrinal teaching of Christ and his apostles, without trenching upon the conscientious opinions of some one or other of the listeners. "The Father and I are one;" "The Father is greater than I;" here at once we have the Unitarian and the Trinitarian at a dead lock! "This is my body;" "It is the spirit which quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing," here we have the primitive Lutheran, who believed in the real presence, [illegible] and his Calvinistic coadjutor in reform [illegible] "Unless you be born again of water and the Holy Ghost," etc., here we have the Baptist and the Quaker very seriously [illegible] Nevertheless [illegible] the one from the other, there is a fundamental assimilation between all the Protestant sects which may render it possible for them to unite in one educational organization: and yet, we find many of the most enlightened and earnest among the Protestant clergy of America now zealously advocating the denominational system such as we find in the European countries above referred to. They believe that education should be distinctly based upon doctrinal religion and they are liberal enough to insist that, by natural right, as well as by the constitutional guarantees of our free country, no doctrine adverse to the faith of a parent may lawfully be forced or surreptitiously imposed upon his child. It is well known, however, that, between the Catholic faith and all Protestant creeds, there is a gulf which cannot be bridged over. It would, therefore, be simply impossible to adopt any religious teaching whatever in mixed schools without at once interfering with Catholic conscience. No such teaching is attempted, as a general rule, we believe, in the public schools of the United States; and hence we have only a vague announcement of moral precepts, the utter futility and barrenness of which we have already alluded to. Catholics, agreeing with very many enlightened and zealous Protestants, believe that secular education administered in that way is not only vain, but eminently pernicious; that it is fast undermining the Christian faith of this nation; that it is rapidly filling the land with rationalism; that it is destroying the authority of the Holy Scriptures; that it is educating men who prefix "Reverend" and affix "D.D." to their names, the more effectually to preach covert infidelity to Christian congregations; that, instead of the saving morality of the gospel

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Christ, which rests upon revealed mysteries and supernatural gifts, it is offering us that same old array of the natural virtues or qualities which pierced, like broken reeds, the sides of all heathen nations. And more than this, Catholics know by painful experience, that history cannot be compiled, travels written, poetry, oratory, or romance inflicted upon a credulous public, without the stereotyped assaults upon the doctrines, discipline, and historical life of their church. From Walter Scott to Peter Parley, and from Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay, to the mechanical compilers of cheap school-literature, it is the same story, told a thousand times oftener than it is refuted; so that the English language, for the last two centuries, may be said, without exaggeration, to have waged war against the Catholic Church. Indeed, so far as European history is considered, the difficulty must always be insurmountable; since it would always be impossible for the Catholic and Protestant to accept the same history of the Reformation or of the Papal See, or the political, social, and moral events resulting from or in any degree connected with those two great centres and controlling causes. Who could write a political history of Christendom for the last three hundred years and omit all mention of Luther and the Pope? And how is any school compendium of such history to be devised for the use of the Catholic and Protestant child alike? And if history be philosophy teaching by example, shall we expel it from our educational plan altogether? Or shall we oblige the Protestant child to study the Catholic version of history, and *vice versa?* Certainly, it is quite as just and politic to oblige the one as the other! Shall the "*majority*" control this? Who gave "*majority*" any such power or right? With us, the "*majority*" controls the "*state*;" and we have seen that the "*state*" becomes a usurper when it attempts this! We are quite sure that, if the Catholics were the "*majority*" in the United States, and were to attempt such an injustice, our Protestant brethren would cry out against it, and appeal to the wise and liberal examples of Prussia and England, France and Austria! Now, is it not always as unwise, as it is unjust, to make a minority taste the bitterness of oppression? Men governed by the law of divine charity will bear it meekly, and seek to return good for evil; but all men are not docile; and majorities change sides rapidly and often in this fleeting world! Is it not wiser and more politic, even in mere regard to social interests, that all institutions, intended for the welfare of the people, should be firmly based upon exact and equal justice? This would place them under the protection of *fixed habit*, which in a nation is as strong as nature; and it would save them from the mutations of society. The strong of one generation may be the weak of the next; and we see this occurring with political parties within the brief spaces of presidential terms. Hence we wisely inculcate moderation and justice in political majorities, under the law of retribution.

Profoundly impressed with these views, and impelled by this commanding sense of duty, our Catholic people have created a vast network of schools over the country, *at a price* which the world knows little of—the sacrifice which the poor man makes, who curtails the wheaten loaf that he may give to his child the spiritual bread! Ah! how many humble cottages and dreary tenement-houses

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could testify to that! There are six millions of them here now; and still they come, from the deserted hearths beyond the seas. They are upright, industrious, and love the new land like the old! In war, they shoulder the musket; in peace, they are found filling every avenue of labor and enterprise. They contribute millions to the public revenue, and hundreds of millions to the productive industry of the country. Their own welfare and the highest interests of the country demand that their children and their children's children should be well instructed in secular learning, and thoroughly grounded in moral and religious knowledge. As we have shown, they cannot avail themselves of the public school system, as now organized, though they contribute largely to its support by their taxes. *They do not desire to interfere with that system*, as it seems at present to meet the wants, or at least the views, of their Protestant fellow-citizens; and they are, therefore, *not* "opposed to the common schools" in the sense in which they have been represented to be. They simply ask that they may be allowed to participate in the only way open to them, that is, by the apportionment to them of a ratable part of the fund, in aid of their existing schools, and of such others as their numbers, in any given locality, may properly enable them to establish, subject to the limited supervision of the state, as we have before explained. We need go no further than Canada to witness this system operating harmoniously and to the best advantage. The argument generally used against it is, that this would destroy the unity and efficiency of the whole. Why is it not so in Prussia, Austria, France, England, and the British Colonies? Besides, the Catholic populations in this country are very much aggregated, as in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, and in the large agricultural settlements throughout the North-Western States. Certainly, in such localities there could be no difficulty. It is contemplated by the school law that all these are to be educated. Then, why can they not be permitted to organize separate schools, as in the countries referred to? Such organization would be an integral part of the whole system; and the cost would be precisely the same. In fact, we learn from the Reports of Assistant Superintendents Jones and Calkins, made to Hon. S. S. Randall, the City Superintendent, and also from his Report made to the Hon. Board of Education, in December, 1866, that the school room provided in the city of New York (especially in the primary department) is altogether inadequate; and yet we know that tens of thousands of Catholic children could easily be cared for, if the means were afforded those who, even now, with the scantiest resources, are erecting parochial schools all over the city.

It would be impossible in a brief article to enter into details. Our purpose has been rather to set this question before a liberal public in its great leading aspects, as we are quite willing to trust to the wisdom and experience of our legislators to devise the proper plan and specifications. They will be at no loss for precedents. The statute-books of half a dozen countries may be consulted profitably. All we ask is, that this momentous question may be candidly considered and justly and generously disposed of. We hope that the day has gone by when such a question as this shall be met with passionate declamation or the obsolete cry of "no popery." Disraeli has failed

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to stem the tide of popular reform in England by reviving the insane clamor of Lord George Gordon. The world has outgrown such narrow bigotry. Vital questions, affecting the conscience and the rights of multitudes of men, and deeply involving the welfare of nations, must henceforth be settled by calm and just decisions. Christendom will tolerate nothing else now. And surely, this free and wise Republic will not be the last to put into practice those principles of equality before the law, justice, and generous confidence in human nature, which it published to all the down-trodden nationalities of the earth, almost a century ago, over the signatures of Hancock, Livingston, and Carroll of Carrollton.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN OF AUGUST 18, 1868.

A REPORT ADDRESSED BY M. JANSSEN TO THE MARSHAL OF FRANCE, PRESIDENT OF THE BUREAU OF LONGITUDES.

CALCUTTA, November 3, 1868.

M. LE MARÉCHAL ET MINISTRE:

I have the honor of addressing to you, as President of the Bureau of Longitudes, my report on the eclipse of the 18th of last August, and upon some subsequent observations, which led me to the discovery of a method of observing the solar protuberances when the sun is not eclipsed. I will beg you to have the kindness to communicate this to the Bureau.

I have the honor to be, etc. etc.,

JANSSEN.

MR. PRESIDENT:

I had the privilege of writing to you on the 19th of September last, to give you a brief account of my expedition. I am now able to furnish you with a more complete report of my observations during the great eclipse of the 18th of August.

The steamer of the Messageries Imperiales, in which I left France, landed me, on the 16th of July, at Madras, where I was received by the English authorities with great courtesy. Lord Napier, the governor of the province, gave me passage to Masulipatam upon a government boat. Mr. Grahame, an assistant collector, was sent with me to remove any difficulties which I might meet with in the interior.

On arriving, I had to select my station.

A chart of the eclipse shows that the central line, after crossing the Bay of Bengal, enters the peninsula of India at Masulipatam, and crossing the great plains formed by the delta of the Kistna, passes into a hilly country, containing several chains of mountains, on the frontier of the independent state of Nizzam. After receiving and considering much information on the subject, I determined to choose the city of Guntoor, situated on this central line, half-way between the mountains and the sea. I thus avoided the sea-fogs, very frequent at Masulipatam, as well as the clouds which often hang about lofty peaks.

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Guntoor is quite an important place, being the centre of a large cotton trade. This cotton comes mostly from Nizzam, and is shipped to Europe from the ports of Cocanada and Masulipatam. Several French merchants, with their families, live at Guntoor; they are descended, generally speaking, from those ancient and numerous families which in former times were the glory of our beautiful Indian colonies.

My observatory was at the residence of M. Jules Lefaucheur, who was so kind as to place at my disposal all the first story of his house, which is in the highest and best part of the city. The rooms of this first story communicated with a large terrace, upon which I erected a temporary structure suitable for the observations intended.

The instruments were several achromatic lenses of six inches aperture, and a Foucault telescope of twenty-one centimetres. The former were all mounted upon one stand. The general movement was given by a mechanism constructed by Messrs. Brunner Bros., which enabled one to follow the sun by a simple rotation.

The apparatus was furnished with finders of two and two and three quarter inches aperture, which were themselves good astronomical glasses. In spectral analysis, these finders have a peculiar importance; for by means of them the precise point of the object under examination is known, to which the slit of the spectroscope in the principal telescope is directed. It is therefore necessary that the cross-wires, or in general the sights placed in the field of the finder, should correspond with great exactness with the slit of the spectral apparatus, and I had, of course, taken great care to secure this essential point. Special micrometers were also provided, to measure rapidly the height and angle of position of the protuberances. As for the spectroscopes, I had chosen them of different magnifying powers, so as to answer to the different requirements of the various phenomena. Finally, the apparatus carried, at the eye-piece end, screens of black cloth, forming a dark chamber, in order to preserve the sensibility of the eye.

Besides these instruments, intended for the principal observations, I had brought a full set of very delicate thermometers, made with great skill by M. Baudin; also some portable spy-glasses, hygrometers, barometers, etc. Thus I was able to turn to account the kindness of MM. Jules, Arthur, and William Lefaucheur, who offered their services for the subsidiary work. M. Jules, who is a good draughtsman, undertook to sketch the eclipse. An excellent telescope, of three inches aperture, furnished with cross-wires, was assigned to his use; he practised with it the representation of the expected phenomena by means of artificial imitations of eclipses. The thermometric observations were given to M. Arthur, who was also directed to ascertain the brilliancy of the protuberances and of the corona at the moment of totality, by a very simple photometric process.

I was assisted in my own operations by M. Redier, a young subaltern, whom the commander of the steamer L'Imperatrice had supplied to me. The services of M. Redier, who has excellent observing qualities, were very useful to me.

The time which remained before the eclipse was employed in preliminary study and practice, which served to familiarize us with the handling of our instruments, and suggested to me various improvements in them.

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The day approached, but the weather did not promise to be favorable. It had rained for some time all along the coast. These rains were considered as extraordinary and exceptional. Fortunately, they moderated gradually before the 18th; and on that day the sun rose unclouded, and dimmed only by a mist out of which it soon passed; and at the time when our telescopes showed us that the eclipse began, it was shining with its full splendor.

Every one was at his post, and the observations immediately commenced. During the first phases some thin vapors passed before the sun, which interfered somewhat with the thermometric measurements; but, as the moment of totality approached, the sky became sufficiently clear.

Meanwhile the light diminished sensibly, surrounding objects appearing as if seen by moonlight. The decisive moment was near, and we waited for it with some anxiety; this anxiety took nothing from our powers of observation, it rather stimulated and increased them; and it was, besides, fully justified by the grandeur of the spectacle which nature was preparing for us, and by the consciousness that the fruits of our thorough preparations and of a long voyage would depend on the use now made of a few minutes.

The solar disc was soon reduced to a narrow bright arc, and we redoubled our attention. The slits of the spectroscopes were kept precisely upon the part of the moon's limb where the last light of the sun would be seen, so that they would be directed to the lower regions of the solar atmosphere at the moment of contact of the discs.

The total obscuration occurred instantaneously, and the spectral phenomena also changed immediately in a very remarkable manner. Two spectra, formed of five or six very bright lines—red, yellow, green, blue, and violet—occupied the field in place of the prismatic image of the sun which had just disappeared. These spectra, about one minute (of arc) long, corresponded line for line, and were separated by a dark space in which I could see no lines.

The finder showed that these two spectra were caused by two magnificent protuberances which were now visible on each side of the point of contact. One of them, that on the left, was more than three minutes (or one tenth of the sun's diameter) in height; it looked like the flame of a furnace, rushing violently from the openings of the burning mass within, and driven by a strong wind. The one to the right presented the appearance of a mass of snowy mountains, with its base resting on the moon's limb, and enlightened by a setting sun. These appearances have been carefully drawn by M. Jules Lefaucheur. I will therefore only remark before quitting the subject, which I shall have to treat subsequently under a special aspect, that the preceding observation shows at once:

1st. The gaseous nature of the protuberances, (the lines being bright.)

2d. The general similarity of their chemical composition, (the spectra corresponding line for line.)

3d. Their chemical species, (the red and blue lines of their spectrum being no other than the lines C and F of the solar one, and belonging, as is well known, to hydrogen gas.)

Let us now return to the dark space which separated the spectra of these protuberances. It will be remembered that, at the moment of the total obscuration, the slits were tangent to the solar and lunar discs, and were therefore directed toward the circumsolar regions immediately

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above the photosphere, in which regions M. Kirchhoff's theory places the atmosphere of vapors, which produces by absorption the dark lines of the solar spectrum. This atmosphere, when shining by its own light, should, according to the same theory, give a reversed solar spectrum, that is to say, one composed entirely of bright lines. This is what we were expecting and trying to verify, and it was to make the proof decisive that I had used so many precautions. But we have just seen that only the protuberances gave positive or bright-line spectra. Now, it is very certain that, if an atmosphere formed of the vapors of all the substances which have been found in the sun really existed above the photosphere, it would have given a spectrum at least as brilliant as that of the protuberances, which were formed of a gas much less dense and less luminous. It must, then, be admitted that, if this atmosphere exists, its height is so small that it has escaped notice.

I must also add that this result did not much surprise me; for my investigations on the solar spectrum had led me to doubt the reality of any considerable atmosphere around the sun, and I am more and more inclined to think that the phenomena of elective absorption, ascribed by the great physicist of Heidelberg to an atmosphere exterior to the sun, are due to the vapors of the photosphere itself, in which the solid and liquid particles forming the luminous clouds are floating. This view is not merely in harmony with the beautiful theory on the constitution of the photosphere which we owe to M. Faye, but even seems to be a necessary deduction from it.

In fine, the eclipse of the 18th of August appears to me to show that the formation of the solar spectrum cannot be explained by the theory heretofore admitted, and I propose a correction to this theory as above indicated.

To return to the protuberances. During the total obscuration, I was much impressed by the extreme brilliancy of their spectral lines. The idea immediately occurred to me that they might be seen even when the sun was unobscured; unfortunately the weather, which became cloudy after the eclipse, did not allow me to try the experiment on that day. During the night, the method and the means presented themselves clearly to my mind. Rising the next morning at three, I prepared for these new observations. The sun rose quite clear; as soon as it had risen from the haze of the horizon, I began to examine it, placing the slit of the spectroscope, by means of the finder, upon the same place where, the day before, I had seen the protuberances.

The slit, being placed partly on the solar disc and partly outside, gave, of course, two spectra, that of the sun and that of the protuberances. The brilliancy of the solar spectrum was a great difficulty; I partially avoided it by hiding the yellow, the green, and the blue portions, which were the most brilliant. All my attention was directed to the line C, dark for the sun, bright for the protuberance, and which, coming at a rather faint part of the spectrum, was seen with comparative ease.

I had not examined the right hand or western part of the protuberant region long when I suddenly noticed a small bright red line, forming an exact prolongation of the dark line G of the sun. Moving the slit so as to sweep methodically the region which I was exploring, this line remained, but changed its length and its brilliancy in the different parts, showing

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a great inequality in the height and brightness of the various parts of the protuberance. This examination was resumed at three different times, and the bright line always appeared in the same circumstances. M. Redier, who assisted me with much interest in these experiments, saw it as well as I, and soon we could even predict its appearance by merely knowing what region we were examining. Soon after, I ascertained that the line F showed itself simultaneously with G.

In the afternoon, I returned to the region examined in the morning; the bright lines again showed themselves, but they indicated great changes in the distribution of the protuberant matter; the lines broke up sometimes into isolated fragments which would not unite with the principal one, notwithstanding the shifting of the slit. This suggested the existence of scattered clouds formed during the forenoon. In the region of the great (or left hand) protuberance, I found some bright lines, but their length and arrangement showed that great changes had also occurred here.

These first observations already showed that the coincidence of the lines G and F was real, and that hydrogen was certainly the most important element in these circumsolar masses. They also established the rapidity of the changes which these bodies undergo, which cannot be perceived during the short duration of an eclipse.

The following days, I availed myself of all the opportunities allowed by the weather to apply and perfect the new method, at least as far as was permitted by the character of the instruments, which had not been constructed to suit this new idea.

Observing very attentively the lines of the protuberances, I have sometimes noticed that they penetrated into the dark lines of the solar spectrum, showing thus that the protuberance extends over part of the sun's disc. This result was naturally to be expected; but the interposition of the moon has always made its proof impossible during eclipses.

I will also detail here an observation made on the 4th of September at a favorable time, which shows how rapidly the protuberances change their form and position.

At 9h. 50m., the examination of the sun showed a mass of protuberant matter in the lower part of the disc. To determine its shape, I used a method which may be called chronometric, since time is employed in it as the standard of measure.

In this method, the telescope is placed in a fixed position, so chosen that by the diurnal movement of the sun all parts of the region to be explored shall come in turn into the field of the spectroscope; and at determinate times the length and situation of the spectral lines successively produced are noted.

The time occupied by the sun's disc in passing before the slit gives the value of a second of time in minutes of arc. This, combined with the length of the lines estimated in the same unit, gives the means for a graphic representation of the protuberance.

The application of this method to the study of the solar region just mentioned as seen on this occasion, showed a protuberance extending over about thirty degrees (or one twelfth) of the sun's circumference, ten of which were east of the vertical diameter, and twenty west. Near the extremity of the western part, a cloud was lying, distant one and a half minutes, or one twentieth of the sun's diameter, from its limb. This cloud, about two minutes long and

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one high, was parallel to the limb. One hour afterward, a new drawing showed that the cloud had risen rapidly, and taken a globular form. But its movements soon became still quicker; for ten minutes later, at eleven o'clock, the globe was enormously extended in a direction perpendicular to the limb and to its previous position. A little mass of matter was also detached from the lower part, and hung between the sun and the main body of the cloud. Thick weather coming on prevented further observations.

To resume our remarks. Considered in regard to its principle, the new method is based upon the difference of the spectral properties of the protuberances and of the photosphere. The light of the latter emanates from solid or liquid particles, which are incandescent, and is incomparably brighter than that of the former; so that these have hardly been visible hitherto, except during eclipses. But the case is quite altered when we use the spectra of these bodies. For the solar light is spread over the whole extent of its spectrum, and thus much weakened; while that of the protuberances, on the contrary, is condensed into a few lines whose intensity bears some proportion to that of the corresponding solar ones. Hence their lines are quite easily seen in the field, together with those of the sun, though their ordinary images are entirely effaced by the dazzling light of the photosphere.

Another very fortunate circumstance for the new method comes to the support of the one just mentioned, namely, that the bright lines of the protuberances answer to the dark ones of the solar spectrum. Hence they are not only more easily seen in their own proper field, outside and on the edge of the solar spectrum, but they can even be followed into the interior of the latter, and by this means the protuberances can be traced upon the globe of the sun itself.

As regards the determination of chemical composition, the methods followed during total eclipses always carried with them some uncertainty; since, in the absence of the sun's light, graduated scales had to be employed to fix the position of the lines. The new method enables us to compare the two spectra directly.

As to the results obtained during the brief period in which this method has been used, they are as follows:

1st. That the luminous protuberances observed during total eclipses belong unquestionably to the circumsolar regions.

2d. That these bodies are mainly or entirely composed of incandescent hydrogen gas.

3d. That they are subject to movements of which no terrestrial phenomenon can give us any idea; since, though they are masses of matter having several hundred times the volume of the earth, they change completely their form and position in the course of a few minutes.

Such are the principal facts arrived at. I hope, notwithstanding the state of my eyes—fatigued by protracted experiments upon the subject of light—that I shall be able to continue my labors, and have the honor of submitting the results to the Bureau.

In conclusion, I will add, that I have also had an opportunity to continue my researches on the spectrum of the vapor of water. The climate of India, which is very moist at present, is quite favorable to these investigations. I am inclined to attribute to this spectrum a continually increasing importance. The whole series of my observations here and

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at Paris has made me confident of an elective action upon all the solar rays as far as the extreme violet, though in the latter such an action is much more difficult to establish with certainty. These experiments will form the subject of a separate communication.

WHO SHALL TAKE CARE OF THE POOR?

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE duty of caring for the poor, which Christ laid upon his church, has been assumed in modern times by the civil power; and governments have sought, by legislative enactments and political machinery, to fill the place of those ecclesiastical charities which disappeared in the convulsions of the sixteenth century. It is needless to say that their attempts have failed, and that the problem, "Who shall take care of the poor?" is still, in all Protestant countries, practically unsolved. We feel, therefore, that no apology is necessary for entering upon its discussion here, and that any light which may be thrown upon the subject by ourselves or others will tend to elucidate one of the most perplexed and difficult social questions of the present age.

There are certain fundamental principles which any examination of this subject, from a Christian point of view, must assume, and in accordance with which all Christian theories and practice concerning it must proceed.

These principles may be thus briefly stated:

I. That the care of the poor devolves upon those who continue the mission of Christ in the redemption of mankind and accept and obey his command, "Feed my flock;" upon those whose discipline of character, at once personal and corporate, enables them to help the helpless, to reform the vicious, and to conciliate the dangerous, while their organization affords a guarantee of persistence in these good works and of the proper use of the means confided to them; in a word, upon those who combine the attributes of a providence at once universal and discerning, with equity in administration and energy in execution.

II. That the principle of action, by which this work alone can be effected, is what may be termed "absorbent substitution," that is, the voluntary assumption of poverty out of practical sympathy with the poor.

III. That the legitimate effect of this action is to encourage, aid, and guide the poor to help themselves, and to infuse into them that love for their neighbor which, by this mediation, becomes reciprocal.

IV. That the established means by which this work must be performed are, first: The church in her collective capacity; second, the orders of charity; third, the variously constituted beneficial societies; fourth, the hand of private Christian charity, the latter of which, in the discussion of this question as a public one, does not, however, enter into our

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consideration. The three first mentioned are often found united in the same community: the church, represented by the congregation, containing Sisters of Charity or Mercy, and also assistant orders of pious persons, who, though bound by no vows, work in the world and aid the other orders with their purse and influence. Still, those who take the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and who, in organized communities, devote themselves to works of charity, must be regarded as the most perfect organs of this Christian work. And these become thus voluntarily poor, self-denying, and exclusive, because not only is the healthy soul fortified and preserved in spiritual power by privation of the pleasures of the senses, but poverty itself becomes ennobled by the assumption, and its degradation disappears.

Treating these principles, for the present, as self-evident, we now inquire:

Who are *our* poor, and how shall they be cared for?

Upon this question, the Catholic Church cannot limit her providential mission or assume a sectarian attitude. While preaching, by example, to the pious and humane of every creed, the zeal of active charity, she must extend her benefits to all those who need and seek her, without favor or distinction. This she must do to be consistent with her own historic record, and to fulfil the behest of her Lord.

Wherever Christian faith and love exist, "by their works ye shall know them." Charity is the test of the Catholic faith. Our Douay Catechism says that "the first fruit of the Holy Ghost is charity." Then it tells us what charity means, in the language of its effects, namely, "To feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to visit and ransom captives, to harbor the harborless, to visit the sick, to bury the dead:" a very matter of fact definition, but which implies that,

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The practice of charity alone can reconcile mankind by dissipating schism, and by thus re-establishing their unison, secure the triumph of the Christian church over the world.

This universal unity of spirit employs in its methods of action many distinct organs and corresponding varieties of function, and the time-honored maxim, *Una fides, una domus*, "One faith, one house," and the obedience to constituted authority, bind in the circle of good-will those orders which, though each adopts a particular rule and special use, amicably co-operate in their separation, like the branches of the same vine.

Whatever principles of action experience has sanctioned in Catholic charities, commend themselves alike to all Christians.

"Why is it," asks Mrs. Jameson, "that we see so many women, carefully educated, going over to the Catholic Church? For no other reason than for the power it gives them to throw their energies into a sphere of definite utility, under the control of a high religious responsibility."

To each of the notable aspects of human affliction corresponds, in the history of Christendom, one or more orders consecrated to its relief, and, far from being confined to mere palliative expedients, organic efforts toward the radical cure of our social evils have been developed under the influence of the Catholic Church.

Distinctive characters of the Catholic orders, though not confined to them, are celibacy and community of property. A bond of union purely spiritual dissolves and replaces those

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ties which develop the personality of the individual.

No fair comparison can be instituted between Catholic and Protestant orders of charity, for the simple reason that marriage and the family, which perpetuate secular estates by entail or inheritance, or seek, in the exchange of love, an earthly heaven, act as effectual dissolvents on religious orders consecrated to a special work. The vitality of the Episcopalian charities, St. John's and St. Luke's, is now undergoing this experiment, to-wit: Can the requisite number of efficient nurses and officers be maintained without binding vows? Can the service of the order be organized with influences that shall counterpoise the temptations of worldly vanities and interests, the powerful attraction of the sexes, and the honorable ambition of becoming one's self a focus of social radiation?

Of course, it is not necessary to the effectiveness of a given service that it should always be rendered by the same individuals; but numbers avail not without discipline; and, while relays and successions are allowed, they must not be too frequent. The sacrifice of personal liberty, to a certain extent, is indispensable to the order and efficiency of co-operative charity. Hence it is not surprising that the first attempts in England to constitute Episcopalian orders of charity should generally have failed. This impulse was due to the humiliating lesson of the Crimean war, when Sisters of Charity and Mercy flocked from all Europe to the assistance of the French sick and wounded, when similar orders of the Greek Church came to befriend the afflicted Russian soldiers; but the English were perishing miserably, until their unlooked-for succor by the intervention of Miss Florence Nightingale and her heroic band.

The necessity thus apprehended, to fall back on the institutions of Catholicity, has recently occasioned the formation of orders, who take the vow of chastity, poverty, and obedience. Sisters of Mercy and Sisters of the *Contemplative Life* may be seen in London, repairing to chapel through deserted streets in the early morning hours. Will such vows, unsanctioned by the public opinion of Protestant countries, be really binding? How has it proved at Valle Cruce?

Oppressed and alarmed by the increase of pauperism, and the worse than inefficiency of her poor-rates and secular measures of pauper-relief, England now feels that she has committed something near akin to suicide in the destruction of her religious orders. No longer "merry and wise," her political economists are splitting hairs to find just what pittance may suffice to keep the poor from dying of hunger without making them more comfortable than others whose pride refuses alms, so as not to set a premium on idleness.

"The notion popularized by Cobbett," says Herbert Spencer, arguing the question, "that every one has a right to a maintenance out of the soil, leaves those who adopt it in an awkward predicament. Do but ask them to specify, and they are set fast. Assent to their principle; tell them you will assume their title to be valid; and then, as a needful preliminary to the liquidation of their claim, ask for some precise definition of it; inquire what is a maintenance. They are dumb! Is it, say you, potatoes and salt, with rags and a mud cabin? or is it bread and bacon, in a two-roomed cottage? Will a joint on Sundays suffice? or does the demand include meat and malt-

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liquor daily? Will tea, coffee, and tobacco be expected? and if so, how many ounces of each? Are bare walls and brick floors all that is needed? or must there be carpets and paper-hanging? Are shoes considered essential? or will the Scotch practice be approved? Shall the clothing be of fustian? If not, of what quality must the broadcloth be? In short, just point out where, between the two extremes of starvation and luxury, this something called a maintenance lies. How else shall we know whether enough has been awarded, or whether too much? One thinks that a bare subsistence is all that can fairly be demanded. Another hints at something beyond. A third maintains that a few of the enjoyments of life should be provided for. And some of the more consistent, pushing the doctrine to its legitimate result, will rest satisfied with nothing short of community of property."

What this argument renders most apparent is, the necessity for an umpire, or mediatorial power, between collective society and the individual or family requiring aid, a power sympathetic alike with those who have more, and with those who have less, than necessity demands, and whose social position shall derive, from a source superior to either, a *prestige* which will inspire confidence in its discretion and give a certain authority to its decisions. If personal beneficence or corporate guarantees suffice for the relief of sufferers, or to obtain for those able and willing the opportunity of suitable employment, the mediatorial power will not interfere. If, on the other hand, appeal be made to it, it may act either by the exercise of its own faculties, or as the trustee of social goods; a mutual intelligence bureau of higher grade than our ordinary business offices. Such a function the Catholic Church and its orders of charity fulfilled in England, and may yet fulfil in America.

Mr. John Stuart Mill well observes, that the state cannot undertake to discriminate between the deserving and the undeserving indigent. It owes no more than subsistence to the first, and can give no less to the last. Since it must provide subsistence for the criminal poor while undergoing punishment, not to do the same for the poor—who have not offended—is to give a premium to crime. Guardians and overseers are not fit to be trusted to give or withhold other people's money according to their verdict on the morality of the person soliciting it, and it would show much ignorance of the ways of mankind to suppose that such persons, even in the almost impossible case of their being qualified, will take the trouble of ascertaining and sifting the past conduct of a person in distress, so as to form a rational judgment on it. Private charity can make these distinctions, and, in bestowing its own money, is entitled to do so according to its own judgment.

It is admitted to be right that human beings should help one another; and the more so in proportion to the urgency of the need. In all cases of helping, we distinguish the consequences of the assistance itself, and the consequences of relying on the assistance. The former are generally beneficial, but the latter for the most part injurious; so much so, in many cases, as greatly to outweigh the value of the benefit. There are few things more mischievous than that people should rely on the habitual aid of others for the means of subsistence, and unhappily there is no lesson which they more easily learn. The problem to be solved is, how to give the greatest amount of needful help with the smallest en-

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couragement to undue reliance on it. Energy and self-dependence are, however, liable to be impaired by the absence of help as well as by its excess. It is even more fatal to exertion to have no hope of succeeding by it than to be assured of succeeding without it. When the condition of any one is so disastrous that his energies are paralyzed by discouragement, assistance is a tonic, not a sedative. It braces instead of deadening the active faculties, always provided that the assistance is not such as to dispense with self-help by substituting itself for the person's own labor, skill, and prudence, but is limited to affording him a better hope of attaining success by those legitimate means. This accordingly is a test to which all plans of philanthropy should be brought, whether intended for the benefit of individuals or of classes, and whether conducted on the voluntary or the government principle.

Overlooking the spiritual forces which religious charity brings to bear in elevating the moral tone of character, Mr. Mill finds the foregoing principles well applied by the English Poor-Law of 1834, because, while it prevents any person, except by his own choice, from dying of hunger, it leaves their condition as much as possible below that of the poorest who find support for themselves. Mr. Mill's logic here seems to arrive at the *reductio ad absurdum;* for the state of these poorest of the working poor, whom pride forbids to claim pauper relief, is too distressing for charity, acting only below that level, to be of any avail. Usually inclined to the most liberal and humane views, Mr. Mill has here given way to a Protestant prejudice, which regards as ill-advised the more whole-souled Catholic style of charity. The following extract from De Vere's work shows the contrast, and affords a good answer to this overcautiousness about doing too much. All depends upon the spirit in which charity is bestowed; it should be cordial, not humiliating and distressing:

"Most of the Sisters are from the class of servants and needle-women; but there are many who, having been brought up to enjoy all the comforts and even elegances of life, have willingly renounced all to make themselves the humblest servants of the poor, to wash, and cook, and *beg* for those who have been beggars all their lives. The secret of all this lies in this, that the Sisters see, in their poor, Jesus Christ himself, to wait on whom must be their highest glory. From this, then, springs the most delightful interchange of feeling between the Sisters and their pensioners; for these poor people reverence with the liveliest gratitude those who seem to them as the angels of God sent to redeem them from all their misery and wretchedness, to comfort their bodies, and enlighten their souls. The change wrought in the old people after they have been with the Sisters a little while, is said to be most remarkable. From being fractious, complaining, and idle, they grow cheerful and contented in the highest degree, and every one is anxious to do something to contribute to the common stock. '*Our* houses, *our* Sisters,' they say—a type of the perfect union which reigns amongst them. Everything is done by the Sisters to cultivate a spirit of cheerfulness; they are treated as children, and every opportunity is embraced of making them a little festival. The beautiful simplicity of childhood seems to return in all its fulness to these poor creatures, whose lives have been spent in vice and misery. From a state approaching to brutality, they revive even to gayety. Well may they say as they do, 'We never were happy until we came here.' On great occasions they sing and dance, and the Sisters join with them. When the anniversary of the house of Rouen was lately celebrated, the old woman who had been the first pensioner was crowned as the queen of the day, and her lowly seat decked with flowers, whilst her aged companions cheered her with the heartiest good will.

"The tender regard with which the Sisters cherish the poor on whom they wait, calls forth the best feelings of their hearts, so long dead to every human charity. They respond by the most refreshing cordiality; but truly hearts could not resist the winning

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kindness with which they are invariably treated. One little incident may illustrate how above all selfish considerations the law of kindness prevails: One old woman was anxious to be received among the 'Little Sisters' somewhere in France. Her case well deserved the privilege, but the old woman insisted on bringing also into the house her hen and her sparrow. Without these companions, she would not enter; she would rather forego the advantage offered to her. The old woman, her hen, and her sparrow were all admitted together, anything rather than lose an opportunity of doing good.

"Selfishness cannot long exist where such examples of self-denial are ever present in these Sisters. They take the worst of everything for themselves. Even in the longest established houses there are no chairs except for the old people; the Sisters 'sit upon their heels.' A Jesuit father, on one day visiting one of the houses, found the Sisters just sitting down to dinner. They had nothing to drink out of but odd and broken vessels, mustard-pots, jam-pots, etc.; all in such a dilapidated condition that the good father hastened off the very first penitent, who came to him for confession, with an injunction to buy a dozen of glasses and send them to the house of his '*Petites Sœurs.*' Such is their voluntary poverty!

"Every time a house is opened, so soon as a sufficient number of poor are collected, a retreat is preached. The fruits of these retreats, in those who have been so long absent from the sacraments, is wonderful. Thus the house is furnished with those who serve to set a good example to all those who are afterward admitted.

"Nothing can exceed the gratitude of these poor creatures when reconciled with God. They embrace the Sisters with tears. 'It is seventy-five years since I drew near to God,' said one; 'and now I am going to receive him to-morrow.' A poor barber who had lost the use of his hands through rheumatism, and, being unable to exercise his profession, had fallen into such a state of destitution that he was thankful to accept an asylum in one of the houses of the 'Little Sisters,' was observed, after his confession, to be looking at his hands. 'What are you doing?' was asked of him. 'I am looking at the finger of God,' he replied. This spirit of resignation and gratitude is nearly universal, and the Sisters are not without their consolation even in this world."

To the special ministry of the Sisterhoods of Charity have been assigned the sick, infirm, and aged poor, whom all regard as proper objects of relief and pious care. We have shown, in our October number, how well they satisfied alike the Christian and the economic need. Mrs. Jameson, in the work there referred to,* has strongly contrasted the conditions of the "English workhouse system" (which is the same as ours) with the religious management not only of the sick-poor, but also of the criminal and most degraded classes. Take, for instance, the Austrian prison at Neudorf. This prison is an experiment which as yet had only had a three years' trial when Mrs. Jameson visited it, but had already succeeded so well, both morally and economically, that the Austrian government was preparing to organize eleven others on the same plan. It began by the efforts of two humane ladies to find a refuge for those wretched creatures of their own sex who, after undergoing their term of punishment, were cast out of the prisons. They obtained the aid of two Sisters of a religious order in France, devoted to the reformation of lost and depraved women. Government soon enlarged their sphere of action, and confided to them the administration of a prison, penitentiary, and hospital, with several buildings and a large garden.

"In its management, I found more than two hundred criminals, separated into three classes. The first class consisted of desperate characters, the refuse of the prisons at Vienna, who are brought under a strong armed guard, bound hand and foot. Their appearance was either stupid, gross, and vacant or frightful from the predominance of evil propensities. The second class, drafted from the first, were called the penitents, and showed, in the expression of their countenances, an extraordinary change from the newly arrived. They were allowed to assist in the house, to cook and to wash, and to work in the garden, which last was a great boon. There were more than fifty of these, and they were, at least, humanized. The

* *Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant.*

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third class were the voluntaries who, when their term had expired, preferred remaining in the house and were allowed to do so. Part of the profit of their work was retained for their benefit.

"Twelve women, aided by three chaplains, a surgeon, and a physician, none of whom resided in the establishment, managed the whole. They had dismissed the soldiers and police-officers, finding that they needed no other means of constraint than their dignity, good sense, patience, and tenderness. There was as much of frightful physical disease as there was of moral disease, crime, and misery. Two Sisters acted as chief nurses and apothecaries. The ventilation and cleanliness were perfect. When I expressed my astonishment that so small a number of women could manage such a set of wild and wicked creatures, the answer was, 'If we want assistance, we shall have it; but it is as easy with our system to manage three hundred as one hundred or as fifty. The power is not in ourselves, it is granted from above.' Here men and women were acting together; and in all the regulations, religious and sanitary, there was mutual aid, mutual respect, and interchange of experience; but the Sisters were subordinate only to the chief civil and ecclesiastical authorities; the internal administration rested with them."

The "Little Sisters of the Poor" have inspired the following remarks, which apply to many other orders actively engaged in works of charity:

"Their records demonstrate that religious institutions do, effectually and cheaply, what the clumsy and lifeless machinery of the state does at an enormous cost and peril, with a very questionable preponderance of gain over loss. Charity is a religious work, and these orders are specially qualified, as religious, to lead the charity of the country; they have a special vocation and a supernatural aim; they unite the strongest motives for individual exertion with the highest development of the co-operative system; they are free from the impediments of other parties; what they give establishes no legal or political right, yet it recognizes a moral claim and provides for a human want. In addressing the statesmen of this country, we can prove that one thousand dollars a year, thus wisely spent in well-organized charity, goes twice as far as two thousand dollars a year spent with a blundering alternation of prodigality and cruelty, such as characterizes the management of our secular charities. Organic bodies contain within themselves a principle of endless adaptation. The church, herself an organic body, is the fruitful mother of all such organizations as the moral needs of man require; nor is there any reason to doubt that she can help the modern pauper as readily as the captives, the lepers, and the laborers in mines for whom her mediæval orders worked. The recent institution of the 'Little Sisters of the Poor' derives a peculiar interest from the mode in which it approaches that special trial of modern society, pauperism, and it may, with the divine blessing, advance from its present humble beginning to enterprises which, alike on the ground of theology and of sound political economy, are beyond the efforts of the most beneficent governments now existing."

The gospels abundantly attest the loving and tender behavior of Christ toward the poor and the afflicted of every class. It is important to note how lively and loyal is the tradition of this conduct in the Christian church, from its earliest periods to our own day. It was a favorite turn in the mediæval legends of charity that our Lord should reveal himself, even in the body, to those who had, for his love, consoled some poor object of compassion. It is written of St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, that she kept always near her, and herself served, thirteen sick poor, in memory of Christ and the twelve apostles.

"Among the sick was a poor little leper named Helias, whose condition was so deplorable that no one would take charge of him. Elizabeth, seeing him thus abandoned by all, felt herself bound to do more for him than for any other; she took and bathed him herself, anointed him with a healing balm, and then laid him in the bed, even that which she shared with her royal husband. Now it happened that the duke returned to the castle whilst Elizabeth was thus occupied. His mother ran out immediately to meet him, and when he alighted she said, 'Come with me, dear son, and I will show thee a pretty doing of thy Elizabeth.' 'What does this mean?' said the duke. 'Only come,' said she, 'and thou wilt see one she loves much better than thee.' Then, taking him by the hand, she led him to his chamber and to his bed, and

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kindness with which they are invariably treated. One little incident may illustrate how above all selfish considerations the law of kindness prevails: One old woman was anxious to be received among the 'Little Sisters' somewhere in France. Her case well deserved the privilege, but the old woman insisted on bringing also into the house her hen and her sparrow. Without these companions, she would not enter; she would rather forego the advantage offered to her. The old woman, her hen, and her sparrow were all admitted together, anything rather than lose an opportunity of doing good.

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"Every time a house is founded, as a sufficient number of Sisters assemble a retreat is preached for them. These retreats, in those where the Sisters are absent from the same city, are very full. Thus the house is never left empty, and serve to set a good example to those who are afterward admitted.

"Nothing can be more touching than these poor creatures' simple faith in God. They ever say, when they die, 'It is seventy-two years old, and going to God,' said one of the Sisters, 'who will receive him there.' Another, who had lost the use of her limbs by rheumatism, and was obliged to leave her profession, destitution, and the Sisters' asylum in her old age, said to the Sisters,' You have been very kind to be looking after me, but I am only doing my duty to God.' Where else but at the South do we find this spirit of universal love, which makes their c

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Why are the poor and afflicted especially given in charge to the church, and why does the Christian see them with quite other eyes than those of mere benevolence? Why is Christ identified, in his birth and companionship, with the poor? Why are the most suffering classes the first objects of his care and mediation?

If it is written that "He who shall give to one of my disciples only so much as a cup of cold water in my name, shall not lose his reward," it is also written that the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick, the prisoner, are all our brethren in Christ. It is by virtue of that susceptibility, which the exercise of charity develops in us, that we become consciously "members one of another in the body of Christ."

Jesus Christ came to awaken in humanity a conscience including our neighbor, a conservative instinct embracing the relations of the individual with the species, unlimited by family, clan, or nation; and which transcends the analysis of a Malthus, a Locke, or a La Rochefoucauld.*

The suffering persons or classes are the atoms, the organs, or the

* That Sister of the Poor, whom you pass in the street with her basket, and perhaps look down upon as on a creature of inferior grade, is living closer to the heart of universal love, is deeper in celestial wisdom than the proud philosopher; leads a life more heroic in its abnegation and humility than the general with his bloody laurels. This is so, because the divine influx of life moulds the will and the affections, and moves the bowels of compassion long before the brain matures its schemes of action.

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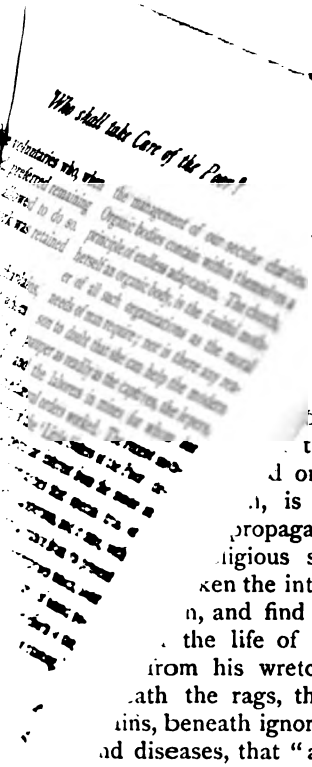

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for a' that." Again, Christianity discerned precious discipline of virtue in the exercise of charity, and practised it no less for the sake of the giver than that of the receiver. This is a practical commentary on the axiom of human unity or solidarity, anticipating the fuller light which may be expected from a knowledge of our ulterior destinies.

Wherever the church has nobly filled her part as the social conscience of Christendom, (a function for which the confessional so well adapts her,) she has been the intelligent mediator between those who need to give or to serve, and those who are really in need; she has maintained a social equilibrium while averting the jealousies and hatreds of classes, and by her enlightened and judicious distribution has prevented charity from ministering to vices and imposture.

"The *poor* ye shall have always with you." The worst prejudices only will interpret this saying of our Lord so as to discourage our efforts to eliminate, from the condition of the poor, its actual vices, disgraces, and miseries. This once effected by means, the success of whch experience has verified, there remains an honorable poverty due to the disinterested devotions of science, art, and social affections, in which the love of our neighbor, under divers forms, absorbs cupidity and the cares of self-preservation. The church has always encouraged vows of voluntary poverty, and directed the zeal which animated them to Christian uses. She has permitted the rich to expiate their crimes by sharing their fortunes with the poor, even by soliciting alms for them; and we are told that Roman nobles have been seen, during this very year, thus begging in the streets of Rome.

To a noble poverty belong the first years, and often the whole life, of the inventor, of the true artist, of all whose originality of conception or fidelity to the ideal transcends prudential economy. We may glance but in passing at that "Bohemia," where floating wrecks mingle in disorder with germinal forces of the social future. In proportion as the constitution of societies shall be perfected in kind and useful labors, those in whose characters friendship predominates, whether attached to holy orders like the Trappists and Sisters of Charity, or simply members of the church of Christ, will content themselves with the common *minimum*, and work in their elected spheres without care for any other material compensation. To such has Christ said: "Take no care what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed," etc. "Consider the lilies," etc. We shall not confound these noble poor with paupers, a term which comprehends indifferently the victims of

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said to him, 'Now look, dear son, thy wife puts lepers in thy bed without my being able to prevent her. She wishes to give thee leprosy, thou seest it thyself.' On hearing these words, the duke could not repress a certain degree of irritation, and he quickly raised the covering of his bed; but, at the same moment, the Most High unsealed the eyes of his soul, and, in place of the leper, he saw the figure of Jesus Christ crucified extended on his bed. At this sight he remained motionless, as did his mother, and began to shed abundant tears without being able at first to utter a word. Then, turning round, he saw his wife, who had gently followed in order to calm his wrath against the leper. 'Elizabeth,' said he, 'my dear, good sister, I pray thee often to give my bed to such guests. I shall always thank thee for this, and be thou not hindered by any one in the exercise of thy virtue.' Then he knelt and prayed thus to God, 'Lord, have mercy upon me a poor sinner. I am not worthy to see all these wonders.'"*

For the many illustrations of the wonderful diffusion of benevolence in the early ages of the Christian church, in contrast with the truculent spirit of the contemporaneous paganism, see Rev. Dr. Manahan's *Triumph of the Catholic Church*, etc.

We recall here the mention of John, Patriarch of Alexandria, who asked of his clergy a register of all the poor and destitute in that city. "Go," said he, "and get me a full list of my masters."

From the Theodosian code, it appears that the church owned large vessels, employed either in bringing to some dioceses provisions for their own flocks, or in sending help to the most afflicted communities, from Egypt even unto Gaul.

"The Cenobites, or Monks of the Desert," says St. Augustine, "used to freight these ships of charity with grain, obtained by them in exchange for the mats and baskets which they manufactured." The vast hospital, founded by St. Basil, of Cappadocia, near Cæsarea, is called by St. Gregory "a new city built for the sick and poor."

Hospitals were so great an innovation on the customs of the ancient classic world, that the Emperor Julian, surnamed "The Apostate," tried in vain to introduce them. Repelling the Christian doctrine, he was sensible of the influence of Christian charity, and would fain have engrafted on the pagan stock this fruit of another dispensation.

Why are the poor and afflicted especially given in charge to the church, and why does the Christian see them with quite other eyes than those of mere benevolence? Why is Christ identified, in his birth and companionship, with the poor? Why are the most suffering classes the first objects of his care and mediation?

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* Mrs. Jameson, *Life of St. Elizabeth.*

* That Sister of the Poor, whom you pass in the street with her basket, and perhaps look down upon as on a creature of inferior grade, is living closer to the heart of universal love, is deeper in celestial wisdom than the proud philosopher; leads a life more heroic in its abnegation and humility than the general with his bloody laurels. This is so, because the divine influx of life moulds the will and the affections, and moves the bowels of compassion long before the brain matures its schemes of action.

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local points where the life of humanity is threatened or compromised; thither, with unwonted energy, must its vital resources be directed; and how directed? Here we find the contrast between the spirit of Christ and that of pagan or schismatic countries. Ignoring the true unity of man, paganism merely suppressed the effects of misery by suppressing the person of the miserable. It did not consider that the spirit of cruelty, developed or encouraged in this elimination, is itself a living cause and propagator of human misery. Religious sympathy alone could quicken the intelligence to this perception, and find something precious in the life of the wretch rescued from his wretchedness; find beneath the rags, the dirt, and the chains, beneath ignorance, the vices, and diseases, that "a man's a man for a' that." Again, Christianity discerned precious discipline of virtue in the exercise of charity, and practised it no less for the sake of the giver than that of the receiver. This is a practical commentary on the axiom of human unity or solidarity, anticipating the fuller light which may be expected from a knowledge of our ulterior destinies.

Wherever the church has nobly filled her part as the social conscience of Christendom, (a function for which the confessional so well adapts her,) she has been the intelligent mediator between those who need to give or to serve, and those who are really in need; she has maintained a social equilibrium while averting the jealousies and hatreds of classes, and by her enlightened and judicious distribution has prevented charity from ministering to vices and imposture.

"The *poor* ye shall have always with you." The worst prejudices only will interpret this saying of our Lord so as to discourage our efforts to eliminate, from the condition of the poor, its actual vices, disgraces, and miseries. This once effected by means, the success of whch experience has verified, there remains an honorable poverty due to the disinterested devotions of science, art, and social affections, in which the love of our neighbor, under divers forms, absorbs cupidity and the cares of self-preservation. The church has always encouraged vows of voluntary poverty, and directed the zeal which animated them to Christian uses. She has permitted the rich to expiate their crimes by sharing their fortunes with the poor, even by soliciting alms for them; and we are told that Roman nobles have been seen, during this very year, thus begging in the streets of Rome.

To a noble poverty belong the first years, and often the whole life, of the inventor, of the true artist, of all whose originality of conception or fidelity to the ideal transcends prudential economy. We may glance but in passing at that "Bohemia," where floating wrecks mingle in disorder with germinal forces of the social future. In proportion as the constitution of societies shall be perfected in kind and useful labors, those in whose characters friendship predominates, whether attached to holy orders like the Trappists and Sisters of Charity, or simply members of the church of Christ, will content themselves with the common *minimum*, and work in their elected spheres without care for any other material compensation. To such has Christ said: "Take no care what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed," etc. "Consider the lilies," etc. We shall not confound these noble poor with paupers, a term which comprehends indifferently the victims of

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misfortune, of vice, and of disease; deficient in faculties either corporeal or mental, or in consistency of purpose, principle, and will. *Pauperism* is not to be regarded as a state of suffering to which the Christian should be resigned; far from being an expiation of sin, it is not only humiliation, but degradation and perversion, and owes its parasite existence to the absence or decline of Christian life.

The Catholic Church commenced an exterminating war on pauperism in those fraternal associations which sprang from the breath of the Saviour, and which its religious orders have never intermitted. Disbanded by the persecutions of the Roman empire, they rallied to works of charity; and, gradually obtaining spiritual ascendency over Europe, organized agriculture and the arts of peace. In the sixth century, the Benedictines and Columbans reclaimed the soils of Europe from their wilderness, and their peoples from the worst of barbarism.

The monasteries and convents, considered from the point of view of political and social economy, were agricultural, scientific, and domestic associations, with fields, gardens, and orchards, libraries, laboratories, and workshops, provided with all the means and facilities known in their age and country for the subjection of nature's resources to the progressive evolution of humanity. Fusing the nobles and the people, absorbing, in the sentiment of our common fatherhood in God and brotherhood in Christ, the invidious distinctions of caste, reconciling again in their administration the behests of spiritual culture with the exigencies of material existence and refinement of taste in letters and the arts, the monastic orders were for Christendom a most benign providence. Their charities never have been limited to the necessities of mere subsistence, like the secular dolings out of *so-called* modern charity. Hearts must respond to the needs of hearts, and brains to those of brains; in other words, the organization of Christian charity essentially embraces social life and education, intellectual and moral culture, as well as the conditions of labor, of remuneration, of lodging, of clothing, and nourishment, comprised in the guarantee of access to the soil. By separating the material from the spiritual elements of charity, Christendom retrogrades into paganism; less brutal, less ferocious, the economic (?) workhouse system is colder and still more inhuman than those methods of summary destruction by which Greece removed her supernumerary helots, or Rome her infirm poor.

"It is not without a mingled shame and fear," says Mrs. Jameson, of the English workhouse, "that I approach this subject. Whatever their arrangement and condition, in one thing I found all alike—the want of a proper moral supervision.

"The most vulgar of human beings are set to rule over the most vulgar; the pauper is set to manage the pauper; the ignorant govern the ignorant; every softening or elevating influence is absent or of rare occurrence, and every hardening and depraving influence continuous or ever at hand. Never did I visit any dungeon, any abode of crime or misery, in any country, which left me the same crushing sense of sorrow, indignation, and compassion—almost despair—as some of our English workhouses. Never did I see more clearly what must be the inevitable consequences where the feminine and religious influences are ignored; where what we call charity is worked by a stern, hard machinery; where what we mean for good is not bestowed but inflicted on others in a spirit not pitiful, nor merciful, but reluctant and adverse, if not cruel. Perhaps those who hear me may not all be aware of the origin of our parish workhouses. They were not designed as penitentiaries, although they have really become such. They were intended to be religious and charitable institutions, to supply the place of those conventual hospitals and charities which, with their revenues, were suppressed by Henry VIII.

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"The epithet 'charitable' could never be applied to any parish workhouse I have seen. Our machine-charity is as much charity, in the Christian sense, as the praying-machines of the Tartars are piety.

"These institutions are supported by a variable tax, paid so reluctantly, with so little sympathy in its purpose, that the wretched paupers seem to be regarded as a sort of parish locusts, sent to devour the substance of the rate-payers; as the natural enemies of those who are taxed for their subsistence, almost as criminals; and I have no hesitation in saying that the convicts in some of our jails have more charitable and more respectful treatment than the poor in our workhouses. Hence, a notion prevails among the working-classes that it is better to be a criminal than a pauper—better to go to a jail than to a workhouse.

"Between the poor and their so-called guardians, the bond is anything but charity.

"A gentleman who had served the office said to me: 'I am really unfit to be a poor-law guardian; I have some vestige of humanity left in me!' Under these guardians, and in immediate contact with the poor, are a master and a matron, who keep the accounts, distribute food and clothing, and keep order. Among them some are respected and loved, others hated or feared; some are kindly and intelligent, others of the lowest grade. In one workhouse the master had been a policeman, in another the keeper of a small public-house, in another he had served in the same workhouse as porter. The subordinates are not of a higher grade, except occasionally the schoolmaster and school-mistress, whom I have sometimes found struggling to perform their duties, sometimes quite unfitted for them, and sometimes resigned to routine and despair.

"In the wards for the old and the sick, the intense vulgarity, the melancholy dulness, mingled with a strange license and levity, are dreadful. I attribute both to the utter absence of the religious and feminine element.

"But is there not always a chaplain? The chaplain has seemed to me in such places rather a religious accident than a religious element. When he visits a ward to read and pray once a week, perhaps there is a decorum in his presence; the oaths, the curses, the vile language cease; the vulgar strife is silenced, to recommence the moment his back is turned. I remember one instance in which the chaplain had requested that the poor, profligate women might be kept out of his way. They had, indeed, shown themselves somewhat obstreperous and irreverent. I saw another chaplain of a great workhouse so shabby that I should have mistaken him for one of the paupers. In doing his duty, he would fling a surplice over his dirty, torn coat, kneel down at the entrance of a ward, hurry over two or three prayers, heard from the few beds nearest to him, and then off to another ward. The salary for this minister for the sick and poor was twenty pounds a year. This, then, is the religious element; as if religion were not the necessary, inseparable, ever-present, informing spirit of a Christian charitable institution, but rather something extraneous and accidental, to be taken in set doses at set times. This is what our workhouses provide to awaken the faith, rouse the conscience, heal the broken spirit, and light up the stupefied faculties of a thousand unhappy, ignorant, debased human beings congregated together.

"Then as to the feminine element in a great and well-ordered workhouse, under conscientious management, (to take a favorable specimen,) I visited sixteen wards, in each ward from fifteen to twenty-five sick, aged, bedridden, or helpless poor. In each ward all the assistance given and all the supervision were in the hands of one nurse and a helper, both chosen from among the pauper women supposed to be the least immoral and drunken. The ages of the nurses might be from sixty-five to eighty years; the assistants were younger.

"The number of inmates under medical treatment in the year 1854 in the London workhouses was over 50,000, (omitting one, the Marylebone.) To these there were 70 paid nurses and 500 pauper nurses and assistants, (not more than one fifth of the number requisite for effective nursing, even if they were all able nurses.)

"As the unpaid pauper nurses have some additional allowance of tea or beer, it is not unusual for the medical attendant to send such poor feeble old women as require some little indulgence to be nurses in the sick wards."

Such is the standard of qualification, and as for their assistants, Mrs. Jameson found some of them nearly blind and others maimed of a limb. She remembers no cheerful faces; their features and deportment were melancholy, or sullen, or bloated, or harsh, and these are the nurses to whom the sick poor are confided!

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"In one workhouse the nurses had a penny a week and extra beer; in another the allowance had been a shilling a month, but recently withdrawn by the guardians from motives of economy. The matron told me that while this allowance continued, she could exercise some control over the nurses, she could stop their allowance if they did not behave well; now she has no hold on them! They all drink. Whenever it is their turn to go out for a few hours, they come back intoxicated, and have to be put to bed in the wards they are set over!"

Mrs. Jameson speaks of bribery as the only means by which some of the bedridden patients could obtain help.

"Any little extra allowance of tea or sugar, left by pitying friends, went in this way. One nurse made five shillings a week by thus fleecing the poor inmates. Those who could not pay this tax were neglected, and implored in vain to be turned in their beds. The matron knows that these things exist, but has no power to prevent them; she knows not what tyranny may be exercised in her absence by her deputies, for the wretched creatures dare not complain, knowing how it would be visited upon them."

In some workhouses many who can work will not; in others the inmates are confined to such labor as is degrading, such as is a punishment in prisons, which excites no faculty of attention, or hope, or sympathy, which contemplates no improvement, namely, picking oakum, etc., and this lest there should exist some kind of competition injurious to tradesmen.

As to the "out-door relief" at certain workhouses, Mrs. Jameson says it was distributed to creatures penned up for hours in foul air, who waited sullenly for the bread doled out with curses. She complains again here of the system which brings a brutal and vulgar power to bear on vulgarity or brutality, the bad and defective organization to bear on one bad and defective, "so you increase and multiply and excite, as in a hot-bed, all the material of evil instead of neutralizing it with good, and, thus leavened, you turn it out on society to contaminate all around."

Rev. J. S. Brewer, a workhouse chaplain, in his lectures to ladies on practical subjects, writes of the insensible influence which the mere presence of ladies, their voice, their common words, their ordinary manners, their thoughts, all that they carry unconsciously about them, can exercise on the poor; but this applies to real ladies, cultivated, gentle, well-born, well-bred. There are no people more alive to gentle blood and gentle manners than the English poor. He confirms in other respects the preceding remarks of Mrs. Jameson, and says of the children:

"The disorderly girls and boys of our streets are mainly the produce of the workhouse and the workhouse schools. Over them the society has no hold, because they have been taught to feel that they have nothing in common with their fellow-men. Their experience is not of a home or parents, but of a workhouse and a governor, of a prison and of a jailer."

Nature exhibits two contrasted methods for controlling that *tendency to increase of population beyond a due proportion to the means of subsistence*, which seems to justify in the eyes of some political economists the partial destruction of the species by war. One of these methods is extermination; the other, elevation. Malthus says, in substance: I would share all my having with the poor. I would proclaim this the duty of the rich, were it possible, by even enforcing and continuing the most liberal distribution of goods, while all were working faithfully to increase the yield of the earth as fast as the mouths that consume it would multiply; but extensive observation and experience proves that, the easier life is made for the poor, the faster they increase; this increase is at a ratio so much greater than the means of

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subsistence are capable of reaching, that we should soon be all paupers unless we restrain each local population within the ratio of its provisions.

Malthus understood that high-toned character and uncommon force of will were essential to the perfection of such restraint. He invokes the influence of the church and of education to this effect. One step further, however, in the filiation of ideas would have led him to perceive a supreme harmony in the equilibrium between population and subsistence, arising out of the perfection of organic types and individual characters; so that *quality is the cure of quantity*.

If it be true, as travellers affirm, that in Europe the *temperate* are divided from the *intemperate populations* by a curve which, commencing at the eastern extremity of France, intersects Berlin and terminates at Sevastopol, being the northern limit of the vine-growing countries; then, *a fortiori*, will the greatest temperance be found among peoples whose refinement not only rejects distilled liquors but the coarser qualities of wine, and will have either the very best or none.

This law is universal. Compare the order of mammifers, a high type like man or the elephant, with a low type like the rabbit or mouse. Species are more prolific with each grade in their descent. Now compare the order of mammifers with the order of fishes, passing through the birds and reptiles, embracing all vertebrate animals; still the lower are more prolific, and consequently more subject to destruction. Now compare the vertebrate type with the insect, passing through the articulate. Still the same increase of numerical ratio down the scale of life; and when we reach polyps and plants, every section, every bud, may become a complete organism, and multiplication takes place by several methods at once—seeds, tubers, roots, suckers, buds, etc. Follow this law in the science of breeding. Even among fish, the fat and well-conditioned breed but slowly, and "ponds of misery" are kept for breeding carps. The history of the *turf* verifies similar facts in the physiology of the horse.

We no longer wonder that the hovels of the suffering poor should swarm with children; but the analogies of the animal kingdom encourage us to believe that social and industrial procedures, which convert these children into Christians and launch them in the path of a general prosperity, will itself tend to reduce the ratio of their increase by a method more expedient than those of war, pestilence, or famine.

In conclusion: If the first of these natural methods of checking population be adapted to the world of the *fall*—a world of selfishness and sin—the other method is adapted to the world of the redemption—a world of Christian co-operation and love of our neighbor. By the first method, population is reduced so effectively that the most agreeable portions of the earth's surface remain almost untouched by human culture. When, by the triumph of true religion, wars and their consequences cease to vex humanity, population may increase until it covers the area of the habitable globe, without danger of starving itself, without sinking into pauperism. The numerical population of the world may increase while its actual ratio of propagation is diminished, and is harmonized with its capacity of production. Such is the logic of charity, which in relieving suffering aims at the spiritual elevation of character and the permanent protection of mankind.

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institute suit, Claiborne wrote him a noble letter requesting him to stop the prosecution, (p. 227.) "An officer whose hands and motives are pure," he said, "has nothing to fear from newspaper detraction, or the invectives of angry and deluded individuals. My conduct in life is the best answer I can return to my enemies. It is before the public, and has secured, and will, I am certain, continue to secure me the esteem and confidence of that portion of society whose approbation is desirable to an honest man. The lie of the day gives me no concern. Neglected calumny soon expires; notice it, and you gratify your calumniators; prosecute it, and it acquires consequence; punish it, and you enlist in its favor the public sympathy."

The story of the heroic defence of Fort Bowyer is well and spiritedly told by Mr. Gayarré, and that of the defence of New Orleans, in the various skirmishes and battles that for weeks preceded the grand culminating victory of January 8th, is, for the first time, clear and intelligib le to us. Here Mr. Gayarré gives us several pages of nervous and picturesque writing. His description of "the nigh t before the battle," and of the brave but disastrous charge of the British troops upon the American line, is excellent i n spirit and in detail.

Mr. Gayarré explodes the popular story of the cotton-bale fortifications. There were none. "Some bales of cotton had been used to form the cheeks of the embrasures of our batteries, and notwithstanding the popular tradition that our breastworks were lined with it, this was the only one," etc. etc. (p. 456.)

The account of the two colored battalions which rendered such excellent service is interesting, as also Mr. Gayarré's comments on the celebrated British countersign of "Beauty and Booty."

Mr. Gayarré's history closes with a long paragraph, somewhat in the same dithyrambic vein that marks the pages of his first volume of Louisiana. He has, however, greatly improved both in style and judicious arrangement of matter, and, combining many of the best qualities of the historian with great aptitude of research and study, has undoubtedly made a mark in literature, his state may well be proud of, even though she be amenable to the reproach conveyed by the author at page 391.

It appears that, in 1814, Governor Claiborne advised one David McGee in regard to some literary work of the latter: "A love of letters has not yet gained an ascendency in Louisiana, and I would advise you to seek for your production the patronage of some one of the Northern cities."

"How bitter," comments Mr. Gayarré, "is the thought that it is true! How hard it is for the veracity of the Southern historian to admit that, even in 1864, a judicious and frank adviser would be compelled to say to a man of letters, in the language used by Claiborne in 1814, "I would advise you to seek for your production the patronage of some one of the Northern cities"!

MEMORIALS OF THOSE WHO SUFFERED FOR THE FAITH IN IRELAND in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries. By Myles O'Reilly, B.A., LL.D. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 462.

An elegant volume, containing biographies of the martyrs of the Reformation in Ireland, which we intend to notice at length in a future number.

LECTURES ON THE LIFE, WRITINGS, AND TIMES OF EDMUND BURKE. By J. B. Robertson, Esq. London: John Philp. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society, 126 Nassau Street, New York.

In this volume, Professor Robertson, as an extremely conservative monarchist, and as an enthusiastic admirer of what he calls the "old temperate monarchy," best typified in modern politics by the government of England, the native land of the lecturer, treats of the history of the life, writings, and times of Edmund Burke, the most illustrious Irishman of the eighteenth century,

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and, in purely civil affairs of all times, from a monarchical point of view; and makes his lectures, which he seems to have designed for a biography of the greatest of British orators and statesmen, really the medium of an exposition of his own peculiar doctrines and opinions in the political relation, with such incidental notices of the immortal Burke as were deemed pertinent to the illustration and enforcement of the political speculations of the gifted lecturer, who appears to live and move in utter awe of "the spirit of revolution," and in utter detestation of "the sovereignty of the people" and of "the republic." The book is of value chiefly as showing how the complex affairs known as constituting the modern world are viewed by an Englishman of fine culture, eloquent expression, and very conservative instincts and sympathies.

The book is got out in Mr. Philp's best style; the paper, type, and binding are faultless.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, for the year of our Lord 1869.

This work is published in the same style as heretofore, and is, we presume, about as correct as can be expected of such a publication. There is one improvement, however, which *could* be made at the expense of *one cent* a copy, namely, to sew the book instead of *stitching* it. The way it is now bound, several pages are defaced by the large holes punched through the book.

A PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL METHOD OF LEARNING THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. By A. Biarnois. D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1868.

Of all the systems hitherto devised to facilitate the study of the French language, and at the same time offer to the student a method which, in its development, will prove attractive to him, we are inclined to think the present one by M. Biarnois is in many respects to be preferred.

The idea in the invention of most of the modern systems is a good one: to give the pupil words and phrases before he is taught the rules for their grammatical construction. This is the design proposed by our author, and after an introductory article on pronunciation he gives us at once a sentence. "On nous dit que le Sultan Mahmoud, par ses guerres perpétuelles, au dehors et sa tyrannie à l'intérieur, avait rempli les états de ses ancêtres de ruine et de dsolation; et avait dépeuplé, l'Empire Persan." This sentence is thoroughly analyzed, which gives him occasion to explain: 1. Transposition and contractions of pronouns. 2. The gender and number of substantives. 3. Formation of the feminine of adjectives. 4. Of the plural of adjectives. 5. Place, elision, and contraction of the article. 6. Forms of negation. 7. Possessive pronouns. 8. Possessive, demonstrative, and indefinite adjectives, with many grammatical relations of all these. This is followed by an original set of rules to find French words to express what we know in English, how to form verbs out of substantives, and to determine, without a dictionary, the conjugation to which each of these verbs belongs.

Again we have more phrases, accompanied by running explanatory notes, and the whole couched in a familiar conversational style which cannot fail of fixing the attention and impressing the memory of the student.

The latter half of the work, under the title Recapitulation, takes up the parts of speech in more regular order.

We confess that for young beginners we would prefer a certain amount of study in the admirable work of Dr. Emile Otto, as revised by Mr. Ferdinand Bôcher for English students, before taking up the method of M. Biarnois. The latter supposes a considerable advance in the knowledge of the English language, and he is compelled at the very outset to make use of words and phrases which, to youthful pupils, might need explanation fully as much as the corresponding ones in French. But for students in our colleges, who have already some notion of English or Latin grammar, we think this grammar of

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M. Biarnois is one of the best, and in many respects better than any that have come under our notice.

TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL. I. IT DOES PAY TO SMOKE. II. THE COMING MAN WILL DRINK WINE. By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1869.

It was hardly possible that Mr. Parton's attack on the "smokers and drinkers" of this generation should pass without a reply. Mr. Fiske has sprung into the lists, while yet the gauntlet of the challenger has scarcely reached the ground, and has begun the battle with a force and vigor which, to say the least, must temporarily startle his opposers. Scientifically, he appears to have the advantage. There is very little of assertion; very much of authority and argument about him. His manner of dealing with the sweeping statements of his adversary is more effective than courteous. His theory of the value of alcohol and tobacco, as stimulants for daily use, is certainly plausible, and must be welcome to all who either smoke or drink, or who aspire to do so. Physiologically, also, it appears sound, and in accordance with the latest therapeutical discoveries. But it will be indeed a task of difficulty to lead Mr. Parton, or his sympathizers, into the belief that either smoking or drinking are profitable to mankind; a task equalled only by that of bringing smokers and drinkers to observe that golden mean of temperance which even Mr. Fiske admits to be of indispensable necessity.

But whatever may be the scientific merits of Mr. Fiske's treatise, we can but feel that, morally, he is on the losing side. The advantages and disadvantages of tobacco and alcohol are to be estimated by their effect upon mankind at large, as mankind uses and will use them, and not by the medical influence they exercise when taken by the proper persons, in proper quantities, at proper times. Many things are *per se* useful and beneficial which, *as used*, are sources of great injury and destruction. Some of these can scarcely be used as they ought by man in general, but become, almost inevitably, the cause of ruin and disorder. To this class we believe that tobacco and alcohol belong. Experience seems to teach that their abuse necessarily follows from their use, and that, whatever their peculiar beneficial properties, they have been, and still are, among the worst enemies of man. For this reason we regret to see any argument put into the mouths of smokers and drinkers, whereby they can quiet their own consciences or beguile others into self-indulgence; and we feel that it were safer and better that the nerve-power of the individual should waste a little faster, and the stimulus be denied, than that the misery and wretchedness which tobacco and alcohol have already occasioned should find either an increase or an apology.

A BOOK ABOUT DOMINIES: Being the Reflections and Recollections of a Member of the Profession. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1869.

But for one fault this were a charming book. There is a freshness and genial warmth about it which is very welcome to the heart of any one who has ever been "a boy." The keen appreciation of the "boy nature," of the "boy aspirations," of the "boy troubles," which the dominie, whose experience is here narrated, seems to have possessed, gives a rare relish to his sketches, and makes his book almost a story of the reader's own youth and school life. For these merits it will be read not once only but often, and will serve both to maturity and age as "a tale of the times of old—a memory of the days of other years."

The fault of which we speak is the tone of religious sentimentalism which runs through the whole book, and crops out in various flings at positive religious faith, and in innumerable expressions of an unhealthy, mawkish, self-congratulating piety. Latitudinarianism is bad enough, but when it reaches to the open contempt of dogma, and elevates the undisguised conceit which despises all

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authority and law above the humility which acknowledges some truth outside its own conclusions, it becomes the worst possible kind of teaching both for boys and men. It is difficult to realize that the writer of the substance of this book should also be the author of these dangerous and disagreeable sentimentalisms.

AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF IRELAND, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With several first-class full-page Engravings of Historical Scenes, designed by Henry Doyle, and engraved by George Hanlon and George Pearson; together with upward of One Hundred Woodcuts, by eminent artists, illustrating Antiquities, Scenery, and Sites of Remarkable Events; and three large Maps, one of Ireland, and the others of Family Homes, Statistics, etc. 1 vol. 8vo. Nearly 700 pages, extra cloth. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 126 Nassau street. 1869.

We are glad to see this new and improved edition of this excellent history of Ireland. The first edition we noticed at length, on its appearance, some months ago; but the demand for it was so great that it was soon exhausted. The distinguished authoress, (Sister Mary Frances Clare,) having made several additions and improvements, presents us with a finely illustrated volume, worthy of a place on the shelves of every library, public or private, in America.

It is very important that the people of the United States should study the history of Ireland intelligently. They have, as a people, too long neglected it; and all the greater portion of them know about Ireland and her history is that which they have learned out of their school-books, and vitiated novels. In fact, our public men, writers and speakers alike, have not thought it worth their while to read Ireland's history; it was, to many of them, a country beneath their notice, *except to slander*, by quoting her history from the biassed writers of England. But those times are passed. We now have good histories enough. Besides, there is no country of Europe that has sent so many of her people to populate this country; her children or their descendants are to be found in every town and hamlet from Maine to Oregon. It is therefore incumbent on *all* American citizens, native or adopted, to study the history of that

"Isle of ancient fame,"

whose history is almost as old as that of Judea. We trust that those who have not yet done so will now procure a copy of this work. Apart from its intrinsic merits, which are manifold, there is another which is of some importance. It is sold for the benefit of the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, Ireland, which institution gives education to hundreds of poor Irish children.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN & Co.: Analysis of Civil Government: including a topical and tabular arrangement of the Constitution of the United States. Designed as a class-book for the use of Grammar, High, and Normal Schools, Academies, and other institutions of learning. By Calvin Townsend, Counsellor-at-Law. New York. 1869.

From LEE & SHEPARD: Gloverson and His Silent Partners. By Ralph Reder. 1869.—Words of Hope. "That ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." 1869.

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.: A Few Friends, and how they Amused Themselves. A tale in nine chapters; containing descriptions of twenty pastimes and games, and a fancy dress party. By M. E. Dodge, author of Hans Brinker and The Irvington Stories. 1869.

From D. & J. SADLIER & Co.: Songs of Ireland and other Lands: being a collection of the most popular Irish sentimental and comic songs. 1 vol. 18mo.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York: Essays on the Progress of Nations, in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population, etc. By Ezra C. Seaman. 1 vol. 12mo.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York: Mental Science; a Compendium of Psychology, and the History of Philosophy. By Alexander Bain, M.A. 1 vol. 12mo.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. VIII., No. 48.—MARCH, 1869.

AN APOSTOLIC LETTER FROM HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

THE letter of the Holy Father which we publish below, in Latin and English, together with one from Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, have just been received from Rome. The readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and those persons especially who have taken an active interest in, and have generously contributed to, the establishment of the Paulist Congregation, the Publication Society, and other associated works, will doubtless feel gratified and encouraged by the approving words with which the Holy Father has deigned to give them his sanction and apostolic blessing. These gracious words of the Vicar of Jesus Christ ought to encourage us all to redoubled efforts for the advancement of our holy religion, and such, we trust, will be their influence.

ADMODUM R. D.:

Cum Sanctissimus Dominus Noster non levi inter quibus afficitur acerbitates jucunditate ex pluribus nunciis acceperit, D. Tuam per Catholicos ephemerides curam omnem impendere ad religionis nostræ sanctissimæ studium fovendum, ad falsas doctrinas refellendas, et ad hujus Apostolicæ Sedis jura tuenda, aliquod suæ paternæ dilectionis testimonium voluit exhibere. Pergratum proinde erit D. Tuæ literas Sanctitatis suæ hisce adjectas reperire, quibus factum iri confido ut majori usque studio et alacritate inceptum opus prosequaris.

VERY REVEREND SIR:

Inasmuch as the Sovereign Pontiff, our Holy Father the Pope, amid his many afflictions, has received great joy at hearing, through many different sources, that your Reverence is taking such great care to spread the knowledge of our most holy religion through Catholic publications, adapted to refute false doctrine and to defend the rights of this Apostolic See, he has desired to give you a testimony of his paternal affection. Accordingly, it will be most pleasing to your Reverence to receive, together with this, the letter of his Holiness, by which I trust you

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Cui quidem benevolæ, quam Sanctissimus Pater erga Te testari voluit, voluntati propensionis meæ significationes addens, Deum precor ut D. Tuæ fausta quæque largiatur.

Romæ, ex Aed. S. Cong. de Prop. Fide, die 5 Januarii, MDCCCLXIX.

D. Tuæ.

Addictissimus,

Al. C. Barnabo, Pr.

may be encouraged to pursue the work you have undertaken with still greater zeal and alacrity.

Adding to the sentiments of good will which the Holy Father declares toward you, the expression of my own regard, I pray God that He may grant to your Reverence every kind of prosperity.

Rome, Office of the S. Cong. of the Propaganda, January 5th, MDCCCLXIX.

Most affectionately,

Al. C. Barnabo, Pr.

Dilecto Filio, I. T. Hecker, Presbytero ac Rectori Missionariorum Collegii a S. Paulo nuncup., Neo-Eboracum.

PIUS, PP. IX.

Dilecte Fili, salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem. Gaudemus, Dilecte Fili, te tui propositi memorem voce scriptisque constanter adlaborare propagandæ Catholicæ religioni dissipandisque errorum tenebris; ac tibi gratulamur ex animo de incrementis, quæ initis a te operibus accessisse discimus. Scilicet confertæ illæ conciones, ubi Catholicam exposuisti doctrinam, quæque tui desiderium ita fecerunt aliis, ut ad nobiliores ac frequentiores inviteris; existimatio, quam apud ipsos dissentientes ephemeridi tuæ Catholic World eruditio et perspicuitas compararunt; aviditas qua passim expetuntur editi a Societate Catholica, per te coacta, libelli; novi sodales, qui culturæ a te susceptæ fines latius porrecturi, dant familiæ tuæ nomen; alumni tandem, qui in idem opus, se tibi tradunt excolendos, totidem sunt amplissimi fructus et diserti testes zeli solertiæque tuæ, ac cœlestis illius favoris, quo cœpta tua fœcundantur. Quod sane facile intelliges quam juc[illegible] Nobis con-

To my Beloved Son, I. T. Hecker, Priest and Superior of the Missionary Congregation of St. Paul, New York.

PIUS IX., POPE.

Beloved Son, health and apostolic benediction. We rejoice, beloved son, that you, mindful of your purpose, labor continually, by your word and writings, to spread the Catholic religion, and to scatter the darkness of error; and We heartily congratulate you upon the increase which, as We have been informed, the works undertaken by you have received. Undoubtedly those thronged assemblies where you have set forth the Catholic doctrine, and have thereby excited in others such a desire to hear you, that you are invited to address audiences still larger and more notable; the esteem which your periodical, The Catholic World, has, through its erudition and perspicuity, acquired, even among those who differ from us; the eagerness with which the tracts and books of The Catholic Publication Society, established by you, are everywhere sought for; the new associates who enroll themselves in your congregation to extend more widely the good work you have undertaken; finally, the students

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tingere debeat, qui id potissimum optamus, ut evangelium nuncietur omni creaturæ, ut sedentes in umbra mortis ad viam salutis adducantur, ut demum destructis erroribus universis, ubique veritatis regnum constituatur, in quo justitia et pax se invicem osculantes, humanæ familiæ reddant ordinis tranquillitatem jamdiu a monstrosis opinionum commentis abactam. Dum itaque studia tua, et eorum, qui tibi opere, subsidio, ingenio opitulantur, libentissime commendamus, maximas Deo gratias agimus, quod ipsis obsecundare voluerit; eumque rogamus, ut gratiæ suæ virtute, novos tibi jam currenti veluti stimulos addat, aliosque atque alios adjutores tibi conciliet, qui tecum industriam viresque suas conferant in commune Christiani populi bonum. Cœlestis vero favoris auspicem, et paternæ nostræ benevolentiæ testem Apostolicam Benedictionem tibi tuæque Missionariorum familiæ peramanter impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum die 30 Decembris, 1868, Pontificatus Nostri Anno XXIII.

who offer themselves to you to be educated for the same work, all these are so many abundant fruits and eloquent witnesses of your zeal and skill, and of the divine favor through which your undertakings are made fruitful. You will easily understand, of course, how gratifying this must be to Us, who desire, above all things, that the gospel should be preached to every creature; that those who sit in the shadow of death should be brought into the way of salvation; that, in fine, all errors being destroyed, the reign of truth should be everywhere established; in which justice and peace, kissing each other, may restore to the human family the tranquillity of order, so long banished by the extravagances of error. While, therefore, We most cordially commend your zealous efforts, and those of your associates who contribute to the success of the same by their labor, their gifts, or their talents, We give especial thanks to God that He has condescended to second them, and We pray Him that, by the power of His grace, He may stimulate still more your already strenuous exertions; and may give you more and more associates who, with you, shall bestow their industry and strength on the common good of the Christian people. And as a token of the divine favor, and an evidence of Our paternal good will, We impart most affectionately to you, and to your congregation of missionaries, Our apostolic benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 30th of December, 1868, in the twenty-third year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS IX., POPE.

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THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS.*

THE first series of the Essays which compose these two stout volumes appeared as long ago as 1846, and has now been revised, amended, and enlarged, and, after being long out of print, republished in connection with a second collection similar in character and general design. Mr. Seaman's purpose has been to inquire into the principal causes of the welfare of nations, such as morality, education, personal and political liberty, commercial, mechanical, and agricultural development, and those natural conditions of climate and geographical position which man has no power to modify, and to show how these causes have operated at various times and in various countries. To the adequate treatment of so vast a theme, there should be brought the labor of a life-time, the learning of a ripe scholar, and the intellect of a philosopher. Mr. Seaman, we must frankly say, has brought neither of the three. He has attempted what not one man in a thousand would be wise to attempt; and if he has failed, he has at any rate failed in very respectable company. The essays are crude and fragmentary. They lack a sustained train of thought and logical connection; they are encumbered with commonplaces and repetitions; and the statistical and historical illustrations with which they are thickly interwoven have the disadvantage of being borrowed from sources that convey no weight of authority. Citations from incompetent witnesses carry no force, but rather weaken the effect of an author's statements.

The fundamental fault of Mr. Seaman's work is not its raggedness, however; but it is the misapprehension, with which he starts, of the meaning of his subject. He understands "Progress" merely as material prosperity. "Civilization" means nothing in his mind but "Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population." That people is the most advanced which owns the most money and wears the best clothes. The destiny of man is commerce and manufactures. The end of civil society is the acquisition of wealth. Liberty is good because it leaves man free to invent telegraphs and railroads. Government is good because trade would be impossible without it. Education is valuable because it stimulates production and regulates industry. Religion is respectable because it develops the intellectual faculties, and teaches us to restrain the appetites whose free indulgence would undermine the constitution or injure our fellow-man. We do not mean to say that Mr. Seaman teaches these doctrines in so many words. He does not know that he teaches them at all. If he ever sees this article, he will no doubt be shocked at our interpretation of his argument. Yet, pushed to their fair and by no means remote conclusions, these are the teachings to which his essays amount. He seems to forget that man was created to know and love God and promote the divine glory, and that is the highest state of civilization in which he most perfectly fulfils the end of his creation. There is no true progress except toward this

*Essays on the Progress of Nations, in Civilization, Productive Industry, Wealth, and Population. By Ezra C. Seaman. First and Second Series, 12mo. pp. 645, 659. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1868.

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end. There is no real prosperity, where this heavenly destiny is lost sight of. There is no education which keeps it not constantly in view. Mr. Seaman treats religion merely as an agency for the development of civilization, whereas it is the very essence of civilization itself. He thinks of the worship of God as a useful mental exercise, which sharpens a man's wits and makes him keener at a bargain. One who has practised his brain in theological controversy must of necessity be the clearer-headed when he has to decide between free-trade and protection, or calculate the rate of exchange and the fluctuations of stocks. But theology is not worship. Religion is a matter of the affections as well as the intellect. The unlettered peasant can praise God, and is bound to praise God, no less than the scholar. A purely intellectual religion could not be of divine origin, since it would only be suitable for a small minority of the human race; it could not be the great business of every man's life, as religion must be, if it is worth anything at all. "Happiness, in a future world as well as in this," says Mr. Seaman, "is the sovereign good of man, and constitutes the end and chief purpose of his existence." That statement may pass if you understand happiness to consist in the promotion of the divine glory; but not if you place it in bank-notes and steam-engines. These seem to be the goal of progress in our author's eyes, and he looks at nothing beyond them.

With his false conceptions of the nature of society and religion, it is not surprising that Mr. Seaman should thoroughly misapprehend the work and purpose of that divinely organized church to which we owe all the true civilization there is in the world, and all the progress we have ever made. The only thread of thought which can be clearly discerned running through his essays, is the idea that Catholicism is the great enemy of civilization. We wish it were quite as clear by what line of argument he purposes to prove it. In one chapter, the church is an enemy to education because she does not teach the people enough. In another she is the enemy of free thought because she teaches them too much. Now her offence is neglect, now it is overmuch care. We don't see how it can be both.

"A part," he says, "and one of the most efficient parts of government in all civilized countries, consists in the education of the people." And he argues the necessity of education from the fact that "the great mass of mankind . . . are guided by imitation, precedent, and the instruction of others." They have very few ideas except those which are put into their heads by better educated people, or are derived directly from the senses. "Such people in all countries are under the influence and control . . . of the aristocracy, the clergy, the members of the learned professions, and the military and civil officers of government." The policy of the pope and the priesthood, he complains, is to retain the masses in a state of ignorance. "The Bible is kept from them; they are denied the right to read, and exercise their own individual judgments in matters of religion, but must allow their priests to read, think, and judge for them, and to form their opinions; and no efforts are made by the priests to establish common schools, or to teach the common people anything beyond the catechism, and the ceremonies and dogmas of religion, and absolute, unconditional submission in all things to their priests and rulers. Their whole efforts in matters of education are directed to founding colleges and

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1. The Bible is *not* kept from the common people. It is freely circulated in the vernacular, and our current English version is older than the translation of King James. From the time, in fact, when Bishop Ulphilas in the fifth century translated the Bible into the Gothic tongue, down to our own day, it has been the constant practice of the church to supply the faithful with correct translations of the Holy Scriptures. The use of false and garbled versions is indeed forbidden; but that is another matter altogether.

2. Catholics are *not* forbidden to read (!), nor do their priests claim the right to read and think for them, or to form their opinions. Mr. Seaman's statements on these points are so preposterous that in his cooler moments we suppose he is sorry for having made them.

3. Efforts have *always* been made by our clergy to establish schools for the common people. The first work of the parish priest after he has built his church is to build a school-house. The free education of the children of the poor has the next place in his care to the service of the altar. There is not a step in the whole system of education, from the alphabet-class to the highest university cursus, to which the Catholic Church does not devote the labor of some religious order or congregation, blessed and sanctioned and assisted by the supreme Pontiff. She does not confine, she never has confined, her solicitude to theological studies or the education of the rich. Teaching the poor has been the chosen labor and chief glory of hundreds of her saints, and is now the crowning work of many a flourishing order, such as the Sisters of Charity, the Brethren of the Christian Schools, and similar organizations, the prime object of which, be it remarked, is the education not of the upper classes but of the mass of the population. The Jesuits are more celebrated for their colleges and higher seminaries than for rudimentary schools; but they too have their primary classes in all places where there is both need and opportunity for them; and even in their colleges where every student is supposed to pay for his education, a system of gratuitous instruction is pursued with a delicate secrecy designed to spare the poor scholar any possible mortification. Of course it is chiefly "the masses" who profit by this hidden charity. Even Mr. Seaman himself, in another part of his book, interrupts his censure of religious orders in general by a confession that many of the communities of monks and nuns have done good by devoting themselves to the education of the young: if he had not confessed it, indeed, he must have been a marvel of ignorance or dishonesty. With the history of the common-school agitation led by Bishop Hughes in New York so fresh in mind, he must be a bold partisan who would deny our anxiety to keep in the very van of educational progress. The Catholic demand for a share of the school fund was in reality a demand for the admission of our parochial schools to the common school system of the State. We were ready, nay anxious, to carry out the State programme of instruction to its fullest extent, and admit the State inspectors and examiners to scrutinize our operations whenever

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fit. But sectarian bigotry osed a double tax upon our for the education of our chil- and rather than we should them about God opposes our ching them anything at all. We the best we can. We pay our tax for the support of the schools we do not approve; we pay another voluntary tax for such parish schools as our poverty can afford; and if these are too small to receive our children and too poor to do as much for them as they would be glad to do, the fault is not ours but the law's, which deprives us of the aid to which we are justly entitled from the common fund. One thing is clear to every dispassionate observer: the Catholics do twice as much for education as any other denomination—nay, do that which no other denomination would think of attempting. A state system of gratuitous instruction is often referred to as one of the exclusive boons of Protestantism. Well, in how many of the great countries of the world, besides our own, is such a system known? Only in France and Austria, which are Catholic, and in Prussia and Scotland, which are Protestant. Protestant England has done less for popular education, and has consequently a more grossly ignorant peasantry than any other country on the globe equally advanced in general civilization. Her great universities and grammar-schools are the relics of Catholic foundations. The half a million of pounds annual income which they enjoy is drawn from Catholic endowments, perverted from their ancient uses; and it is estimated that not more than three-fifths of this sum is actually made available for educational purposes in any way whatever. So shamelessly have these legacies of the ancient faith been misapplied, that there are masters drawing large salaries for presiding over schools which have no scholars, and a few years ago it was found that the teachers of 708 inferior schools and 35 grammar-schools signed their returns with a mark! Of late the government has made efforts for a reform, and the various dissenting sects have also done a great deal in the establishment of denominational schools; but no general system of popular instruction has yet been devised. Popular education in fact is a purely Catholic idea, almost as old as Christianity itself, and the germ of the modern common-school system was in the bosom of the ancient church. "After the introduction of Christianity," says *The American Cyclopædia*, (art. "Common Schools,") "and its accession to power, the duty of the authorities to educate the young was speedily recognized by the bishops and clergy. The object of this education was of course their training in the doctrines of Christianity, but it was the first recognition of the duty of giving instruction to the masses. As early as A.D. 529 we find the council of Vaison recommending the establishment of public schools. In 800 a synod at Mentz ordered that the parochial priests should have schools in the towns and villages, that 'the little children of all the faithful should learn letters from them. Let them receive and teach these with the utmost charity, that they themselves may shine for ever. Let them receive no remuneration from their scholars, unless what the parents through charity may voluntarily offer." A council at Rome in 836 ordained that there should be three kinds of schools throughout Christendom: episcopal, parochial in towns and villages, and others wherever there could be found place and opportunity. The Council of Lateran in 1179 ordained the establishment of a grammar-school in every cathe-

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dral for the gratuitous instruction of the poor. This ordinance was enlarged and enforced by the Council of Lyons in 1245. Thus originated the popular or common school as an outgrowth of the Christian Church." A council of the 16th century speaks of schools in the priests' houses, and the decretals abound in mention of popular instruction as one of the first duties of the clergy and one of the traditional and most ancient glories of the church. "If the important knowledge of reading and writing was spread among the people," says the socialist philosopher St. Simon, "it was owing to the church." If that knowledge, during the political and social disorders of the middle ages became so difficult of attainment that only a favored few could acquire it, it was the church alone who kept the sacred flame of learning alive in the schools and the cloisters, maintained the great universities and grammar classes in the midst of the most turbulent periods; and when society crystallized again into order, brought forth the treasure of knowledge which she had guarded so long, and gave it to the world.* Nearly all the most famous institutions of learning in Europe are of Catholic foundation. Rome is especially well provided with schools, and the Roman College gives free instruction in the classics and the sciences. And in the face of all these facts—knowing as he must know if he has studied the "progress of nations" with a particle of intelligence, that the Catholic Church has been the most munificent patron of learning the world ever saw—Mr. Seaman has the sublime effrontery to say that "no effort has ever been made in any Catholic country to educate the mass of the people or any of the common classes, except some few selected by the priests, to be educated and trained for the ministry," and that "the great body of Catholics seem to be studiously kept in profound ignorance, that they may be managed and governed the more easily"! It seems to us it would be a good and a just thing if the penalties against malpractice by which the law protects the medical profession from ignorant charlatans could be extended to the profession of literature. There is a graceful compliment to the literature of the Catholic Church in Matthew Arnold's essay on "The Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment." For the benefit of Mr. Seaman and his class we cite the passage nearly at full length:

"In spite of all the shocks which the feeling of a good Catholic has in this Protestant country inevitably to undergo, in spite of the contemptuous insensibility to the grandeur of Rome which he finds so general and so hard to bear, how much has he to console him, how many acts of homage to the greatness of his religion, may he see if he has his eyes open! I will tell him of one of them. Let him go, in London, to that delightful spot, that Happy Island in Bloomsbury, the reading-room of the British Museum. Let him visit its sacred quarter, the region where its theological books are placed. I am almost afraid to say what he will find there, for fear Mr. Spurgeon, like a second Caliph Omar, should give the library to the flames. He will find an immense Catholic work, the collection of the Abbé Migne, lording it over that whole region, reducing to insignificance the feeble Protestant forces which hang upon its skirts. Protestantism is duly represented, indeed; Mr. Panizzi knows his business too well to suffer it to be otherwise; all the varieties of Protestantism are there; there is the library of Anglo-Catholic Theology, learned, decorous, exemplary, but a little uninteresting; there are the works of Calvin, rigid, militant, menacing; there are the works of Dr. Chalmers, the Scotch thistle, valiantly doing duty as the rose of Sharon, but keeping something very Scotch about it all the time; there are the works of Dr. Channing, the last word of religious philosophy in a land where every one has some culture, and where superiorities are discountenanced

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for February, 1869, art. "The Ignorance of the Middle Ages."

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—the flower of moral and intelligent mediocrity. But how are all these divided against one another, and how, though they were all united, are they dwarfed by the Catholic leviathan, their neighbor! Majestic in its blue and gold unity, this fills shelf after shelf and compartment after compartment, its right mounting up into heaven among the white folios of the *Acta Sanctorum*, its left plunging down into hell among the yellow octavos of the *Law Digest*. Everything is there, in that immense *Patrologiæ Cursus Completus*, in that *Encyclopédie Théologique*, that *Nouvelle Encyclopédie Théologique*, that *Troisième Encyclopédie Théologique;* religion, philosophy, history, biography, arts, sciences, bibliography, gossip. The work embraces the whole range of human interests; like one of the great middle-age cathedrals, it is in itself a study for a life. Like the net in Scripture, it drags everything to land, bad and good, lay and ecclesiastical, sacred and profane, so that it be but matter of human concern. Wide-embracing as the power whose product it is! a power, for history, at any rate, eminently *the Church;* not, I think, the church of the future, but indisputably the church of the past, and in the past, the church of the multitude.

"This is why the man of imagination—nay, and the philosopher, too, in spite of her propensity to burn him—will always have a weakness for the Catholic Church; because of the rich treasures of human life which have been stored within her pale. The mention of other religious bodies, or of their leaders, at once calls up in our mind the thought of men of a definite type as their adherents; the mention of Catholicism suggests no such special following. Anglicanism suggests the English Episcopate; Calvin's name suggests Dr. Candlish; Chalmers's, the Duke of Argyll; Channing's, Boston Society; but Catholicism suggests —what shall I say?—all the pellmell of the men and women of Shakespeare's plays. This abundance the Abbé Migne's collection faithfully reflects. People talk of this or that work which they would choose, if they were to pass their life with only one; for my part, I think I would choose the Abbé Migne's collection. *Quicquid agunt homines* —everything, as I have said, is there."

But Mr. Seaman complains, not only that the Catholic Church neglects to teach the people, but that she neglects to let them alone. Not only has she never had any schools, but she has had too many schools. She has taken no care of education, and moreover she has meddled officiously with popular instruction when she ought to have confined herself to masses and sermons. The clergy, being for long ages the only teachers of letters, science, philosophy, and religion, acquired an influence over men's conduct and opinions which can only be regarded as unfortunate. Yet, a little while ago, he said that in all conditions of society the majority of mankind are ruled by the thoughts and instructions of others, and that education is one of the most important parts of government. Is it better that this tremendous influence should be exerted by the wisest and most virtuous class, or by those who are eminent only because they are the most powerful? If any set of men are to mould the opinions of the rest, should they not be the men who are best qualified by study and by sacred pursuits to exercise that function with intelligence and sincerity? We believe that when the child passes from the hands of the parent, its best guides are the servants of the church who have devoted themselves to the training of the young in order that they may do good to their fellow creatures and give glory to God. Mr. Seaman would entrust this sacred duty to pot-house politicians, who covet office for the sake of gain. The theory of a paternal government, which watches over all our relations in life, and rears children to be good citizens, may be all very well; but we know what governments are in practice, and petty office-holders are the last men we should want to trust with moulding the opinions of society. There is something too demoralizing in the means by which they generally get their places; and, after they have got them, how many are fit for them? It is the duty of govern-

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ment to promote education and general culture, that is very true; but *how* this ought to be done is another question. Mr. Seaman says the proper way is to remove children from the influence of the two institutions which God has designed for their guides and educators—the family and the church—and to put them under the control of place-hunters, who may possibly have a special talent for instruction, but are just as likely to be fools and rogues. But he has no arguments to support his opinions, and it is not worth while to answer sheer dogmatism.

Mr. Seaman is not satisfied with once gravely declaring that "in all Roman Catholic countries education by means of schools and books is confined to the wealthy classes," and then blaming the priests for interfering with the secular studies of the people instead of confining themselves to religious teaching; asserting that the Church has "usurped the whole domain of metaphysics and philosophy," and yet that she has never done anything for education at all; praising the Presbyterians of Scotland for making schools a part of their religious establishment, so that the young might be instructed "in the principles of religion, grammar, and the Latin tongue," and upbraiding the church because centuries earlier she had done the same thing; but he returns time and again to the same misstatements and the same contradictions. During the Dark Ages, he says, coming back again to the Bible question, "the Scriptures were in the possession of those only who were learned in the dead languages. *They had never been translated into any of the modern languages.* A good explanation of this remarkable fact may possibly be that the modern languages, at the period to which Mr. Seaman refers, had not yet taken a literary form. He probably means to say that the sacred books had not been translated into the vernacular of any people. If he does, he makes a great mistake. In the first place, the Latin Vulgate was by no means a sealed volume. That version had been made expressly to render the Scriptures accessible to all. The tongue into which it was turned was the one most generally understood by whoever had education enough to read any book at all; and during the so-called Dark Ages, Latin was still in common use all over the continent of Europe. It was not then a dead language, so far as books were concerned, though in the conversation of common life it had passed out of use. Moreover, as we have already seen, translations of the Bible into other languages were made as fast as those languages took shape. Translations of the New Testament were made very early into all the tongues then spoken by Christians. Portions of the Scriptures were turned into Saxon by Adhelm, Egbert, the Venerable Bede, and others, between the 8th and 10th centuries; and there was a complete English version as early as 1290, that is to say, 90 years before Wycliffe's, which Hallam erroneously calls the earliest. The first book printed at Guttenberg's press was a Latin Bible, and in Italy, under the very eye of the church, there were translations in use in the 15th century. The popular fable that Luther first threw open the sacred book to the world is one of the most mischievous falsehoods in history.

On almost every page we find errors hardly less monstrous. "Not one valuable invention, discovery, or improvement," says Mr. Seaman, "during the last three centuries and a half, has originated where the human mind has been subject to Ca-

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tholicism . . . . and the same may be said of jurisprudence, government, and science, as well as the useful arts." The impudence of this assertion is enough to take away one's breath. France, then, has done nothing for the arts or for science, Catholic Germany has done nothing, Belgium has done nothing, Italy has done nothing. Nay, more; if the Church for three hundred and fifty years has blighted material progress, if the Catholic clergy during that time have, as our amazingly ignorant author declares, "restrained the human mind from the prosecution of new discoveries in natural science under pretence that the new opinions promulgated were contrary to Scripture, and therefore impious and heretical," how does it happen that the world made any discoveries at all before that period? Why, does Mr. Seaman forget that the art of printing itself, the greatest invention of all time, dates from that "dark age" when the power of the Church was at its height, and Luther had not yet arisen, and that its first use was in the service of the sanctuary? Does he forget that Copernicus was a Catholic priest? that some of the most brilliant of modern discoveries in the positive sciences, in astronomy, in medicine, in natural philosophy, have emanated from Catholic Italy and France, and that the science of jurisprudence, to which he especially refers, owes more to those two countries and Germany than to all the rest of the world? The case of Galileo, to which of course he alludes, has so recently been examined in two elaborate articles in this magazine that we need give but little space to it here. It is enough to say that although the Florentine philosopher was forbidden to wrest Scripture to the support of his theory, and was censured for his disobedience of a solemn obligation to let theology alone and confine himself to science, the Church stood throughout his patron and protector, and the Pope and the Cardinals were the most zealous among his disciples. Mr. Seaman's statement that "when Galileo taught in Italy the Copernican system of astronomy as late as the year 1633, it was decided by the POPE and a COUNCIL OF CATHOLIC CARDINALS AND BISHOPS" that the doctrine was absurd and heretical, and he was "consigned to the *dungeons* of the INQUISITION and compelled to recant and abjure his opinions in order to save his life," (the capitals and Italics are Mr. Seaman's,) is a plain up-and-down falsehood. There is no justification of it in any reputable history. "The Pope and a council of Catholic Cardinals and Bishops" never pronounced any judgment whatever either upon Galileo or his doctrines, and never had anything to do with the affair. The judgment, such as it was, expressed merely the opinion of the "qualifiers," or examiners of the Inquisition—an irresponsible committee attached to a civil tribunal, whose report carried no theological weight, and no more represented the doctrine of the Church, or the sentiments of Pope, Cardinals, and Bishops than the Munchausenisms of Mr. Seaman represent the sober verdict of history. The Church is not to be reproached for the blunders of her individual members. Moreover, Galileo never was consigned to the "dungeons of the Inquisition," and never was in peril of his life.

The course of Mr. Seaman's argument leads him to a sketch of the constitution and history of the church, and here he wanders in such a maze of error, that it is bewildering to follow him. He tells us that the Pope and the bishops have the most

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absolute and unlimited power over the inferior clergy, sending them wherever they choose, and appointing and removing them at pleasure, and that the Pope exercises similar authority over the bishops. Has our learned historian ever heard of such a thing as *canon law*, which secures to the inferior clergy a perfect immunity from arbitrary interference by their superiors, and which is in force all over the Christian world, except in new countries, where the church is yet too young to complete her organization? He tells us that the church invented and upholds the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and teaches that the people are bound to submit passively under all circumstances, and that no amount or continuance of oppression and tyranny can justify resistance or rebellion in any case whatever. All history contradicts this statement—contradicts it so plainly that we can hardly account for the author's temerity. If we had the patience to read his book straight through, we should probably find him on some other page blaming the Popes for encouraging rebellion and insurrection. As it is, he declares that "this tyrannical and despotic doctrine . . . is the work of the clergy of a comparatively modern period, and as late as the year 1682 the University of Oxford, in England, adopted it." We presume Mr. Seaman is aware that Oxford University in 1682 was *Protestant*. He tells us that the Catholic Church is a cruel and persecuting church, and refers to the penal statutes against heresy, which were in force in England, from the 14th to the 16th century, and under which, during the reign of Queen Mary, "several hundred persons were burned;" but he seems not to know that *all* denominations, in those cruel times, persecuted one another impartially; that Henry VIII. had set Mary the example, and Elizabeth was a worthy follower of her father and Calvin and the continental reformers were as bad as "bloody Mary," and even the Protestant settlers of America had little conception of the principle of religious freedom, until it was taught them by the Catholics of Maryland. He declares that the persecution of heretical sects during the 4th, 5th, and 6th centuries, and the tyranny of the ecclesiastical aristocracy were the actual causes of the decline of the Roman empire. This is too much! Why, the commencement of the decline dates from the second century, and the Roman ascendency was entirely overthrown by the middle of the fourth; and during this period of decay, the church had no power in the state, but was herself persecuted and driven into the darkness of caverns.

We have spoken our mind plainly about this book, because we think it is one of a class that deserve no mercy. A man who sets himself to write history without consulting even the ordinary sources of historical information commits an offence against truth and against society. Ignorance does not excuse him. Ignorance in such a case is a crime. Of course we do not suppose that Mr. Seaman intentionally makes false statements. But he makes random statements which the slightest examination would have satisfied him were false. He was bound to undertake such an examination, and not having done it, he bears the responsibility of the falsehood. The passage we have already cited about Galileo is a good example of what we mean. There is no color of authority for the erroneous version of the case which Mr. Seaman gives. He could only have evolved that story out of a vague im-

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pression that the Pope and the Cardinals had done some very cruel and illiberal thing to the philosopher; and he must have put it into the words he used, because he considered those words effective in representing the action of the church in a black aspect. But the errors are very serious ones. They amount to the assertion that the church has declared a scientific fact to be a theological heresy. If this were true, the church would be no church. Not being true, the words amount to a gross slander. If Mr. Seaman, having been educated in a prejudice against Catholics, and believing that they are cruel and vindictive people who ought to be excluded from good society, should print a pamphlet, charging the Archbishop of New York and his Vicar-General, and the editors of *The Tablet* and THE CATHOLIC WORLD with a conspiracy to torture or murder the Rev. Dr. Prime, the fact that he thought it probable the accusation *might* be true, would be no justification, and would not save him from the consequences of a libel suit. The author who is guilty of slander in writing the history of the past, cannot be mulcted in damages like the criminal who carelessly destroys a private character; but he deserves to be placed in the pillory of moral criticism and to be held as a literary outlaw.

THE SILENT CLOCK.

ITS sounds were hushed by weeping love,
A sad heart bade it cease to move,
And one long hour of sorrow prove.

A heart and it did beat their last,
A trembling hand before it passed,
And endless silence on it cast.

A spectre from the silent lands,
A shadow of life's grief it stands,
Still pleading with uplifted hands,

Whose awful stillness seems to say;
Here was the closing of his day—
Here was the loosing of the clay.

Forget not one, of old so dear,
Lift up your hearts for him in prayer
As we are ever lifted here.

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It shames the soul—that silent clock,
Its mournful muteness seems to mock
The love we thought no years could shock.

Our sighs and tears of fond distress
Have changed to smiles of happiness—
It stands unchanged, dumb, motionless!

GERALDINE.

WHO SHALL TAKE CARE OF OUR POOR?

NO. II.

THE point of view in which we propound this problem is that of the adequacy of the Christian Church, by its organic institutions, to counteract, in America, those social and political aberrations which, in the eastern hemisphere, have developed and maintained the scourge of pauperism. On this question, history is prophecy; an incomplete prophecy, yet containing all the principles of action which a plastic intelligence and fresh inspiration from its fountain life may enable the church to adapt to our present exigencies.

Under myriad forms and faces, pauperism is the sphinx that devours every society which cannot, within a certain time, find its solution, unless wars have anticipated its fate.

Result of international wars, and source of intestine wars—those irruptions of organized crime—pauperism is the ulcer on the leg of civilization which betrays the impurity of its blood.

It behoves us on the threshold of this inquiry to distinguish between accidental impoverishment, and pauperism as an organic malady, which develops, as in Great Britain, *pari passu* with population and even with the increase of wealth.

An earthquake devastates Peru, prostrates its cities and destroys its harvests: its inhabitants suffer the greatest privations, but having ready access to the soil in that prolific climate, little or no chronic pauperism will result. The white population of our immense South has been recently reduced by war to an extreme distress. Flanders, Germany, France, the most prosperous countries of Europe, have been scourged still more severely; yet industrious generations suffice to efface the trace of war. Pestilences, which decimate the population of a country, yet respect property, and do not pauperize the survivors, but the contrary; for they have freer access to the means of production. But why is it that Great Britain—the old monarch of the seas, with her predatory grasp on the neck of the Indies, with all her stupendous machinery of production, and fearing no enemy from abroad—is rotting with pauperism amid peace and wealth, perishing like an old eagle, condemned to starvation by the excessive curvature of his overlap-

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ping beak? Behold our mother country, she whose laws and institutions we are now in the main reproducing, she whose crimes against charity we reorganize by exposing our soil to the cupidity of speculators, whose pauperism we inherit by emigration, and whose fate we must share, as certainly as the same causes produce the same effects, unless we reform in our youth.

One hope, one faith, one path of social salvation, remains for us both and for all the world—namely, co-operative Christian association, that, baffling pride and greed, restores to the workman the produce of his work, and renders the practical love of our neighbor the means of satisfaction for our own needs, whether of the senses or the soul. Now, Rochdale and its kindred co-operative enterprises, whose success is so encouraging in England; the masons and other artisan associations of Paris, like the trades co-operations of Barcelona and the old Italian cities; even the Hanseatic League, so monastic in its discipline—all proceed in direct line from the Columbans, the Cistercians, and other religious orders of the Benedictine group, who initiated the agricultural Christianity of Europe. The seed sown in the mediæval heart did not rot amid that dissolution of society which is called the *Reformation*. It has survived the oppressions of aristocracy and capital no longer tempered by monastic orders; it has survived the internecine competition of our modern *proletariat;* and now the same organic type, under new names, puts forth its leaf, buds, blooms, and fruits.

"If we look," says Balmes, "at the different systems which ferment in minds devoted to the study of pauperism and its remedies, we shall always find there association under one form or another. Now, association has been at all times one of the favorite principles of Catholicity, which, by proclaiming unity in faith, proclaims unity in all things. If we examine the religious institutions characteristic of Europe in its darkest period of ignorance, corruption, and social dissolution, we observe that the monks of the west were not content with sanctifying themselves; from the first they influenced society. Society had need of strong efforts to preserve its life in the terrible crisis through which it had to pass. The secret of strength is in the union of individual forces, in *association*. This secret has been taught to European society as by a revelation from heaven."

Sufficient attention has not perhaps been paid to the merit of the industrial organization, introduced into Europe from the earliest ages, and which became more and more diffused after the twelfth century. We allude to the trades-unions and other associations, which, established under the influence of the Catholic religion, had pious foundations for the celebration of their feasts, and for assisting each other in their necessities.

We must recognize here that highly effective organizations of labor had taken root in Europe, either by the initiative of the religious orders, (to whom the north owed its civilization,) or in the congenial atmosphere of Catholicity; that in this organization, co-operation, the Christian spirit, had supplanted or prevented internecine competition, the secular spirit; that this system of labor rendered pauperism impossible and elevated the working classes to a plane of virtue, of dignity and prosperity elsewhere unattained; that it had conquered and kept its ground against feudal oppression and aggression, by

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a series of bloodless battles in which wisdom and patience, self-control and forethought, perseverance and the love of honorable uses, vindicated the political superiority of the Christian principle; finally that it possessed within itself vigorous reproductive or propagative forces, and had indeed become the manifest destiny of Europe at that epoch when schism in the church sowed everywhere hatreds and discord, and denatured civilization, substituting the ideal of individualism for that of solidarity. Hence, incoherence and destructive competition alike in the market as in the church. For labor, its result is pauperism; for piety, despair.

Besides the religious motives which brought property into the hands of the monks, there is another title, remarks Balmes, which has always been regarded as one of the most just and legitimate. The monks cultivated waste lands, dried up marshes, constructed roads, restrained rivers within their beds, and built bridges over them. Over a considerable portion of Europe, which was in a state of rude nature, the monasteries founded here and there have been centres of agriculture and the arts of social life. Is not he who reclaims the wilderness, cultivates it, and fills it with inhabitants, worthy of preserving large possessions there?

The religious and moral influence of the monks contributed greatly, in early European epochs, to the respect of property as well as persons against attacks which were so frequent in the turbulent ages succeeding the overthrow of the Roman empire by barbarian nations, that in some countries almost every castle was a den of robbers, from which its chief overlooked the country and sallied forth to collect spoils.

The man who is constantly obliged to defend his own is also constantly led to usurp the property of others: the first thing to do to remedy so great an evil was to locate and fix the population by means of agriculture, and to accustom them to respect property, not only by reasons drawn from private interest, but also by the sight of large domains belonging to establishments regarded as inviolable, and against which a hand could not be raised without sacrilege. Thus religious ideas were connected with social ones, and they slowly prepared an organization which was to be completed in more peaceable times.

It is to the protection afforded to farmers by the monasteries in retired places that we owe the dissemination of the people in rural districts, which would have been otherwise impossible. Those who have lived in a country convulsed by war, like our South, can best appreciate this.

Mallet (*History of the Swiss*, vol. i. p. 105, a Protestant authority) tells us that "the monks softened by their instructions the ferocious manners of the people, and opposed their credit to the tyranny of the nobility, who knew no other occupation than war, and grievously oppressed their neighbors. On this account the government of monks was preferred to theirs. The people sought them for judges, (that is, as umpires.) It was a usual saying that it was better to be governed by the bishop's crosier than the monarch's sceptre."

The kindness and charities performed by the religious orders, remarks Cobbett, (*History of the Protestant Reformation*,) made them objects of great veneration, and the rich made them in time the channels of their benevolence to the poor. Kings, queens, princes, princesses, nobles, and gentlefolk founded monasteries and convents, that is, erected the buildings and endowed them with

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estates for their maintenance. Others—some in the way of atonement for their sins, and some from a pious motive, gave while alive, or bequeathed at their death, lands, houses, or money to monasteries already erected. So that in time the monasteries became the owners of great landed estates; they had the lordship over innumerable manors, and had a tenantry of prodigious extent, especially in England, where the monastic orders were always held in great esteem, in consequence of Christianity having been introduced into the kingdom by a community of monks.

One of the greatest advantages attending the monasteries in the political economy of the country was that they of necessity caused the revenues of a large part of the lands to be spent on the spot whence those revenues arose. The hospitals and all the other establishments of the kind had the same tendency, so that the revenues of the land were diffused immediately among the people at large. We all know how the state of a parish changes for the worse when a great land-owner quits his mansion in it, and leaves that mansion shut up, and what an effect this has upon the poor-rates. What, then, must have been the effect of twenty monasteries in every county, expending constantly a large part of their incomes on the spot? If Ireland had still her seven hundred or eight hundred monastic institutions, there would be no periodical famines and typhus fevers there; no need of sunset or sunrise laws shutting the people up at night to prevent insurrections; no projects for preventing the increase of families; no schemes for getting rid of a "*surplus population*;" no occasion for the people to live on third-rate potatoes—not enough, at that; for their nakedness, their hunger, their dying of hundreds with starvation, while their ports are crowded with ships carrying provisions from their shores, and while an army is fed in the country, the business of which army is to keep the starving people quiet.

Sir Walter Scott thus exposes the nonsense of the "economists on the non-influence of absenteeism." In the year 1817, when the poor stood so much in need of employment, a friend asked the Duke of Buccleugh why his grace did not prepare to go to London in the spring? By way of answer, the duke showed him a list of laborers then employed in improvements on his different estates; the number of whom, exclusive of his regular establishments, amounted to nine hundred and forty-seven men, who, with those whose support depended on their wages, would reckon several thousand; many of whom must have found it difficult to obtain subsistence had the duke not foregone the privilege of his rank in order to provide with more convenience for them. The result of such conduct is twice blessed, both in the means which it employs and in the end which it attains in the general economy of the country. This anecdote forms a good answer to those theorists who pretend that the residence of proprietors on their estates is a matter of indifference to the inhabitants of the district. Had the duke been residing and spending his revenues elsewhere, one-half of these poor people would have wanted employment and food, and would probably have been little comforted by any metaphysical arguments upon population which could have been presented to their investigation.

"Many such things may be daily heard," says Howitt, "of the present Duke of Portland."

The monks, whose religious cha-

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racter gave them an extraordinary security, as they were the first restorers of agriculture, so they were the first improvers of our gardens. Their long pilgrimage from one holy shrine to another, through France, Germany, and Italy, made them early acquainted with a variety of culinary and medicinal herbs and various fruits, and amongst the ruins of abbeys we still find a tribe of plants that they have naturalized.

Lingard, writing of the consequences of the "*Reformation*," tells us that "within the realm poverty and discontent generally prevailed. The extension of inclosures, and the new practice of letting lands at rack-rents, had driven from their homes numerous families whose fathers had occupied the same farms for several generations, and the increasing multitudes of the poor began to resort to the more populous towns in search of that relief which had been formerly distributed at the gates of the monasteries. The reformation preachers of the day—Knox, Lever, Gilpin, Latimer—avow that the sufferings of the indigent were treated with indifference by the hard-heartedness of the rich; while, in the pursuit of gain, the most barefaced frauds were justified, robbers and murderers escaping punishment by the partiality of juries or corruptions of judges. They tell us that church-livings were given to laymen or converted to the use of the patrons," etc.

In dealing with that shameful *pauperism*, the annual reports of which ring in the ears of the British government—"*mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*," which presaged the fall of Babylon—it behoves us to distinguish the victim poor and the *fighting poor*. The fighting poor exasperate the evils of poverty by ineffective insurrections against the organized government of the rich. Protesting against injustice and maladministration by strikes, which they cannot sustain, and which soon leave them at the mercy of the employers they have defied, they provoke the severity of the laws by disorderly conduct, by poaching, robbery, arson, etc., necessitating the maintenance of a numerous and rigorous police, and even of standing armies. These withdraw great numbers from productive industry, and double the expenses of government, which must, at last, be borne by the working classes, however indirect the methods of taxation. It is true that the aristocracy in command of armies could enrich England by the spoil of India, or Spain by that of Mexico and Peru; but these ill-gotten gains have cursed alike the robber and the robbed. No country has ever maintained a real prosperity except by home production and the contentment of its producing classes. The *fighting poor*, not organized in armies under the discipline and pay of governments, but remaining an integral part of the people, are intimately leagued with the *victim poor* by family ties, and even by the imminence of a common fate, since a wound, a fit of illness, a fraud, the prolonged lack of work, or other misfortune, may depress them into pauperism. This class of poor is the most dangerous element of a nation, and costs in waste and in precautions a great deal more than the sum expended in pauper relief. An administrative method which conciliates this class with the rich, with the established government and public order, is evidently master of the situation. This end has been achieved by the religious organization of labor.

What the Catholic Church once did for England, under military feudalism, she can do again, and more,

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because the present financial and industrial feudalism is pacific in its tendencies and susceptible of being harmonized with the interests of the church and of labor by co-operative association; whereas the former feudalism existed for war, was essentially opposed to the spirit of Christianity, to the honor of productive industry, and the prosperity of the people.

Now, what is cure for Great Britain may be prevention for America, which undergoes, like England, the yoke of industrial feudalism. Allowing for the category of accidents, for relief needed by the infirm, etc., vastly the larger proportion of pauperism remains to be prevented by opportune employments, of which the soil serves as the basis. Let the religious orders reacquire everywhere, by all legitimate means, the control of large bodies of land, which they shall withhold from speculation, which they shall either administrate by leases or by direct culture, and on which they shall establish the arts of fabrication. Then they may subdue the world with its own weapons, commanding capital and labor, conciliating them in Christian action, and producing wealth without sacrificing the producer to the product. They would lease farms or hire workmen according to local and temporary expediency, but in either case they would constitute, as of old, a bulwark between the people and speculators, and they would reattach the masses by intimate household ties. This begins as of old with the voluntary assumption of social burdens, especially with the care of the sick and infirm. By organizing a high order of attractive social life at its rural institutions, where it is so much easier to find healthful work for either sex and every age, the church will counteract that destructive fascination which the city now exerts over the country-folk. In restoring and upholding an order of yeomanry, subject to its general administration of agriculture, but free in a scope of action sufficient to content them, within a predetermined plan, the Catholic Church would counterpoise the present league of the Church of England with its aristocracy, as its corporate philanthropies would counterpoise the corporate selfishness of simple business firms.

Pursuing the noble initiative which the Jesuit order took in the work of education, especially in Paraguay, it remains for the church to second the views of American legislation in the foundation of art and labor-schools, or agricultural and polytechnic institutes, for the support of which public lands were appropriated in 1842, although Minnesota alone has had the wisdom to protest against the malversation of this fund to the comparatively sterile work of our common schools.

It is not by any means an unreasonable assumption that, after a few years of experience and discipline for the teachers, art and labor-schools, embracing all the departments of rural and domestic economy with religious and social training, may be made self-supporting. From that day their popularity will be assured, and pauperism will be well-nigh eradicated, together with the vices and crimes which it engenders. The diploma of such an institution might confer either a lease of land or an appointment to some office of social use and profit. The administration of the schools and charities of the church would supply a great many such places.

We shall not ask whether it be not expedient and just to oblige every family, in so far as it may be competent, to provide for its own poor, be-

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cause modern civilization has not the patriarchal basis, the family has no such collective unity or substantial existence among us, as formerly in Palestine, or still in the Arab *douar*. At most can the family be held responsible for its minors, since its authority does not extend beyond this class; but we remark that the largest proportion of pauperism is due to the neglect of efficient education during the years of minority; so that with the actual population of the world, and even in the most thickly settled countries, there need be no such thing as pauperism, if the productive energies of the whole people received during childhood and youth a practical direction; while the diplomas of our labor and art-schools conferred valid titles to the use of the soil or other means of remunerative employment. If to organize such education for the children of poor families be regarded as beyond the province of our governments or secular powers, how much more extravagant must this seem for the children of the rich, who are, however, exposed every day to become poor, and whose wasteful idleness subtracts so much from the possible resources of mankind? Is it not self-evident that the influence of religious organizations has every advantage over secular authority in reforming education while rendering it universal? At once personal and corporate, they can take an initiative which is refused to governments or which governments decline. Now, as in the middle ages, in civilized as in savage or barbarous states, they can restore to labor its religious honor, they alone can successfully combat the idleness and vices of fashionable dissipation, they can substitute the arbitrament of Christian equity for that of fire and sword, and while pouring oil on our troubled waters, they can teach by example as well as by precept, those wholesome restraints which prevent the increase of a local population faster than the means of its subsistence.

If pauperism in this country is chiefly exotic, it is none the less real, and none the less afflictive or disastrous. If an obvious remedy exist in our vast tracts of unoccupied land, it is so much the more urgent to organize while directing the tide of emigration by the spirit of Christianity. By colonizing emigrants under the guidance of religious orders we obviate the twofold evils of their pauperism and their isolation.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY EDWARD, EARL OF DERBY.

It is our custom, or that of our time, to decry classical education. We have a right to do so, no doubt, if our unfavorable judgment regarding it is based upon a correct and intelligent estimate of its value, as a method of training the youthful mind and of disciplining the intellect by the exercise of its nascent power upon works of model taste and unrivalled elegance. Submitting classical education to this test, we cannot glibly join in the outcry against it of those who see in it only a process for acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Latin words, of no earthly use to the

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possessor or to anybody else. Neither, on the other hand, would we, upon such test, accept it as the only canon of liberal education, to the exclusion of others that may serve the purpose of instruction with more practical advantage.

We would fain offer Earl Derby's translation of the *Iliad* as an example, according to our notion, of the practical process to be followed in studying the classic authors in order to profit by their beauty, and of the gifts the mind receives from the cultivation of classic literature. Not a poet himself, the noble lord has imbibed into his own plastic mind the conceptions of the "sovereign poet" in all their poetic beauty and serene grandeur, and reproduces them for the English reader, shapely moulded, not distorted nor disfigured. We shall not enter into a comparison of his translation with that of Pope or Cowper, neither shall we discuss the fitness of the metre he has adopted. His own translation, if argument were wanted, would compel us to agree with him that he has selected that metre best suited for rendering the Homeric poem into English verse, and we give him our hearty accord in his condemnation of the English hexameter—a lumbering rhythm, not inaptly compared, by some author, to the noise of pumpkins rolling on a barn-floor. We shall merely show, by a few extracts, how he has succeeded in reproducing the conceptions of the poem, and how happily he has caught, without imparting any admixture of modern sentiment, the flowing style in which the poet pours forth, as it were, without drawing breath, his grand melodious strain. His translation is not a dead cast, but a copy, and a copy instinct with life. His task was not an easy one; and when we reflect upon his life and eminent station, we cannot help thinking that to ordinary men the difficulty would be much enhanced thereby. Still, it redounds the more to the honor of English scholarship and English statesmanship, that the foremost among its orators and statesmen, who, for more than a quarter of a century, has borne a large share of the weighty affairs of a vast empire; who by his talents has helped to solve the thousand vexed questions of modern politics and reform, could, during leisure, withdraw his mind from the absorbing interests of the political arena, and allow it to repose on the sublime naturalness of the *Iliad*, and float in placid unison with the serene grandeur of Homer's song. Though the translation is truly Homeric, yet, wrought as it is with spirit and genius, it bears in it something of the mind it springs from. The reader will not fail to discover in the echo of the *Iliad*, so faithfully reflected in its purity, natural freshness, and vigor, something of that splendid eloquence heard amid strife as angry and as fierce as raged between Agamemnon and Achilles.

In giving quotations, we shall omit those finer passages that are familiar to most readers, such as those well-known passages of the Third Book, with their beautiful similes, that describe the Greeks assembling and passing in review before their leaders. On these many a youthful and full-grown bard has tried his skill; but never have we seen them so beautifully rendered as in the translation before us. We select for our readers, first, that picture in the Fourth Book, in which all the raging elements of battle are thronged together—the maddening vengeance, the wrath, the fury of hostile ranks in the horror of collision—and which commences with the description of

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"Discord unappeased,
Of blood-stained Mars the sister and the friend;
With humble crest at first, anon her head,
While yet she treads the earth, affronts the skies.
The gage of battle in the midst she threw,
Strode through the crowd and woe to mortals wrought,
When to their midst they came, together rushed
Bucklers and lances, and the furious might
Of mail-clad warriors; bossy shield on shield
Clattered in conflict; loud the clamor rose.
Then rose two mingled shouts and groans of men
Slaying and slain; the earth ran red with blood,
As when descending from the mountain's brow,
Two wintry torrents from their copious source
Pour downward to the narrow pass, where meet
Their mingled waters in some deep ravine,
Their weight of flood; on the far mountain side
The shepherd hears the roar; so loud arose
The shouts and yells of those commingling hosts."

Nothing can give a better idea of the power of the translator than the manner in which he has compressed this passage, with its bewildering throng of elements, into the same number of lines as the original. We miss none of the simple grandeur, none of the *directness*, none of the even, rapid movement so characteristic of Homer. There is no importation of what belongs not to Homer into it, no amplification, no turning aside from the object, or indirectness in introducing and depicting every incident in the picture. It is Homer's strain; grand, rapid, and simple.

A few lines further on we have one of those beautiful images by which the poet has a fondness for describing the fall of his young heroes. Depicting the death of the stripling Simoisius, he sings:

"Prone in the dust he fell;
As some tall poplar, grown in marshy mead,
Smooth-stemmed, with boughs up-springing toward the head."

Again of young Gorgythion, in the Eighth Book:

"Down sank his head, as in a garden sinks
A ripened poppy charged with vernal rains;
So sank his head beneath his helmet's weight."

And of Asius, in the Thirteenth Book:

"He fell as falls an oak, or poplar tall,
Or lofty pine."

These passages are placed together as containing some of the poet's favorite and beautiful images, and as showing how happy the translator has been in rendering them with truthfulness to their natural grace.

Earl Derby is not less successful in reproducing the deep tenderness and moving pathos that form a conspicuous feature of the *Iliad*. We quote from the Sixth Book, from the affecting scene between Hector and Andromache; but, instead of Andromache's words, so well known through Pope's translation, we give the answer of the noble Hector, the hero of the *Iliad*, in which, with soul-felt tenderness, he seeks to console his desponding wife:*

"Think not, dear wife, that by such thoughts as these
My heart has ne'er been wrung; but I should blush
To face the men and long-robed dames of Troy,
If, like a coward, I could shun the fight.
Nor could my soul the lessons of my youth
So far forget, whose boast it still has been
In the forefront of battle to be found,
Charged with my father's glory and mine own.
Yet in my inmost soul too well I know
The day must come when this our sacred Troy,
And Priam's race, and Priam's royal self,
Shall in one common ruin be o'erthrown.
But not the thoughts of Troy's impending fate,
Nor Hecuba's, nor royal Priam's woes,

* To illustrate what we mean by the directness, simplicity, and even rapid movement of Homer's verse, we cite here from a popular English poet an extract which, though not a parallel to the above, is somewhat kindred; it is the first at hand, and will serve our purpose.

"Trust me, whatever fate my soul may gall,
Thou at thy woman's choice shall ne'er repine.
Trust me, whatever storm on me may fall,
This man's true heart shall ward the bolt from thine.
Hark, where the bird from yon dark ilex breathes
Soul into night—so be thy love to me;
Look, when around the bird the ilex wreathes
Still sheltering boughs, so be my love to thee!
O dweller in my heart! the music thine;
And the deep shelter—wilt thou scorn it? mine."

It will be observed, in reading these exquisite lines, how complex is the web of thought; how the artist, as it were, lingers to work into it embroidery of words and images borrowed from foreign objects. In Homer there is nothing but the natural artless flow of feeling; the even movement, as it springs from the soul, is not crossed by shadow or image from any other object, nor does it diverge this way or that to borrow of other sources in metaphor or comparison, tone, color, or pathos. The movement in Homer is natural, direct, even, rapid; and yet this natural, simple, deep gush of feeling presents to us a most truthful, touching, and expressive picture of a soul overwhelmed with tender love and sorrow commingled, but facing the stern task of duty.

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Nor loss of brethren, numerous and brave,
By hostile hands laid prostrate in the dust,
So deeply wring my heart as thoughts of thee,
Thy days of freedom lost, and led away
A weeping captive by some brass-clad Greek.
Haply in Argos, at a mistress' beck,
Condemned to ply the loom, or water draw
From Hypereia's or Messais' fount.
Heart wrung, by stern necessity constrained,
Then they who see thy tears perchance may say,
'Lo! this was Hector's wife, who, when they fought
On plains of Troy, was Ilium's bravest chief!'
Thus may they speak, and thus thy grief renew
For loss of him who might have been thy shield
To rescue thee from slavery's bitter hour.
Oh! may I sleep in dust ere be condemned
To hear thy cries and see thee dragged away."

The opinion of Lord Derby's oratory, entertained on this side of the Atlantic, may tempt those who admire it to think that in this translation his splendid eloquence and vigorous language would have their fitting scope in depicting the scenes of camp and field, in transmitting, lifelike, those angry encounters in the councils of gods and men; but, that the most tender and delicate tones of human feeling are not alien to his speech, is amply proved by the lines we have quoted. The same deep chord of feeling is struck by the words and modulations of this beautiful passage that vibrates in the pathetic language and melody of the Ionian bard.

We add another of those magnificent incidents of the *Iliad*, where the struggle of warriors on the very brink of battle is so grandly described by the poet. In the Thirteenth Book, the Greeks, closely massed under the Ajaces,

Waited the Trojan charge, by Hector led;
Spear close to spear, and shield by shield o'erlaid,
Buckler to buckler pressed, and helm to helm,
And man to man, the horse-hair plumes above,
That nodded on the warriors' glittering crests,
Each other touched, so closely matched they stood.
Backward, by many a stalwart hand, were drawn
The spears, in act to hurl; their eyes and minds
Turned to the front and eager for the fray.
On poured the Trojan masses; in the van
Hector straight forward urged his furious course:
As some huge boulder, from its rocky bed
Detached, and by the wintry torrent's force
Hurled down the cliff's steep face, when constant rains
The massive rock's firm hold have undermined,
With giant bounds it flies; the crashing wood
Resounds beneath it, still it hurries on,
Until, arriving at the level plain,
Its headlong impulse checked, it rolls no more;
So Hector, threatening now through ships and tents
Even to the sea to force his murderous way,
Anon, confronted by that phalanx firm,
Halts close before it."

This truly fine passage is the perfection of Homeric poetry. We doubt if pen or brush has ever produced a picture abounding so much in life and action. The marvellous combination of objects presented to view in these lines, each heightening the effect of the other, and all blending into one tumultuous action, stirred by the fiery spirit of war, gives us a grand and terrific picture. In reading it, with almost the noise and din and the fray of warring men ringing in the words employed in the translation, we feel as if we had never before been enabled, by any English version, to enter into the full spirit of Homer himself.

We give a last quotation from the closing scene of the poem, where the cry of mourning Troy is raised over the lifeless body of its brave defender. The wail of his wife and of his mother has been heard; but there remains one other, the beauteous Helen, whose fatal charms had deluged the plains of Troy with blood, had inflicted on the lifeless hero on whom she now gazes in sadness many a day of toil and many an hour of pain, and now had crowned the heap of Ilium's sorrows with this last scene of woe. Her words of love commingled with self-reproach, are the highest tribute the poet could pay, in his closing verse, to the hero whom, throughout his song, he endows with all the noblest traits of son, of patriot, of brother, and of husband.

"Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou!
True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,
Who bore me hither—would I then had died!
But twenty years have passed since here I came
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee
I heard one scornful, one degrading word.

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And when from others I have borne reproach,
Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives
Or mother, (for thy sire was ever kind
Even as a father,) thou hast checked them still
With kindly feeling and with gentle words:
For thee I weep, and for myself no less;
For through the breadth of Troy, none love me now,
None kindly look on me, but all abhor."

In the portions of Lord Derby's translation we have here given, we have not selected what are universally regarded as the most beautiful passages of the poem. We have selected such passages as from their crowded incidents, their bewildering throng of objects, their rapid succession of scenes or deep and tender pathos, appeared to us the most difficult for the translator to reproduce. We doubt if there be a student of Homer who will fail to find them a transcript of the poet's meaning, with almost literal exactness, as well as a copy of the genius and spirit of the poem. We had purposed selecting some passages which would give our readers a sample of his manner of rendering the Homeric epithets. The beauty of the few occurring in the above extracts will not escape them. Students of Homer are aware how constantly he appends distinctive epithets to persons, things, and places. To translate these wherever they occur would give a strange, unnatural cast to the poem. The English language, not like the plastic Greek, could not bear along the burden of them; besides, many of them would require an awkward paraphrase, which would only add words, not vividness or distinctness, to the thought of the poet. Lord Derby has wisely and discriminately dealt with these; when he renders them, he does so with so much exactitude and expressive force, that we feel rise within us, at this late hour, a sigh of regret that we had not at our hand his version of them, when we were students of Homer. In reading the translation through, we cannot say where we would have an epithet added that has been omitted, or where we would have stricken it out where it has been preserved. We said that the translation is a copy of the *Iliad*—a copy produced with genius and spirit. It will be read with pleasure by the classical scholar, to whom it will recall in their freshness and grandeur the scenes of that poem which charmed him in years long past. It will be welcomed by the general reader, who has not before tasted the charms of Homer's song, and who will gratefully acknowledge it as a new treasure to the storehouse of English literature. In it—and in the life of the noble author, whose devotedness to classical literature could not have lived through his busy political life, did he not in his own inward consciousness ever find the great benefit and elegant pleasure he had gained from it—is furnished for the public at large the strongest argument we know against banishing classical education from our schools and colleges.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN.

LINES

WRITTEN BY THEODULPHUS, BISHOP OF ORLEANS, A.D. 820, IN A COPY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, TRANSCRIBED BY HIS OWN HAND.

LIGHT of God's law! divesting earth of gloom,
More white than snows, more bright than starry skies,
Beneath whose radiance good and virtue bloom—
From whom all error flies.

Blest word of God! gift of that wisdom, whence
Springs life and light! what worth exceeds thy worth?
Word that excels all words in sound and sense
As heaven excels the earth.

Whate'er of wonders human arts have taught
Have here their fountain—hence derive their force;
Of all the grand achievements of man's thought
Here wells the living source.

By day, by night here meditate, here school
To holiness thy hands, and lips, and soul:
Thou rulest others—be this book the rule
That shall thyself control.

This sharer of thy couch—joy of thine eyes,
Clasped in thy arms and on thy knees shall rest;
Thy watcher when soft slumber on thee lies—
Thy earliest morning guest.

Be not for knowledge only thy desire;
In virtue's presence learning's light is dim:
Deeds and not words the Almighty will require—
Yet offer both to him.

By ceaseless study learn, by actions teach,
Untiring seek for Wisdom's pathway here.
This meditate, a light thy heart will reach,
And make all fair and clear.

Who walks a tangled forest's briery way
By frequent treading makes it broad and plain.
And what the quick mind wins from day to day,
Slow study doth retain.

C. E. B.

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FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN AND CHATRIAN.

THE INVASION; OR, YEGOF THE FOOL.

CHAPTER XXI.

JEROME of Saint-Quirin had made good his retreat upon the farm-house.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentries, as the party approached.

"People of the village of Charmes," replied Marc-Dives in his voice of thunder.

They were recognized and allowed to pass.

The house was silent; a sentinel with shouldered arms paced in front of the barn, where thirty partisans were sleeping upon the straw. Catherine, at sight of the great dark roofs, the old sheds, the stables, the ancient dwelling where her youth had passed, where the peaceful and laborious lives of her father and her grandfather had tranquilly glided away, the home which she was perhaps about to leave for ever, felt a terrible pain at her heart; but she spoke not of it, and springing from the sledge, as she had often done before on her returning from market, she said:

"Come, Louise, we are home at last; thanks to God."

Old Duchene had pushed open the door, crying,

"It is Madame Lefevre!"

"Yes, it is we. Any news from Jean-Claude?"

"No, madame."

Then every one entered the huge kitchen.

A few coals yet glowed upon the hearth, and, under the immense, overhanging chimney-piece, Jerome of Saint-Quirin was seated in the shadow, in his great-coat; his long-pointed red beard hanging on his breast; his thick staff between his knees, and his rifle leaning against the wall.

"Ha! good morning, Jerome!" cried the old woman.

"Good morning, Catherine!" answered the grave and solemn chief of Grossmann. "You come from Donon?"

"Yes. Things are going ill there, my poor Jerome. The Kaiserliks attacked the farm-house when we left the plateau. We could see only white coats on every side. They began to cross the abatis—"

"Then you think Hullin will be forced to abandon the road?"

"It is possible, indeed, if Pivrette does not come to his assistance."

The partisans had neared the fire. Marc-Dives bent over the coals to light his pipe; as he rose, he cried:

"Jerome, I ask only one thing of you; I know that they fought well where you commanded—"

"They did their duty," interrupted the shoemaker; "sixty men lie stretched on the side of Grossmann, who will bear witness to it on the judgment-day."

"Yes; but who guided the Germans? They never could find of themselves the pass of Blutfeld."

"It was Yegof—the fool Yegof," replied Jerome, and his gray eyes, surrounded with deep wrinkles and thick white lashes and brows, glittered through the darkness.

"Are you very sure of it?"

"Labarbe's men saw him ascend, leading the others."

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The partisans gazed at each other with angry looks.

At the same moment, Doctor Lorquin, who had remained without to unharness his horse, pushed open the door, crying:

"The battle is lost! Here are our men from Donon. I have heard Lagarmitte's horn."

It is easy to imagine the feelings with which this news was received. Every one thought of parent, friends, whom perhaps he was never more to see, and all who were in the kitchen and the barn rushed at once to the fields. Then Robin and Dubourg, posted as sentries, cried:

"Who goes there?"

"France!" replied a voice.

And despite the distance, Louise, recognizing her father's voice, would have fallen had not Catherine supported her.

Presently a great number of steps echoed upon the frozen snow, and Louise, no longer able to contain herself, cried in a trembling voice:

"Father Jean-Claude!"

"I am coming," replied Hullin; "I am coming."

"And my father?" cried Frantz, rushing to the sabot-maker.

"He is with us, Frantz."

"And Kasper?"

"He has received a little wound, but it is nothing: you will see them both."

Catherine threw herself into Hullin's arms.

"O Jean-Claude! what a happiness it is to see you again!"

"Ay," replied he in a low tone; "there are many who will never again see those they love."

"Frantz!" cried old Materne; "hallo! this way."

And on all sides, in the darkness, men sought each other, pressed each other's hands and embraced. Others called aloud for "Vielau" or "Sapheri," but no voice replied.

Then the calls grew hoarse, strangled, and finally ceased. The joy of some and the grief of others were in horrible contrast. Louise wept hot tears in Hullin's arms.

"Ah! Jean-Claude," said Mother Lefevre; "you have much to learn of your daughter. Now I will tell you nothing, but we were attacked—"

"Yes, we will talk of it by and by. Time presses," interrupted Hullin. "The Donon road is lost; the Cossacks may be here at daybreak, and we have yet many things to do."

He entered the farm-house. All followed. Duchene had just thrown a fagot upon the fire. Those faces, black with powder, but still breathing the fire of battle; those garments, torn by bayonet-thrusts, some of them bloody, advancing from darkness into the full light, offered a strange spectacle. Kasper, whose handkerchief was bound around his forehead, had received a sabre-cut; his bayonet, blouse, and high blue cloth gaiters were stained with blood. Old Materne, thanks to his imperturbable presence of mind, came safe and sound from the fray. The remnants of the two troops of Jerome and Hullin were thus united. They showed the same fierce countenances, animated by the same energy and desire for vengeance, save that the last, worn-out with weariness, sat wherever they might find room—on the fagots, the hearth—with their heads bowed upon their hands, and their elbows resting on their knees. The others looked around, unable to realize that Hans, Juson, Daniel, had disappeared for ever, and exchanging questions followed by long periods of silence. Materne's two sons held each other by the arms, as if each feared he would lose his brother, and their fa-

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ther, behind them, leaning against the wall, gazed on with looks of delight.

"They are there; I see them," he seemed to say. "And they are famous fellows, and both have escaped." The good man coughed, and when some one came to speak to him about Pierre, or Jacques, or Nicolas —of a son or a brother—he replied at random, "Ay, ay, there are a good many stretched out yonder; but what would you have? War is war. Your Nicolas did his duty. Be consoled." And then he thought, "My boys are out of the scrape, and that is the principal thing."

Catherine set the table with Louise. Soon Duchene, returning from the cellar with a cask of wine upon his shoulder, placed it on the sideboard. He opened it, and each of the partisans presented his glass, or cup, or pitcher, to the purple fountain, which gave back the leaping flames on the hearth in a thousand reflections.

"Eat and drink!" cried the old mistress of the house. "All is not yet ended; you will yet need strength. Frantz, hand me down those hams. Here are bread and knives. Be seated, my children."

Frantz, with his bayonet, roasted the hams at the fire.

Benches were brought forward; the men sat down, and ate with that keen appetite which neither present grief nor thought of future evil can make mountaineers forget. But all this did not keep sorrow from the hearts of these brave fellows, and sometimes one, sometimes another, would stop, drop his fork, and leave the table, saying,

"I have had enough."

While the partisans thus recruited their strength, their chiefs met in the neighboring hall to make their last determinations relative to the defence. There were seated round the table, lighted by a tin lamp, Doctor Lorquin—his great dog Pluto near him, watching with uplifted muzzle; Jerome in the recess of a window to the right; Hullin at the left, very pale. Marc-Dives, with his elbow on the table and cheek resting in his hand, sat with his back to the door, and showed only his brown profile and one of the ends of his long moustache. Materne alone was standing, as was his habit, leaning against the wall behind Lorquin's chair, his rifle resting upon his foot. A murmur of voices came from the kitchen.

When Catherine, who was called by Jean-Claude, entered, she heard a sort of groan which made her tremble. It was Hullin speaking.

"Do you think," he cried, in a burst of wild grief, "that the fate of those brave sons, those white-haired fathers, moved not my heart? Would I not gladly have died a thousand times that they might live? You know not the woes with which this night has overwhelmed me. To lose life is but little; but to bear alone the burden of such a trust!"

He was silent, but his trembling lip, the tear that coursed slowly down his cheek, showed how heavily that trust weighed upon him, in a position where conscience itself hesitates and seeks support. Catherine noiselessly seated herself in the large arm-chair on his left. After a few moments' pause, Hullin proceeded more calmly:

"Between eleven o'clock and midnight, Zimmer came crying that we were turned; that the Germans were coming down from Grossmann; Labarbe was crushed; Jerome could hold out no longer. He said no more. What was to be done? Could I retreat—abandon a position which had cost us so much blood—the Donon road, the way to Paris? I were a wretch indeed to do so; but I had only three hundred against the four thousand at

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Grandfontaine, and I know not how many descending the mountain. But cost what it might, I determined to hold out; it was our duty to do so. I thought that life is nothing void of honor; we might all die, but never would it be said that we yielded the road to France! Never, never, never!"

His voice again trembled, and his eyes filled with tears as he added:

"We held it—for more than two hours—my brave boys held it. I saw them fall; they died crying, 'God save France!' When the battle began, I sent word to Pivrette. He, with fifty men, came up—too late! too late! The enemy flanked us right and left; they held three fourths of the plateau, and we were driven among the firs toward Blanru, their fire crashing into our bosoms. All that I could do was to collect the wounded who could yet drag themselves along, and place them under the escort of Pivrette; a hundred men joined him. I kept only fifty to occupy Falkenstein. We cut through the Germans, who tried to cut off our retreat. Happily the night was dark, otherwise not one of us would have escaped. We are here, and all is lost. Falkenstein alone remains, and we are reduced to three hundred. Now we must try who will dare the bitter end. I tell you that my burden presses heavily upon me. While the Donon road was to be defended, our duty was clear; every man's life belonged to his country: but that road is lost; ten thousand men would be needed to regain it, and even now the enemy are entering Lorraine. What is to be done?"

"Resist to the last!" replied Jerome.

"To the last!" repeated the others.

"Is this your counsel, Catherine?" asked Hullin.

"Ay!" cried the old woman, with a glance of unconquerable determination.

Then Hullin, in firmer tones, laid his plan before them:

"Falkenstein is our point of retreat. There is our arsenal; there are our munitions; the enemy knows this, and will attempt to storm it. We must all be there to defend it; the eyes of all our countrymen must see us; they will say that Catherine Lefevre, Jerome, Materne and his sons, Hullin, Doctor Lorquin, are there; that they will not lay down their arms. This will revive the drooping courage of all who have hearts to feel for their country. Pivrette will remain in the woods; his force increasing day by day. The land will be covered with Cossacks, with robbers of every kind; and when the enemy's army has entered Lorraine, at my signal Pivrette will fling himself between Donon and the road, and the laggards scattered through the mountains will be caught as in a net. We can also watch our chance to carry off their wagons, harass their reserves; and if fortune favors, as we hope, when those Kaiserliks are beaten by our troops in Lorraine, we can cut off their retreat."

All rose, and Hullin, entering the kitchen, made this simple speech to the mountaineers:

"My friends, we have determined to resist to the last. Nevertheless each one is free to do as he pleases, to lay down his arms and return to his village; but those who seek vengeance will join us! They will share our last morsel of bread and divide our last cartridge."

The old wood-cutter, Colon, rose and replied:

"Hullin, we are all with you; we began the fight together, and together we will end it."

"Ay, ay!" cried every voice.

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"This is your resolution? Then listen! Jerome's brother will take command."

"My brother is dead," interrupted Jerome; "he lies on the side of Grossmann."

There was a moment's silence, and then Hullin continued:

"Colon, you will take command of all who remain, except those who formed the escort of Catherine Lefevre. I retain them with me. You will rejoin Pivrette in the valley of Blanru."

"And our munitions?" cried Marc-Dives.

"I have brought my wagon with me," said Jerome. "Colon can supply himself from it."

"Let them take the sledge too," cried Catherine. "The Cossacks are coming, and they will steal everything. Our people must not go away empty-handed; let them take with them oxen, cows, and goats—everything; for whatever they take is so much won from the enemy."

Five minutes after, the farm-house was a scene of pillage. The sledge was loaded with hams, smoked meats, and bread; the cattle driven from the stables; the horses harnessed to the great wagon, and soon the train began its march, Robin at the head, blowing his horn, and the partisans behind pushing at the wheels. When they had disappeared in the woods, and silence suddenly succeeded the tumult, Catherine, turning round, saw Hullin behind her as pale as a corpse.

"Well, Catherine," he said; "all is finished. We will begin the ascent."

Frantz, Kasper, and the men of the escort, Marc-Dives and Materne, awaited them in the kitchen, resting on their arms.

"Duchene," said the good old woman, "go down to the village; they must not ill-treat you on my account."

The old servant, shaking his white head, replied with eyes full of tears:

"I might as well die here, Madame Lefevre. It is fifty years since I came to this house. Do not force me away; that would kill me."

"As you will, my poor Duchene," answered Catherine, much affected. "Here are the keys of the house."

The old man seated himself on a stool by the hearth, with eyes fixed and lips parted like one in some sad dream.

The others started for Falkenstein. Marc-Dives, on horseback, his long blade hanging from his wrist, formed the rear-guard. Frantz and Hullin, on the left, reconnoitred the plateau, and Jerome, on the right, the valley; Materne and the men of the escort surrounded the women. Strange! At every threshold, at every window of the village of Charmes appeared faces, young and old, gazing with curious eyes at the flight of Mother Lefevre, and evil tongues were not wanting. "Ah! driven from your nest at last," they cried. "You would meddle with what did not concern you!"

Others muttered aloud that Catherine had been rich long enough, and that all had their turn. As for the labor, the wisdom, the kindness of heart, the thousand virtues of the old mistress of Bois-de-Chênes, the patriotism of Jean-Claude, the courage of Jerome and the three Maternes, the unselfishness of Doctor Lorquin, the devotion of Marc-Dives—about all these things no one had a word to say: their owners were beaten!

CHAPTER XXII.

At the bottom of the valley of Bouleaux, two musket-shots from the village of Charmes, the little troop be-

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gan slowly to ascend the path leading to the ancient *burg*. Hullin, remembering how he had taken the same path when he had gone to buy powder of Marc-Dives, could not repress his grief. Then, notwithstanding his visit to Phalsbourg, the sight of the wounded from Hanan and Leipsic, the story of the old sergeant, he despaired not; he kept all his energy alive, and never doubted the success of the defence. But now all was lost; the enemy were descending upon Lorraine, and the mountaineers flying. Marc-Dives rode along the wall in the snow; his great horse, accustomed to the journey, neighing, lifting his head and then dropping it beneath his chest. The smuggler turned from time to time to throw a glance at the opposite field of Bois-de-Chênes. Suddenly he cried:

"Ha! the Cossacks are showing themselves."

At this exclamation the entire party halted to look around. They were already high above the village, and even the farm. The gray winter dawn was scattering the morning vapors, and in the hollows of the mountain side they saw a number of those wild horsemen, pistol in hand, slowly approaching the old house. They were separated like skirmishers, and seemed to fear a surprise. A few moments after, others followed from the valley of Houx, then others, and still others, all alike standing up in their stirrups to see further. The first, passing the farm-house and seeing nothing to fear, flourished their lances and turned half-way round. The rest came up at a gallop, like rooks following one of their number that rises in the air as if perceiving some prey. In a few seconds the farm was surrounded, and the door pushed open. Another minute and the windows flew out, shattered to pieces; furniture, mattresses, linen followed from every side of the house at once. Catherine, with lips pressed tightly together, gazed calmly at all this destruction. For a long while she said nothing; but suddenly seeing Yegof strike Duchêne with the shaft of his lance, and drive him from the house, she could not restrain a cry of indignation.

"The wretch! coward! to strike a poor old man who can no longer defend himself. Ah villain! if I had thee here!"

"Come, Catherine," said Jean-Claude; "we have seen enough, and the sight does us no good."

"You are right," she replied; "let us go. I cannot bear it."

As they ascended, the air grew keener. Louise, the child of the gypsies, with a little basket of provisions on her arm, clambered at the head of the troops. The blue sky, the plains of Alsace and Lorraine, and at the verge of the horizon those of Champagne, the boundless immensity of space wherein sight was lost, inspired an enthusiasm in all. They seemed to have wings, to pierce the blue air like those great birds that glided from the tree-tops over the abysses, uttering their free and fearless cries. All the wretchedness of the world beneath, its injustice and its suffering, were forgotten. Louise saw herself a child on the back of her mother—that poor wandering gypsy—and thought, "I have never since been happier; never had less of care; never laughed so much, sang so gayly, and yet we often lacked bread. Ah! those dear days gone!" And the words of old songs rang in her ears.

As they neared the great red rock, crusted with its white and black stones, and hanging over the precipice like the tower of some grand cathedral, Louise and Catherine

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paused in ecstasy. Above, the sky seemed yet deeper; the path cut in the rock yet narrower. The valleys stretching on till lost in distance, the boundless woods, the far-off lakes of Lorraine, the blue ribbon of the Rhine—all the glorious scene filled them with emotion, and the old woman said thoughtfully:

"Jean-Claude, He who lifted this rock to heaven, whose hand hollowed these valleys, who scattered these forests, those thickets, and even these little mosses upon his earth, will surely render us what we deserve."

While they gazed thus, standing upon the forest terrace of rock, Marc had led his horse to a neighboring cavern, and returned on foot, saying, as he climbed before them.

"Be careful; you may slip."

At the same time he showed them, to the right, the blue precipice, with the tops of the fir-trees so far down that they seemed at its base. All were silent until they reached the terrace where the vault began. Then they breathed more freely, and saw in the middle of the passage the smugglers Brenn, Pfeifer, and Toubac, with their great grey cloaks and black slouched hats, seated by a fire which stretched all along the rock. Marc accosted them:

"Here we are! the Kaiserliks are victorious. Zimmer was killed last night. Is Hexe-Baizel above?"

"Yes," answered Brenn; "she is making cartridges."

"They may save us yet," said Marc. "Keep your eyes open, and if any one ascends, fire on him."

The Maternes halted at the edge of the rock, and the three tall men, with their hat-brims turned up, their powder-horns at their sides, their rifles on their shoulders, and their muscular limbs, and feet firmly planted on the point of the rock, stood, a strange group, against the blue of the abyss. Old Materne, with outstretched arm, pointed far, very far away, to an almost imperceptible white spot among the firs, saying:

"Do you recognize that, my boys?"

And all three gazed with half-closed eyes.

"It is our house," replied Kasper.

"Poor Magredel!" said the old hunter; "how uneasy she must have been for the last week; how often has she prayed for us!"

Marc-Dives, who led the party, uttered a cry of surprise.

"Mother Lefevre," said he, stopping short, "the Cossacks have set fire to your house!"

Catherine heard this news clamly, and walked to the edge of the cliff. Louise and Jean-Claude followed her. At the bottom of the abyss stretched a great white cloud, through which shone what seemed like a spark. That was all; but from time to time the breeze blew aside the smoke and the fire appeared; the two high gables, standing darkly out from the flames, the ruined barn and the blazing stables; then all again was hidden.

"It is nearly finished," said Hullin in a low tone.

"Yes," replied the old mistress of the burning dwelling; "forty years of toil and care are there turning to smoke. But no matter; they cannot burn my good lands—my fine meadows of the Eichmath. We will begin to labor once more; Gaspard and Louise will restore all that mischief. I am content. I repent of nothing I have done."

At the end of a quarter of an hour, millions of sparks arose, and all the buildings fell—all save the dark gables. The party again clambered up the path; and as they reached the highest terrace, the sharp voice of Hexe-Baizel was heard:

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"You, Catherine!" she cried; "I never thought that you would come to see me in my poor den."

Baizel and Catherine Lefevre had been school-girls together; there was but little ceremony between them.

"Nor I," replied the latter; "but in misfortune one is glad to find a companion of one's childhood."

Baizel seemed touched.

"Whatever is here is yours, Catherine," she cried. "Everything."

She pointed to her poor stool, her broom of green twigs, and the five or six logs on her hearth. Catherine gazed on all in silence for a few moments, and then said:

"They are not very grand, but they are substantial, and the Cossacks will not easily burn your house."

"No, they will not burn it," laughed Hexe-Baizel; "they would need all the trees in the county of Dabo to only warm the walls. Ha, ha, ha!"

The partisans, after many toils and dangers, felt the want of repose. Each man hastened to place his musket against the wall and stretch himself on the floor. Marc-Dives opened the door of the inner cavern for them, where they were at least sheltered, and then sallied forth with Hullin to examine the position.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the rock of Falkenstein, high in the blue air, rises a round tower, the base of which is broken and sunken. This tower, covered with brambles, hawthorn, and myrtle, seems old as the mountain itself; it has survived French, Germans, and Swedes. Its stones and mortar have become a solid mass, from which it is almost impossible to break the smallest fragment, and the whole structure wears a gloomy air of mystery which bears back the mind to ages long past—ages which have no place in the memories of man. Here was Marc-Dives wont to lie in ambush when the wild geese flew south—if he had nothing better to do; and here sometimes at night-fall, when their flocks pierced the fogs and swept round in a broad circle before going to rest, would he bring down two or three of their number—a feat which rejoiced the heart of Hexe-Baizel, who wasted no time in preparing them for the spit. Here too, in autumn, did Marc often set snares among the bushes, where the thrushes loved to perch; and to crown all, the old tower served him as a storehouse for his winter's stock of wood. How often was Hexe-Baizel, when the northern gales blew fierce, and the crashing of branches and groans of the neighboring forests rose like the dashing of a tempest-tost ocean — how often then was Hexe-Baizel almost torn from that old tower and hurled to the opposite Kilberi! But her long fingers held fast to the vines, and the wind only flapped her coarse hair about her head.

Dives, perceiving that his wood, covered with snow and wet with every rain, gave more smoke than flame, made a roof of planks for his storehouse; and the smuggler relates that, while laying the rafters, he found a screech-owl white as snow, blind and feeble, but provided with field-mice and bats in abundance. For this reason he called it the "Grandmother of the country," supposing that all the other birds fed it on account of its extreme old age.

Toward evening the partisans—placed on the lookout on every terrace of the rock—saw white uniforms appear in the surrounding gorges. Masses of men debouched from the depths on all sides at once, showing an intention to blockade Falkenstein.

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Marc-Dives seeing this, became thoughtful. "If they surround us," said he musingly, "we cannot procure provisions; we must surrender or die of hunger."

The enemy's staff were plainly seen on horseback around the spring of the village of Charmes. There a stout officer was observing the rock through a long field-glass; behind him was Yegof, to whom he turned from time to time to question. The women and children of the village looked on at some distance away, as if enjoying the scene, and five or six Cossacks caracoled about. The smuggler could bear no more; he took Hullin aside.

"Look," said he, "at that long line of shakos glistening along the Sarre, and nearer, those others running like hares through the valley. They are Kaiserliks, are they not? Well, what are they going to do, Jean-Claude?"

"They are going to surround the mountain."

"That is clear. How many men do you think they have?"

"From three to four thousand."

"Without counting those in the open country. Well, what would you have Pivrette do with his three hundred men against that mass of vagabonds? I put the question frankly, Hullin!"

"He can do nothing," replied brave Jean-Claude simply. "The Germans know that our munitions are at Falkenstein; they fear a rising after they enter Lorraine, and wish to secure their rear. The enemy's general sees that he cannot overcome us by force; he has decided to reduce us by famine. All this, Marc, is surely true; but we are men; we will do our duty; we will die here!"

There was a moment's silence. Marc-Dives knit his brows, but seemed not at all convinced.

"We will die?" he repeated. "I do not see why we should die; that idea did not enter our heads; there are too many people who would be glad of it if we did."

"What would you do?" asked Hullin shortly; "do you want to surrender?"

"Surrender!" cried the smuggler: "do you take me for a coward?"

"Then explain."

"This evening I start for Phalsbourg. I risk my neck passing through the enemy's lines; but I would rather do that than fold my arms and die of hunger. I will enter the city the first sortie that is made, when I will try and reach a gate. The commandant, Meunier, knows me; I have sold him tobacco for the last three years. He, like you, served in Italy and Egypt. I will show him the state of affairs. I will see Gaspard Lefevre. I will fix matters so that they will probably give us a company. If we only get a uniform, we are saved—do you see, Jean-Claude? All of our brave people who are left will join Pivrette, and, in any case, they can deliver us. That is my idea; what do you think of it?"

He gazed at Hullin, whose fixed and gloomy eye disturbed him.

"Is it not our only chance?"

"It is an idea," replied Jean-Claude at length; "I do not oppose it."

And looking the smuggler straight in the eyes, he said:

"Will you swear to do your utmost to enter the city."

"I swear nothing," answered Marc, his brown cheeks flushing. "I leave here all I possess—my wife, my goods, my comrades, Catherine Lefevre, and you, my oldest friend! If I do not return, I shall be a traitor; but if I return, you will explain your demand, Jean-Claude; we will

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clear up this little account between us."

"Marc," said Hullin, "forgive me. I have suffered too much; I was wrong; misfortune has made me distrustful. Give me your hand. Go; save us; save Catherine; save my child! I say now to you, that our only hope lies in you."

Hullin's voice quivered. Dives softened, but he said:

"Very well, Jean-Claude; but in such a moment you should not have spoken so. Never let us again speak of it! I will leave my body on the way or I will return to deliver you. I will start to-night. The Kaiserliks already surround the mountain. No matter; I have a good horse, and I was always lucky."

At six o'clock darkness had fallen on every peak. Hundreds of fires flashing in the gorges showed where the Germans were preparing their evening meal. Marc-Dives descended, groping his way. Hullin listened for a few seconds to his comrade's footsteps, and then turned, buried in thought, to the old tower, where he had established his headquarters. He lifted the thick woolen curtain which closed the entrance, and saw Catherine, Louise, and the others gathered round a little fire, which lighted up the grey walls. The old woman, seated on an oaken block, her hands clasped around her knees, gazed fixedly at the flame, her lips set tightly together, and her face seemingly tinged with a greenish tint in its extreme pallor. Jerome, standing behind Catherine, his folded arms resting on his staff, touched the slimy roof with his otter-skin cap. All were sad and disheartened. Hexe-Baisel, who was lifting the cover of a great pot, and Doctor Lorquin, scraping the old wall with the point of his sabre, alone kept their accustomed looks.

"Here we are," said the doctor, "returned to the times of the Triboci. These walls are more than two thousand years old. A fine quantity of water must have flowed from the heights of Falkenstein and Grossmann through the Sarre and the Rhine since fire was made before in this tower."

"Yes," replied Catherine, as if awakening from a dream, "and many besides us have here suffered cold, hunger, want. Who knows how many? And when a hundred, or two or three hundred years shall have passed, still others may here seek shelter. They, like us, will find the walls cold and the floor damp. They will make a little fire, and gazing on each other as we now gaze, will ask, Who suffered here before us, and why did they suffer? Were they pursued, hunted as we have been, that they would fain hide themselves in such a miserable den? And then they will think of by-gone years, and no one may answer them!"

Jean-Claude drew near. In a few moments, raising her head she said, as she looked at him:

"Well, we are blockaded; the enemy seeks to reduce us by famine."

"True, Catherine," replied Hullin. "I did not expect that. I counted on an attack; but the Kaiserliks are not yet so sure of us as they imagine. Dives has just started for Phalsbourg. He knows the commandant; and if they only send a hundred men to our succor—"

"We must not rely on it," interrupted the old woman. "Marc may be captured or killed; and even should he succeed in making his way through their lines, how could he enter Phalsbourg? You know the city is besieged by the Russians."

All remained silent.

Hexe-Baizel soon brought some

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soup, and the party formed a circle around the great smoking pot.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CATHERINE LEFEVRE came forth from the ruin at about seven o'clock in the morning. Louise and Hexe-Baizel were yet sleeping; but day—the brilliant day of the mountains—already flooded the valleys. Far below, through the blue depths, forests, gorges, rocks, were outlined like the mosses and pebbles of a lake beneath its crystal waters. Not a breath stirred the air, and Catherine, as she surveyed the grandeur of the scene, felt a sense of peaceful calm — of repose, greater even than that of sleep, steal over her. "Our miseries, our unrest, and our sufferings are but of a day," she thought. "Why disturb heaven with our groans? Why dread the future? All these things endure but a moment. Our plaints are as those of a butterfly when the leaves fall; they do not keep winter away. Time must end for all; we must die that we may be born again."

Thus mused the old woman, and she no longer feared what might happen. Suddenly a murmur of voices filled her ears; she turned and saw Hullin with the three smugglers, all earnestly talking, on the opposite side of the plateau. They had not seen her, so deeply did the subject of their conversation interest them.

Old Brenn, at the edge of the rock, with a short, black pipe between his teeth, his cheeks wrinkled like a withered leaf, short nose, grey moustache, bleared eye-lids, half-closed over reddish-brown eyes, and long great-coat sleeves hanging by his sides, gazed at the different points Hullin was showing them among the mountains; and the other two, wrapped in their gray cloaks, stepped forward or backward, shading their eyes with their hands, in deep attention.

Catherine walked toward them, and soon she heard:

"Then you do not think it possible to reach the foot of the mountain?"

"No, Jean-Claude; there is no way of doing so," answered Brenn; "those villains know the country thoroughly, and all the paths are guarded. Look! there is the meadow of Chevreuils along that lake; no one ever even thought of watching it; but see, they are there. And yonder, the pass of Rothstein—a mere goat-path, where a man is scarcely seen once in ten years—you see a bayonet glisten behind the rock, do you not? And there, where I have climbed for eight years with my sacks without ever meeting a gendarme, they hold that too. Some fiend must have shown them the defiles."

"Yes," cried tall Toubac, "the fiend Yegof."

"But," said Hullin, "it seems to me that three or four stout men might carry one of those posts."

"No; they are supported by each other; and the first shot fired would bring a regiment upon us," replied Brenn. "Besides, if we got through, how could we return with provisions? It is impossible!"

There were a few moments of silence.

"Nevertheless," said Toubac, "if Hullin wishes it, we will try all the same."

"Try what?" cried Brenn. "To lose our lives trying to escape, and leave the others in the toils? But it is all the same to me; if the others go, I will. But as for talking about returning with provisions, I say it is impossible. Which path will you take going, and which returning?

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Promises will not do here; we must act up to them. If you know a way, tell us. For twenty years I have beaten the mountain with Marc. I know every path and pass for ten leagues around; but I see none open now except through the air."

Hullin turned, and saw Mother Lefevre a few paces away, listening attentively.

"You here, Catherine!" he exclaimed. "Our affairs wear an ugly look."

"Yes; I understand. There is no way of getting a supply of provisions."

"Provisions!" said Brenn, with a strange smile. "Do you know, Mother Lefevre, for how long we are supplied?"

"For a fortnight, at least," replied Catherine.

"For a week," said the smuggler, shaking out the ashes of his pipe on his nail.

"It is true," said Hullin. "Marc-Dives and I believed that an attack would be made on Falkenstein; we never thought the enemy would besiege it like a fortress. We were mistaken."

"And what is to be done?" asked Catherine, growing pale.

"We must reduce each one's ration to half. If Marc does not return in a fortnight, we shall have no more. Then, indeed, we must see what is to be done."

So saying, Hullin with Catherine and the smugglers, their heads drooping, took the path to the notch. They reached the descent, when, thirty feet beneath them, they saw Materne climbing breathlessly among the stones, and dragging himself along by the bushes to increase his speed.

"Well," cried Jean-Claude, "what has happened?"

"Ah! there you are. I was going to look for you. One of the enemy's officers is coming along the wall of the old *burg*, with a little white flag. He seems to desire a parley."

Hullin, directing his steps toward the slope of the rock, saw, indeed, a German officer standing upon the wall, seemingly awaiting a sign to ascend. He was two musket-shots off, and further away were five or six soldiers, resting on their arms.

After gazing a moment at the group, Jean-Claude turned, saying:

"It is a flag of truce coming to summon us to surrender."

"Fire on him!" cried Catherine; "we have no other answer."

The others all seemed inclined to do so, save Hullin, who, without speaking, descended to the terrace, where the rest of the partisans were gathered.

"My friends," said he, "the enemy sends a flag of truce. We know not what he wants. I suppose it is a summons to lay down our arms; but it may be something else. Frantz and Kasper will go to meet him. They will bandage his eyes at the foot of the rock, and lead him hither."

No one having any objection to make, the sons of Materne slung their carbines on their backs and departed. At the end of about ten minutes the two tall hunters reached the officer; there was a rapid conference between them, after which all three began to climb to Falkenstein. As they ascended, the uniform of the German officer, and even his features, could be clearly seen. He was a lean man, with ashy flaxen hair, tall, well knit, and resolute in movement and appearance. At the foot of the rock Frantz and Kasper bandaged his eyes, and soon their steps were heard beneath the vault. Jean-Claude went to meet them, and himself untied the handkerchief, saying:

"You wish to communicate with me, sir. I am listening."

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The partisans stood some fifteen paces off. Catherine Lefevre, nearer, knitted her brows; her bony figure, long, hooked nose, the three or four locks of gray hair which fell by chance upon her hollow temples, and down on her wrinkled cheeks, her tightly pressed lips, and fixed gaze, seemed first to attract the officer's attention; then the pale and gentle face of Louise behind her; then Jerome, with his long, yellow beard and cloak; and old Materne leaning on his short rifle. He looked at the others, and at the high, red vault, with its colossal mass of granite hanging over the precipice, and covered only with a few brambles. Hexe-Baizel, behind Materne, her long broom of twigs in her hands, her outstretched neck and feet, on the very edge of the rock, seemed to astonish him.

He himself was the object of much attention. His attitude and bearing, long face, finely-cut bronzed features, clear gray eye and thin mustache, the delicacy of his limbs, hardened by the toils of war, all bespoke aristocratic lineage; and he had, too, a look of shrewdness mingled with that of the man of the world, the soldier, and the diplomatist.

But this mutual inspection was only the work of an instant. The officer began, in good French:

"Is it the Commandant Hullin that I have the honor of addressing?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jean-Claude.

The officer glanced hesitatingly at the circle around.

"Speak out, sir," cried Hullin; "let all hear you. Where honor and our country are the subject, no one in France is out of place; our women understand the words as well as we. You have some propositions to offer me. In the first place, on behalf of whom?"

"Of the general commanding-in-chief. Here is my commission."

"Very good. We are listening, sir."

Then the officer, raising his voice, proceeded in a firm tone:

"Before I begin, commandant, permit me to say that you have performed your duty magnificently; you have forced your foes to admire you."

"As for duty," answered Hullin, "we merely did what we could."

"Yes," added Catherine, in short, dry tones; "and since our foes admire us on that account, they will admire us much more in a week or two, for the war is not yet ended. Marc is to come!"

The officer turned his head toward her, and stood as if stupefied at the savage earnestness imprinted upon the old woman's features.

"Those are noble sentiments," said he, after a few moments' silence; "but humanity has its rights, and to spill blood uselessly is only doing evil for the sake of evil."

"Then why do you come to our country?" cried Catherine, and her voice seemed like the eagle's shriek. "Begone, and let us alone!"

Then she added:

"You make war like robbers: you steal, pillage, burn. You all deserve to be hanged. We ought to throw you over the rock, for the sake of the example."

The officer turned pale, for the old woman seemed ready to execute her threat; but he soon recovered himself, and continued calmly:

"I know that the Cossacks set fire to the farm-house opposite this rock. They are pillagers such as follow all armies, and this one act proves nothing against the discipline of our troops. The French soldiery often did the same in Germany, and particularly in the Tyrol; and, not satisfied with robbing and burning the

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villages, they shot pitilessly all the mountaineers suspected of having taken up arms to defend their homes. We might make reprisals. It is our right to do so; but we are not barbarians; we understand that patriotism is grand and noble, even when wrongly directed. Besides, we do not make war on the French people, but on the Emperor Napoleon. Therefore, our general, on learning of the conduct of the Cossacks, publicly punished that act of vandalism, and moreover, decided that the proprietor should be indemnified."

"I ask no indemnity of you," interrupted Catherine rudely. "I wish to live with my wrong, and to avenge it!"

The officer saw the hopelessness of trying to bring the old woman to terms, and that it was, besides, dangerous to reply. He turned, therefore, to Hullin, and said:

"I am charged, commandant, to offer you the honors of war, if you consent to surrender your position. You have no provisions, as we are well aware. A few days from now, you will be compelled to lay down your arms. The esteem the general bears you alone impelled him to offer you these honorable conditions Longer resistance is useless. We are masters of Donon; our *corps d'armée* is passing into Lorraine. The campaign will not be decided here; so that you have no interest in defending a useless position. We wish to spare you the horrors of famine upon this rock. Decide, commandant."

Hullin turned to the partisans, and said simply,

"You have heard. I refuse the conditions; but I will submit, if all accept the enemy's propositions."

"We all refuse them," cried Jerome.

"Yes; all, all!" repeated the others.

Catherine Lefevre, till then so stern, happened to glance at Louise, and then her firmness gave way. She took her by the arm, and leading her to the officer, said:

"We have a child among us; is there no means of sending her to one of her friends in Laverne?"

Louise had scarce heard the words when, throwing herself in Hullin's arms, she cried affrightedly,

"No, no! I will stay with you, Father Jean-Claude! I will die with you!"

"Go, sir," said Hullin, with bloodless lips, "tell your general what you have seen; tell him that Falkenstein we will hold to the death! Kasper, Frantz, lead back the officer."

The last seemed to hesitate; but as he was about to speak, Catherine, pale with wrath, cried,

"Go, go! You are not yet so sure of us as you think. It is the villain Yegof who told you we had no provisions; we have enough for two months, and in two months our army will have swept you from the earth. Traitors will not always flourish, and then woe to you!"

As she grew more and more excited, the officer judged it prudent to withdraw. He returned to his guides, who again put on the bandage, and led him to the foot of Falkenstein.

Hullin's orders regarding the provisions were carried out the same day; each one received a half-ration. A sentry was posted in front of Hexe-Baizel's cavern, where the food was kept, and the door barricaded. Jean-Claude ordered the distributions to be made in presence of all, to avoid injustice; but all these precautions did not save the unhappy patriots from the worst horrors of famine.

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CHAPTER XXV.

FOR three days food had been entirely wanting. Still Dives gave no sign. How often during those long days of agony did the mountaineers strain their eyes toward Phalsbourg! How often did they listen to the low murmur of the breeze, thinking it bore upon it the sound of the smuggler's footsteps!

In the midst of the torments of hunger, the nineteenth day since the arrival of the partisans on Falkenstein dragged away. They no longer spoke to each other; but seated on the earth, their fleshless faces gazing at vacancy, they passed hours as in a dream. Sometimes they would turn sparkling eyes upon each other, as if ready to satisfy their hunger at the expense of a comrade's life; then all would again sink into a gloomy calm.

Once Yegof's raven, winging its way from peak to peak, came near this scene of misery; but old Materne brought his rifle to his shoulder, and the bird of ill omen flew back at its utmost speed, uttering mournful cries, and the old hunter's piece fell harmless.

And now, as if the horrors of hunger were not enough to fill the measure of their misery, they only opened their lips to accuse or threaten each other.

Louise was delirious; her great blue eyes, instead of living objects, saw spectres fleeting over them, sweeping the tree-tops, and lighting upon the old tower.

"Food—food at last!" would she cry.

And then the others, carried away by fury, shrieked that she was mocking them, and bade her beware.

Jerome alone remained calm and collected; but the great quantity of snow he had eaten in his pangs kept his body and bony face covered with a cold sweat.

Dr. Lorquin knotted a handkerchief around his waist, and drew it tighter and tighter, pretending that he thus satisfied his cravings. He sat against the wall of the tower with closed eyes, which from hour to hour he opened, saying,

"We are at the first, second, third period. Another day, and all will be over!"

Then he would deliver dissertations on the Druids, on Odin, Brahma, Pythagoras, quoting Latin and Greek, all announcing the approaching transformation of the people of Harberg into wolves, foxes, and all sorts of animals.

"I," he cried, "I will be a lion! I will eat fifteen pounds of beef a day."

But soon recollecting himself, he continued,

"No, I would rather be a man. I will preach peace, brotherly love, justice! Ah my friends! we suffer for our own faults. What have we been doing on the other side of the Rhine for the last ten years? By what right did we place masters over those nations? Why did we not rather exchange thought, feeling, the products of our arts and industry with them? Why did we not meet them as brothers, instead of trying to enslave them? We should have been well received. How they, poor wretches, must have suffered during ten years of violence and rapine! Now they are avenging themselves. God is just. May the malediction of heaven fall on those who divide nations to oppress them!"

After a few moments of excitement like this, he would sink exhausted against the wall, murmuring:

"Bread! only a morsel of bread!"

Materne's boys, seated among the bushes, their rifles at their shoul-

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ders, seemed awaiting the sight of game, which never appeared; but the thought of their eternal resting-place sustained their expiring strength.

A few, in the agonies of fever, accused Jean-Claude of being the author of their misery in bringing them to Falkenstein.

Hullin, with more than human energy, yet came and went, watching all that passed in the valleys, but speaking no word.

Sometimes he would advance to the very edge of the rock, with jaws pressed firmly together, and flashing eyes, to see Yegof seated before a great fire on the meadow of Bois-de-Chenes, in the middle of a troop of Cossacks. Since the enemy's arrival in the valley of Charmes, this had been the fool's constant post; and from it he seemed to gloat over the agony of his victims.

The tortures of hunger in the depths of a dungeon are no doubt terrible; but beneath the open sky, with floods of light pouring down on every side, in view of help, in view of the thousand resources of nature, then no tongue can paint their horrors.

At the end of this nineteenth day, between four and five in the evening, the weather became cloudy; huge masses of gray vapor rose behind the snowy peak of Grossmann; the setting sun, glowing redly like a ball of iron just taken from the furnace, threw a few last gleams through the thickening air. Deep silence reigned on the rock. Louise no longer gave any sign of life; Kasper and Frantz still sat motionless as stones among the bushes. Catherine Lefevre, huddled on the ground, clasping her knees within her withered arms, her features hard and rigid, her hair hanging over her ashy cheeks, her eyes haggard, and lips closed tight as a vice, seemed some ancient sibyl. She no longer spoke. That evening, Hullin, Jerome, old Materne, and Doctor Lorquin gathered around the old woman, that all might die together. They were all silent, and the last glimmer of twilight fell dimly upon the group. To the right, behind a projection of the rock, the fires of the Germans sparkled in the abyss. Suddenly the old woman, starting as from a dream, murmured a few words, unintelligible at first.

"Dives is coming!" she continued in a low tone; "I see him; he sallies from the postern—to the right of the arsenal. Gaspard follows him, and—"

She counted slowly.

"Two hundred and fifty men, National Guards and soldiers. They cross the fosse; they mount behind the demi-lune. Gaspard is talking to Marc. What is he saying?"

She seemed to listen.

"'Hasten! Ay, hasten; never was more need of speed! They are on the glacis!"

There was a long silence; then the old woman, suddenly springing to her feet, rose to her full height, and with arms outstretched, and hair flying wildly about her head, shouted:

"Courage! Strike! kill! kill! kill!"

She fell heavily to the earth.

Her terrible cry had awakened all; it might have awakened the dead. New life seemed breathed into the besieged. Something strange and unearthly seemed to fill the air. Was it hope? life? I know not; but the entire party came crawling up on all fours, like wild beasts, holding their breath that they might listen. Even Louise moved slightly, and raised her head. Frantz and Kasper dragged themselves on their knees, and strange to say, Hullin, casting his eyes toward Phalsbourg, thought he

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saw the flashes of musketry, as if a sortie were being made.

Catherine resumed her first attitude; but her cheeks, lately rigid as a marble mask, now quivered, and her eye again grew dreamy. The others listened; their lives seemed hanging on her lips. Thus a quarter of an hour passed, when she again spoke slowly:

"They have passed the enemy's lines; they are hastening to Lutzelbourg; I see them. Gaspard and Dives are in the van with Desmarets, Ulrich, Weber, and our friends of the city. They are coming! they are coming!"

She was again silent. They listened long, but the vision had vanished. Minutes followed minutes that seemed centuries, when at once Hexe-Baizel's sharp voice arose:

"She is a fool! She saw nothing. I know Marc. He is mocking us. What is it to him if we perish! So long as he has his bottle of wine and his dinner, and his pipe after, what does he care? O the villain!"

Then all was silence again, and the wretches whose hearts were for a moment animated with the hope of speedy deliverance, again sank back in despair.

"It was a dream," thought they.

"Hexe-Baizel is right; we are doomed to die of hunger."

Night had fallen. When the moon rose behind the tall firs, shedding her pale light on the mournful groups, Hullin alone watched, although fever was burning his vitals. He listened to every sound from the gorges. The voices of the German sentries called their *Wer da! Wer da!* as the rounds passed the bivouacs; the horses neighed shrilly, and their grooms shouted. At last, toward midnight, the brave old man fell asleep like the others. When he awoke, the clock of the village of Charmes was striking four. Hullin, at the sound of its far-off vibrations, started from his stupor, opened his eyes, and, while he gazed upward trying to collect his senses, a dim light like the flare of a torch passed before his eyes. Fear seized him, and he muttered:

"Am I going mad? The night is dark, and yet I see torches!"

The flame reappeared; he saw it more clearly; he arose and pressed his hand for some seconds upon his brow. At last, risking a glance, he saw distinctly a fire on Giromani, on the other side of Blanru, flinging its red glare in the sky, and throwing black shadows from the firs on the snow. Suddenly he remembered that it was the signal agreed on between Pivrette and himself to announce an attack; he trembled from head to foot; a cold sweat poured from his forehead, and groping through the darkness like a blind man with arms outstretched, he stammered:

"Catherine! Louise! Jerome!"

But no one answered; and after wandering thus, feeling his way, and often thinking he was moving on when he made not a step, he fell to the ground on his face crying,

"My children! Catherine! They are coming! We are saved!"

There was a dull murmur; it seemed as if the dead were awakening. There was a short peal of laughter. It was Hexe-Baizel, crazed through suffering; then Catherine cried:

"Hullin! Hullin! Who spoke?"

Jean-Claude, overcoming his emotion, shouted in a firmer voice:

"Jerome, Catherine, Materne, all of you! Are you dead? Do you not see yonder fire on the side of Blanru? It is Pivrette coming to our rescue!"

At the same instant a crash rolled like a tempest through the gorges of

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the Jaegerthal. The trump of judgment could not have produced a greater effect upon the besieged. At once all were awake and listening.

"It is Pivrette! It is Marc!" cried broken voices, sounding hollow as those of skeletons. "They are coming to save us!"

They tried to rise. Some fell back sobbing; they could no longer weep. A second crash brought all to their feet.

"It is the volley of a platoon!" cried Hullin; "our men are firing by platoon too! We have soldiers in line! Long live France!"

"Mother Catherine was right," said Jerome; "the men of Phalsbourg are coming to help us; they are descending the hills of the Sarre, and Pivrette is attacking by way of Blanru."

The fusillade was, in fact, commencing on both sides at once, toward the meadows of Bois-de-Chenes and the heights of Kilberi.

Then the two leaders embraced, and as they groped about in the darkness, seeking the edge of the rock, the voice of Materne shouted:

"Take care! the precipice is there."

They stopped short, and looked down, but saw nothing; a current of cold air, from the depths beneath, alone told them of their danger. All the surrounding peaks and valleys were buried in darkness. On the sides of the opposite slope, the flashes of the musketry glanced like lightning, now lighting up an aged oak, or the black outline of a rock, or mayhap a patch of heather, covered with forms rushing hither and thither. From the depths, two thousand feet below, rose a confused murmur, the clattering of horse-hoofs, cries, commands. Now the call of a mountaineer—that prolonged shout which flies from peak to peak—rose like a sigh to Falkenstein.

"That is Marc!" said Hullin.

"Yes, it is Marc cheering us," replied Jerome.

The others, near by, with necks outstretched and hands on the edge of the cliff, gazed wistfully. The fire continued with a rapidity which told of the desperation of the fight; but nothing could be seen. How those poor wretches longed for a part in the struggle! With what ardor would they have hurled themselves into the combat! The fear of yet being abandoned—of seeing the retreat of their rescuers—made them speechless.

Soon day began to break; the pale dawn shone behind the dark peaks; a few rays of light fell into the shadowy valleys, and, half an hour after, silvered the mists of their depths. Hullin, glancing through a break in these clouds, at last understood the state of affairs. The Germans had lost the heights of Valtin and the field of Bois-de-Chenes. They were massed in the valley of Charmes, at the foot of Falkenstein, one third of the way up the slope, so that the fire of their adversaries might not plunge from above upon them. Opposite the rock, Pivrette, master of Bois-de-Chenes, was ordering an abatis to be raised on the descent to the valley. He rushed hither and thither, his short pipe between his teeth, his slouched hat pulled down on his ears, and his rifle slung behind him. The blue axes of the wood-cutters glanced in the rising sun. To the left of the village, on the side of Valtin, in the midst of the heather, Marc-Dives, on a little black horse with a trailing tail, his long sword hanging from his wrist, was pointing out the ruins and the old path over which the wood-cutters were wont to drag their trees. An

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infantry officer and some National Guards in blue uniforms listened. Gaspard Lefevre alone, in advance of the group, leaned on his musket and seemed meditating. His mien told of desperate resolve. At the top of the hill, two or three hundred men, in line, resting on their arms, gazed on the scene.

The sight of the fewness of their defenders chilled the hearts of the besieged; the more so as the Germans, outnumbering them seven or eight to one, began to form two columns of attack to regain the positions they had lost. Their general sent horsemen in every direction with orders, and the lines of bayonets began to move.

"The game is up!" muttered Hullin to Jerome. "What can five or six hundred men do against four thousand in line of battle? The Phalsbourg people will return home, saying, 'We have done our duty!' and Pivrette will be crushed."

All thought the same; but what filled the measure of their despair was to see a long line of Cossacks debouch at full speed into the valley of Charmes, the fool Yegof at their head galloping like the wind, his beard, the tail of his horse, his dog-skin and his red hair streaming behind. He gazed at the rock, and brandished his lance above his head. At the bottom of the valley he spurred toward the enemy's staff. Reaching the general, he made some gestures, pointing to the other side of the plateau of Bois-de Chenes.

"The villain!" exclaimed Hullin. "See! he says Pivrette has no abatis on that side, and that the mountain must be turned."

A column indeed, began its march at once in the direction shown, while another pressed on toward the abatis to mask the movement of the first.

"Materne," cried Jean-Claude, is there no means of sending a bullet after yonder fool?"

The old hunter shook his head.

"None," he answered; "it is impossible; he is not in range."

Even as he spoke, Catherine uttered a wild cry, a scream like that of a falcon.

"Let us crush them!" she shrieked—"crush them as we did at Blutfeld!"

And the old woman, but a moment ago so feeble, seized a fragment of rock which she lifted with both hands; then, with her long gray hair floating in the wind, her hooked nose bent over her compressed and colorless lips, and her wrinkled cheeks rigid as iron, she rushed with firm steps to the edge of the cliff, and the rock cleft the air.

A horrible clamor arose from beneath, through which could be heard the crash of broken branches; then the enormous mass rebounded a hundred feet outward—dashed down the steep slope, again flew out into the open air, down, down, falling full on Yegof, and crushing him at the general's feet! All was the work of a moment.

Catherine, erect on the edge of the cliff, laughed a long, rattling laugh.

Then the others, those phantoms, spectres, as if a new life had been given them, dashed over the ruins of the ancient burg, shrieking:

"Death! Death to the Germans! Crush them as we did at Blutfeld."

Never did eye behold a scene more terrible. Wretches at the gates of the tomb—lean, fleshless as skeletons—found again their strength and their courage. They blenched not: each man seized his fragment of rock, hurled it over the precipice, and rushed back to find another, without even waiting to see the effect of the one he had thrown.

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No pen can paint the terror of the Kaiserliks as this storm of rocks dashed down upon their heads. All turned as they heard the crashing bushes and trees, and at first stood gazing as if petrified. Raising their eyes, they saw others, and still others, rushing down, and, above, figures like spectres appear and disappear, hurling missiles of death into the air; they saw around them their crushed and mangled comrades—lines of fifteen or twenty men stricken down at once. A wild cry echoed from the depths of the valley to the peak of Falkenstein, and despite the commands of their leaders, despite the hail of shot that began to pour from right and left upon them, the Germans, careless whither they went, fled anywhere—anywhere to avoid the horrid death that smote them there.

In the thick of the rout, however, the Austrian general succeeded in rallying a battalion and brought it in good order to the village. Calm and collected amid disaster and death, he seemed worthy his high rank. He turned gloomily, from time to time, to gaze on the falling rocks, which still ploughed bloody furrows through his column.

Jean-Claude observed him, and in spite of the intoxication of victory, and the joy of having escaped the horrors of a death by famine, the old soldier could not restrain his admiration.

"Look," he cried to Jerome, "he does as we did on the retreat from Donon and Grossmann. He is the last to retire, and only yields his ground foot by foot. Truly there are brave men of all countries!"

Marc-Dives and Pivrette, witnessing this turn of fortune, descended among the fir-trees to cut off the enemy's retreat; but the effort was in vain. The battalion, reduced one half, formed square behind the village of Charmes, and then retreated slowly up the valley of the Sarre, halting at times, like a wounded and hunted wild-boar turning upon his tormentors, whenever the men of Pivrette or from Phalsbourg pressed them too closely.

Thus ended the great battle of Falkenstein, known among the mountains as the Battle of the Rocks.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SCARCELY had the fight ceased, when, toward 8 o'clock, Marc-Dives, Gaspard, and some thirty mountaineers, bearing baskets of food, reached the peak of Falkenstein. What a spectacle awaited them there! The besieged, stretched on the earth, seemed dead. In vain they shook the bodies and shouted in their ears; no answer came. Gaspard Lefevre, seeing his mother and Louise lying motionless with teeth fast locked together, told Marc, in his agony, that unless they recovered he would blow out his brains with his own musket. Marc replied that every one was free to do as he pleased; but that for his part, he would do no such thing on Hexe-Baisel's account. At length, old Colon placed his basket on a stone. Kasper Materne suddenly sighed, opened his eyes, and, seeing the food, began clacking his teeth like a famished fox.

They knew what that meant, and Marc-Dives passed his flask under the nose of each one, which was sufficient to resuscitate them. They wanted to devour all the provisions at once; but Doctor Lorquin had sense enough remaining to warn Marc not to listen to them, for the least excess would be sure death. Each one received, therefore, only a small piece of bread, an egg, and a glass of wine, which restored their powers singularly. Then they placed

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Catherine, Louise, and the entire party on sleds, and descended to the village.

Who could describe the enthusiasm and emotion of their friends, when they saw them arrive, more meagre than Lazarus risen from his grave! They were gazed at, embraced, hugged, and every new-comer from Abreschwiller, Dagsberg, Saint-Quirin, or anywhere else, had to repeat the ceremony.

Marc-Dives was obliged twenty times to relate the story of his journey to Phalsbourg. Luck had been against the brave smuggler. After having almost by miracle escaped the bullets of the Kaiserliks, he fell, in the valley of Spartzprod, into the middle of a troop of Cossacks, who robbed him of every thing. Then for two weeks he had to roam about the Russian posts, which surrounded the city, drawing the fire of their sentries and running the risk dozens of times of being arrested as a spy, before he was able to enter the works. Then the commandant Meunier, fearing from the weakness of the garrison, at first refused all help, and it was only at the pressing entreaty of the inhabitants of the city that he at length consented to detach two companies for the purpose.

The mountaineers, listening to this recital, could not cease admiring the courage of Marc, and his perseverance amid so many perils.

"What would you have me do?" asked the tall smuggler of those loudest in their praises. "I only did my duty; would you have me leave my comrades to perish? I knew that the task was not an easy one; those rogues of Cossacks are sharper than custom-house officers; they scent you a league off like crows; but no matter, we got the better of them this time."

At the end of five or six days, all the lately besieged were on their feet again. Captain Vidal, from Phalsbourg, had left twenty-five men at Falkenstein, to guard the ammunition. Gaspard Lefevre was of the number, and the brave fellow came every morning down to the village. The allies had all passed into Lorraine; none were seen in Alsace, except around the fortresses. Soon the news came of the victories of Champ-Aubert and Montmirail; but the evil days had come upon us, and, in spite of the heroism of our army and the Emperor's genius, the Germans and Russians entered Paris.

This was a terrible blow for Jean-Claude, Catherine, Materne, Jerome, and all the mountaineers; but others have related the history of these events; they form no part of our story.

Peace concluded, the old farm-house of Bois-de-Chenes was rebuilt in the spring; wood-cutters, sabot-makers, masons, and all the workmen in the country round lent a hand in the work.

About the same time, the army having been disbanded, Gaspard trimmed his mustache, and his marriage with Louise took place.

The wedding-day was all the heroes of Falkenstein and Donon gathered, and the farm-house received them with open doors, and windows too. Each one brought a present to the couple—Jerome, a pair of little shoes for Louise; Dives, packages of smuggled tobacco for Gaspard; each one according to his means.

Tables were set even in the barns and sheds. How much wine, bread and meat, how many pies and puddings were disposed of, I know not; but what I do know is that Jean-Claude, filled with gloom since the entry of the allies into Paris, cheered upon that day and sang the old song of his youth as gayly as when he set

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out, musket on shoulder for Valmy, Jemmapes and Fleurus. The echoes of Falkenstein took up the old patriotic air—the grandest, noblest ever heard by man. Catherine Lefevre beat time on the table with the handle of her knife; and if it be true, as many maintain, that the dead come to listen when we speak of them, our slain must indeed have rejoiced, and the King of Diamonds foamed on his red beard.

Toward midnight, Hullin arose, and addressing the bridegroom and bride said:

"You will have brave children; I will dance them on my knees, and teach them this old song; and then I will follow those who have gone before me."

He embraced Louise, and linking arms with Marc-Dives and Jerome, went to his own little home, followed by all the wedding guests singing their grand old song. Never was a finer night known; millions of stars sparkled in the dark blue sky, and a low murmur arose from the bushes at the foot of the slope where so many brave hearts lay cold. All felt at once rejoiced and sad. At Jean-Claude's door they shook his hand and gave him good night; then, scattering in little parties to right and left, sought their villages.

"Good-night Materne, Jerome, Pivrette, Dives," cried the brave sabot-maker cheerily.

His old friends turned and waved their hats, and said among themselves:

"There are indeed days when it is a joy to be in this fair world. Ah! if there were no pestilence, nor war, nor famine; if men understood, loved, and helped one another; if wrongs and distrust were unknown—what a paradise would be ours!"

PORTER'S HUMAN INTELLECT.*

In returning to consider this elaborate volume more in detail, we would remark that its author has designed it as a text-book for college students in the class of philosophy, and has proceeded, in writing, on the presumption that they for whom he writes have not the slightest knowledge of the subject. Hence his pages are filled with matters which those who have made some proficiency in the science of the human understanding, and are not wholly ignorant of philosophy, properly so called, are already masters of, and which they cannot even read without great weariness of the body, and do not deem it worth their while to read at all. They feel that to be able to understand the author, it is enough to consult his principles and method, and his definitions of the several topics he takes up and discusses. They have neither the patience to read carefully through a huge volume which is, nine-tenths of it, filled with what is for them mere baby-talk. But the author does not, in composing his work, begin by stating and defining his theses, and then proceeding to elucidate and prove them; but attempts to begin where he sup-

* *The Human Intellect; with an Introduction upon Psychology and the Soul.* By Noah Porter, D.D., Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College. New York: Scribner & Co. 1868. 8vo, pp. 673.

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poses the infant begins, and proceeds as a learner, not as a master. Consequently, we are compelled to read his book from the beginning to the end, or not be sure of his doctrine on any one point.

It is true, the author sometimes attempts definitions, but they are seldom scientific, rarely embrace his whole thesis, and nothing else, and are pretty sure to mislead the unfortunate reviewer who relies on them. He seldom abides by his own definitions. In one place he defines consciousness a power, and in another he makes it an act. Sense-perception is defined to be the power by which the intellect gains the knowledge of material objects; then we are told that the object perceived is not the material existence, but "a joint product of the material agent and the sentient organism," a psychical transcript of the material object; while in another part of his work we find him denying that what the mind perceives is such transcript, and refuting, by plain and solid reasons, those who maintain that it is. A really scientific definition is a definition *per genus et per differentiam;* Dr. Porter sometimes gives the *genus* and forgets the *differentia*, and sometimes gives the *differentia* without giving the *genus*. He also adopts a terminology in many respects not familiar to us, though it may be to others, without the necessary explanation of the terms he uses; and even when the terms he uses are such as we are familiar with, they are used in a sense to which we are not accustomed. We cannot tolerate *subject-object*, for subject and object are distinct, and stand the one over against the other. The subject in thought is never the object, and the object is never the subject. Grammar teaches so much. *Object-object* says no more than simply object. Every object is object, and no object is more or less than object. The object is always real; for it is causative, since in the act of thought it resists the subject, and becomes a counter-pressure. We dislike *percepts* and *concepts;* for they are intended to imply that they exist, as it were, independent of the subject and the object, and that the product of subject and object may itself be object. We protest earnestly, in the name both of philology and philosophy, against calling existences, which are nothing except by the creative act of God, *beings*, and still more earnestly against so calling the products of second or third causes. This might pass with the Gentiles, who substituted generation for creation, but is inexcusable in a Christian philosopher. We know the schoolmen did so, but they are not to be commended for it. They speak of *ens simpliciter*, *ens secundum quid*, *ens reale*, and *ens possibile*, and even of *ens rationis*, as if being, the creations of being, mental abstractions, and the creations of fancy and imagination could be all of the same genus or placed in the same category! There is a philosophy in language which can never be disregarded without more or less injury to the philosophy of things.

The professor's method and technology render his work exceedingly difficult to be understood without as much study as would be necessary to construct the philosophy of the human mind without it; and therefore if we should happen at times to miss his meaning, he must blame himself. He is far more intent on explaining the processes of the mind in knowing than on setting forth what it knows. These processes have no interest for us; for they really throw no light on the power or fact of knowledge. We want to know what the author means by philosophy, and

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what is its value, and we therefore want him to speak as the professor, not as the pupil. We have no disposition to waste our time and weary the flesh, even, in reading the mass of stuff which he writes and which tells us nothing we want to know. But enough of this.

The professor divides, not very scientifically, his work into four parts. Part I. treats of Presentation and Presentative Knowledge; Part II., of Representation and Representative Knowledge; Part III., of Thinking and Thought-Knowledge; and Part IV., of Intuition and Intuitive Knowledge. He says, p. 77, "The leading faculties of the intellect are three: the presentative or observing faculty, the representative or creative faculty, and the thinking or generalizing faculty. More briefly, the faculty of experience, the faculty of representation, and the faculty of intelligence." But experience is not a faculty; it is the result of the exercise of all our faculties, and a source of intelligence. Intelligence, as a faculty, is the intellect itself; as a fact, it is indistinguishable from experience, which is improperly restricted by some psychologists of the inductive sort to the knowledge of the external world through the senses, but extends to all acquired knowledge, whatever the faculty exercised in acquiring it or the object perceived. The real distinction is not between experience or empirical knowledge and intelligence, but between empirical knowledge or experience and the ideal principles which are given intuitively by the Creator, and neither acquired nor developed by the soul's own action. Distinctions should be real, not arbitrary or abstract.

We are able to know objects of various kinds and sorts, but the knowing is always the same fact, and by the same cognitive faculty, whatever the object known, the order to which it belongs, or the means and conditions of its cognition. The learned professor's division, making four sorts of knowledge, since he makes intuition empirical, or an act of the soul, appears to us, therefore, without any real foundation. All knowledge or actual knowing is presentative, and is in all cases by direct contemplation of the object in the light of ideal intuition. Demonstration only strips the object of its envelopes, removes the *prohibentia*, and presents it to direct contemplation. In the longest chain of reasoning, each link is, in the empirical sense, intuitively apprehended. The apprehension is always immediate, and the several mental processes serve only to bring the subject and object together, face to face. These processes, however named or whatever their character, never extend the matter of knowledge beyond the objects presented.

The presentative faculty the author subdivides into consciousness and sense-perception. But consciousness is not a presentative faculty, nor a faculty, nor a subdivision of a faculty at all. It is simply the recognition of the soul, as reflected from the object, of herself as subject. At most, it simply presents the subject of the thought. Sense-perception presents only material or sensible objects. The professor's doctrine is then that of Locke, who derives all our ideas from sensation and reflection, and confines all our knowledge to sensibles with the soul and her operations. Reflection only operates on the sense-perceptions without extending the matter of knowledge beyond them. This is pure sensism, which we are somewhat surprised to find held by an eminent professor in Yale College. Does

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Dr. Porter know his doctrine is sensism, and therefore materialistic? He says, though not truly, we apprehend the soul in consciousness as a spiritual being, but is the soul the only non-sensible he means to assert?

But, as we showed in our former article, the soul recognizes herself only as subject, and therefore only as the correlative of object. She knows her own operations only in the same correlation. Take away the object and you lose the subject or fact of consciousness. This, we fear, the professor does. He defines, p. 131, sense-perception to be "an act of objective knowledge, in which the soul knows and only knows;" but adds, "if the soul knows, it knows some *being* as its object. But what being does it affirm? We answer, The being which is the joint product of the material agent and the sentient organism. . . . In perception proper we do not know the excitant apart, nor do we know the organism apart, only the result of their joint action. This we know as an object, with which the mind is confronted both as a sentient and as a percipient." But as there can be no thought without the conjunction of the intellective subject and the intelligible object, if the mind does not apprehend the material object itself, there can be no such joint product as pretended, and, consequently, no object at all. The object then vanishes, and leaves only the subject, which is, we need not say, pure idealism. As the subject is the correlative of object, and recognizes itself only in thinking the object, if the object vanishes, the subject, too, must vanish, and leave behind it only the *sensation transformée* of Condillac. But as sensation, however transformed, is still sensation, and as sensations are incapable of standing alone, or of subsisting without the subject, the sensations themselves must go, and nihilism alone remains—the result to which all psychologisms and ontologisms are necessarily tending, and in which Sir William Hamilton says all philosophy necessarily ends, if we may trust a passage which we saw quoted from him not long since in *The New Englander*, by a Princeton professor, in a striking article on *The Present State of Philosophy*, in which the writer has well stated the problem presented, but which he neither solves nor attempts to solve; a problem, the solution of which is in the ideal formula, or the real synthesis of principles of things and of science, of which he seems never to have heard.

The professor draws a proper distinction between sensation as feeling and sensation as perception, but we cannot agree with him that sensation as feeling is an affection of the soul. Those psycho-physiologers make a great mistake who call the body "*The House I live in.*" The union of soul and body is too intimate for that. I am not soul, as distinguished from the body, nor am I body, as distinguished from the soul; but I am the union of the two. A General Council defines the soul to be "forma corporis," the informing and animating principle of the body. Yet there is a distinction between them. We can predicate of the one things which we cannot of the other. There is, indeed, no sensation without thought, or an act of the soul; but the sensation itself, as distinguished from the perception, is felt, not merely localized, in the body, not in the soul. When I feel the twinges of the gout, I feel them, not in my soul, but in my toe. We must distinguish two classes of affections, frequently confounded; the one sensible, of the body, the other spiritual, of the soul. The sensible

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affections or emotions, such as joy and grief, sorrow and delight, pain and pleasure, are of the body animated and informed by the soul. They indeed imitate in the sensible order the affections of the soul, but have in themselves no moral character. Hence, the masters of spiritual life make no account of what is called sensible devotion, and see in it nothing meritorious, and no reason why the soul, in its itinerary to God, should seek it. But very different is the other class, often called by the same name, and which may or may not be accompanied by sensible emotion. This difference is at once understood by all who have learned to distinguish between the love of the senses and the love of the soul, the love Plato meant when he represented the soul, in his fine poetical way, as having two wings, intelligence and love, on which it soars to the empyreum. This love, in one degree, is chivalric love, which the knight cherishes for his mistress whom he worships as a distant star; in a higher degree, it is heroic love, a love that braves all dangers for the beloved, whether friend or country; in a still higher degree, and informed by grace, it is charity or saintly love, with which the saint burns and is consumed as he contemplates the Beauty of Holiness, or "the First Good and the First Fair." This is not sensible love, and its glory is in struggling against the seductions of the senses, or the flesh, and by the grace of God winning the victory over them, and coming off conqueror through Him who hath loved us and given his life for us.

The professor has entered largely into the physiology of the senses, and the joint action of the soul in the fact of knowledge, and the process of the mind in forming what he calls *percepts;* but as all he says under these heads, whether true or not true, throws no light on the intellectual act itself, we pass it over, and proceed to his Part II., Representation and Representative Knowledge.

"Representation or the representative power," the author says, p. 248, "may be defined in general [that is, *the genus*] the power to recall, represent, and reknow objects which have been previously known or experienced in the soul. More briefly, it is the power to represent objects previously presented to the mind." Clearly, then, representation adds nothing to the matter previously presented by the presentative power. But the author continues: "It is obvious that, in every act of this power, the objects of the mind's cognition are furnished by the mind itself, being produced or created a second time by the mind's own energy, and presented to the mind's own inspection. It follows that representation, in its very essence, is a creative or a self-active power."

We cannot say that this is obvious to us. The definition of representation given by the author makes it what, in the language of mortals, is called memory; and we have never learned that memory is a creative power, or that in memory the mind creates the objects it remembers. To recall or to reknow is not to create. Even that the soul is self-active—that is, capable of acting from itself alone—is by no means obvious; nay, is impossible, unless we take the soul to be the first cause, instead of merely a second cause; and, even if it were self-active, it would not follow that it creates. God is self-active because self-existent, or being in its plenitude; but he is not necessarily a creator. He has infinite scope for his infinite activity in himself, and he is free to create or not to create as he pleases. That

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the mind does not in memory create the objects remembered, is evident from the fact that the facts remembered are, as the author himself admits, facts or objects previously known or experienced. The fact of memory, or the fact remembered, is the same fact that was known in presentation, accompanied by the recognition of it as an object previously present and known, and not now known for the first time. There is no creation a second time any more than there was the first time, or when the object was presented.

The professor says, p. 251, "The objects of the representative power are . . . . mental objects. They are not *real things*, nor real percepts, but the mind's own creations after real things. They are spiritual or psychical, not material, entities; but, in many cases, they concern material beings, being psychical transcripts of them, believed to be real or possible." Does he mean this as a true description of the facts of memory? Probably not. Then his definition needs amending, for it does not include all that he means by representation. His definition includes only memory; but his description includes, beside memory, reflection, fancy, and imagination, things which have nothing in common except the fact that the mind operates in them all on matters which have been previously presented. Reflection and memory are in no sense creative faculties; fancy and imagination are sometimes so called, but even they do not create their own objects. Reflection is the mind operating on the ideal principles re-presented in language, and in their light, on the facts of experience in their synthetic relations with them. Memory is simply, as a faculty, the power to retain and to re-present, more or less completely and distinctly, the facts of experience. Its objects are those facts themselves, not a mental representation or transcript of them. The author confounds re-presenting with representation. In the one, the object previously presented is re-presented, or presented anew; in the other, the object itself is not presented for more elaborate consideration, but a certain mental transcript, image, or resemblance of it, which is the product of the mind fancying or imagining, yet is never its object in correlation with which it acts. This distinction alone upsets the author's whole theory of science, or *Wissenschaftslehre*, and renders worse than useless more than nine-tenths of his volume. His whole theory is vitiated by confounding representation, in the sense of showing or exhibiting by resemblance or similitude, with the etymological sense, that of re presenting, and in taking the representation as the object of the soul in the intellectual act, which it never is. Neither reflection nor memory represents, in his sense of the word, the objects previously presented; they only re-present them.

In point of fact, we never know anything by mental representation; for we either know not at all, or we know the thing itself. Representation only replaces the phantasms and intelligible species of the schoolmen, for ever made away with, we had supposed, by the Scottish school of Reid and Hamilton, and the professor himself has given excellent reasons for not accepting them. Plato, indeed, asserts that we know by similitude, but in a very different sense. The idea is impressed on matter as the seal on wax, and the impression is a perfect fac-simile of the idea; and by knowing the impression, we know the idea impressed. But he never made either the idea or the impress of it on matter the

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product of the mind itself. He makes either always objective, independent of the mind, and apprehensible by it. In other words, he never held that the mind creates the similitude by which it knows, but, at most, only that by observation the mind finds it. The peripatetics never, again, made their phantasms and intelligible *species* mental creations, or represented them as furnished by the mind from its own stock; but always held them to be independent of the mind, and furnished to it as the means of apprehending the object. If they had referred their production to the mind itself, they would have called the species *intellective*, not *intelligible* species. The soul has, indeed, the faculty of representation; but in representing its correlative object, it is not the representation, but the thing, whatever it may be, that it attempts to represent. The *product* of the mind may be a representation, but the *object* of the mind is not. In all the imitative arts, as poetry, painting, sculpture, the artist seeks to represent, but operates always in view of that reality of which he produces the representation or resemblance.

The author himself distinguishes memory from representation, though very indistinctly. "Representation," p. 303, "recalls, memory recognizes." Here he uses representation in the sense of re-presenting; for what is recalled is not the mental representation or semblance, but the object itself; so, really, there is no representation in the case, and the professor should not have treated memory under the head of representation. "I see a face, and I shut my eyes and picture it to myself." This is not an act of representation, but of memory. There is a re-presenting, but no representation, in memory; for, so far as the fact is not reproduced in memory, there is no memory, but simply fancy or imagination. The objects of reflection are simply the objects originally presented with only this difference, that, in presentation, the fact of consciousness is myself as subject knowing, whereas in reflection it is myself as subject reflecting, and, in memory, myself as subject remembering.

Fancy and imagination are, in a loose way, called creative faculties; but properly creative they are not. Creation is production of substantial existences or things from nothing; that is, without any materials, by the sole energy of the creator. Fancy and imagination can operate only on and with materials which have been or are presented to the mind. Fancy is mimetic and simply imitates imagination, as throughout the universe the lower imitates the higher, as the universe copies the Creator, or seeks to actualize the type in the Divine mind; and hence St. Thomas says, *Deus similitudo est omnium rerum.* God creates all things after the type or ideal in his own mind, and *idea in mente divina nihil est aliud quam essentia Dei.* Hence, man is said to be made after the image and likeness of God, *ad imaginem et similitudinem*, though he is not the image of God; for that is the Eternal Word, who, St. Paul tells us, is "the brightness of his glory and the express image of his substance," or being. (Heb. i. 3.) Fancy is mimetic, and plays with sensations and sensibles; but though it combines them in its own way, as a winged horse, the objects combined are always objects of experience. Imagination is of a higher order than fancy, and operates on and with objects of experience, sensibles, intelligibles, and the ideal principles intuitively given. It sweeps through the whole range of creation, descends to hell, and rises to heaven; but its ob-

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jects are always those which have been presented to the mind, which it can only arrange and combine in new forms of its own. But the representations it produces are its products, not its object. In producing them, the mind has a real object as its correlate, as in presentation. Let the professor, then, abandon the absurdity which runs through his book that a mental creation or representation is the object of the soul in producing it. The object of the soul is the object whose activity joined to its own produces it.

Take the artist. The object in his richest and sublimest productions is the beautiful which he sees, which is his soul's vision and his soul's love, and which he seeks to express on canvas, in a statue, a temple, an oration, a poem, or a melody. Tell us not, as so many æsthetic writers do, that the artist projects from his own soul, or creates the beauty which he struggles to express in his work, and which he can never express to his satisfaction. The ideal infinitely transcends the expression. The soul contemplates the beautiful, but does not create it. The beautiful, as Plato somewhere says, "is the splendor of the Good." It is the splendor of the True and the Good, that is, of God; though Gioberti, in his *Del Bello*, seems to divorce it from the ideal, and, while asserting the reality of the object, would appear to resolve the beautiful into the subjective impression on the sensibility, produced by the apprehension of the object, which supposes that beauty exists only for sensible existences. It is as real as God himself, and as objective as the ideal formula. It is the divine splendor, inseparable from the Divine Being. Everything God has made participates, in a higher or lower degree, of beauty, because it participates of being; but beauty itself in its infinity is only in God himself, which exceeds all the power of men and angels to represent. The artist, by the noetic power of the soul, which, if a true artist, he possesses in a higher degree than ordinary men, beholds, contemplates, and loves it. It is, as we have just said, the vision of his soul and the object of his love. He detects it in creatures, in the region of fancy, in the mind, and in the soul itself, and adores it in the ideal. The power of detecting it in sensibles is fancy; in the ideal, is imagination. In seeking to represent it or express it in his productions, it is the real, the objective, he seeks to express or embody. He may form in his mind a representation of it, but that representation is not the object of the mind in either fancy or imagination, nor is it a pure mental representation, not only because it is formed after the real, but because it is formed only in conjunction with the activity of the real. *

These remarks are sufficient to show that all that Dr. Porter says of the faculty of Representation is, when not confused or false, of no

* The artist ought always to be highly moral and devout, but whether so or not depends on the motive with which he acts, or purpose for which he seeks to embody the beauty he sees. The relation of æsthetics to ethics, of art to religion is easily understood. Art is not, as some Germans would persuade us, religion, nor is the culture of art true religious worship. Art may be licentious, and is, when it embodies only the sensual passions and affections of our nature, and the more so in proportion to the exquisite touch and skill in the execution. In no case can the brilliancy and perfection of the execution atone for the moral deformity of the object represented. Art which appeals simply to the senses, and inspires only sensible devotion, is not necessarily immoral, but is not positively moral or religious. But art which seeks to embody or express the ideal, the splendor of the real, the true, the good, whether as presented in the ideal intuition, or as participated by the creatures of God, can hardly fail to be moral and religious in its effect as well as in its ideal. God is worshipped in spirit and in truth, even worshipped in his works, for he enters into all his works as their cause, and their being is in him. We praise God in his saints, in all his works of nature or grace. The art is not the worship, but it is an adjunct to worship, and hence religion in all ages has called into its service the highest and richest forms of art.

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moment. He darkens instead of elucidating his subject. We pass on, therefore, to his Part III., on Thinking and Thought-Knowledge.

The mental operations treated by the author under the head of Thinking and Thought-knowledge, are those which Locke calls by the general name of reflection, and are conception, abstraction, or generalization, judgment, reasoning, deductive and inductive, and scientific or systematic arrangement. They are not faculties, but operations of the mind. The proper English name for the faculty on which they depend, so far as usage goes, is not thought, nor the power of thought—for every intellectual act, whether representative or presentative, is a thought—but *understanding* or *reason*. The old word was understanding, but it is objectionable, because it includes, according to present usage, only the intellectual activity of the soul, and implies nothing of voluntary activity. Reason is the better term; for it combines both the intellectual and the volitive activity of the soul.

The objection of the professor that "reason is used for the very highest of the rational functions, or else in a very indefinite sense for all that distinguishes man from the brute," does not appear to us to be conclusive. Every intellectual act, the highest as the lowest, is thought, an act of one and the same thinking faculty. The objects and conditions of knowledge may vary, but the faculty of knowledge does not vary with them. Reason is not used in a more indefinite sense when used for all that distinguishes man from the brute, than is thought as used by the professor. Man is well defined to be *animal rationale*, or rational animal; but this does not mean that man is animal *plus* reason, but the animal transformed by reason; and hence there is a specific difference between the sort of intelligence which it seems difficult to deny to animals, and the intelligence of man. All human intelligence is rational, the product of reason. Coleridge and our American transcendentalists, after Kant, attempted to distinguish between understanding [*Verstand*] and reason [*Vernunft*], and to restrict understanding to that portion of our knowledge which is derived through the senses, and reason to an order of knowledge that transcends all understanding, and to which only the gifted few ever attain. But they have not been successful. Knowledge of the highest objects, as of the lowest, is by the same faculty, and we may still use reason in its old sense, as the subjective principle of all the operations the professor calls thinking.

The word *reason* is, indeed, used in an objective as well as in a subjective sense. As subjective, it is a faculty of the soul; the objective reason is the ideal formula, and creates and constitutes the subjective reason. Cousin distinguishes between the two, but as between the personal and the impersonal—a mere modal distinction, not a distinction of substance. He identifies the objective reason with the λόγος or Word of God, while it is really identical with the ideal formula, which embraces both being and existences united and distinguished by the creative act of being, as explained in our former article. This asserts a distinction of subject and of substance between the objective and subjective reason asserted by Cousin. In the objective reason, God, in the subjective, man, is the actor; and there is all the difference of substance between them that there is between God and man, or between real, universal, and necessary being,

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and finite, contingent existence. They ought not to be both called by the same name, and we ourselves rarely so call them. We ourselves call the objective reason the ideal formula, or, briefly, the ideal; yet good writers and speakers do use the word in both senses. They say, "Man is endowed with reason," or has a "rational nature," in which they employ the term subjectively. They say, also, of such an assertion, "It is unreasonable, or it is contrary to reason;" that is, to the truth, or principle of things, in which they use it objectively, as they do when they speak of the principles affirmed in the ideal formula, and call them the reason, necessary and absolute ideas, or the principles of reason; for nothing necessary or absolute is or can be subjective.

We ourselves use the word in a subjective sense, and understand by it the faculty of reasoning, or the subjective principle of all our mental operations. It is not a simple power, but a complex power, embracing both the percipient and volitive capacities of the soul. In every rational operation of the soul, there is both perception and volition, and it is this fact that distinguishes reason from the simple power of perception, or intellectual apprehension. We *see* and we *look*, and we *look* that we may *see;* we *hear* and we *listen*, and *listen* that we may *hear*. The *looking* and the *listening* are peculiarly rational acts, in which the soul voluntarily, or by an act of the will, directs her intellectual capacities to a special intellectual purpose or end. This voluntary activity, or direction of the capacity to know, must not be confounded with free will; it is the *voluntarium* of the theologians, distinguished, on the one hand, from spontaneity, and on the other, from the *liber arbitrium*, or free will, which is the faculty of electing or choosing between right and wrong, and implies, whichever it chooses, the power to choose the contrary. It is the principle of all moral accountability. The *voluntarium* is a simple, voluntary activity, or power of directing our attention to this or that intellectual object, or of using the cognitive power in the service of science. The reason may be defined, then, the soul's faculty of using her intellectual and volitive powers for the explication and verification of the knowledge furnished by presentation.

With these preliminary remarks we proceed to consider some of the mental operations which give us what Professor Porter calls Thought-Knowledge. We do not question the fact of these operations, nor their importance in the development of our rational life; what we deny is, that they are a power or faculty of the mind, and that in performing them they are objects of the mind, or that they add anything to the matter of our knowledge.

The professor says, p. 383, "The power of thought [reason] as a capacity [faculty] for certain psychological processes, is dependent for its exercise and development on the lower powers of the intellect. These furnish the materials for it to work with and upon. We must apprehend the individual objects by means of the senses and consciousness [pure sensism] before we can *think* these objects." So in consciousness and sense-perception we do not think, and we must apprehend sensibles before we can think them! To intellectually apprehend an object is to think it. Intellectual apprehension and thought are one and the same fact. The professor continues, "We can classify, explain, and methodize only individual things, and these

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must first be known by sense and consciousness before they can be united and combined into generals." Here are two errors and one truth. The first error is in regarding consciousness as a cognitive power or faculty, and the second is in confining the individual things to sensibles, or the material world. We know in presentative knowledge not only the sensible but the supersensible, the intelligible, or ideal. The ideal principles cannot be found, obtained, or created by the mind's own activity, and are apprehended by the mind only as they are given intuitively by the act of the Creator; but being given, they are as really apprehended and known by the mind as any sensible object; nay, are what the mind apprehends that is most clear and luminous, so luminous that it is only by their light that even sensibles are mentally apprehensible or perceptible. The one truth is that the objects of the soul in her operations must first be known either by perception or intuition before they can be classified, explained, and methodized. Hence the operations of which the author treats under this head do not extend our knowledge of objects. They are all reflective operations, and reflection can only re-present what has already been presented.

The professor is right in maintaining that only individual objects are apprehensible, if he means that we apprehend things only *in individuo* or *in concreto;* for this is what we have all along been insisting on against him. Things are not apprehensible in general, but in the concrete. Hence Rosmini's mistake in making the first and abiding object of the intellect *ens in genere*, which is a mere possible *ens*, and no real being at all. It is simply conception or abstraction formed by the mind operating on the intuition of real being, which never is nor can be abstracted or generalized. Yet the author has argued under both presentative knowledge and representative knowledge that the mind, sometimes with, and sometimes without, anything distinct from and independent of itself, creates its own object; and that the object, as well as the act, may be purely psychical. Thus he tells us that in sense-perception we do not perceive the material thing itself, but the joint product of the material agent and the sentient organism; and that in representation the object represented may be unreal, chimerical, and exist only in the soul, and for the soul alone. And he dwells with great unction on the relief and advantage one finds in escaping from the real world to the unreal which the soul creates for herself. True, he says that whatever the object, real or unreal, abstract or concrete, it is apprehensible only as an individual object; but the unreal, the chimerical, the abstract, is never individual. Why does he call conceptions *concepts*, if not because he holds the conception is both the act and the object of the mind in conceiving? And does he hold the concept to be always individual, never general? Conception, in his system, is always a generalization, or a general notion, formed by the mind, and existing only in the mind. How, then, can it be an object of the mind? He says truly the object is individual, but "the concept (p. 391) is uniformly general." And yet, in the very first paragraph on the next page, he calls it an object of cognition! Farther on, he says, "The concept is a purely relative object of knowledge," whatever that may mean; and in the same section, section 389, he speaks of it "as a mental product and *mental object.*"

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To our understanding, he thus contradicts himself.

Yet we hold that whatever the mind cognizes at all, it cognizes in the concrete, as an individual object. And therefore we deny that the ideas of the necessary, the universal, of necessary cause, and the like, which the author calls intuitions, and treats as first principles, necessary assumptions, abstract ideas, etc., are abstractions, mental conceptions, or generalizations; for there are no concretes or individual objects from which they can be abstracted or generalized. As we really apprehend them, when affirmed in the ideal formula by the divine act, and as we cannot apprehend what is neither being nor existence, as the author himself says, though continually asserting the contrary; and as every existence is a finite contingent existence, they must be real, necessary, and universal being. They cannot be generalizations of being; for nothing is conceivable more general and universal than being. Being, taken in its proper sense, as the *ens simpliciter* of the schoolmen, is itself that which is most individual and, at the same time, the most general, the most particular and the most universal. These so-called necessary ideas, then, are being; and in apprehending them as intuitively affirmed, we do really apprehend being. Hence, as being, real and necessary being, is God, whom the theologians call *Ens necessarium et reale*, God, in affirming the ideal formula, intuitively affirms himself, and we really apprehend him, not as he is in himself, in his essence, indeed, but as being, the ideal or the intelligible, that is, as facing our intelligence; or, in other words, we apprehend him as the subject of the judgment, *Ens creat existentias*, or as the subject of the predicate existences, united and distinguished by his creative act, the only real, as the only possible, copula.

The author makes man the analogon of God, and, indeed, God in miniature, or a finite God, and gravely tells us, p. 100, that "we have only to conceive the limitations of our being removed, and we have the conception of God." But as we are not being, but existence, we are finite and limited in our very nature; remove the limitations, and we are not God, but nothing. Eliminate the finite, says Père Gratry, and you have God, in the same way and by the same process that the mathematician has his infinitesimals. But this process of elimination of the finite gives the mathematician only the infinitely less than the finite number or quantity, and it would give the theologian not the infinitely greater but the infinitely less than the finite existence. Besides, the process could at best give us not God in his being, but a mere abstract God, existing only as a mental generalization. The universal cannot be concluded from the particular, nor the necessary from the contingent, because, without the intuition of the universal and the necessary, we have and can have no experience of the particular and the contingent—a fact we commend to the consideration of the inductive theologians.

As the conception is always general, it can never be the object of the mind in the fact of thought. It is a product of the mind operating on the individual object or objects with which the mind has thought, and is never the object itself. The same may be said of generalization, abstraction, and every form of reasoning. But if this be so, in what are conceptions, abstractions, etc., known? If they are known at all, they must be objects of knowledge;

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if not known at all, how can we think or speak of them? They are known in knowing their concretes, as the author himself tells us. As concepts, abstractions, generalizations, or general notions, they do not exist in nature, and cannot be known or thought. But they exist as qualities or properties of things, and are known in knowing the things themselves. Thus we know round things; all round things have the same property of being round; we may, then, consider only this property common to all round things, and form the general conception of roundness; but we do not see or apprehend roundness, and the object of thought is always the round thing. So of all so-called universals that are abstractions, conceptions, or generalizations. The object known is the concrete; the abstraction, abstracted from it, being nothing, is not known or even thought.

But Cousin, in his *Philosophie Scholastique*, has very properly distinguished general conceptions or general notions from genera and species. The former are real only in their concretes, and knowable only in them; the latter are real, and actually exist *a parte rei*. Genus has relation to generation, and is as real as the individual, for it generates the individual. Hence, we cannot agree with Leibnitz, when he makes the genus or species consist in resemblance, and declares that resemblance real. The individual does not merely mimic the genus, but is produced by it. The genus is always causative in relation to the species, and the species, in relation to the individual. The intelligible is always causative in relation to the sensible, which copies or imitates it. The genus is not the possibility of individuals, nor are they its realization. It is not a property or a quality of men as individuals, for it is, in the order of second causes, the cause producing them, and therefore cannot be generalized from them, or be a general notion or conception, like roundness, the generalization or abstract of round. Without the genus there could be no generation, as without a generator there could be no genus. Yet, though genera and species, the only universals, properly so-called, are, as the old realists held, real, existing *a parte rei*, and are distinguishable from the individuals, as the generator from the generated, the species from the specificated; they are not separable, and do not exist apart from them. Adam was an individual, lived, acted, sinned, repented, and died, as an individual man; yet was he the generic, as well as individual, man; for he was the whole human race, and the progenitor of all men that have been born or are to be born.

But while we adopt, in relation to genera and species, the doctrine of the mediæval realists, we hold with regard to other so called universals with St. Thomas, who says they exist *in mente cum fundamento in re*. The *fundamentum in re* of conceptions, abstractions, and generalizations is precisely the individual objects apprehended by the mind from which reason abstracts or generalizes them. The only point which we now make against the author is that the object of thought or knowledge is not the conception or notion, but the object from which the reason forms it; and that in it nothing is thought beyond that object. Philosophy has been divested of its scientific character, made infinitely perplexing and most difficult to be understood, as well as utterly worthless, by being regarded as the science, not of things, but of these very conceptions,

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abstractions, and general notions, which, apart from their individuals or concretes, are pure nullities. We insist on this, because we wish to see philosophy brought back to the real, to objects of experience in their relation to the ideal formula; and our principal quarrel with the professor is, that his philosophy is not real, is not the science of realities, but of conceptions and abstractions.

We can hardly pause on what the professor says of judgment and the proposition. We can only remark in passing that every thought, every perception, even, is a judgment—a judgment that the object thought or perceived is real or really exists. Every affirmation is a judgment, and every judgment is an affirmation; for denials are made only by affirming the truth denied. Pure negations are unintelligible, present no counteraction to the mind, and cannot be thought. "The fool hath said in his heart, God is—not." It is only by asserting that God is that we can deny that he is. Every negation is the contradiction of what it affirms. So-called negative judgments are really affirmative. We do not mean that denials cannot be made, for we are constantly making them; but they can be made only by affirming the truth; and the denial that transcends the truth affirmed in the denial is simply verbal, and no real denial at all. Universal negation is simply impossible; and hence when we have shown that any system of philosophy leads logically to nihilism, or even universal scepticism, we have refuted it. Logicians tell us that of contradictories one must be false; but it is equally just to say, that of contradictories one must be true; for truth cannot contradict itself, and only truth can contradict falsehood.

But we pass on to Reasoning, which the professor holds to be mediate judgment, and to which we hold all the reflective operations of reason may be reduced. What a mediate judgment is, we do not know. Reasoning may be necessary as the means and condition of judging in a certain class of cases, but the judgment itself is in all cases direct. The error of the professor here, as throughout the whole of this Part III., and, indeed, of his whole treatise, is that he treats every question from the point of view of conception, or the general notion, instead of the point of view of reality, as he cannot help doing as an inductive psychologist.

Reasoning is a reflective operation. It operates on the matter presented by ideal intuition and experience; it clears up, explains, verifies, and classifies what is intuitively affirmed, together with what experience presents. Its instrument is language. We can think without language, and so far De Bonald was wrong, unless he understood, as the professor does, by thought, an act of reflection; but we cannot reflect or reason without language of some sort to re-present to the mind's contemplation the ideal or intelligible intuition. This re-presentation is not an act of the soul herself, nor the direct and immediate act of the Creator, as is the ideal intuition. It is effected only by language in which the ideal or intelligible is embodied and represented, and of which it is the sensible sign or representation. In other words, the ideal is an object of reflection only as taught through the medium of language; for we must bear in mind that man is not pure spirit or pure intelligence, but spirit united to body, and that he must have some sort of sensible representation in order to reflect. Hence the peripatetic maxim, *nihil est in intellectu, quod non prius fuerit in sensu,*

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which does not mean that only sensibles are cognizable, but that nothing can be reflectively thought, or as the Italians say, re-thought, (*ripensare,*) without sensible representation. That God is, can be proved with certainty by reason; for we have immediate intuition of that which is God in the intuition of real and necessary being; but we cannot reach the conclusion that the intuitively affirmed object really is God without reflecting on the intuition, and this we cannot do unless it is re-presented or held up to our contemplation in language, or without its being sensibly represented by the word God. Language is the necessary instrument of reason; we cannot reason without it, and only rational existences have language properly so called. No animal deprived of "the discourse of reason" has even articulation.

Those philosophers, or pretended philosophers, who regard language either as a human invention or as the spontaneous production of human nature, have never duly considered its office in the development of thought, and in the rational operations of the soul. Men could not have invented language without reflection, and without language they cannot reflect. It needs language to be able to invent language. The other theory is no better. The soul does not secrete language as the liver secretes bile, for language has in it more than human nature. The spontaneous productions of nature may be less than nature, but cannot be more. There is a philosophy in language broader and deeper than human thought, a philosophy that embraces elements which are known only by revelation, and which human nature does not contain. All language is modelled after the ideal formula. Its essential elements are subject, predicate, and copula, or the noun, adjective, and verb. The verb and adjective may be, and often are, combined in the same word, but they can be resolved always into the predicate and copula. The copula is always the verb *to be*, or its equivalent in other languages than our own, and this verb is the only verb in any language.

The verb *to be* is precisely the name of God himself, the SUM QUI SUM. We cannot make, then, a single assertion but by the Divine Being, and he enters as the copula into every one of our judgments without which no affirmation can be expressed. But God is supernatural, and is the author of nature; the ideal formula which is repeated in every judgment is not contained in human nature, is not in the human mind as in its subject, but is above our nature, and by affirming itself creates our nature, both physical and intellectual. How then could our nature, operating simply as second cause, produce spontaneously language which in its essential nature expresses what is beyond and above itself? Men, especially philosophers, or rather theorizers, have corrupted and still continue to corrupt language, as we can see in the book before us; but we have never yet heard of any one by the spontaneous action of nature secreting or producing a language, or of any one having a language without being taught it. Yet nature is all to-day that it ever was, and as fresh, as vigorous, as prolific. Even the fall has not deprived it of any of its primitive faculties, capacities, properties, or tendencies. If language is a spontaneous production of human nature, we ought to have some instances of children growing up and speaking a rich and philosophical language without having ever learned

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it. For ourselves, we have a huge distrust of all those theories which assume that nature could and did do in the past what she does not and cannot do in the present. Our *savants* employ themselves in seeking the types of domestic animals in the wild races; why not seek the type of the wild races in the domestic? Why suppose man could and once did domesticate races which he finds it difficult, if not impossible, to domesticate now? We do not believe much in the modern doctrine of progress, but we believe just as little in the wonderful superiority of nature and men in ante-historical times, which is sometimes assumed, especially by the champions of progress.

Language is neither a human invention nor a natural production, but was created by God himself and infused into man along with the affirmation of the ideal formula, when he made him and placed him in the Garden, and it has been perpetuated by tradition, or by being handed down from father or rather mother to child. It comes to us from the hand of the Creator; he who made man gave him speech. We can explain the origin of language in no other way, as we can explain the origin of man only by saying with the catechism, God made him. As language is the instrument of reason, and re-presents to his contemplation the ideal which the Creator fitted it to symbolize, its corruption or confusion has a most disastrous effect on philosophy. It was confounded at Babel, and men lost the unity of speech, and with it the unity of the ideal, and were dispersed. The Gentiles lost the unity of language, and they lost with it the unity of the ideal, or the copula of the divine judgment, and labored to explain, as our modern *savants* are laboring to explain, the existence and laws of the universe without the creative act of God. Language, corrupted, re-presented to the ancient Gentiles, and as it does to our modern physiologists and psychologists, the ideal only in a mutilated form, and hence the fatal error of Gentilism and of modern so-called science, which asserts pantheism. It is necessary, in order to have a true philosophy, to have some means of preserving the purity and infallibility of speech, and at no former period was such means more necessary than it is now.

The instrument of reasoning is language; its form is the syllogism, which is given in the ideal formula. All the matter of knowledge is given in presentation, and the syllogism does not advance it; but it explains, distinguishes, arranges it according to the real relations of the objects known, clears up what is obscure, and verifies what is uncertain, doubtful, by reducing the whole to its principle or principles. The principle and model of the syllogism are in the ideal. Being and existences are the extremes, and the creative act is the *medius terminus*. The major represents being, the minor existences, and the middle term produces the conclusion. To this regular form of the syllogism every form of argument is reducible. If the major is universal, and the minor is proved, the conclusion is necessary and apodictic.

The modes in which reason operates are two, deduction and induction, or analysis and synthesis. Induction is simple analysis, or what Kant calls analytic judgment, and simply dissects the subject, analyzes it, and brings out to our distinct view what is in it. It is never illative, but always explicative, and enables us to distinguish the part in the

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whole, the property in the essence, or the effect in the cause. Dr. Porter entirely mistakes it in supposing it to be an imperfect induction. There is nothing inductive in it. Induction is what Kant calls a synthetic judgment *a posteriori*, and adds an element not contained in the subject analyzed. In synthetic judgments *a posteriori*, the added element is taken from experience; in synthetic judgments *a priori*, the added element is from the ideal formula, intuitively given, or rather, the ideal formula is that into which what Kant calls synthetic judgments *a priori* are resolvable. The syllogism is used in deduction and in induction; yet it is not properly either, but is productive. As being creates existences, so the major through the middle term unites the minor to itself and produces the conclusion. Such men as Sir William Hamilton and J. Stuart Mill, who reject the middle term, and hold the major may be a particular proposition, are misled by their philosophy, which excludes the creative act of God both from the universe and from science. No man who has a false or defective philosophy can understand logic as a science. Pantheism, which excludes the creative act, is the supreme sophism. It is not easy to say what Dr. Porter's views of logic, either as a science or as an art, really are.

The chief complaint against the professor here is, that he makes reasoning turn on the laws of the mind, on conceptions, and general notions, and reflecting, as logic, only the relations and forms of the creations or products of the mind, instead of the relations and forms of things. He studies everything from the point of view of the mental act, instead of studying them from the point of view of the ideal intuition, which is the point of view of God himself. He therefore gives in his science, not things as they are, but as the mind conceives them.

The conceptions and general notions play, no doubt, an important part in the process of reasoning, but they play not the chief part, nor do they impose upon logic the laws it must follow. The categories are not general conceptions or general notions, formed by generalizing individuals or particulars. M. Cousin assumes that he has reduced them to two, substance and cause, or being and phenomenon; but as with him substance is a necessary cause, and as phenomenon is only an appearance or mode of substance, his reduction is really to one, the category of substance, which it is needless to say is pure pantheism. They, however, may be reduced to the three terms of the ideal formula; for whatever is conceivable is being, existence, or the creative act of being. The categories are not, then, merely formal, simply conceived by the mind *cum fundamento in re;* but are the ideal principles of things themselves. Take the categories of space and time, which seem to puzzle the author as they have puzzled many greater and wiser men than he. Space is ideal and actual. Ideal space is the power or ability of God to externize his act, that is, to create or act *ad extra;* and actual space is the relation of coexistence of his externized acts or creatures. Ideal space pertains to being, is being itself; actual space being a real relation between creatures, and, like all relations, really existing in the related, comes under the head of existences, and is joined to being as well as distinguished from it by the creative act. The reason of space and time is the same. Time also is ideal and actual. Actual time is

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the relation of succession, and ideal time is the ability of God to create existences that, as second causes, are explicated and completed successively, or reach their end progressively. Ideal time is God. Actual time is creature, since all relations really exist in the related. The difficulty which so many eminent men have felt with regard to these two categories, evidently reducible to the terms of the ideal formula, grow out of their attempt to abstract them, the ideal from God, and the actual from the related, whether existences or events. Take away the body and the space remains, says Cousin. Certainly; because the intuition of the ability of God to externize his act—that is, to create—remains. So of time. So of the infinite lines of the geometrician. No actual line is infinite, and the conception of its infinity is based on the intuition of the infinite power or ability of God, the real ground on which the line, when conceived to extend beyond the actual, is projected.

There are various other points presented by the learned professor in this part and in Part IV. on which we intended to comment, but we have exhausted our space and the patience of our readers. We have said enough, however, to show that he recognizes intuition only as an act of the soul, and therefore, however honorable his intention, since he fails to recognize ideal intuition, which is the act of God, he fails to get beyond experience, to extend science beyond the sensible or material world with the operations of the soul on sensations, and therefore cannot be followed as a safe guide in the philosophy of the human mind. He has learning, industry, and even philosophical instincts, but is ruined by his so-called Baconian method.

HEREMORE-BRANDON; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

CHAPTER VI.

I COULD not tell you one half the projects Dick formed and rejected as entirely hopeless before he at last succeeded in inducing a gentleman who had been very kind to him to make an offer to Mr. Brandon of some place in his office, which, while it would not be more than, with his now broken energies and failing health, he could easily perform, if he had the disposition, would give him something to help him live upon.

Soon after this offer was made and (with much grumbling) finally accepted, Dick, without really seeking it, found himself becoming known to Mr. Brandon; and, thanks to the patience with which he listened to that gentleman's railings against the world, and his own hard fortunes in it, taken into favor. It was a very sad sight for a hopeful, self-respecting, God-fearing Catholic like Dick to see this querulous man, from whom all vigorous spirit seemed to have fled, brooding over his losses, instead of holding up his head, and bravely going forth to make the most of what was left; a sad thing to hear these miserable repinings in

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which there was never a thought of gratitude for the long years of comfort and plenty with which God had blessed him. But Dick bore it patiently, and sought in every way which his simple experience could devise to draw him from his despondency; to inspire him with some trust in God. It was, however, without any apparent success, other than greater condescension from Mr. Brandon, who, at last, weak and nervous, would gladly avail himself of Dick's young strength in his walks home.

And so, in time, that which had seemed the impossible came to pass very naturally. Mr. Brandon urged Dick to enter the house, and he was received as a guest in Miss Brandon's home. Home it must be called, I suppose; though it was a dreary, desolate room, with "boarding-house" stamped in glaring letters all over the grey walls and badly-assorted furniture. Even Dick could realize that it must be a very different home from any which Miss Brandon had ever seen before; for it was far different from the only pretty rooms *he* had ever entered—those dear, clean, sweet rooms at Mrs. Alaine's.

"Mr. Heremore, Mary," was his introduction, accompanied by a patronizing wave of Mr. Brandon's hand. Do not be surprised; you know I have never said—not even in his days of prosperity—that he was a gentleman—"Mr. Heremore, Mary; a young man who has thought it not worth while to be unkind and disrespectful to an old man who has lost every thing."

"I have heard my father speak of you often," said Mary very quietly; but in such gentle tones that Dick wondered how any man could count himself poor—knowing *her*.

"I really felt very nervous," Mr. Brandon further explained, "about coming home alone. I have been so very uncomfortable to-day. But that's of no consequence, of course, *now*."

"I am very glad you brought Mr. Heremore," Mary answered readily, and with more warmth than before; "and I am sure he was very careful of you."

After that, conversation became somewhat easier; although Dick felt half like an impostor, and could not do much to second Miss Brandon's efforts to make the hour go by pleasantly. She had several albums and scrap-books of engravings with which she tried to entertain him; but to do his best, he could think of little else than the languid, weary manner which had replaced the quick steps and stately sweetness he had known of old. When Mr. Brandon left them for a few minutes, she turned with animation and said:

"Mr. Heremore, I must thank you for your kindness to my father. I would not have him suppose I consider it kindness, but in my heart I know it is, and I know you mean it as such. Since things have gone wrong with him, he seems to have changed his whole nature; he does not appear to have any courage to stand against the tide. I suppose it would have been very different if Mrs. Brandon had lived; a wife would have kept his spirits up as no one else can."

"I know," stammered Dick, not knowing what to say under the gaze of her beautiful eyes, "I know—that the death of your mother last summer—"

"Mrs. Brandon, you mean," she interrupted in her quietest tones, "that is, my father's second wife. This Mrs. Brandon was not my mother; my own mother died long ago." This so coldly that, for some-

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inexplicable reason, Dick fancied she was glad to correct him.

"You were in the carriage at the same time," said Dick, feeling that he must say something.

"Yes," answered Mary, "but I remember little about it; as soon as we found the horses were running away, Mrs. Brandon became very much alarmed, and almost before I could say a word to her, we were thrown out, and were both picked up senseless. She was not conscious of anything again. All these things together have completely unnerved poor papa, and I really feel very grateful to any one who is interested in him. His old friends have received but little encouragement to visit us here, although it is only a fancy of papa's, I am sure, that they feel any difference, and he is often quite lonely."

Mr. Brandon soon returned, and seeming to wish his daughter's undivided attention, Dick rose and said, "good-night."

It need hardly be said that he was after this more enthusiastically devoted to their fortunes than ever before. He spent a few hours there at different times during the winter and spring, and soon found himself at ease in that dreary room; but as he knew Mary better, his reverence for her, while it diminished not in the least, became a deep and fervent feeling, which kept her always in his thoughts. She, too, seemed to regard him with very kindly feelings, and the sympathy between them was so strong that it bore down many of their differences of association and education, and each was astonished to find an unexpectedly ready understanding in the other. But as yet Dick had said nothing of the little girl on the steps who gave him her candy one cold Christmas morning years ago.

Once at New-Year's, and again on the 22d of February, holidays on which he was free, Dick had been down to the cottage in the country, and had seen Rose and the boys skate and make snow-houses, and spent two of the coziest, happiest evenings of his life around the bright fire, talking pleasant talk with those dear people, among whom alone he realized the faintest idea of the word home. Now time had gone by so rapidly that he was to spend a whole week there as he had the year before. But not exactly the same; for the last time he had been there—a clear, bright day in February, when they were all coming home from the skating-pond together—it had chanced that he and Rose had fallen far in the rear of the children, who, having skated since one o'clock in the keen air, professed themselves "ever so hungry," and, as Dick would not hurry with them, walked off in disgust, each declaring to the other that they didn't like Mr. Dick half so much this time as before; he was "no good" at all.

"What a magnificent day!" Dick said, for about the tenth time, as he tramped by Rose's side through the crisp snow, just as the sun was going down in one great glow before them. "I think I never saw a more splendid winter day in all my life."

Not thinking of any addition to this speech, and not being able with truth to contradict it, Rose kept on her way, her neat little boots cutting the snow, and making, Dick thought, the most delicious music there ever was. Rose looked especially charming that afternoon; from the very crown of her head, with her wealth of golden hair, only half hidden by her felt hat, to the dainty little boots before mentioned, which her warm skating dress, looped up, did not even affect to conceal, Rose was

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charming. Dick thought that her very cloak seemed to nestle more lovingly to her plump figure than another's would; and as for the tiny muff, Uncle Carl's present, and the blue silk handkerchief knotted around her neck, Dick was certain that Stewart never sold anything half so pretty. So, if his lips talked about the weather, it is hardly surprising that his eyes embraced another subject; and I question if, when her demure glances met his gaze, Rose needed words to tell her its meaning; for, after all, are words, the dearest and sweetest that come from the lips, any dearer or sweeter than those the eyes speak?

But whatever she knew, Rose was a true little woman, and showed no sign.

"This is the place where Mrs. Brandon was thrown," she said, as they passed a broad street cutting across the narrow road they were following. "Just by those trees. They say the horses could have been managed only for her screams; a woman who screams at such a time must have very little sense."

"I think so," answered Dick, looking sadly toward the place Rose pointed out.

"Miss Mary behaved wonderfully well," continued Rose, with one quick look into Dick's face as they passed on. "She was perfectly calm, and tried to quiet Mrs. Brandon. She was very much hurt herself."

"Yes, so I have heard; she shows it, too; you would hardly recognize her now, she is so thin and altered."

"But, of course, she is more beautiful for that," said little, plump Rose, who had a great idea of delicate, fragile girls.

"Not more beautiful, exactly," answered Dick, who had not a great idea of delicate, fragile girls, "but it makes one feel for her more."

"I know you feel for her very much," said Rose.

"I have always honored her very much," answered Dick warmly. "It almost seems presumption for me to say I *feel* for her; but I do, indeed I do."

"I am sure of it," Rose responded with great warmth, and then there was silence for a long time.

Rose broke it with a little trembling in the first word or two at her own audacity, but gathering courage as she went on: "I knew you did when you were here last summer; then I heard of her father's failure, and then it seemed more natural; and—now—I am very glad for your sake. I hope you will be very happy. I do, indeed."

Now, Dick was no fool, and when the strangeness of this speech caused him to look harder than ever into the glowing but demure little face by the side of him, he felt for the moment a great inclination not to say a word; for provokingly innocent as she looked, he did not believe she was at all so ignorant of the real state of things. Rose felt the moment's hesitation, and, poor little thing, got frightened at her own conjuring, which fright so changed the expression of her face that Dick's hesitation vanished, and he answered:

"Of course I know what you mean, Rose, although it is so strange. I do not think of such a thing—it would be very strange if I did. You know better, don't you, Rose?"

Rose looked up with a careless answer, but thought better of it, and said nothing.

"You never did really think it, did you, Rose?" he added, pursuing his advantage, and repeating it until there was no escape for Rose, who had to answer truthfully, "No." She having made this concession, he made one, and told her the story of

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his boyish days, and of the Christmas day when he first saw Mary Brandon. He had not felt very easy about Rose's opinion of much he had to tell her, and was greatly relieved when he saw all her assumed carelessness depart, and that she listened to him with earnest sympathy. He was so encouraged by the gentle, womanly interest she gave him that he did not stop with the history of his boyish days, but went on to narrate a later experience; very few words sufficed for this. When he told it, Rose understood very well why, if Mary Brandon were a queen upon her throne, she would be no more than friend or sister to him.

After that, there seemed no more to be said; for they finished the walk in the still winter twilight almost in silence.

That was in February, when Dick went down to Carlton to spend Washington's birthday, and it inaugurated a new era for Will. Rose had a sudden interest in the post-office, which was a long walk from the cottage, and, in rainy weather or on very busy days, was beyond her reach. I believe all her spare pennies went into Will's coffers about that time, and I am sure all her cakes and apples went into his possession; but, for all that, he was an ungrateful page, and wished "there wasn't no post-offices in the world," which opinion Will may alter when his own time comes.

This was in February, and it was now August, and Dick was going down for a week, one whole week in the country. Rose was at the gate as she had been a year ago; but she did not say "you are welcome," as she had said before. The children took him into favor when they found he had not come empty-handed, but had brought the books for Will, the doll for Trot, and just such toys for the rest as were most desired; and though many times in their rambles Will did have his patience sorely tried by "Mr. Dick's everlasting lagging," he was, on the whole, admitted to be an acquisition. I believe, though, that Rose's bosom-friend, Clara Hays, who was always urged to be of every party, and sadly neglected when she got there, was the greatest sufferer; it is not every day you see lovers who are perfectly well-bred and considerate for everybody. My excuse for Rose and Dick is, that they only had a week, and a week is such a short time when one is very happy!

Dick's week was nearly at its end when his birthday, his twenty-first birthday came, and his good friends made a little rejoicing for him in their homely way. It was a very beautiful August day, and was celebrated like a holiday by all the family. Yet it was not exactly a cloudless day for Dick, though it was the first birthday of his that had ever received the slightest notice from any one, and ought to have made him radiantly happy. He had received a present made for him with her own hands, with no one could tell how many loving thoughts of him worked in it, from his own dear Rose. His little table was covered with the first keepsakes he had ever received from any one, and still he was not happy. Among the treasures on his little table there stood one—which reminds me that I should not have called the others the first—from the mother whose face he could not remember, and what might it not contain? Hitherto he had thought but little of the box of which Carl spoke so slightingly years ago; but now that the day of opening it had come, he grew really afraid of it. He remembered stories of vengeance bequeathed from the grave, of crimes to be

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expiated by the children of the perpetrators years afterward, of fearful confessions of sin and sorrow and wrong in countless forms; and Dick, in the first glow of his first joyous days, did not know how he could bear even a mist upon the rising sun of his happiness.

"Not until the last thing to-night," he said finally, laying down the box and turning away from the table. "I will be happy to the last minute," and he went down to ask Rose to walk with him in the beautiful twilight after tea. It was earlier than he had thought when he went down, and Rose was reading in the shadow of the porch, or seeming to read, for a book was in her hand, and not, as he supposed, engaged in getting tea.

"I did not suppose I should find you here," said Dick.

"Shall I go away?" she asked, looking up and smiling.

"Yes, do," he replied, sitting by her, "you know there's nothing would please me better." But for all he tried to be gay, Rose saw that the shadow she had observed over him all day was deeper than before.

"Dear friend," she said, softened and made earnest at once, "something troubles you to-day."

"Yes, dear Rose, I am troubled to-day in spite of all the kindness shown me. My little box troubles me; I am afraid to open it."

"Then the best thing is to do it at once, is it not? One only makes such things worse by thinking about them."

"I know it. No, I will not open it now; I will have every moment of happiness I can first."

"What happiness can it take from you? You will be yourself still, let there be in it what there will. Our happiness is our own."

"O Rose!"

"O Dick! if we are good, are we not happy? And nobody can make us bad against our will."

"But, Rose, this may tell me something that you—there is my fear, Rose, it may take you away from me."

"Oh! no, Dick, dear Dick, how can anything take me away from you? But even if it did, you know we always said, '*If it were for the best.*' If it were not for the best, we would not wish it, would we, dear? Yes, we could help wishing it; when the good God saw it was not best, he would give us strength to bear it."

"I never could bear it," said Dick.

"Yes, you would; but I am not afraid. One should not be afraid of ons's own parents. Come, there is a long time before tea. We will go up the hill where no one will interrupt us, and where we shall be within call if we are wanted. Won't you get the box, Dick, and we will open it up there? that is, if you want me with you."

"You make me brave, dear Rose. Perhaps, after all, it is nothing."

So he did as she advised; and, seated a little back of the house, the only spot in which there could be five minutes' reading possible, he broke the seal, undid the wrapping, now yellow with age, while Rose spoke a word or two of courage, then turned her head a little away from him, and you may be sure prayed hard and fast for strength and grace for both to hear whatever of good or of evil was in store for them. Inside the wrapper Dick found a tiny key with which he eagerly unlocked the little mahogany box which was, perhaps, to make great revelations to him.

Then Rose drew still further away from him, and with a more earnest gaze watched the sun going down to the west; for they were young, and many things that you and I would

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count the merest trifles, were of great importance to them; neither thought of anything worse than of something which should separate them. Poor little Rose trembled lest he should find a will therein—as she had read in story-books—that would make him too rich and great for her to think of him; and Dick, to whom her love for him had always seemed a wonder—so great was his reverence for her and his own feeling of unworthiness—trembled lest he should find some legacy of disgrace that would make it impossible for him ever to see Rose again. So in silence and with wordless but earnest prayers, they sat together in the softening August sunlight, with hearts beating heavily for fear it might be for the last time.

CHAPTER VII.

After all, there was not much in the mysterious box. A square package, looking like a letter, folded in the old style, and just fitting in the box, lay uppermost; upon the outside of which, in a clear, round hand, was written the name *Richard Heremore*. Before breaking the seal of this, Dick took out two paper boxes, in each of which was a miniature, painted on ivory; he glanced at one, then with an expression of intense relief, not unmingled with something of awe, he, for the first time, turned to Rose.

"Look, Rose," he said, in a low voice.

"Do you think this is your mother?" she asked, in a voice even lower and more reverential than his, after a long, long look; for it was a young and beautiful face, with clear eyes that looked frankly at you, and that bore in every feature the unmistakable stamp of true womanliness. 'Do you think t his is your mother?"

"I cannot tell yet," said Dick; "but as *this* is here, it's all right: there's nothing more to dread now."

But Rose did not answer. Her quick eyes had seen more than the character; they had placed the original of that portrait in her proper social sphere, and that—the highest.

The other miniature was of a man somewhat older, though not more than twenty-five or thirty, if so much; but it was a face of less character and less culture. Dick showed it to Rose, but neither made any comment upon it. Dick then broke the seal of the letter, and again Rose turned away her face. A few slips of paper fell out as he unfolded the package; these he gathered up without looking at them, and then, calling Rose's name once more, he read in a low voice, from the yellow paper, his mother's letter:

"My Dear Child: I have put aside a few little things that have been treasures to me, and as I may not live to see the day when I can give them to you, I write a few lines with them, which possibly may come to your eyes some day. A healthy, ruddy little fellow you are, creeping around my feet and trying to climb up my dress as I write, and I am so weak a woman that I may hardly stoop to raise my darling to my lap. It is hard for me, seeing you so, to write to you as a man; and what kind of a man I have no way to judge. I fear I shall not live long enough to leave any impression of your mother's face upon you; and what will become of you, my own dear child, in this terrible world after I am gone, I dare not think. You are so tender and good now that I cannot realize that you will change; but you will have no one to guide you. You put your arms up to me, your brown, hard little arms, as if to beg me not to speak of this, and I will

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try to believe that God will save you through everything; so that when you read this, you will be one whom I would be proud to own if I lived.

"You are my greatest comfort, and such a comfort! It seems as if you knew everything, and could console for everything; and often I think that for you I shall in some way find strength to struggle on for a few years more. Dear child, I know not how much or how little to tell you. I would like to write volumes for you, that you might know me in the future days when no father, mother, or brother will be near to help you in your troubles. But I can only write a little.

"I have been married five years, and you are my oldest but not my only child. You have a sweet little sister asleep on the bed. I say the words to you aloud, and you creep on tiptoe to look at her, turning and smiling at me as you go. Even if she should live after I am gone, which I cannot wish for, I cannot tell whether you will be kept together; if not, I know you will care for her if it is possible, if only because your dead mother asks it. I cannot believe the wonderful child-love you have for her and me will be permitted to die out, or that your heart can ever grow hard, your heart so tender now. There! kiss the dimpled hand ever so softly and come away, for you must not wake the darling now. Will you love her always, let what may be her fate? Remember always, she had no mother to guide her. Your father I have not seen for two years, since Mamie was a few months old. I have since heard that he is dead. I know none of his relatives; for he brought me an entire stranger to New York three years ago, and seemed unwilling that I should make many acquaintances. I have no relatives whom I have ever seen, in the world, except my father, who lives, or did live, at Wiltshire, in Maine. I do not know if he is living or not; I have written to him again and again, but I have heard nothing from him. He would have come to me if he were alive, for he was always devoted to me. I could write you a hundred letters about his love and devotion; and now, if I could only let him know where I am, he would come to me wherever he might be. I have named you for him. He saw you once when you were a month old; he came and took me home for the summer; he loved you dearly, as he loved me, and was proud enough of you. If only I could put you and Mamie in his hands now, how contentedly I could die! For this I toiled and struggled from the day I saw your father last, until this poverty and sickness have killed all hope. Not all hope; for I think every step I hear—and I hear thousands passing by—that my father has come to me to save me, to take my darlings under his care, and to let me die on my own white bed in my own dear room at home.

"There, darling, there's no more to tell. Why should I tell more? You come of good blood, my child, of a brave, upright race. My child, my darling, put your arms tight, tight around mamma's neck, and promise for the man that you will be worthy of your name and race. Be good, be true, be honest. How I should blush in my grave, it seems to me, if child of mine, if these dear children, so pure and innocent, who cling to me now, covering me with kisses, should soil their white souls with falsehood, deceit, or dishonesty. God knows what I would say. Fatherless, motherless, I must leave my little ones; no earthly help, no comfort, nothing, only the one hope that will not leave me to my latest breath,

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that my father lives, will find me out, save me, and take care of you.

"It has been hard for me to write this poor, childish letter; one poor apple-woman—poor, yet not so poor as I—has been my only friend; to her I have talked for hours of you, and she has listened earnestly, and will do her utmost for you two. God will aid her, I know. I will not put any 'good-byes' on paper so little likely ever to be seen by your eyes; but I will kiss you a thousand times, my darling, while I take one last look at these portraits of your father and me, you leaning against my knee looking at them too. You, pure, unsullied child, shall cling to me, and answer, though you cannot understand, the promises to be good I ask of you to fulfil through all your life. Your mother,

"MARY HEREMORE BRANDON."

"*Brandon!*" repeated Rose and Dick together, when he read the signature. Then Dick read the slips of paper that had fallen out of the letter; they were all the same, notices of her marriage from different papers:

"MARRIED.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, May 5th, Charles Brandon, of New-York, to Mary, only daughter of Dr. Richard Heremore, of Wiltshire, Maine."

Rose looked at Dick almost with terror in her face. Dick knew not how to answer her.

"It may not be the same," she said at last.

"The letter does not seem sure o his death," suggested Dick.

"But you have met him—would he not have noticed your name?"

"I should think so. But it was long ago, and perhaps he has known others of the name. Besides, Miss Brandon—O Rose! if she should be that sister!—Miss Brandon told me her mother died long ago; she seemed so proudly to disclaim this Mrs. Brandon, whom I called her mother."

"How could she be with your father, if Mr. Brandon is that, and he not know any thing about you?"

"I cannot understand it. I will go to see him to-morrow."

"O Dick!"

"Yes, dear Rose, I must. I have only two days of vacation left, and I must know all before I go back."

"And then you will not be here for so long?"

"Yes, I will, Rose; I'll be here if I have to walk all night, see your windows, and go back before daylight! Yes, I will see you. I will not bear all the long separation as I did before, it is too much! Now, may I go to-morrow?"

"Yes, Dick, you must go. O Dick! what a mother she was! I can just see her, so weak she could not lift little you in her arms; and yet, I am sure, giving you a thousand caresses, and crying over you as she wrote that letter! If she could only see you now!"

"I know she does see me; but she does not see me as I ought to be, having had such a mother."

"She is proud of you if she sees you."

"See how patient she was, Rose! She says she is poorer than the poor apple-woman, and yet no complaint; and she was not used to trouble, I am sure, from her face."

"So sweet and grave as she is! Really, Richard, look! Upon my word, Miss Brandon has just such eyes! It *is* so! See! the same blue-gray eyes, so clear, deep, and looking at you so frankly and graciously; not with the frankness of a question asked; but—I can't describe it—but that calm, straightforward way Miss Mary has when she listens to you; always as if she would encourage

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you, too, to go on. Indeed, you must go to-morrow!"

"It is so strange, Rose. I feel my head almost turning. Have we time to read it over once more?"

"I fear not, for it is already quite late; but you will tell mamma and Aunt Clara about it, and Uncle Carl?"

"Oh! at once; as soon as I can. I shall think of nothing else until to-morrow. Rose, he must have treated her badly, or she would have given me his name instead of her father's."

"I think, perhaps she meant *Brandon* to be added."

"She does not say a word against him; but she does not praise him. I will make him tell me, himself, if he is the man. Do you think he is?"

"I am sure of it! And Miss Brandon is your sister; perhaps that is why she spoke to you that Christmas day, and why you have always been so attracted to her."

"How strange it is! Will she be sorry to have me for a brother, I wonder?"

"Sorry! She will be very proud of you."

"I wonder how I should speak to her. O Rose, Rose! do say something to steady me; I feel so strange, and as if I were talking so foolishly!"

"You are not talking foolishly, dear Dick; and if you were, there is only Rose to hear you, and shall you not talk as you please to her?"

"Thank God, my darling! this has not separated us."

"No, not yet."

"Not yet!"

"What will your new father and your grand sister think of me?"

"Well, Rose, wait till I ask them!"

"Perhaps a grandfather, too," said Rose.

"I love him already. If he should be living, that would be something grand, wouldn't it? You may be sure she loved him."

"And you may be sure she never let him know until perhaps the very last, that she was in trouble. Women and children never tell their sorrows to those who are entitled to help them."

"Why, Rose?"

"Oh! I cannot tell you that! I only know it's so. Here we are at home. Have patience; for though to-morrow you will have the news, to-night is all *I* have!"

"And no matter what happens, Rose," said Dick, as they lingered a moment outside the house, "you will trust me just the same?"

"Of course I will," Rose answered readily. A question and answer that have been given—and falsified—I wonder how many times since the world began; falsified, for even a woman's faith is not without limit; though Rose thought it was, as many had thought before her. "Of course I will; why should you ask, Dick?"

"I don't know; only that everything seems whirling around with me to-night, and the only thing that seems clear to me is that I must not lose you."

"It will be your own fault if you do," said Rose. "But you must not try me too much; for things might get whirling around with me, too, some day, and I should not know faith from want of pride; so be good."

"And if it is possible, I must come down at once and tell you how it all ends. If it could only be that I could have you close at hand to tell you all!"

"Indeed! I am glad," exclaimed Rose, who, much as she loved Dick, could not endure to think of the time when she should have to leave

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her home. "Come in, now. What will Uncle Carl say to all this, I wonder?"

Uncle Carl did not say much, when, the children having been sent out to play, the elders drew their chairs closer around the still standing tea-table, and listened intently to Dick's story. The others received it with many exclamations and much wiping of eyes; but the stolid German smoked his big pipe and looked, or tried to, as if he had known it all before.

"I'll know before this time tomorrow if it's the same," said Dick, when the reading was finished, and many conjectures had been put forward and discussed.

"It is the strangest thing ever was heard of," exclaimed Mrs. Alaine, "that he should meet you so often and not know who you were!"

"With your mother's name, too," added Mrs. Stoffs.

"Perhaps, after all, he is not so ignorant," suggested Dick. "It may be that it was on account of my name he made so much of me."

"I think he must be devoured with remorse," Mrs. Alaine said forcibly, "whenever he thinks of his beautiful wife."

"This Mrs. Brandon couldn't hold a candle to her," added Mrs. Stoffs.

"I never saw her," said Dick.

"She was very pretty," explained Carl, speaking unexpectedly.

"Pretty!" cried Mrs. Stoffs, in great surprise.

"Pretty!" repeated Mrs. Alaine, with great contempt.

"Pretty!" echoed Rose, with great incredulity. "Why, Uncle Carl, she was a little doll-baby!"

"She was very pretty," persisted Carl.

"Well, indeed, if you call such a baby pretty, I give up!" said Mrs. Stoffs. "Why, Mr. Dick, she did not look as if she could say boo to a goose, and yet she ruled the whole house; it was her extravagance that ruined the poor man."

"I think it was his own dishonesty," said Carl.

"O Uncle Carl!" remonstrated Rose, "right before Mr. Richard."

"We don't know yet that he has anything to do with 'Mr. Richard,' as you call him; but I'd say it, if need were, to the man's own face. His wife may have been a little, tyrannical, extravagant fool; but the more fool he for letting her take other men's money out of his purse."

"Indeed, Carl, that's a thing they'll never say of *you*," responded his wife, laughing. "But now come away, and let Mr. Dick get some rest, for I suppose he'll be off by daylight."

"I shall, indeed," said Dick.

"Well, good-night! Mr. Dick, you must not let these things keep you awake; if you find your family out, it may be the last time you will sleep under our roof."

"If I thought that, Mrs. Stoffs, I should seek them with a heavy heart; but nothing can make that so but death, can it?"

"Go to bed, good people," grumbled Carl; "all your noise makes my head ache."

He went up with Dick and had a long conversation with him, after the rest were asleep.

"Go find Dr. Heremore, of Wiltshire, unless there comes to be no doubt that he is gone away, or dead," were his parting words; "he is better worth seeking than any other. You will need money, and you shall owe me for this." And he gave him a few gold pieces which Mrs. Stoffs, in the sanctuary of her own room, had hurriedly and gladly brought out from countless rags, all tied up in an

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old stocking, at her liege lord's command, for this purpose.

"But, Mr. Stoffs, I have, I think, enough for this."

"Then do not spend mine, but take it with you for fear of accident. Good-night; do not be fooled by anything Mr. Brandon may say—he's an artful one—but find out all you can about your grandfather; remember that."

So Dick was left to pass a sleepless, fevered night, filled with the strangest fancies, and perplexed by a thousand fruitless conjectures. At the first glimmering of daylight he was up, and, after making a show of eating the substantial breakfast his kind friends had prepared for him, turned, without being able to say more than a word or two, to leave.

"Dood-by," said Trot, sliding down from her chair, with her bib on, and her face not over clean, to get his parting kiss, as well as to put in a reminder for his return. "What 'oo bing Trot from the 'tore?"

"What do you want, Trot?" asked Dick, lifting her up.

"Me wants putty tat," she answered with animation; "dear 'ittle titten!"

Dick promised to do his best, shook hands silently all around, tried to laugh at the old shoe Minnie had ready to throw after him, at last heard the gate close behind him, and was alone on his way to the little yellow station-house.

"He'd better be alone," Rose had said when something had been said privately about accompanying him. "He has a great deal to think about, and he can do that best while he is walking in this fresh morning air."

"O mamma!" she said, when Mrs. Alaine stood beside her, after Dick had passed out of sight, "O mamma! if Mr. Brandon should take it angrily!"

"You may be sure he will not," replied Mrs. Alaine, "he is so broken down, he will be very thankful to find a son like our Dick who will be worth so much to him. He is the most selfish man ever lived, Mr. Brandon is."

"Well, I wish it were over," sighed Rose, turning back to the house and the day's round of household duties.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE APPROACHING GENERAL COUNCIL.

BY MGR. DUPANLOUP, BISHOP OF ORLEANS.

THE church and the world have been filled with expectation for more than a year. When the catholic bishops were gathered at Rome to celebrate the eighteenth centenary of the martyrdom of St. Peter, and for the solemn canonization of saints, the Sovereign Pontiff declared the necessity of a general council, and announced, at the same time, his intention to convoke it at an early date.

The bull of indiction has already appeared. On the twenty-ninth day of last June, the feast of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, the Holy Father, by letters addressed to all the bishops of the Christian world, fixed the date of the future council, and summoned the Episcopate of the Catholic Church to Rome. Since that time, by two truly paternal letters, the Holy Father has invited the Greek Bishops, and our separated brethren of all the protestant communions, to profit by the future council to undertake again the work of reunion, already several times attempted by the church, but which has always been frustrated by the misfortunes and the evils of our day.

So it is no longer merely a hope. The first act necessary for the holding of the council is accomplished. The apostolic letters, known already throughout the world and received everywhere with joy, even amid the infatuations and the bitter woes of the present time, have stirred the hearts of the people. All look again to Rome. Even her enemies are attentive as well as astonished, and they feel that a great event is going to happen. And truly that which is soon to come to pass at Rome, and in the church, is a rare and solemn fact, a fact of sovereign importance, perhaps even the greatest event of the century. Let no one feel surprised at this language. I am well aware that events of immense importance have marked the beginning and the course of the nineteenth century. Profound revolutions have passed over it, and even yesterday we have seen one of the oldest thrones of Europe toppling over. Enmities and wars have disturbed nations. The old and new world are forced to meet the same difficult problems. Yet in this century there is something superior to worldly ambition and the interests of political passions. It is the spiritual interests of the people, and those supremely important questions, whose solution brings peace to the soul, and tells us of the eternal destinies of humanity. It is for such purposes as these that the Catholic Church calls her bishops to Rome. True it is that the church appears to many men as being of little importance; she seems to occupy only a small place in modern society, so small, indeed, that modern politicians have recommended that she should no longer be taken into consideration. Yet the church is, and must remain, the most noble power of the world, because she is the spiritual power; and Rome, the centre of this power—Rome which will soon see within her walls these great sessions of catholicity—will be always, ac-

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cording to the words of the poet, "the most beautiful and the most holy of things beneath the sun"—*Rerum pulcherrima Roma.*

What then is the Catholic Church, and what is this council which is going, within a few months, to present so grand a spectacle to the world? I propose to follow the example of my venerable colleagues, who have, in France and in the different parts of Christendom, published pastoral instructions on this subject. I will recall to your minds what an ecumenical council is, to which, for a long time, we have not been accustomed. I will state the motives, inspired from on high, which have induced the Holy Father to take this step, which is the most considerable and extraordinary of the pontifical government. Then we shall see if there is any foundation for the alarm that the announcement of this act has caused among certain badly disposed or feebly enlightened minds: finally, I will make known what we, bishops, priests, and faithful, have the right to expect.

I.

THE COUNCIL.

"God," says Bossuet, "has created a work in the midst of us, which, separated from every other cause and belonging to him alone, fills all time and all places, and bears everywhere in the world the impression of his hand, the stamp of his authority: it is Jesus Christ and his church."

There exists, then, in this world, above all human things, though at the same time most intimately connected with them, a spiritual society, an empire of souls. An empire of a different and divine order, more heavenly than worldly, and yet an empire really here below, a complete society, having, like every other society, its organization, its laws, its action, its life. A society not built up by the hand of man, but by God himself. It does not require the approval of any human being; for its mission is as sacred as its source, and it draws from it all its essential rights. A pilgrim in this world and a divine stranger, as Bossuet has somewhere said, and yet a sovereign, the sovereign of souls, where she has an inviolable sanctuary. She does not encroach upon the temporal powers, neither will she abdicate at their suggestion her divine rights. She is happy to meet with their approval, and she does not disdain their alliance; but she knows, when it is necessary, how to do without them. She does not impede their terrestrial mission, nor will she consent that they should interfere with her career. A universal society is God's church, which knows no limit of time or barrier of space; she is the treasure-house of celestial goods, charged to communicate evangelical truth to men until the end of time; and, for this reason, as well as by her origin and her growth, she holds in a world which she alone has civilized, a place which no other power will ever fill. Yes, this marvel exists upon the earth; among all human, temporal, limited, and constantly changing governments, there is this spiritual society, this government of souls, extending everywhere, immutable, without boundaries, and which is called the Catholic Church.

If we examine her construction more closely—and we must do this if we wish to understand the meaning of the most solemn of her acts, the Ecumenical Council—we shall see with what divine art Jesus Christ has proportioned the means to the end. It is a part of our faith, that the Son of God has given to men, not

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for a time but for the whole duration of time, "for all days, even to the consummation of the world," a collection of truths, of commandments, and of sacred ordinances. The Christian society that our Lord called his church, *ecclesiam meam*, has the guardianship of these divine revelations. A visible society, because religion should not be an occult thing; and perpetually visible, because perpetuity has been promised to it; in short, a universal society, because all men, without exception, are called and admitted within her fold.

But the divine revelations could not be transmitted unaltered for ages, if they had been subjected to changing and capricious interpretations of private judgment; therefore it was indispensable that the doctrinal authority should be sovereign, that is to say, it must be infallible. An authority cannot be sovereign in matters of faith, and demand an interior assent, without being infallible. This it was that the divine Founder of Christianity has wished to do, and really did, when, giving to the apostles their mission, he pronounced these words, the last which have fallen from his lips: "As the Father has sent me, I send you. Go then and teach all nations, baptize them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and teach them to observe all the commandments that I have given to man: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Such is, then, the essential character of the church; it is a doctrinal authority, providentially infallible by the divine assistance, in all things revealed by God.

It is easily seen how unity is born of this infallibility; not an accidental unity, but a necessary and permanent unity, because the principle of unity is permanent in the church. The principle of unity, and besides this, a centre of unity, was among the indispensable conditions of a church thus founded. It was necessary that a teaching church, spread throughout the world, should have a head, a centre, a chief, in order that it might be united in a single and distinctive body. Jesus Christ has not neglected this necessity; for among his disciples he chose one whom he invested with certain special privileges, to whom he entrusted, according to his divine expression, "the keys of the kingdom of heaven," whom he called the rock, the foundation-stone of the edifice, whom he commanded "to confirm his brethren in the faith," whom he called the pastor of the sheep as well as of the lambs, that is to say, the shepherd of the entire fold.

This is the hierarchy of the Catholic Church. In order to place a perpetual check upon time, which destroys all things, and in order to give the necessary support to the human mind, which is ever changing, it was, indeed, necessary that a religious society should be thus constructed. But a divine hand was required to constitute a society of this kind, which was composed of frail men; and these grand characters of unity and authority, in perpetuity and in catholicity, are in the church as the shining seal of the powerful hand which has established it. Thus it remains firm among men, and even in spite of universal change. In vain is the natural restlessness of the human mind shocked at the dogmas of our faith, and heresies succeed to heresies;* this constant movement cannot affect her firm constitution; she will remain, as says the apostle, "the pillar and ground of truth" —*Columna et firmamentum Veritatis.*

* "It is necessary that heresies should be" 1 Corinth. xi. 19. Terrible necessity, says Bossuet.

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Such is the Catholic Church. An ecumenical council is this Catholic Church assembled to do, with more solemnity, the same work which, dispersed, she does every day. This work is the transmission and authentic interpretation of the dogmatic and moral truths of divine revelation. This is what I desire to explain at this time, so that it may be clearly understood by our contemporaries, who have long been unaccustomed to these things. My design is not, indeed, as you know, an intention to write so exhaustively that no one else may treat upon the questions connected with the councils of the church. Volumes have and could again be written on this subject. But at least there are some necessary notions which require to be explained with precision, since these matters are not familiar at this day, and also because, as on every other topic, the simple and fundamental ideas are always the most useful.

A council is an assemblage of bishops convoked for the purpose of discussing questions concerning the faith, morals, and discipline. A council is particular or general; particular, if it represents only a part of the church; general or ecumenical, when it represents the universal church. A general council, simply because it represents the whole church, has the gift of doctrinal infallibility and supreme authority given by Jesus Christ to the church herself, to the body of pastors united to their chief. A particular council has no infallibility.

The supreme chief of the church, the Pope, and he only, has the right of convoking general councils. For the same reason, the Pope alone has the right of presiding over their deliberations. And as a question of fact, it is true that popes, either personally or by legates, have presided over every ecumenical council. Thus at Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, Chalcedon, as well as at Trent, the popes presided by legates. At the councils of Lateran, Lyons, Vienna, and Florence, they presided personally. "Holy Father," wrote the fathers of Chalcedon to Pope St. Leo, "you will preside in the midst of the bishops, who are judges of the faith, as the chief over the members in the persons of those who hold your place." It is the sovereign pontiff's duty to close the council, to dissolve it in case of necessity, and to confirm its decrees. The accord of the bishops and the Pope is manifestly necessary for the ecumenical character of a council.

Gathered in council from all quarters of the world, and having the Pope at their head, as witnesses of the faith of their churches, as judges of the divine law, "*Episcopis judicibus*," said the fathers of Chalcedon. "*Defining I have subscribed*," "*I have subscribed pronouncing with the holy synod*;"* thus it was that the bishops of Chalcedon and Ephesus, and also of Trent, affixed their signatures.

Custom governs the exterior forms used in these assemblies. The solemn sessions, where the decrees are promulgated, are distinguished from the congregations where they are elaborated; with what care, what exactness, what profound research, the history of the Council of Trent has already shown, and the coming Council of Rome will give us a no less remarkable proof. The Holy Father, indeed, ever since he took the great resolution of convoking a council, has been occupied with activity proportioned to the importance of the future assembly. He has used such means as were proper for the head

* "*Definiens subscripsi*:" "*Subscripsi pronuntians cum sancta synodo.*"

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of the church in an ecumenical council. Several commissions or congregations, composed of learned cardinals, and of theologians chosen from different nations, were at once appointed by him, and are now zealously working upon the questions which will be considered in the council. There is a special congregation upon Dogma, one upon Canon Law, one to consider the various questions concerning Religious Orders, one to discuss the relations of Church and State, and one upon the churches of the East.

It is the usage of the church, when the Pope intends to convene an ecumenical council, to notify in advance the bishops who bring there not only the authority of their sacred character, but also the counsels of their experience, because their dispersion in many different countries has given them great knowledge and a special competency to understand the times and the needs of their people. Thus Pius IX., in two allocutions, addressed to the bishops assembled at Rome, announced to them the future council. By his last Bull, he has called them all there and fixed the precise date, so that the prelates, notified and convoked in advance, may have the time to study the questions at their leisure, and arrive perfectly prepared at the date indicated by the Sovereign Pontiff.

I do not need to add that, although the Pope and bishops can add disciplinary laws, and modify, more or less, the canon law, because these are not by their nature immutable, that in matters of faith, it is not the business of councils to make dogmas. Dogmas are never made in councils, but they may be formulated there. All that concerns dogma is learned from the holy Scriptures and tradition, and from their authorized interpreters. It is only after these have been thoroughly investigated and discussed, and after the invocation of the Holy Ghost, that the council declares what has always been, what is now, the belief of the church.

History counts eighteen ecumenical councils.* It would be difficult to determine the almost infinite number of particular councils. Nothing can show more clearly than do these assemblies the wonderful vitality of the church, and the power she bears within herself to protect her own existence both against the errors which the human mind is ever producing, and also against corruption and abuses within the church, abuses which are unavoidable because of the infirmity of human nature. She is the only society upon the earth where revolutions are not necessary, and where reform is always possible. There is not one of these many councils but which has a regulation upon discipline at the same time that it has a definition of faith; and the great Council of Trent itself, without fear-

* The following is a list of these eighteen ecumenical councils: 1. Nice, in 325, against Arius, who denied the divinity of the Word. 2. Constantinople, in 381, against Macedonius, who attacked the divinity of the Holy Ghost. 3. Ephesus, in 431, against Nestorius, who erred concerning the Incarnation, and refused to give the Blessed Virgin the title Mother of God. 4. Chalcedon, in 451, against Eutyches, who originated an error, the opposite of that of Nestorius. 5. Constantinople, in 553, against the three celebrated chapters which fostered the error of Nestorius on the Incarnation. 6. Constantinople in 680, against the Monothelites, who continued the error of Eutyches in denying that Jesus Christ had a human will. 7. Nice, in 787, against the Iconoclasts, or breakers of images. 8. Constantinople, in 869, against Photius, the author of the Greek schism. 9. Lateran, in 1123, for the promulgation of peace between the ecclesiastical power and the empire, after the long quarrel of the Investitures, and also for the Crusades. 10. Lateran, in 1139, for the reunion of the Greeks and against the errors of the Albigenses. 11. Lateran, in 1179, for different questions of discipline, and against the heresies of the day. 12. Lateran, in 1215, against the Vaudois. 13. Lyons, in 1245, for the Crusade and the troubles with the Emperor Frederic. 14. Lyons, in 1274, for the Crusade, and for reunion with the Greeks. 15. Vienne, in 1311, for the Crusade, and different questions of discipline, and for the affair of the Templars. 16. Florence, in 1439, for reunion with the Greeks. 17. Lateran, in 1511, against the convention of Pisa. 18. Trent, in 1545, against Protestantism. Several sessions of the Council of Constance have also been considered ecumenical.

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ing that word, reform, which had revolutionized Europe, accepted it, because it belonged to the church, and accompanied its dogmatic decrees concerning the Catholic faith with decrees concerning reformation—*De Reformatione.* Assembled in ecumenical council the Pope and bishops thoroughly investigate the situation of affairs in the Christian republic, and use fearlessly the remedy for its wounds and its sufferings. Thus the immortal youth of the church is renewed, a more active and vigorous breath of life animates this immense body, and even society feels its happy influence. It is, then, one of these ecumenical assemblies which the Pope has just convoked. After long meditation upon the needs of the time, and earnest prayer for God's guidance, the head of the Catholic Church has spoken a single word. He has made a solemn sign, and it is sufficient. From the west and east, from the north and south, from every part of the habitable globe, from every race, from every tongue, from every nation, the chiefs of this great spiritual society, the dispersed members of this government of souls, leave their sees to meet at the place appointed by the Sovereign Pontiff. They meet, not as in human congresses, to debate concerning peace and war, conquests and frontiers, but to treat of souls and their sacred interests, of things spiritual and eternal. They obey the divine words of Him who founded the church, "*Go, therefore, and teach all nations.*" They meet to accomplish the most august duty of their sovereign mission—to proclaim, in a general council of the church, and, as it were, in the very face of human errors, those truths whose guardianship has been confided to them by Him who is the Truth itself. Such is the work of an ecumenical council. Can there in this world be a greater one?

It is now three hundred years since the world has seen one of these assemblies; even at the beginning of this century they were considered impossible. "In modern times," wrote J. de Maistre, less than fifty years ago, "since the civilized world is, so to speak, cut up into some sovereignties, and the world has been so much enlarged by the boldness of our sailors, an ecumenical council has become a chimera."

The political difficulties which so provokingly impeded the Council of Trent were remembered, and it seemed that the present time was yet more unfavorable. It was thought that the modern powers were more defiant and more hostile, and consequently that the liberty of the church was in greater danger, her action more circumscribed than ever. But we wronged our century, and instead of coming before God with complaints, we shall do better to adore his powerful hand, which, as an ancient proverb goes, "can write straightly on crooked lines," and force events to bend themselves, in spite of man's efforts, to his eternal designs. A missionary and a traveller, the church longs to see the road diminish. A preacher and a liberator, she profits and rejoices over the destruction of fetters. Then our age has accomplished these two works, the suppression of distance, the breaking down of barriers. I understand the words distance and barriers in the social and political sense, as well as in a material point of view. It was thought that they would serve only the world's interests, but they are really allies of the faith; all this marvellous movement, which seemed to be contrary to catholic ideas and opposed to the Catholic Church, will turn to her advantage.

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The spirit of the age obliges political governments, whether they be willing or not, to act more fairly toward the church, and it has destroyed the old prejudices which even recently have hindered her actions. The holding of an ecumenical council is easier to-day than it would have been in the times of Philip II., Louis XIV., or of Joseph II.

"For the convocations of the bishops alone," says again J. de Maistre, "and to establish legally this convocation, five or six years would not be sufficient." To-day it has been enough for Pius IX. to post his bull upon the walls of the Lateran; modern publicity, in spite of many wishes to the contrary, carries it to the extremities of the earth. Soon, thanks to the marvellous progress of the sciences and mechanics, the bishops will hasten to obey the Pontiff's summons on the wings which steam has given to our vessels and our cars. These have, as it were, consumed space. The bishops will come from every free country, and, as we hope, even from those which are not free. And thus—for I like to repeat it—this double current of the ideas and of the industry of our time is going, in the future, not to serve the material life of man alone, but also to aid us in the government of souls, in the highest manifestation of the spiritual life of man, in the greatest work of God's Holy Spirit upon the earth. It is just, as divine Providence has so willed, that we should see in this the secret harmony hidden in the depths of things and in the unity of divine works. Matter is placed once more at the service of the spiritual, and the thoughts of man follow the order of God's counsels.

Three times already, as you are aware, the bishops have gathered about the vicar of Jesus Christ within a few years; but none of these three great reunions had the character of a council. The glory of resuming the ancient traditions of the church, so long interrupted, by the convention of a true ecumenical assembly, has been reserved to this magnanimous Pontiff, so powerful in his mildness, so calm amid his trials, and so confident in that God who has sustained him and who has manifestly inspired him to undertake the work of summoning the ecumenical council.

II.

THE PROGRAMME OF THE COUNCIL.

And why, with what thoughts, has the head of the church called to this great tribunal of catholicity those whom he names as being "his venerable brothers, the bishops of the catholic world, whose sacred character has called them to partake in his solicitudes? "*Omnes venerabiles fratres totius catholici orbis sacrorum antistites, qui in solicitudinis nostrae partem vocati sunt.*" The apostolical letters inform us clearly. It is necessary to read them and to judge the church with equity by her own statement, not by rancorous or frivolous commentaries. The programme of the future council is thus traced in the bull of the Sovereign Pontiff:

"This ecumenical council will have to examine with the greatest care, and determine what is best to do in times so difficult and so perverse as these, for the greater glory of God, for the integrity of the faith, for the honor of divine worship, for the eternal salvation of men, for the discipline of the regular and secular clergy, for their useful and solid instruction, for the observance of ecclesiastical laws, for the reformation of customs, for the Christian education of youth, for general peace and universal concord."

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"It is necessary for us to use every exertion that, by God's help, we may separate every evil from the church and from society; to lead back into the straight way of truth, justice, and salvation, those unfortunate people who have wandered from it; to repress vice and refute error, so that our august religion and its salutary doctrine may acquire a new vigor throughout the world, that it may be extended further every day, that it regain its empire, and thus that piety, honesty, justice, charity, and all Christian virtues may be strengthened and flourish for the greatest good of humanity."

The entire programme, all the work of the future council, is in these words. There are, then, two great objects, the good of the church and the good of human society. This is its object and its only object.

But especially does the church assemble her bishops that her interior life may be reanimated, and, as the apostle says, "To stir up the grace of God which is within us." The reason of this is because the church has the wonderful privilege that I have already mentioned—she is the only body which possesses the power of perpetually renewing her youth in the course of a perpetual life. It is in virtue of this divine constitution that none of the truths which she has preserved can change, can be lost, can be increased—that not even a syllable can be altered or an iota destroyed! "One jot or one tittle of the law shall not pass away until all be fulfilled," said Jesus Christ. The church is a living institution composed of men, borrowing its head and its members from every nation and from all ranks, always open to receive those who wish to come to her, and unceasingly increased by the addition of new races of men among her children. A river which has received many streams into its current reflects the objects along its banks and adapts its course to the climate, and to the country with its irregularities; so the Catholic Church has the gift of accommodating herself to the times, to the institutions, and to the requirements of the generations through which she passes and the centuries which she civilizes.

And more than this is true, because in the world she labors perpetually in order that she may ever become more worthy to speak of God to men, and in a way to be heard and understood by them. She is continually examining, with respect, and at the same time with sovereign authority, her disciplinary books, her laws, her institutions, her works, and especially her members, distributed in the different grades of the hierarchy. Indeed, we do not believe that we are without faults or blemishes. "Ah! should we be astonished," Fénélon used to say, "to find in man the relics of humanity!" But, eternal thanks be given to God, we find in the imperishable treasury of truth, and of the divine laws which we are called to guard, the means of recognizing our faults and reforming our manners.

Thus it is especially against ourselves, or rather for ourselves, that this council is going to assemble. There will not be one among us to take his seat in this august assembly, who has not in the early morning bent his knee upon the lowest step of the altar, bowed his head, struck his breast, and said, "If God is not better known, if he is not better served than by me, if the truth suffers violence, if the poor are not assisted, if justice is in peril, O God! it is my fault, it is my fault, it is my most grievous fault!" Monarchs of the earth, who settle the fate of nations with such a frightful boldness, an

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examination like this would be good even for you, if you could only endure it! O human assemblies, parliaments, tribunals, popular conventions, do you think that this rigid self-examination, these confessions, these scruples, and these courageous habits of discipline and reform, will be useless in appeasing blind agitation and arrogant passion, or in rousing up sleepy routine?

When each of us has thus examined, questioned, and accused himself, we shall ask ourselves, What are the obstacles which to-day prevent the propagation of the faith among those who have not yet received it, and its reëstablishment among those who have lost it? We shall revise regulations, we shall reform abuses, we shall reëstablish forgotten laws, we shall modify whatever requires modification. Under the supreme authority of a common father, of the bishop of bishops, the experience of old men, the zeal of the young, the inspiration of the holy and the wisdom of the wise, will all concur in declaring the present condition of the church, its mission upon the earth, and its duties in the future. This examination will be made in the most unconstrained and fraternal discussion, which will soon be followed by solid resolutions, which will become, then, and for centuries, the rule of the church's life.

Such will be the first object of the assembly of bishops. An object at once sublime and humble, one which fills the children of the church with respectful admiration, and which strikes her enemies with an astonishment that they seek in vain to disguise. Yes, our ministry is so noble, our assemblies so elevated above other assemblies, that the language of man contains the involuntary admission of its superiority. If they desire to designate a noble office, a superior mission, they call it, often even with exaggeration, a *priesthood.* If they wish to speak of some unusually imposing and solemn gathering, which will have a place in history, they say it was a *council* of kings or legislators. Human language has no more lofty words than these: not that we should pride ourselves upon them, for our hands have not done these things. They come from God, and the dignity of the words which express them recalls to our humility at once the majesty of our vocation and the formidable extent of our duties.

But what is the cause, in our day and at this hour, of the retreat of the entire catholic episcopate into the breast of a new cenacle? If I may presume to put it thus, what does this vigil of arms mean?* Why these preparations, this work of a great council? Why has the Sovereign Pontiff, under the eye of God, and from his inspiration, judged it proper to call the church together in this second half of the nineteenth century?

It was said of our Master, the divine Saviour of the world, that "he was wounded because of our iniquities." Yes, it is for the iniquities of man, and for our own, that we are going to impose such a work upon ourselves. The more dangerous the times are, the more necessary is it for us to be pure enough to withstand the most formidable conflict, wise enough to enter into the most stirring discussions, prepared to engage in the rudest conflicts. And if men ask why we are striving to increase knowledge and charity among ourselves, we will answer that, not forgetting ourselves and our own needs, we are

*The Bishop of Orleans is here referring to the pious custom of the days of chivalry, which compelled the knight who was to receive his armor for the first time on the following morning to pass the vigil watching in the chapel, where his future arms were placed upon the altar.

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doing it also on their account, looking earnestly upon their condition, their aspirations, and their sufferings, and with a hearty desire to do them more good.

III.

CAUSES OF THE COUNCIL.

WHAT is the condition, then, to-day, of the souls and the state of the races which are spread over the surface of the earth? There are few who have not been interested in this question. The Pope, looking upon the world and lending his ear to the sound of the struggles of contemporary society, could not help seeing, what every one knows, that now is a time of profound crisis; or, as it is expressed in the papal bull, there are torments which are afflicting at this time both church and society: "*Jam vero omnibus compertum exploratumque est qua horribili tempestate nunc jactetur ecclesia, et quibus quantisque malis ipsa affligatur societas.*" What is this crisis of the church and the world? If we collect in our mind the course of history and the vast ocean of ages on which we are borne for a moment, only to be swallowed up in our turn, you will first answer that this crisis is only an incident of a perpetual crisis, an interrupted scene of the drama which the destiny of the human race is composing. Untried travellers are ever thinking the voyage a long one, and that the sea has dashing waves and tempests only for them. Old sailors know that the ocean is always uncertain and that the storm of to-day has been preceded by many a severe gale.

But if we are just, as well as attentive, we shall recognize that the crisis of the present time is not a chance one, and that, like others which have gone before, it will not escape the guidance of God. I say even, when I remember the profound designs of providence, that this crisis is not without its grandeur, that it has both beauty, laws, and an end, just as do those natural phenomena which appear the most confused and disordered. Through continual struggles and obstacles, the evangelical ideal is followed by the church, who knows where she is going, and by men, often without their knowledge. The church, since her mission is to raise souls to that standard, is sorrowful here below, because that ideal is never realized perfectly enough for the glory and happiness of humanity. Undoubtedly the industry, the science, and the courage which men display to-day should be admitted. Within a few hundred years, vast treasures of science, wealth, and power have been developed. In two worlds, a most wonderful harvest of gifted men have appeared; artists and orators, *savants* and generals, legislators and publicists, whose names will be recognized by posterity with well-merited gratitude. Yet after we have been just toward the good, let us be just to the evil, and acknowledge, with the august and truthful Pius IX., that human society is at this moment profoundly troubled.

But do not think that I intend to speak of political trouble and of war. I know that Europe has, within a few years, resounded more than once with the shock of battles, and that at the present moment many feel a dull restlessness. The people are arming and preparing, it is said, for gigantic struggles. Does the Sovereign Pontiff wish to speak of the mighty interests of political affairs, of questions of nationalities, of the frontiers of kingdoms, and of the balance of power? The church is not indeed indifferent to peace or war between nations, for every day her prayers ascend to heaven for concord between

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Christian peoples and Christian princes. But yet, as I have already stated, she does not gather her council to solve these questions; the pacific assembly at Rome will meditate neither revolutions nor conquests, neither leagues of sovereigns nor treaties of nations, neither the establishment of dynasties nor their downfall.

While all Europe—and, if we look further, while the new world as well, as the old—is trembling at the threatening signs of war and revolution, at Rome, that august centre, that reserved place, gathered about the successor of St. Peter, around the chair of truth, the pastors of nations—their feet, it is true, upon the earth and on the immovable rock, but their eyes turned toward heaven—will be occupied with souls, the needs of souls the eternal salvation of souls; in one word, with the highest and permanent interests of humanity.

And surely they will do well; for, who can disguise it? are not souls in peril and the faith of whole nations menaced?

Do you ask, what new heresy has arisen? From the bosom of the church, none; the clergy have never been more closely united in the faith from one end of the world to the other. Without the pale of the church the same attacks, a hundred times repelled and a hundred times renewed, are levelled against all the points of Christian doctrine, but under new forms and a fresh vigor. Yet there is more than this. With an impiety which outstrips even the eighteenth century, the natural truths, those first principles on which every thing here reposes as its safeguard, even the natural truths, are denied or boldly discussed. Science is also to have its heresies. There is a schism among the philosophers. Reason has to take its turn in assaults which seemed reserved for the faith. Strange thing! Faith to-day is guarding the treasures of reason, and serves as their rampart! To-day it is you, O savants, O philosophers, who have need for us! You have often accused us of having neither science nor intelligence; but you, my poor brethren, who are so wise and so intelligent, have scarcely been able to defend a single well-known truth! And you, O Protestants! who expected to reform the church of God, it is you who to-day need reforming; it is you who feel most keenly how great an injury is the loss of the blessing of authority!

Look for a moment at the state of the intelligent minds of our day. Where have discordant philosophies led them? For three centuries, in Germany, impetuous minds have risen who, rejecting the guiding rein of faith, have shown to the astonished world the audacity, and at the same time the feebleness, of reason. This too has quickly been followed by like audacity and feebleness of morals. What has come from the prodigious efforts of talent and erudition? Nothing more admirable than the resurrection of every error of pagan times—pantheism, atheism, scepticism—and among those who yet cling to some form of religion, Christianity has in reality perished because of their many contradictory and ridiculous explanations of its doctrines. Thus have ended, under our own eyes, eighteen centuries after Jesus Christ, all these wonderful intellectual labors which are the greatest that the world has ever witnessed.

And what is the state, to-day, of France? Religious belief is vigorously attacked and even philosophical faith seems ready to disappear. The truths of reason are overthrown, and a pretended science, intoxicated with itself, denies human reason, and

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wishes, in the name of atheism and materialism, to snatch from man his belief in the immortality of the soul and his faith in God. The most dangerous doctrines concerning morals, society, the soul, the family, a future life, and God, are warmly defended by means of journals, pamphlets, and even novels. Our contemporaries are either wrecked on this sea of errors, or float, without a helm or a compass, at the mercy of every wind of doubt. Dark storms are rising in human souls, and they penetrate the very depths of the masses of the people.

At the same time, there are many misunderstandings in regard to the church, and consequently there is an animated attack upon her doctrines. When the revolution, which is now making a tour through Europe and the rest of the world, appeared in France, the church was attached by bonds, which time had forged, to the old political order. She was carried with that political system into the struggle. Hence it comes that men have not been able to distinguish that which belongs to a legitimate state of society, without being at all necessary to the church, and that which constitutes the essential principles and immutable spirit of Christianity.

With certain men there is only one feeling toward the church—that of blind and implacable hatred. Forgetting eighteen centuries of benefits, they continue to wage an ungrateful war. The waves of revolution sweep in their course both truth and falsehood, virtue and crime, benefits and injuries, and the church, because she can make no compromise with error and vice, must persist in pointing out the illusion of deceitful words and the danger of false doctrines. Many stubbornly charge the church with thoughts and doctrines which are not hers. An infidel press and unscrupulous blasphemy against the church strive to separate the people from her fold. We hear, both in disorderly conventions and in the writings of those journalists who convene them, the most stupid and reckless assertions against the church mingling with threats of social war. And even in our legislative assemblies this unreasonable enmity appears, demanding a violent separation of the church and society.

And lately, when the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff was raised to describe the overflow of those impious and immoral theories which now inundate us, how many complaints, how many unmerited accusations were everywhere made! Without caring to understand his meaning, the Holy Father was calumniated. And with grief we saw statesmen, under the influence of violent passion and without asking or writing for any explanation, hasten to proclaim an antagonism which, thank God, does not exist.

These hostilities against the church, while separating from her the people who are deluded, render the peril in which these contemporary errors would drag us far more formidable. Doctrines are not inoffensive; M. De Bonald promulgated a law of history which is confirmed by constant experience, when he wrote these forcible words: "There are always great disorders where there are great errors, and great errors where there are great disorders." It is thought that brings forth facts; storms come from above.

And I say to men of good faith, you expected to establish the government of people and the conduct of life on reason alone. This experiment has been tried for three quarters of a century in France; what is the result? Are the morals of our people better? Is the civil authority

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respected? Is liberty well established? Has war disappeared? Or misery? Or ignorance? And what can be said of those questions which reason asks with a rare fertility of invention, but which she cannot answer, and which concern the very organization of society — questions about labor, wages, and workmen? I do not exaggerate when I assert that since reason has pretended to reign alone, she reigns, like the night star, over shadows which she cannot dissipate. Even in the most civilized countries, the earth has become an abode of anxiety, distress, strife, and terror. The nineteenth century will soon close, agitated, weary, barren, and incontestably diseased. Rash indeed would be the one who would venture to predict that it would close in glory and not in perdition.

IV.

REVIEW OF THE PAST

However, I beseech my friends and brethren in the faith not to exaggerate anything. It is permitted to be sad, I repeat, when we consider the present times; and I should feel bound to consider the soul which is not saddened by these things as possessing very little true nobility. The sons of the nineteenth century, the men of my day, have had many enchanting dreams; we have nourished many generous hopes; but now we are going to die, and to die deluded. But what! is our short life the whole of history? We did not live in the sixteenth century; we shall not see the twentieth; but the church lived yesterday, and she will live to-morrow. If I should say what she hopes, all my prophecies would not be forebodings; and if I should question her memory, the present times would appear all the brighter by being compared with the past. If we glance at ages which are no more, shall we find many centuries which did not have their troubles and their dangers? Ah! the discouragement of certain Catholics calls to mind the sentence of one of the sapiential books: "Say not: what thinkest thou is the cause that former times were better than they are now? for this manner of question is foolish."* I was reading a few days since some of the bulls of convocation of the ancient councils of the middle ages. The lamentation of those popes of the misfortunes of their time far exceeds anything which is heard to-day. And, not to go further back than the Council of Trent, let the church tell us of those times, for she was present to them. What did she see then?

That century was much like ours, because of its great discoveries, its appreciation of learning, and its revival of the arts; it was like the present century, also, in the bad use it made of these gifts. The sixteenth century peopled America, which had been only recently discovered; abandoned itself to cruel excesses of crime and avarice there, and introduced the disgrace of human slavery. It received treasures from that country, and it used them for the corruption of the morals of Europe. Whether we look upon the thrones, or among the masses of the people, or even in the church herself, we find many a sad spectacle. This century was the witness of the crimes of Henry VIII.; Elizabeth; Ivan the Terrible; Christian II.; the Medici; Charles IX.; and Henry III. This century saw the pillaging of Rome and the siege of Paris. This century saw the pretended reformation

* Eccles. vii. 11.

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rend the church, disturb the peace of all Europe, and divide Christians into two parts. If one desires to find out the evils which existed in the church and in society in those days, let him read the lives of great and holy people of that time; let him read of Bartholomew, of the Martyrs St. Charles Borromeo and St. Francis of Sales. I have already mentioned the papal bulls of the middle ages; but read those of the pontiffs who convoked the Council of Trent, and it will be soon seen that Adrian VI., Paul III., Pius IV., were then more alarmed at the dangers of the Christian republic than Pius IX. now is. There was tepidity, disorder, and scandal; the clergy poorly organized; the religious orders much relaxed; and then, too, princes were divided, the people oppressed, and war a daily occurrence in every country. And the council which had assembled amid such sad circumstances was compelled to meet in a little village hidden in the mountains of Tyrol, and or six years it was at the mercy of temporal princes to suspend or to allow it to proceed; and thus it was compelled to endure a perpetual conflict.

But vain are obstacles to God's church! Her virtue will triumph over everything. What great works and great men came forth from this council and from the regenerating breath that it breathed over Christian society! St. Charles Borromeo, St. Philip Neri, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Theresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Francis of Sales, St. Jane of Chautal, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis Borgia, and St. Francis Regis, heirs of the spirit of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. Then closely following these canonized saints were such apostolic men as the B. Peter Fourrier, Cardinal Berulle, M. Olier, M. Eucles, M. Bourdoise, the Abbé of Raucé, and many others. Then too came many congregations, which were fruitful in showing again the true standard of clerical and religious life, and in reanimating everywhere the love of study, regularity, and charity. Such was the universal improvement which the church displayed. This was followed by Fénélon and Bossuet and the majestic unity of the seventeenth century. And notwithstanding all the misfortunes that this immortal Mother of men has had to overcome, the church has now places of worship in Jerusalem, liberty in Pekin and Constantinople, the episcopal hierarchy in England and Holland, her councils in Baltimore, and her missionaries in Africa, Oceanica, and Japan. The church rejoices from the very depths of her soul to see that, although religion has got much to wish for and much to deplore, still in every part of the world the laws are now more equitable, the powerful are less oppressive, the weak are better protected, the poor more generously assisted, and slaves are declared free. But when the church turns to that pretended reform which so audaciously rose up against the spouse of Christ in the sixteenth century, she finds that its doctrines have almost vanished; it has run its course and exhausted its arms. How different is the present condition of the Holy Church! That church, whose abuses were so fearful that they could no longer be endured, to-day presents a Pope whose eminent virtue compels respect; her bishops are more numerous and zealous; her priests faithful, united, devoted; her religious orders, tempered by the fire of persecution and poverty, are learned and exemplary. And when this

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church desires to assemble a council, it is to Rome she bids her children come, by the reliable roads, the rapid carriages and the facilities of every kind which she owes to the genius, the justice, and the resources of modern times.

It is well enough known that I am not among those who close their eyes and preserve silence in regard to the evils of the day and the many perils which lie in the way of souls. But neither do I wish to be ungrateful for the benefits of God, or to refuse to see the power which lends its strength to the church, and the help which he gives to the good cause, even in the worst times. Nor should it be forgotten that man's duty is to struggle for truth, and that each century has its task and its difficulty. I pity, I do not execrate, the present time. I do not despair of the people, and I do not anathematize their rulers. They are not omnipotent, and they have to contend with many difficulties. I pray for them, as the Catholic Church has always done; I caution them, both princes and people, as much as lies within my power, and I ask a loyal and sincere concurrence to the great work of the church, which is the sanctification and civilization of the world.

There are three things which should cause us all the keenest anxiety; these are, the destruction of faith, which has been hastened by the impious direction which scientific and philosophical studies have taken; the prevailing laxity of morals, which may fairly be attributed to the thousand new and seductive forms of vice; and lastly, the unjust statements which the enemies of religion delight in perpetuating between the church and the masses of the people. These are three diseases which, by God's grace, will be cured.

There are certain persons in whose eyes these three scourges are only the partial results of that which is now, and has always been, the greatest of all scourges, namely, revolution. I do not like to use this vague and indefinite word which, like a spectre, appears and grows formidable at one's will; but yet it is very true that these evils do foster in the bosom of society a division of mind, a scorn of God and of all authority, a pride and a hatred, which are continually threatening these societies with a return to revolutions.

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CATHOLICITY AND PANTHEISM.

NUMBER FIVE.

LAWS ACCORDING TO WHICH THE MYSTERY OF THE TRINITY SHOULD BE UNDERSTOOD.

WE proceed, in this article, to lay down some general laws which govern, so to speak, the organism of the life of the infinite. The ignorance or the overlooking of these laws has ever caused those who plunged into the abyss of infinite life to search its genesis, to fall into one form or other of pantheism, as will be seen in the course of this article.

The first and principal law may be enunciated as follows: *No other distinction can be predicated of the infinite, but that arising from the relative opposition of origin between the terms.**

We have already demonstrated that the life of the infinite is terminated by three distinct personalities, which establish a multiplicity in its bosom. A distinction, therefore, *must* be predicated of the infinite. But of what sort?

This distinction, in the first place, could not fall upon the essence, without breaking its absolute simplicity. It must, consequently, be found among the terminations of the essence, or personalities. But, again, these three persons being possessed of the same identical essence, and thus participating in all its perfections, how can they be distinguished, one from the other? By a real opposition of origin. One person originates; the other is originated; as principle and term they are necessarily opposed to each other, and consequently distinct.

This law maintains both the unity and the multiplicity in the infinite. It maintains the unity; for the law does not require any real distinction between the persons and the essence, but only a distinction made by our reason to facilitate our apprehension; hence the three divine persons are truly and essentially the infinite. It maintains multiplicity, because the three divine persons are opposed on the ground of opposition of origin, and are consequently distinct. Here lies the whole difficulty, the reader will say; three things opposed one to another, and thus distinct from each other, how are they *one* in essence?

We might reply, in the first place, that the possibility of this is grounded on a psychological fact, which every one accustomed to reflection may easily ascertain. Take the operation of the human spirit. Man knows himself; in this fact the *me* enters twice; because the *me* is the subject which knows, and at the same time the object known. The *me* knowing is the being in the subjective form; the *me* known is the being in the objective form. Again, man loves himself through the idea of himself: the *me* here enters three times—the *me* under the subjective form of knowing and of loving; the *me* under the objective form of known; the *me* under the objective form of being loved. Nevertheless, all three are

* Realis distinctio inter relationes divinas non est nisi ratione oppositionis relativæ. S. Th., S. T.; qu. 30, art. 2d.

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one and the same being: the *me* under the subjective form knows and loves the *me* under the objective form; a multiplicity and a unity which cannot be disputed; not only because of the testimony of consciousness, which avers to the fact, but because on this multiplicity and unity are founded two distinct sciences, psychology and ideology; psychology, which treats of the *me* as subject, of its nature and properties; ideology, which treats of the product of the *me*, or ideas.

This operation of man is an image of the genesis of God's life. The infinite knows and loves himself. Into this fact of his eternal life he enters three times; the infinite, so to speak, as subject knowing and loving himself; the infinite as object known; the infinite as object loved. The infinite knowing himself is necessarily opposed to the infinite known, because it originates him by an intellectual operation; the infinite known is necessarily opposed to the infinite knowing, because originated by him. Again, the infinite loving himself and the infinite known (because the infinite cannot love himself except through the infinite known) are necessarily opposed to the infinite loved, because they originate him; the infinite loved is necessarily opposed to the infinite loving and known, because emanating from both. This relative opposition of origin causes a real distinction among the terms without breaking the unity of the essence.

But, the better to illustrate this law, and to show how well it maintains unity and multiplicity in the infinite, we shall here investigate the metaphysical law of the fact; that is, why and how things which are opposed to each other can harmonize and be brought into unity, in a third thing.

We have given an example of the fact in the operation of man; but let us give a few more instances to generalize it more and more. This fact is observed in both the ideological and ontological orders. First, as to the order of ideas. Two ideas, which in their own order are opposed to each other, harmonize and are brought together in a third idea. Take, for instance, the idea of substance and modification; substance conveys the idea of something subsisting by itself, that which requires no being to lean on in order to subsist. It means something standing permanent. The idea of modification is that of something which is not permanent in itself, but requires another being to lean on, to cling to, in order to subsist. The two ideas, as it appears, are directly opposed to each other, since their notions are contradictory; yet both ideas, contradictory one to the other in their own order, agree and are brought into companionship in the common idea of existence, one existing permanently, the other existing by leaning on another.

Moreover, take the transcendental idea of unity, truth, and goodness. Unity implies a negation of multiplicity, something undivided in itself and distinct from others. Truth implies a multiplicity, because it is essentially a relation of an object to an intelligence; *æquatio rei et intellectus*, as St. Thomas defines it. Goodness also implies a multiplicity, because it is essentially a relation of a being to a tendency or faculty.

These three ideas, contradictory or diverse, are brought into harmony in the common idea of being; for every metaphysician knows that unity, truth, goodness, are the transcendental qualities of being, and are identified with it.

The fact is therefore indisputable in the ideological order, that is, of

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ideas contradictory one to another or diverse, agreeing in a common idea. It is no less true in the order of reality, because ideology is founded on ontology. Take, for instance, a body; it has length, breadth, height, and depth. These qualities of bodies are contrary to each other in their own order, yet they harmonize in the body. Take the forces of attraction and repulsion; both are contradictory laws, yet both agree in the same body. Man harmonizes and brings together in himself the laws of movement, of vegetation, of animality and of intelligence, which are different and contradictory to each other. And in his spirit, as we have said before, he opposes himself as an object to himself, as subject without breaking the unity of the soul. Now wherein lies the reason of this fact? In the ideological order it lies in the universality of ideas; in the order of reality, in the intensity of being, or in the amount of perfection. A universal idea comprehends and harmonizes in itself inferior and more particular ideas, opposed to or different from each other; a more perfect being, or a greater reality harmonizes and brings together inferior realities opposed to and diverse from each other, for the reason of its very intensity of perfection. A doctrine of St. Thomas beautifully illustrates this truth. He inquires into the distinction between intelligent and non-intelligent entities, and, after having remarked that intelligent beings are distinguished from those not intelligent by this — that the second are only capable of containing their own forms or actuality, whereas the first, besides their own actuality, are capable of receiving the forms or actuality of other things, because in intelligent beings is found the ideal similitude of the object known, he alleges, as a reason for this distinction, contraction or limitation. "From this it appears," he concludes, "that the nature of unintelligent beings is more contracted and limited, while the nature of intelligent beings is endowed with the greater extension; hence the philosopher said that the soul is as it were every thing." *

This reason, however, which accounts for a more general idea or for a greater reality harmonizing in itself particular ideas or lesser realities opposed to each other in their own order, does not account for an opposition lying in the very bosom of a being. In other words, when the particular ideas and the lesser realities are taken as opposed to each other, they are considered distinct and apart from the general idea or greater reality. When they are harmonized in the general idea or greater reality, their limits and opposition are supposed to be eliminated; and this is the reason why the harmony becomes possible. But when the opposition is to be found in the same being, that is to say, when terms opposed to each other are not distinct from the general idea or greater reality, but lie in its very bosom, then what is it that maintains both the opposition of the terms and the unity and simplicity of the being?

In this case, a relation of origin causes the opposition without breaking the unity of the being.

The same being supposed subsistent, being capable of intelligencing itself, can beget an ideal conception of itself; in other words, the same being can exist as object understood in itself, as subject understanding, as object loved in itself, and as subject loving. In this origination, the relation between the terms originated is

* S. Th., S. T.; part. 1, qu. 14, art. 1.

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true and real; because the being as subject, as such, is really opposed to itself as object, and truly relative to itself. The being could not be subject, without opposing itself as object to itself as subject. Yet this takes place without addition to or subtraction from the unity and the simplicity of the being; ontologically, the being is absolutely the same. What prevents us from perceiving this fully and clearly, is the action of the imagination and the essential condition of our intelligence, which cannot be exercised except by the help of a sensible phenomenon. Thus, when we strive to perceive a relation, it is pictured to our imagination as being something real, a kind of link or chain between the terms related. Now, when it is considered that this is only imaginary, and that ontologically a relation is nothing more than the attitude, to speak the language of schoolmen, of one object toward another, it is evident that a being, capable of intelligence and of love, can oppose itself, as object, to itself as subject, without addition to or diminution from or breaking up of the simplicity of the being.

We conclude—particular ideas or lesser realities, opposed to each other, can be harmonized in general idea, or greater realities.

The metaphysical reason of this is, that opposition proceeds oftentimes from limitation, and that general idea or greater reality, by elimination of the limits, can harmonize things opposed in their own order. This reason is satisfactory when the particular ideas or lesser realities are considered distinct and apart from the general idea or greater reality; that is, they are opposed when distinct—the opposition vanishes when identified. But the reason is not satisfactory to explain how there may be terms distinct and opposed to each other in the same being, without breaking the unity of the being. The law of opposition of origin, and the relation resulting therefrom, fully explains and maintains both the multiplicity and the unity in the same being.

Applying these ideas to the infinite, it is evident that, the distinction of the divine personalities taking place according to the law of opposition of origin, both the multiplicity of persons and the absolute simplicity of the divine essence are maintained. Because the distinction of the divine persons is caused by a relation of origin. Now, as we have seen, a relation of origin neither adds to nor subtracts from the essence; on the other hand, the relation between the terms is true and real. Consequently, the law of opposition of origin explains, as far as human intellect can fathom, how the distinction of the divine personalities can be maintained without at all detracting from the unity of the essence.

It will not do to say that theologians have imagined this law, to suit their systems. This law is given by the fact of human thought and by the ontological requirements of being. As we have already observed, being is essentially one, true, and good. Now these qualities at the same time are identified with being, because, when the mind tries to fathom them, it finds nothing added to being, and yet are they essentially a relation. Here we have identity and distinction, and nothing can explain it, as far as the mystery of being can be explained, except the law of opposition of origin. Our readers, from the above remarks, may see what becomes of that great objection, so often urged against the dogma of the trinity, and so many times dis-

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posed of by the doctors of the church, yet repeated again and again which the same assurance.

It is said, *quæ sunt idem tertio, sunt eadem inter se;* that is, things which are identical with a third thing are identical with each other. Now, the three divine persons, according to catholic doctrine, are identical with infinite essence; therefore they are identical with each other; that is, not distinct, and consequently cannot exist. Oftentimes, in thinking over this objection so triumphantly brought forward, we have thought of the well-known lines of Pope:

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
> Those shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> But drinking largely sobers us again."

For the principle, when examined carefully, does not apply to those cases in which a distinction is predicated of a being caused by a relation to itself.

For instance, upon that principle we might reason thus: things which are identical with a third thing are identical with each other. But height, length, breadth, and depth are one and the same thing with bodies; therefore, are identical among themselves; and all distinction between height and depth, length and breadth, is a pure figment; and architects, calculating the proportions of a building, would do well to remember the principle, for it would save them considerable time and trouble.

Again: unity, truth, and goodness are identical with reality. But those things which are identical with a third are identical with each other; therefore, unity, truth, goodness are identical among themselves, and it is the same thing to be one, true, and good, as to be. And all the different sciences formed on these relations of being are useless wastes of thought and meditation.

Moreover, the thinking and loving subject in man, the thought and the love, are identical with the soul; therefore, according to the said principle, there is no distinction between the thinking subject and the thought, and all ideology and grammar is nothing but useless pastime, and we could correctly say, the soul is a thinking subject — the soul is a thought.

The truth is, that the principle applies only to particular cases, and is by no means general; because, as we have demonstrated, being, in general, requires three distinct relations to be conceived, and which, remaining distinct among themselves, are yet identical with being.

The infinite being could neither be conceived, nor be actual, without three distinct relations, which must be identical with the essence, without ceasing to be distinct one from another. If its truth were general and it applied to all cases, it would abolish all distinction in the infinite being, and consequently, abolish its actuality and intelligibility, and leave it only as an abstraction—the Hegelian being—nothing.

Moreover, that the principle does not apply to the infinite is evident from the very enunciation and meaning of the principle. Things which are identical with a third are identical with each other. In the enunciation and in the meaning, the principle supposes a plurality, and, consequently, a distinction; for the gist of the principle is to compare a multiplicity to a unity. Now, who does not see that, if there were not a supreme identity and a supreme multiplicity beyond the sphere and subordination of this principle, the principle itself would be destroyed?

For if it be asked, what is the origin, the cause, and the supreme expression of plurality and distinc-

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tion, which this principle supposes, we must rise to a supreme and typical distinction and identity, not subject to the principle; else we could never account for the existence of the principle.

The infinite is the supreme identity and the supreme multiplicity, the cause of all distinction and identity, and consequently, to it the principle cannot apply.

We conclude, therefore, that the first law governing the genesis of God's life is the law of opposition of origin, and that this law accounts both for the unity of essence and the trinity of persons in God.

We pass to the second law, which is as follows: *In the infinite, there must be a person who does not proceed from anything, and who is neither begotten nor made, but who subsists by himself.* The metaphysical reason of this law is, that there must be a first principle in everything, both in the ontological and in the ideological orders.

In the ontological order, because if every principle of reality, if every cause called for the existence of another to explain its existence, it is evident that there would be a process *ad infinitum* without explaining anything. For an infinite number of causes, each requiring another cause to explain their existence, would multiply, *ad infinitum*, the necessity of first cause, existing by itself and containing in itself the reason of its existence.

In the ideological order, because every science must have a principle which is not derived from any other, and which must be taken for granted, otherwise science would become impossible. Ask a proof and a demonstration for every principle, say of mathematics, and you will never be able to learn it.

Thus, in the genesis of infinite life, there must be a first person who subsists by himself, otherwise the life of the infinite becomes impossible.

But, besides this general reason which requires a first person underived from anything, there is a particular reason, more closely allied to the subject, which demonstrates it. Because, if there were not a first person in the infinite, not proceeding from any other thing, it would originate either from the essence or from another person. Now, it could not originate from the essence; because between the principle and its product there is a real opposition of origin; therefore, in the supposition, there would be a real opposition between the essence of the infinite and the first person. Now, the essence in question is infinite, and only the finite can be opposed to it. The first person, therefore, proceeding from the essence, would be finite and not infinite; that is, he would be a creature. Moreover, it would be impossible that the first person should proceed from the essence, because the essence without subsistence is an abstraction, and an abstraction could not originate a reality.

It could not proceed from another person, because, as we have remarked, this other person, unless subsisting of himself, would require another as his principle, and so on *ad infinitum*.

As a corollary of this law, it follows that whatever other persons may be supposed to exist in the infinite, they must originate from the first; because—no other distinction being possible in the infinite, but that arising from opposition of origin—it follows that, if there were other persons in the infinite, and if they did not originate from the first, they could not be opposed to it, and therefore they could not be distinguished from it; in other words, they could not exist.

A third law governs the life of the

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infinite; which, if possible, is yet more important than the former two. It is the law of immanence, which may be expressed in the following formula.

The action, by which the persons in the infinite are originated, terminates inside of the infinite, and is permanent, eternal, and complete.

Let it be observed that the action of an agent is always interior to it, because it is its own movement. But the product of the agent is not always so; sometimes it is laid inside the agent; sometimes it terminates outside the agent. In the first case, the action is called immanent or interior; in the second, transient or exterior; not because the action is not always interior to the subject, but because the effect or term of the action is exterior or foreign to the subject. The first sense, then, in which the law of immanence is to be applied to the infinite is, that the terms of the action of the first person terminate inside the infinite; because, if they were to terminate outside of God, they would be something different from him, and consequently not divine persons, but finite beings.

But the law has a higher and more important bearing: it implies that the action by which the divine persons are originated is not transitory, successive, and incomplete, but permanent, eternal, and complete; because God is infinite actuality, or actuality itself.

Forget for one single moment to apply this law to the genesis of God's life, and you fall at once into pantheism. For suppose the act, by which the divine persons are originated, to be transient, successive, temporary, incomplete, and it would follow at once that God is in continual development and explication. For He is either complete and perfect, or on the road to perfection. He is in *fieri*, or becoming.

And since, as we have often remarked, every development consists of different stages of explication, the last of which is always more perfect than those which precede it, it would follow that the genesis of God's life consists of a successive series of evolutions, the last of which is always more perfect than that which precedes it. Now, assuming the genesis of God's life at one determinate stage, and travelling backward to arrive at the first stage of explication from which He started, we should pass from a more perfect, defined, concrete stage of development, to one less perfect, less defined, less determinate, and thence to one still less so, until we should arrive at the most indeterminate, undefined, abstract stage of evolution; at the *least being*—the *being* not *being*, the first principle of pantheism.

But, keeping in view the law of immanence, every one can see that God's action is supposed at once all perfect, complete, and adequate—in one word, eternal; and consequently every idea of development, progress, and succession is eliminated; and the consequence is, that the infinite is at once conceived as being infinite actuality; the first principle of Catholic theology—the precise contradictory of pantheism.

Hence, according to this law, the first person is always originating, and his origination is always perfect; the others are always originated, and their existence is always perfect, adequate, and complete. We say *always* and *are originated*, not because the expressions convey the idea of eternal actuality and completeness, but because, our mind being measured by time, we can find no better words to exhibit the idea.

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Let this remark be made once for all.

A corollary of this law is, that whatever persons are originated in the infinite, being within the essence of God and terminating in Him, they are—*the infinite*, because nothing can be added to the infinite.

Fourth law: *In the infinite there are no more than two processions.*

By processions we mean the origination of one person from another.

Now, that in God there are no more than two processions will appear evident, if we consider the proper operation of God. God is a spiritual nature; the proper operation of a spiritual nature is by intelligence and by will; therefore, the operation of God is by intelligence and by will, and consequently one origination is by the intelligence, the other by the will.

So far we have given those laws which govern, in general, the genesis of God's life. We must now proceed to those laws which govern the particular origination of each of the two divine persons.

Now, the law governing the origination of the second person is the law of intellectual generation. Generation implies the following elements: 1st, the production of a living being from a living principle; 2d, identity of nature between the two; 3d, this identity required by the very natural, essential, and direct tendency of the action by which the term is produced. It is according to these elements of generative law that the second person in the infinite is produced; and consequently he is really and truly the *Son* of God, as the producer is *Father*.

For the first person, whom we have said to be subsisting by himself, being intelligent activity, necessarily intelligences himself. He is the Godhead intelligencing himself.

Now, an object understood, inasmuch as it is understood, exists in the understanding in an intelligible state; for to understand means just to apprehend, to grasp intelligibly that which is understood.

The Godhead, therefore, is in himself as the Godhead understood is in the Godhead understanding. Now, the object understood existing in the intelligence, is what is called mental word, intellectual conception, and by the Greeks, *logos*.

Hence in the Godhead exists the Godhead as mental word or logos. St. John, with a sublime expression, which electrified all the Platonic philosophers, began his Gospel thus: "In the beginning (the Father) was the Word."

This Word of the Godhead being conceived by an immanent act, an act which has neither beginning nor end, which is not power before it is act, is conceived therefore eternally, and consequently is coeternal with the conceiver. It is God or the infinite; because the first person, or intelligent activity, begets him by an operation which terminates inside himself, by the law of immanence; consequently the Word is identical with his essence, and is, therefore, the infinite.

Yet is he a distinct person from the first as Word.

For although the intelligent activity and the Word are both God, yet are they distinct from each other by the law of opposition of origin, which implies that a term proceeding from a principle is necessarily opposed to it, and consequently distinct from it. Thus the intelligent activity, as principle, is necessarily opposed to the Word as term; and, *vice versa*, the Word as term is necessarily opposed to the intelligent activity as principle. In other words, the intelligent activity could not be what it is, unless

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it were the opposite of the Word, and this could not be the Word unless it were the very opposite of intelligent activity. Hence, to be intelligent, activity belongs so exclusively to the First, as to exclude any other from partaking in that distinctive constituent; and to be Word is claimed so exclusively by the Second, as to be attributed to no other. The result is a duality of terminations, possessed of the same infinite nature and its essential attributes, each having a constituent so exclusively its own as to be altogether incommunicable. Now, two terminations, possessed of the same infinite nature and its essential attributes, with a constituent so exclusively their own as to be attributed to no other, convey the idea of two persons. For what is a person? A spiritual being with a termination of his own, which makes him distinct from any other, gives him the ownership of himself and renders him solidary of his action.

Now, the intelligent activity is a spiritual being, since he is the Godhead; is possessed of a constituent of his own, intelligent activity; has the ownership of himself; for, as intelligent activity, he is himself and no other, and cannot communicate himself; and is solidary of his notional action, that is, the action which constitutes him what he is: he is, therefore, a person.

Likewise the Word is a spiritual nature; for he is the same Godhead as to substance; as a relation or Word, he is the owner of himself, incommunicable, and solidary of his notional action; hence, he is also a person.

In other words, the Godhead is an infinite spirit; all that constitutes him, both substance and terms of relation, is spirit. Consequently, each term of the divine relation, as such term, has an individuality of his own and, as infinite spirit, has knowledge and intelligence of himself; he beholds himself distinct from the other as term of relation, one with the other as substance. His distinction causes his relative individuality; consciousness and intelligence of this relative individuality make him a person.

Here an objection might be raised; to be a person implies, necessarily, to be intelligent, which is an essential attribute of spiritual being. Therefore the Word also must be intelligent, otherwise he would have neither knowledge nor consciousness of his individuality. But you have attributed intelligence to the first person as being his particular termination; therefore how can the Word be a person, if intelligence be the particular termination of the first? Either the Word is not intelligent, and then he cannot be a person, or intelligence is not the particular termination of the first, and in that case they cannot be persons, for they cannot be distinct.

The difficulty will vanish if it be observed that we have not attributed intelligence to the first person as his particular termination, but intelligent *activity*.

A slight attention to the manner according to which the Word is produced in the infinite, will illustrate this distinction. The intelligence of the Godhead is infinite in its activity and actuality, as well as infinite in its term; which means that the Godhead understands itself infinitely, and an infinite term is the product of this intellection. Hence, once God has understood himself and conceived the expresssion of his intelligence, the activity is complete and fully terminated; consequently, the Word, the term of this intelligencing, has the Godhead with all its

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essential attributes communicated to him; except the activity of intelligencing, because the activity is complete in the production of the Word.

In other words, the act of the first person is eternal, complete, and perfect, by the laws of immanence. Its activity is fully and perfectly exercised in engendering the Word, hence it cannot be communicated. If it were communicated, it would argue imperfection and incompleteness in the act and in its term. In the act, for if any portion of activity remained to be communicated, the Godhead would not intelligence himself to the fullest extent of his infinity; in the term, because the Godhead not intelligencing himself to the full extent of his infinity, the intellectual utterance which would be produced would not fully and perfectly express the object.

Consequently both would be imperfect, incomplete, and potential. This happens in human conception. Our mind, being finite, that is, partial and imperfect, is forced to exert itself partially and conceive various mental words, which would not be the case if its activity were perfect and complete, as it is in the infinite.

This answers another objection which is brought forward by those who lose sight of the law of immanence in the divine operation. It is said, If the Word be intelligent, there is nothing to prevent his engendering another Word, and this second, a third, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The Word is intelligent, but not intelligent activity. When intelligence, so to speak, is communicated to him, it has been exercised in the engendering of himself; or better, the eternal immanent act of the intelligent activity communicating intelligence to the Word, is continually being exercised in the immanent engendering of the Word; therefore it cannot be communicated to him.* Hence that magnificent expression of the Scripture, "*Semel loquitur Deus.*" "*God speaks but once.*" But because the activity of engendering another Word is not communicated to him, it does not follow that he is not endowed with the act of intelligencing the Father or himself; the Father as his principle, himself as the product of the Father. For it is one thing to be intelligent, another thing to be intelligent principle. To give some examples of this distinction. The architect of a building who has planned it, is the intelligent principle of the building; another, who understands the plan of the building, is the intelligent *beholder* of the building.

God is the intelligent cause of the world, man is the intelligent perceiver of the world.

There being, therefore, a distinction between intelligence as principle or cause, and intelligence as perception, one may easily conceive how the Word in the infinite may be possessed of intelligence, without being the principle of intelligence.

The Word, who is one Godhead with the first person, a distinct person himself, is also the substantial image of the first person. Because, in force of the act by which he is uttered, which is essentially assimilative, he is produced as the likeness of him whose expression and utterance he is; and as he is one as to substance with the conceiver, he is, consequently, his substantial image and likeness. We conclude, therefore, that the production of the second person in the infinite—resulting in a person, the substantial image of

* In Filio non habet *intellectus* illam veluti rem quia iam habuit actum sibi adequatum.—*Suarez, De Trin.*, lib. i. cap. 7. v. 11.

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the conceiver, in force of the act of intelligencing by which he is produced, which is essentially assimilative—is governed by the law of generation; and that, consequently, the first person in the infinite is *Father*, and the second, *Son*. "*Thou art my Son, to-day I have begotten thee.*"*

The law by which the third person in the infinite is produced, is different from that which governs the production of the second.

The latter takes place according to the law of generation or assimilation; the former is subject to the law of aspiration, which must be understood as follows.

By his Word, the intelligent activity apprehends and conceives his infinite perfection and goodness. For the Word, as we have seen, is nothing but the infinite and most perfect expression or image of the intelligent activity, and as the intelligent activity is infinite perfection and excellence, so the Word is the utterance, the intellectual reproduction of that excellence and goodness. Hence the intelligent activity, by his Word, conceives and utters himself as infinite perception and excellence. But perfection or goodness *apprehended* is necessarily loved. For goodness, once apprehended, awakens the will, and necessarily inclines it toward itself; it necessarily attracts and affects it. The intelligent activity, therefore by apprehending himself through his Word as infinite perfection and goodness, necessarily loves himself.

Love implies the insidence or indwelling of the object loved in the subject loving. The intelligent activity, therefore, who necessarily loves himself through his Word, must be as object loved in himself as subject loving.

This love as object must be coeternal with the infinite, because by the law of immanence which governs the genesis of infinite life, every origination in the infinite must be coeternal with the infinite.

By the same law also, it must be identical and one with the infinite; because love, being originated by an immanent act, terminates inside of the infinite, and is, therefore, identical with the infinite. The love as object, therefore, is coeternal and identical with the infinite; it *is* the infinite.

It is distinct from love as subject and from the Word, by the law of opposition of origin, which implies that a term which originates from a principle is necessarily opposed to it, and consequently distinct. Now, love, as object in the infinite, originates from the intelligent activity and from the Word. The intelligent activity, by apprehending himself, as infinite goodness and excellence, through his Word, loves himself. Hence, this love proceeds from both —the intelligent activity, who conceives his infinite goodness — the Word, who represents it, and makes it intelligible. This love-object is a third person. For, from what we have said, it appears that love-object is identical with the infinite, with the divine essence, and consequently partakes of all the infinite attributes of the essence; hence he is a spiritual and intelligent being; as distinct from both the intelligent activity and the Word, he is possessed of a termination exclusively his own, which makes him the owner of himself incommunicable and solidary of his notional action. Hence he is a person.

This third person, not being originated according to a likeness of nature, cannot, like the second person, be called son. He is the personal and subsisting love of the Father and of the Son; and as the object

* Ps. ii. 7.

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loved exists in the subject loving, as inclining, and in a certain manner as impelling, the subject toward it, as raising in the subject an attraction or aspiration toward it, hence the third person is called the living and subsisting Spirit of God.

The better to conceive this distinctive termination of the third term in the infinite, let us suppose an attraction between two persons. It is needless to remark that we use this term for want of a better and more spiritual one. Suppose, therefore, an attraction between two persons; do not make it an accident or modification, but substantial; carry it to its utmost perfection, actualize it *ad infinitum;* so that it may be able to return upon itself, to have consciousness of itself, to possess and own itself, and in this sense to feel itself distinct from and independent of all others—and you will have, as product, a subsisting or *personal* attraction, a third person.

Such is the idea we can form of the Holy Spirit. The Father beholds himself totally in the Son as an offspring of himself, and loves himself in his offspring, his perfect and substantial expression.

The Son beholds himself totally in the Father as his author, and loves the Father as his principle and origin. This common love, this mutual attraction, this aspiration of the Father toward the Son, and of the Son toward, the Father, being infinite, is most actual, perfect, and complete—a living, subsisting attraction, with consciousness and the ownership of himself, a subsistence personifying their mutual love and binding both in one eternal tie of affection.

Hence, by this distinctive constituent of common love, the Spirit is the archetype of harmony and order; since in his personality he brings the opposition existing between the conceiver and the conceived into harmony and unity of love.

He is also the archetype of the *beautiful*, being the very beauty and loveliness of God.

Beauty, in its highest metaphysical expression, is variety reduced to unity, by order and proportion. Now, the Spirit harmonizes the reality and the intelligibility of God into a unity of love. Hence he is the beauty of the Father and the Son—their personal and eternal loveliness; and as such, the archetype of the beautiful in all orders.

He is the very bliss of the infinite, because bliss is the perfect possession of infinite life. Now, it is in the production of the Spirit that the genesis of infinite life terminates and is complete. He is, then, the expression of the perfect possession and enjoyment of the infinite life—the living Blessedness of the infinite. The last law which governs the mystery of God's life, and which is a consequence of all the laws we have explained, is the law of *insidence.*

This implies the indwelling of all the divine persons in each other. It is founded both on the community of essence and the very nature of personalities.

For the essence of the three divine persons, being one and most simple, it follows that they all meet in it, and consequently dwell in each other. On the other hand, what constitutes them persons is essentially a relation. Now, a relation necessarily asks for and includes the relative term. The intelligent activity is such, because in him dwells the Word, his infinite expression. The Word is such, because he is the expression of the intelligent activity, and dwells in him. The Spirit necessarily dwells in both, because he is the subsisting aspiration of the activity toward its conception, and

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of the conception toward its principle.

"*Believe that the Father is in me, and I in the Father.*" (St. John.)

With these laws, we conclude the first part of the problem of multiplicity raised by pantheism. It is true, as pantheism affirms, that there must be a certain multiplicity in the unity of infinite essence. For, without a certain multiplicity, no being can exist or be intelligible. Pantheism, in giving such prominent importance to the problem, has rendered great service to philosophy and to religion, and has cut off, in the very bud, all those objections raised by the superficial reason of Arians or anti-trinitarians of old, or Unitarians of modern times. But, as we have seen, however able in raising the problem, Pantheism utterly fails in resolving it; and, in its effort to explain the problem, destroys both the terms to be reconciled. Catholicity, fully conscious of the immense value of the problem, unflinchingly asserts that it alone has the secret of its solution. Without at all assuming to explain away its super-intelligibility, it lays down such an answer as fully satisfies the mind which can appreciate the importance and the sublimity of the problem, and follow it into the depths of its explanation. The infinite, says Catholicity, is not infinite as an abstraction or potentiality, a germ as Pantheism affirms, which ceases to be infinite when it passes into multiplicity; the infinite is actuality itself.

This actuality consists in a first personality unborn and unbegotten, with full consciousness of himself and his infinite perfection. This personality is active intelligence, and in intelligencing his infinite perfection, begets a conception, an intelligible expression of that perfection, a second person. The active intelligence loves his infinite personality conceived by him in his intelligence. This love is a third personality.

Three personalities or terminations of one infinite actuality: a multiplicity in unity; unity without being broken by multiplicity; multiplicity without being destroyed by unity.

Hence the infinite is not a dead, immovable, unintelligible unity, but a living, actual, intelligible unity; because it is unity of nature and a trinity of persons; because the unity falls in the essence, the multiplicity, in the terminations of the essence.

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A LEGEND FOR HUSBANDS—1699.

WHICH WIVES, TOO, MAY READ—POSSIBLY NOT WITHOUT PROFIT.

My story is of people that have long since passed away, so that no one need take it as personal.

American travellers sometimes differ—though for my part, I do not see why they should—as to the relative attractions of Paris and London. But they seldom fail to concur in their estimate of Brussels as one of the most interesting and agreeable cities in Europe.

And really the Flemish metropolis presents a remarkable variety of attractions. Parks, boulevards, botanic gardens, museums, quaint old streets, quainter old houses, libraries, great pictures, treasures of Rubens, wealth of old MSS., and last, not least, grand specimens of middle-age architecture, such as the Hotel de Ville and the Cathedral of St. Gudule.

Indeed, in mediæval monuments no country in Europe is richer than Belgium.

In presence of her grand old cathedrals you can well understand the enthusiasm of those artists who maintain that our age takes entirely too much credit to itself for its encouragement of the fine arts. Neither the past nor the present century, they maintain, will leave to posterity monuments of such grandeur, boldness, beauty, and originality as have been bequeathed to us by the period that immediately followed the crusades; and strangely enough, these bequests of the "dark ages" can bear any test of critical scrutiny, even in the full blaze of our nineteenth century enlightenment.

Will our architectural legacies appear as well in the eyes of future generations?

"Why, look around you," said to me a Flemish artist; "in those days the erection of a costly edifice was not handed over to mere mechanics. The body of it was intrusted to architects. Sculptors created its woodwork. Carvers executed what is now turned out by machinery; painters gave you pictures where you now get plaster, and the Benvenuto Cellinis of the day worked their miracles of art in metals which today the blacksmith hammers out at his forge. Ah! that was the golden age of artists, when the pulpits, the altars, the stalls, and the organ-lofts were monuments; when furniture, doors, chairs, and tables were poems in wood; when the family goblets, the mere handle of a poignard or a sword were chased and embellished; when exquisite miniatures, illuminated missals, and wood engravings made a picture-gallery of the dryest chronicle; when fresco and encaustic decorated the walls and floors; when ceilings and beams shone with arabesques, windows were bright with stained glass; when, in short, all the arts brought their tribute of beauty to a church or to a palace. It was in the fading twilight of these artistic glories that sculpture in wood still flourished among the artists of ancient Flanders."

Somewhat thus discoursed to me an enthusiastic young Belgian painter, as we stood together admiring that grand work of art, the carved oak pulpit in the cathedral of St. Gudule, at Brussels.

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This pulpit is a work to which the term unique may be applied with scrupulous fidelity.

The admiration drawn from you by sculptures in wood elsewhere culminates in presence of this singular creation of genius. No description can adequately place it before you or render it justice. In its exquisite architecture and sculpture, a poem as grand as that of Milton is spread out before you.

An outline, only, the merest outline, can be attempted to supply description.

Adam and Eve apparently sustain the terrestrial globe. An angel chases them from Paradise, and Death pursues them. The life-size figure of Adam, in particular, is admirable. Carved in marble, it would have been something for Canova to have been proud of. The preacher stands in the concavity of the globe, which is overshadowed by the branches of the tree of good and evil, covered with birds and animals characteristically grouped. By the side of Adam is an eagle; on that of Eve, a peacock and a squirrel.

To the top of the tree is attached a canopy upheld by two angels and a female figure symbolical of truth. Above stands the Blessed Virgin with the infant Saviour, who, with a cross in his hand, crushes the head of the Serpent, whose hideous body, in huge folds, twines around the tree.

"This pulpit was made," said, or rather sang, to me, the old gray-haired sexton or *bedeau*, to the tune in which he had shown the lions of the cathedral for more than thirty years—"This pulpit was made by Verbruggen, of Antwerp, in 1699, for the Jesuits of Louvain. Upon the suppression of their order, it was presented to this cathedral by the empress Maria Theresa. This pulpit—"

Here I interrupted him with questions as to Verbruggen—what was known of him? Had he left any other works? and so on, to the end of the chapter. All in vain; I could obtain nothing but a negative shake of the head, and a hint that it was time to close the cathedral doors.

My stay in Brussels was prolonged many weeks; and besides my attendance on Sundays, I frequently, in my rambles between the grand park and what Mrs. Major O'Dowd calls the *Marchy O'flures*, strayed into St. Gudule to admire the finest specimens of stained glass in the world; to read the inscriptions on the tombs of the Dukes of Brabant, and to feast my eyes and imagination on the grand old pulpit.

In the course of these visits I became better acquainted with the *bedeau* in charge, and after some persuasion and a few well-timed attentions, the old man at last acknowledged to me that there was something more than mere names and dates connected with the history of the pulpit.

Finally, upon my solemn assurance that I was not an Englishman, and would not write a book and put him and the pulpit therein, he promised to tell me all he knew about it.

Accordingly, by arrangement with him, I loitered in the cathedral one evening after vespers until the faithful had finished their devotions and left the church.

Taking a couple of rush-bottom chairs from one of the huge pyramids of them piled up at the lower end of the building, we seated ourselves just outside the grand portal, and the old man began his recital. Years have since gone by, and I cannot repeat it in his quaint manner; but, substantially, he thus told me the

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STORY OF THE CARVED OAK PULPIT.

HENRY VERBRUGGEN was heart and soul an artist. Gay, careless, pleasure-loving, he appeared to live but for two things; his art, first, and then his amusements.

Verbruggen married Martha Van Meeren, the pretty, the timid, the good Martha Van Meeren. In the mirage of his artist's enthusiasm her sweetness, her grace, her beauty, made her at first appear to him a sylph, a muse, an angel.

Alas! though gentle and attractive, Martha was, after all, only a woman, of the earth, earthy. In a quiet, well-ordered household Martha would have been a treasure; but in the eccentric home of the artist she was out of her element.

A pattern of neatness and economy, an accomplished Flemish housewife, a neat domicil and well-spread table possessed for Martha more attraction than the imaginary world of beauty in which her artist husband revelled, even when poverty threatened or want oppressed them. Poor Martha! In vain she remonstrated; in vain she implored. Henry would neglect his work; he would be idle and spend his days at the *cabaret*, in the society of those who were even more idle and more dissipated than himself.

Thus years went on. Martha was not happy. A tinge of moroseness shaded the clear sunshine of her usual mildness. Occasionally, too, she came out of her quiet sadness and found sharp words of reproof for Henry, and anger for the companions who kept him from home. And so it came about that soon, in Verbruggen's eyes, Martha appeared harsh and repulsive. Then swiftly followed dispute and recrimination. His early enchantment had disappeared; Martha was not the wife for him, thought Verbruggen. He should have had one as careless, as enthusiastic as himself. Would such a wife have suited him, think you—you who know the human heart?

Meantime things went from bad to worse. Verbruggen scarcely came home, totally neglected his art, fell into utter idleness and the slough of despond, and his family was soon reduced to want—almost to beggary.

In this crisis—it was in the year 1699—a Jesuit father who had heard of Verbruggen's talent, called upon him, supplied him with means, and ordered a pulpit, the most beautiful his art could produce, for the church at Louvain.

Surprise, gratitude, joy, enthusiasm, all contributed to arouse the dormant energies of the artist. He set himself energetically at the composition of a design for his work.

"I will make," said he, "of this pulpit my greatest production. It shall be," he exclaimed, growing radiant with artistic inspiration, "something that shall display at a glance the history of the Christian religion. I will place," thus he mused, "under the terrestrial globe, Adam and Eve the moment after the fatal act of disobedience. This globe shall be the pulpit. Around it shall watch the four Evangelists. Over it shall hang the canopy of heaven, supported on the right by angels, on the left by Truth herself. The date-tree shall lend its shade. The long scaly wings of the serpent shall encircle it, reaching from man on earth to the Blessed Virgin in heaven. By the side of man I will place the cherubim armed with his flaming sword, and near Eve, young and beautiful, a hideous figure of Death. Higher up shall be the divine infant, with one foot on the head of the serpent; he shall stand by the side of his august mother, resplendent in her crown of stars, surrounded by angels,

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cherubs, and seraphs. Yes, all this and more will I do. The very wood shall grow into life under my hands, and ages yet unborn shall hear of Henry Verbruggen of Antwerp."

The artist went at his work with all the enthusiasm of genius, and had completed the body of the pulpit without placing the Evangelists according to his original design, when, in a moment of malicious spite, he imagined he would punish Martha by displaying near Eve various satirical emblems of her sex's qualities.

On the branches, then, that entwine the staircase leading up on the side of Eve, he placed a peacock, symbol of pride; a squirrel, symbol of destruction; a cock, symbol of noise; and an ape, image of malice; of all which defects, poor Martha, as the angels well knew, was as innocent as an infant.

Of the statue of Adam, Verbruggen made a *chef d'œuvre*—a figure full of dignity and manly beauty. The figure of Eve is inferior, and has less grace and animation.

And now to complete his sculptured marital spite, on Adam's side he carved an eagle, symbol of genius.

Thus far had he progressed when poor Martha sickened and died. In his motherless household Verbruggen soon discovered the extent of his misfortune, and learned, as Shakespeare has so well told the world, that

> "What we have we prize not to the worth;
> But being lacked and lost,
> We then do know its value."

And now came the reaction. Verbruggen deeply mourned Martha. He sincerely deplored her. Her admirable qualities came fresh upon his memory, and he bitterly reproached himself for his unkindness and neglect.

Soon he fell into fits of despondency. Discouragement took possession of him, and his pulpit, begun with so much energy, stood unfinished.

Accustomed to find his home in order, his table spread, he soon discovered their loss, as well as the want of a thousand little attentions and kindnesses which none could now give him; and in short, as he was in the high road for discoveries, we may safely conclude that he found out, with Ben Franklin, that a lone man is but the half of a pair of scissors.

Twelve months passed by. Verbruggen's friends counselled him to remarry. "You are but thirty-six," said they. "You have sincerely mourned Martha's loss, and have done full justice to her excellent qualities; but you can yet do as well, if not better. There is Cecily Van Eyck, talented, a painter, an artist, like yourself. Your dispositions accord, and if she consents to have you, she will be a mother to your little girl and make you an admirable wife."

Henry listened to his friends, thought over what they said, and followed their advice. He became Cecily's suitor, and was accepted.

Now Cecily Van Eyck was very smiling, very sweet, very charming; but Cecily had a will of her own.

Scarcely had the honeymoon gone by, when she enlightened Henry with some new ideas, and gave him several very distinct notions as to the proper distribution of domestic power in a household. In a more propitious age Cecily would have made her mark in a *Sorosis*, and been a leader of the most advanced radical wing of a woman's rights party.

Her mastery over Verbruggen

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was complete, and the poor artist even kissed his chains.

One day she said to him, "What are you doing? Your apathy is complained of, and I am taunted with it. Remember, if you please, that Van Eyck is a name not unknown. Let me not lose, I pray you, by changing it for that of Verbruggen. Where is the pulpit, that *chef d'œuvre* you so long since announced?"

In reply he led her to his studio. Cecily had an artist's eye, and more —a woman's.

"What mean," said she, "these emblems by the side of Eve?"

The sculptor blushed.

"When I made them," he answered, "I did not know Cecily Van Eyck."

"'Tis well. But after these emblems of defects, which perhaps women have not, what do you intend to bestow upon your own sex?"

"I had already commenced," stammered Verbruggen—"you see the eagle. 'Twas perhaps somewhat vain."

"Vain! Oh! no; not at all. The eagle—a bird of prey and rapine, the symbol of brutal tyranny—nothing could be fitter. Well, and what further do you intend?"

Verbruggen could find no reply.

"Well, then, listen," continued his wife, "to render full justice to your sex, near the eagle you will place a fox, emblem of deceit; a parrot, emblem of noisy chatter; a monkey eating grapes, symbol of intoxication; and a jackdaw, emblem of silly pride."

Verbruggen executed her orders with a docility most edifying. The pulpit was soon finished, and, fortunately for us, has been preserved intact through years of war and revolution. Higher teachings have been proclaimed from it, but to those who know its story even its dumb wood speaks a salutary lesson.

"Ah sir!" ejaculated the old sexton, when he had finished the story of the pulpit, "if I had known the history of that pulpit before I married a second time, I—"

Just then I came away.

THE FUTURE OF RITUALISM.

We propose to devote a few pages to the consideration of Ritualism and its probable future, because it is an interesting religious movement which is of great importance to many souls, and because it seems to us to have reached its crisis. A writer in the *Churchman* (an Episcopalian journal of Hartford, Ct.) wonders that Catholics take such an interest in his communion and its members. "Our bishops being no bishops," he says, "our clergy only decently behaved laymen, our laity a perverse generation whose only chance of salvation lies in the charitable hope of their invincible ignorance, surely it is wasting powder and shot upon us to criticise our doings when we are thus only playing at being a church." It is certainly true that in the eyes of the Catholic Church, and also of every ecclesiastical body which has the apostolic succession, the bishops of the Episcopal Church are no bishops, and the clergy are mere lay

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men. It is also true that the extreme High-Churchmen are "playing at being a church." But cannot the writer understand our zeal for the salvation of souls and our honest desire to help those whose religion is only a logical farce? We assure him that if he does not appreciate our sincerity, he does injustice to the feelings which should animate every Christian heart. We see that which every intelligent and unbiassed mind can see, a party in the Episcopal Church holding opinions which are suicidal to every species of Protestantism, and which lead directly to the Catholic faith, and we know that those who belong to this party cannot long continue in their present position. They must come honestly forward to us, or go backward to lose what little faith they have. Is it wonderful that for the love of Christ we beg them to be truthful to their convictions, and manly in their profession? Is it strange that we attempt to show them that the doctrines they profess to hold have no home in Protestantism, and that the church they pretend to venerate is only a fiction of their imagination?

In this spirit we write now a few words which will, we hope, fall into the hands of Ritualists, and help at least some to the knowledge of the truth. Let us say at once, and in all candor, that our sympathy is with the movement which is called Ritualism, and that from its beginning we have earnestly prayed to God to bless it to the conversion of many souls. We hope it will go on and prosper, and be truthfully developed; for we can think of nothing so fearful as "playing church," when the question is one of salvation. There is, however, among some of the leaders of this movement, a want of honesty and a direct untruthfulness which surprise us greatly. If this dishonesty be not wilful, it is owing to an obliquity of mind which it is hard to comprehend. The object of this article is to show that Ritualism can have no standing in the Episcopal Church, and that they who would propagate it had better lay down the weapons of insinuation and falsehood and be brave enough to look the truth full in the face.

There is nothing gained by attempting to skulk away under the *general* meaning of the name which the world has applied to a particular signification. "There can be no religion without external ceremonies, say the High-Churchmen, "therefore, Ritualism is proper and necessary." This argument is as fallacious as the following "There is no man without a body, therefore the negro is a necessity to the human race." The question, honest friends, is not whether the religion of Christ demands ceremonies, but whether it demands the particular ceremonies advocated at St. Alban's and other ritualistic churches. And Ritualism does not mean the adoption of any rites in the service of God, but the use of the peculiar ones which are recommended by the leaders of the movement in the Episcopal Church. Why, then, not say so at once with manliness? A man will make little progress in our day who is afraid to avow his creed.

Ritualism means a good deal more than mere rites and ceremonies. We do not take our good friends who put on Catholic vestments as automatons who are dressed up by the tailor to show off his art. They are not so senseless as to play for the benefit of the dress-maker alone. There is doctrine beneath all this external ritual which is intended to show forth the sacrifice of the mass, and the real presence of our Lord in the holy eucharist. It includes the

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whole sacramental system, and the power of the priesthood. There is little outward distinction between the tenets of the Ritualists and the creed of the Catholic Church. They may pretend to draw a line for the satisfaction of fearful disciples, but really there is little difference. As far as we can see, they are willing to accept our faith, so long as they can enjoy it without submitting to the Catholic Church. They go to confession, and invoke the saints, and pray for the dead, and believe in the seven sacraments, and kneel devoutly before the bread and wine which they elevate for the adoration of the people. "You can have," said a leading Ritualist of this city, "everything in the Episcopal Church which you can find in the Catholic communion, and why therefore should you go away from the fold in which you were born?" We ought, therefore, to define Ritualism as a movement toward the actual faith and worship of the one church of Christ, which were rejected by all Protestants at the Reformation. This is its true definition before every honest mind, and any attempts to hide under generalities, are attempts at deception.

It will perhaps bring our remarks to more clear conclusions, if we show, first, that these doctrines which underlie the whole movement can have no status in the Episcopal Church; secondly, that any attempts at disguising the truth, only injure the leaders in their enterprise; and lastly, from the indications of the present, conclude the future of Ritualism.

Little time need be spent to persuade any honest mind that the sacramental system can have no home in the Anglican communion. First of all, the great body of the people reject it, and can never be made to accept it, while they say with sincerity that they see no distinction between it and the teachings of the Catholic Church. If it be deemed worth while to profess substantially all the doctrines of Trent, why not undo the Reformation and go back at once to the fold which their forefathers forsook? And, as Bishop Lee remarked at the opening of the late Episcopal Convention, what right had the church organized by Queen Elizabeth to set forth articles of faith, or in fact to be a church at all, if not on the Protestant principle of private judgment? The majority of Episcopalians have the greatest possible aversion to anything that can be called Romanism, and will, as a body, never allow themselves to be catholicised. In this country there is great liberty of speech, and great pretensions are easily tolerated; but when it is understood that such pretensions mean more than words, the spirit of Protestantism, which is the only living thing in the Episcopal Communion, shows itself in full armor. Individuals daily come to the one fold of Christ, but the body will never move from its hostile attitude. It will stand consistent to its own principle until the hour of dissolution. If any Ritualist doubts this, let him actually practise all he preaches, and openly avow all he believes. His eyes will soon be opened sufficiently to see that the antagonism between himself and his surroundings can never be removed.

Our friends, the High-Churchmen, are zealous upholders of church authority; but where is the authority to which they submit? Their own church ought to be an authority to them, yet we find that its decisions have no weight for their minds. The articles are against them, and every doctrinal judgment that has been made throughout the history of the controversy is distinctly adverse to

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their views; yet they insist on holding on, and appealing from the stern present to the impossible future. The thirty-nine articles are really the doctrinal standards of the English Church and truly express the belief which formed and animates their communion. When these articles are given up, if such an event should ever take place, the Episcopal brotherhood will commit suicide and vote itself out of existence. These remarkable canons of doctrine condemn the whole sacramental system, deny any real presence of Christ in the blessed Eucharist, and cut away, root and branch, any encouragement which the Ritualists might find in the other portions of the Prayer-Book. Whatever authority therefore the Episcopal Church has, is most decidedly against the unnatural children who profess great fondness for their mother, call her by great names which she disowns, and still never obey her. We have before us a declaration of principles made in the year 1867, in which are contained the very doctrines which the articles condemn, and which the bishops, whenever they have spoken, have rebuked. One sentence particularly pleases us by its great frankness and amiable sincerity. "We heartily and loyally *obey* the authority of our own particular church, receive *every one* of her doctrines, and adopt, as our own, her every act of devotion." Article xxviii says, "The sacrament of the Lord's supper was not by Christ's ordinance reserved, carried about, lifted up, or worshipped." The declaration of these *loyal* children declares that "Christ is *really present* in the Holy Eucharist, and being present, is of course to be adored."

Now, if the bishops of the Anglican communion have any right to decide in litigated questions, they have spoken with sufficient plainness. The "Catholic school" in England has had a hard road to travel while one after another their favorite positions have been condemned. The last decision of the Privy Council is adverse to the ceremonies of Ritualism, and of course to the doctrines which underlie them. Twenty-eight bishops of the American Episcopal Church have published an open protest against the new movement, and the late Pastoral of the Convention reasserts the principles of the Reformation, denies the presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, and concludes the subject by saying: "We would most earnestly deprecate those extravagances in Ritualism, recently introduced, which tend to assimilate our worship to that of a church hostile to our own. And we must urge you to remember that the reverent obedience to their bishops and other chief ministers, promised by the clergy at their ordination, would, if faithfully rendered, prevent these evils." We are not aware that anything more explicit be required by our friends who "love their own particular church" so well; but if the above be not enough, we imagine they will not wait very long for something more.

The most painful feature, however, in this movement, is an apparent want of truthfulness and a disingenuousness which are inconsistent with the earnest desire to know the faith of Christ. It is very hard to comprehend the course of some of the leaders in this "Catholic revolution," unless their aim be to maintain a cause without any regard for truth or justice. They are sometimes very insincere in their condemnations of Romanism before the people, when in their hearts they must see that they are making dupes of the ignorant.

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A very vapid book has been handed to us, entitled *Conversations on Ritualism.* The Rev. Mr. Wilson (Ritualist) instructs Mr. Brown, and opens his eyes to see that there is a pure Catholicity all unknown to Rome, and even to the (beloved) East, which is now about to revive and do wonders. Mr. Brown is informed that the American Church has not yet been put together. The elements of which it is composed are floating around; but so sure as the sun rises some bright day, the chaos will be one beautiful scene of order and unity, when all shall think alike, and the brilliant altars shall blaze with candles and smoke with incense. Now, Rev. Mr. Wilson "doubts if there are many of his bishops and priests who know more than the mere A, B, C, of the real question of the church worship." They will, however, be enlightened, because the world is to see the "gorgeous Ritual without the doctrinal errors and corruptions of Rome," and to take a "pill which is not to be gilded." Puritanism comes in for a terrible malediction. "If ever an evil spirit has appeared on the earth, of such a character as to put men out of patience with its inconsistencies and absurdities, that spirit is Puritanism." O Puritanism, Puritanism, thou that abhorrest pictures and flowers, stained glass and altar-cloths, thou that lovest whitewash and blank hard-finish, with what amazement shalt thou hereafter discern the glories of the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem! "This Puritanism is a very subtle and persistent poison; I have known it to crop out where least expected; I have even known of *mitred* heads which seem in some way turned by it." But, bad as it is, it is not worse than Popery, which good Mr. Brown is taught to distinguish well from Ritualism. Then Rev. Mr. Wilson, speaking *ex cathedra*, defines what this Popery is. Its errors are "the cultus of the Blessed Virgin; adoration of the cross, images, and relics; the doctrine of purgatory, Transubstantiation, Papal pardons, indulgences and dispensations, supererogatory merits, and forbidding the clergy to marry." Pope Wilson, who rejects the authority of Pius IX., pronounces these doctrines and practices as grave errors. There can be no doubt, therefore, of the clearness of his vision, and discussion were useless and certainly inappropriate. But, behind the scenes, what is the practical difference between the Catholic doctrine condemned, and the belief symbolized by the Ritualists? Mr. Brown has gone home quite satisfied, and he will not hear our conversation, and we can afford to talk our honest convictions. The cultus of the Blessed Virgin and the saints is nothing more than the devotion which our friend, Mr. Mackonochie approves under another name. Catholics do not *adore* the cross, nor images, nor relics. They treat them with veneration and religious respect, and so do the Ritualists. Rev. Mr. Wilson prays for his departed friends, though for the world he would not say out loud Purgatory. Transubstantiation he does not accept, though he believes that the bread and wine are the body and blood of Christ, and to be adored with every outward symbol of devotion. Pardons are very good in themselves, if the Pope has nothing to do with them; and as for forbidding the clergy to marry, he would leave that an open question. Many of the Ritualists have evinced a preference for a single life, and a desire even to establish convents and monasteries. Mr. Brown is sleeping quietly on his Protestant pillow while Mr. Wilson prays

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before his crucifix, and is a Romanist at heart though not in name. We fear there are many Mr. Browns, and Madame Browns, and Misses Brown, who are likewise deceived. In religion we would prefer more manliness and outspoken honesty. These *Conversations on Ritualism* are only an example of what we have often seen and heard with much pain. We have great hopes of any man who is truthful; but when there is a desire to deceive, and an unwillingness to follow truth to its just conclusions, there is little chance for argument.

But some of the Ritualists are as unfair toward their own church as they are toward us. It cannot condemn them; for whatever language it may use, they will interpret it to suit their own case. When Tract No. XC. appeared, the entire English communion scouted its attempt to reconcile the articles with Catholic doctrine. Now, there is no difficulty in explaining away every objectionable point and making those thirty-nine daggers inoffensive. The *Baptist Quarterly* says: "The twenty-fifth article declares, 'The sacraments were not ordained to be gazed upon,' an unquestionable interdiction of eucharistic adoration. But this, we are told, must mean that they are not to be looked upon without reverence and devotion. So article twenty-eight says, 'The sacrament of the Lord's supper was not by Christ's ordinance lifted up or worshipped.' This, it is said, may mean that elevation may not be practised, on the ground of its being done by Christ's ordinance, but it may be done on some other ground. What may be the casuistry of men who can so defend their principles, it is difficult for minds accustomed to frank and straightforward actions to comprehend." If the Privy Council forbids the practices of the Ritualists, the *Church Record* tells us that "they must indeed be short-sighted who suppose that the disuse under compulsion of the ritual expression of a doctrine will hinder it from being taught and believed." If the whole house of American bishops distinctly deny any presence of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist, and forbid any worship of the elements, on the ground that Christ is not there, then these loyal churchmen are "cheered," and take refuge under the incautious use of a term which in one sense might be objected to even by Catholics. Say the bishops, "Especially do we condemn any doctrine of the holy eucharist which implies that, after consecration, the proper nature of the elements of bread and wine does not remain; which *localizes* in them the bodily presence of our Lord." The prelates meant to say that our Lord is not really in the sacrament, and had no idea of the theological objection which Catholic doctors might find to the use of the word localize. The *Catechism* of the Council of Trent tells us that our Lord is not in the sacrament "*ut in loco*," that is, he is not limited or circumscribed by the ordinary laws of quantity and extension. This is evident, because our Lord is present by miracle and according to the conditions of his glorified humanity. "When the Pastoral is examined," says the *Churchman*, "it turns out to be a denial of a physical or carnal presence, which the writer (in THE CATHOLIC WORLD) not having the fear of the Council of Trent before his eyes, declares must be *local*." The Pastoral says nothing about a physical or carnal presence, the precise meaning of which in high-church casuistry we do not know; but it denies any "bodily presence." Now, if our Lord's body is there at all, there is

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a bodily presence, and that presence is localized, that is to say, he is within the species of bread and wine. To use the words of St. Cyril, "That which appears to be bread is not bread, but the body of Christ; and that which appears to be wine is not wine, but the blood of Christ." It is hard for us to believe that the author of the above stricture on the Pastoral knows what he means himself. If by "physical" he means according to the ordinary laws of physics, he need not beat the air any more. If by "carnal" he intends to say that our Lord is not in the eucharist, as when in the days of his sojourn on earth, he was subject to all the natural conditions of flesh and blood, he will find no adversary in the Catholic Church. The substance of the bread and wine is changed into the substance of the body and blood of Christ, and he is in the eucharist sacramentally, but as truly and really as he is at the right hand of the Father in heaven. Two substances cannot coexist at one time in one and the same space, and so, according to the plain definition of our creed, the Incarnate Word is miraculously present, whole and entire in either form, and under every consecrated host in the world. That the bishops meant to deny distinctly any true presence of Christ in the sacrament, is evident enough to any mind, and we cannot admire the candor of the writer who would try to escape from it by a quibble upon a word whose common acceptation is quite plain. The *Church Record* would have us believe that anything can here be tolerated, provided you do not use the word "Transubstantiation."

But what shall we say of the following language taken from the *Churchman*? "The Romish Church does not, comparatively speaking, care one fig for transubstantiation, the celibacy of the clergy, the employment of her particular liturgy and ceremonial. She has sacrificed these for dominion in times past. She will do it again. She will explain away transubstantiation, she will admit the marriage of the clergy, she will make almost any other concession, if she can get her penny's worth in return. But one thing she does care about, and that is the Pope's supremacy." The author of this famous passage is unsafe in any community, and ought to be continually watched by detectives. It is easy to write falsehood, and not very hard to speak it; but it avails very little those who have the hardihood to use it. We have come to the conclusion, from a long experience, that high-churchmen will never be driven from their ground by any decisions of their own church, and that many of them are exceptions to the ordinary laws of humanity. They are inaccessible to reason. On this ground they will excuse us if we pray the more earnestly for them, or endeavor to point out to the world their wonderful inconsistency. They advocate a kind of infallibility which, to be sure, is not within the reach of any one, and yet when the Catholic Church is called infallible, they find the very idea inconsistent with their reason. "So long as Rome keeps to itself, it is grand, imposing, and may pass for powerful. But when it appeals to argument and ventures into the province of reason, it admits the possibility of an adverse conclusion. Infallible men must not reason, they can only pronounce." Perhaps it was a hoary head that indited these words in the *Churchman*, or it may have been a young and inexperienced warrior. Is there any objection to show the grounds of our faith to one who asks for them, and may not even the writer of the

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above enter upon an argument to prove the existence of God, "without admitting the possibility of an adverse conclusion"? It is something new to us that we can only defend by argument the things that we doubt. We do not reason on the *intrinsic* credibility of the doctrine proposed to our belief, but upon the extrinsic evidence that God, the only revealer, really proposes the doctrine. And we are quite ready to show to any honest mind the proofs that the Catholic Church is the one and only church of God. Nay, this has been done by our fathers and doctors from the beginning. Every Catholic is infallible so far as his faith goes, because he relies upon the church which is infallible; but this does not prevent him from defending by reason the creed which he holds. The same luminous author asks if "Rome will stand equally well the daylight which will be let into her secret places." So also the accusation has been made, that "the Romish Church has one set of doctrines for the public and another for the initiated; that to converts she always showed her best face, and did not reveal her true features until she had fairly caught them in her iron grasp." In reply to these nursery tales, meant for crying children only, we say briefly that Rome has no "secret places" whatever; that the daylight shines in her, and through her; and that all she holds and teaches is in her catechism, which is taught to young and old. Any one who wishes to know her creed can easily find it out, and it is as much in the possession of the unlettered peasant as it is of the learned philosopher. It is barely possible that they who write and speak such silliness as the above may be honest; but surely, if they are in their right minds, there is no excuse for their ignorance. Dear Ritualists, when you wish to keep your friends or parishioners from going Romeward, pray tell the truth; for when they find out that you have tried to deceive them, they will all the faster run from a system which cannot bear honesty and plain-dealing.

There is another point in which our good friends who like to call themselves Catholics are manifestly either ill-informed or disingenuous. They profess to see a great distinction between the schismatic Greek communion and the Catholic Church, and speak as if there were the slightest hope of any intercourse between themselves and the Eastern sects. The separated Greeks are certainly in a lifeless state, owing to their schism and their slavish subjection to the state; but their standards are as decisive against Protestantism and the English pretensions as even the canons of Trent. To speak otherwise, and to represent to an unlettered person that there is any approximation between Anglicanism and the East, is only an attempt to deceive. The position of the schismatic Christians of the East is quite simple upon our views of Catholic unity; but we venture to again urge our brethren of the Episcopal Church, to prosecute their investigations and do something more than pass resolutions such as are every year triumphantly carried at the sessions of the American and Foreign Christian Union. "Why not quietly wait," says the *Churchman*, "and let us be snubbed?" We are quite willing to wait; but in this day of telegraph and steam improvements, may we not beg the committee to move a little faster? In the mean time, we would place in their hands a little manual, by Dr. Overbeck, a Russian priest, who speaks only the sentiments of his whole communion. We quote from the English edition

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of his work on Catholic orthodoxy. Speaking in the name of the Greek Church, he says in answer to Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, (page 97,) "We do not want your power nor your riches; these are no baits for us. We are content with our poverty and our pure faith, which nobody shall sully; and are we to commune with a church *so replete with heresy* as the English Church is! Are we to expose our only treasure, our pure faith! You have installed heresy in your pulpits; you do not cast it out; nay, you cannot cast it out, because your church is historically a Protestant Church, and Protestants framed your articles which you contrive in vain to unprotestantize. God forbid! *No communion with an heretical church! No communion with the English Church—it would be the grave of orthodoxy.*" Again, (page 89,) "The Orthodox Church does not recognize the English Church to be *a church*, in her own meaning of the word, any more than the Lutheran, Reformed, or any other Protestant Church. If we, nevertheless, use the term *church* in the controversy, it is only a conventional mode of speaking, while disproving the fact, and denying the truth of the underlaid idea." "The English Church is not, and never was recognized by any Catholic Church."

From what we have seen, the prospects of Ritualism are not very bright. Whatever authority the Episcopal Church possesses will undoubtedly be used to prevent its growth and influence. It is quite certain that it can never be grafted upon the service or discipline of a communion whose very existence depends upon its Protestantism. The bishops are in a directly hostile attitude toward the movement; and if some of them let it alone, it is, perhaps, because they think that it it will the sooner die out. Ritualists will go forward to a certain point, and High-Churchmen will stand ungenerously behind to take any advantage of their success, and to disavow all responsibility when the hour of trouble comes.

After a while, the whole revolution will cease, and while many will become Catholics, others will return to indifference, and to greater torpidity than at the beginning. Already there are signs of division among the movers in the drama. They are not agreed on the question of quantity, some proposing to go much further Romeward than others are willing to follow. English Ritualists are dissatisfied with their American friends, and accuse them of cowardice or want of frankness. The bishops snub them at every opportunity, the powers of the state fall down upon them, and they cannot come to any settled conclusion what to do. In this country they can act as they like, untouched by civil authority, and yet the whole land can boast of only one or two churches where ceremonies are carried out according to the code. It is doubtful how long these churches can be supported on the voluntary principle. Our own judgment is, that a few years will see the end of a movement which ought to result in many conversions to the Catholic faith. If there were strict honesty among the leaders, we should be more hopeful; but when false statements are constantly made, and the "No Popery" cry is held up as a blind by even the advance-guard who wear chasubles and hear confessions, what encouragement have we for the future? It is so easy to retrace one's steps and to look unconscious of all harm if the tide of battle turns. We know of more than one bishop, and many ministers in the Episcopal Church, who have recanted their errors with more or less manliness.

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and are now in the surgeon's tent, far away from all danger. The lawn-sleeves and the fair heritage have proved too much for their faith in things eternal. They who once were ready to accept all the decrees of Trent and utterly reject the articles of their own church, have become doctors of divinity, with large families of children, and the pangs of conscience have ceased. Monasteries well organized have been broken up by the marriage of nearly all the reverend monks, and communities of sisters have been seriously embarrassed by the drafts the clergy have made upon their number. We mention these facts in sorrow; for it is a sad proof of the inconsistency of man in matters of religion. Why should we expect any more from the Ritualists than we have realized from their cotemporaries or progenitors? Especially, when we behold among them a self-sufficiency and untruthfulness which have no parallel in ecclesiastical history, what shall we dare hope?

The Anglican communion can never be unprotestantized. It may in the course of time fall to pieces, and every living moment within its bosom will help its dissolution. As a body, it never can take any Catholic position, nor wash off the birth-marks which prove its parentage.

Those who really wish for a divine church and the rites which speak the old unchangeable faith, will come one by one "to the pillar and ground of truth." Having tried shadows long enough, being wearied by "playing at church," and tired of holding up a religion by their own strength, they will come where God hath established his covenant in Zion and his mercy in Jerusalem. No honest man can long hold the doctrine of the Real Presence and remain away from the altars where alone the Holy of Holies can be found. No man can seek to confess his sins and often kneel to one who is afraid to hear him openly, who presents at best a doubtful code of morals, and plays, like a foolish child, with tools whose proper use he knows not. The end will soon come. The Catholic Church would have perished long ago, if her life had not been the life of God, and no counterfeit of her august creed can survive the changes of time. Ritualism will pass away, and something else will take its place. The Holy Spirit of truth speaks through this movement to honest hearts who will hear and obey. Many are like the young man in the gospel, who went away from Christ because the sacrifice was too great. He was "not far from the kingdom of God," neither are our Ritualistic breth ren far distant from the portals of the true Zion. God grant that they may be not unfaithful to the truth they know, nor lastingly unwilling in the day of the divine power.

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IRELAND'S MARTYRS.*

THE Catholic Church in Ireland, oppressed from the days of the Norman invasion, became, from the time of Henry VIII., a living martyr; her sufferings having no parallel in Europe from the time of the three centuries of persecution under the Roman emperors. It was not so much the persecution and martyrdom of individuals so much as of a race and nation. Hence, while the *Acts of the Early Roman Martyrs*, formally drawn up, have long since been collected by Ruinart; while a Challoner, for England, collected records of the martyrs of the faith in his *Missionary Priests*, that all-absorbing favorite of our earliest days; while even the memorials of the missionary martyrs in our own land had been collected, no one seemed to think of selecting the records of Ireland's martyred priests from the harrowing tale of the suffering and unconquerably faithful people amid whom they perished.

It has been well that this pious task has at last been undertaken, and so well accomplished. This work of Mr. O'Reilly is a plain, unvarnished collection of contemporary accounts, with no attempt to make, from the simple details given, a graphic and affecting picture. Brief, too brief, indeed, many of these records are; but further researches, unexplored archives, correspondence not hitherto consulted, will, we trust, ere long, give more extended and edifying memorials of these faithful clergymen, these bishops, priests, secular and regular, of the Isle of Saints.

During much of the period of the great Irish persecution, during that long interval between 1540 and 1701 it was scarcely possible to draw up and send out of Ireland, much less preserve in it, extended accounts of the martyrdom of those who died for the faith. Research or inquiry into their births or early lives was out of the question.

The chief sources where we can now seek information as to these heroic men are the historical writings of the religious orders who labored in Ireland. Among the Franciscans, the great annalist of the order is Father Luke Wadding, an Irishman, who has preserved many valuable accounts relating to his native country. Colgan, another Irish writer of the same order, in the preface to the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, gives an account of the death of two of his literary associates, Fathers Fleming and Ward.

De Burgo, of the order of Preachers, published a well-known work, *Hibernia Dominicana*, devoted to the history of his order in Ireland.

The Jesuit, Father Tanner, in his *Societas Jesu Militans*, records the lives of many of his order who died for the faith in Ireland, and, in another work, not cited by our author, his *Mortes Illustres*, while treating of distinguished Irish members, enters into the persecutions of the church in their native land.

Then there were special works on the various persecutions: the *Historia Persecutionis Hiberniæ*, by Father Dominic a Rosario, published at Lisbon

**Memorials of those who suffered for the Catholic Faith in Ireland in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries.* Collected and edited from the original authorities. By Myles O'Reilly, B.A., LL.D. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1869. 12mo, pp. 462.

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in 1655; Bruodin's *Propugnaculum Catholicæ Veritatis*, issued at Prague in 1669; Bishop Rothe's *Analecta Sacra Nova et Mira de Rebus Catholicorum in Hibernia pro Fide et Religione Gestis*, published at Cologne, in 1617, under the assumed name of Philadelphus; and the *Processu Martyrialis* of the same author, which appeared two years later; the *Persecutio Hiberniæ*, 1619; Morrison's *Threnodia Hiberno-Catholica, sive Planctus Universalis totius Cleri et Populi Regni Hiberniæ*, published at Innspruck, in 1659; and Carve's *Lyra*, Sulzbach, 1666, with other works of more general scope.

Besides these printed works, Mr. O'Reilly cites several manuscripts preserved in the Burgundian Library at Brussels—*Magna Supplicia*, written about 1600; an account of the martyrdom of Bishop Dovany in 1612; Mooney's account of the Franciscan Province in Ireland; and unpublished letters of Irish Jesuits.

The first blows at the Catholic Church in Ireland were struck under Henry VIII. at the monasteries; then came the intrusion of men, as bishops, who acknowledged that monster as head of the church, and the expulsion of those who refused to admit this new power in the crown. In the reign of his daughter Elizabeth came the doctrine that the sovereign, provided always, nevertheless, that he be not a Catholic, is not only head of the church, but empowered to make creeds and a ritual for worship. In a few reigns more came the doctrine that the Calvinists in a nation are the head of the church and state, may behead kings, make and unmake worships and creeds, and put to death all who gainsay them.

The persecution under Henry was comparatively bloodless; the plunder was too plentiful for men to stop to slay. Only one instance is recorded—that of the beheading of the guardian of the Franciscan convent at Monaghan, and of several of his friars; but we can scarcely credit that under so sanguinary a tyrant so little blood was shed in Ireland, where no scruple ever held back the English sword from slaughter, only a few Irish families or bloods being recognized as men whom to kill was murder.

England had her illustrious martyr, Cardinal John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester; Ireland in her hierarchy had an illustrious confessor in William Walsh, Bishop of Meath, a Cistercian, born at Dunboyne, and a monk in the Abbey of Bective, till its suppression.

"Whatever doubt there may be about the place of his birth and his early history, there is none whatever as to his eminent virtues, distinguished abilities, and the heroic fortitude with which he bore numerous and prolonged sufferings for the faith. His unbending orthodoxy and opposition to the innovations of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. marked him out for promotion after the accession of Mary, and accordingly we find him associated with the zealous primate, Dr. Dowdall, in the commission to drive from the sanctuary all such as were faithless to their trust.

"Dr. Walsh was consecrated about the close of 1554, and immediately applied himself with zeal and energy to reform abuses, and to heal the wounds which during the last two reigns had been inflicted on faith, morals, and discipline. The period of his usefulness was, however, destined to be brief, and he had time merely to stimulate his priests and to fortify his diocese when the gathering storm burst over the Irish church, and sacrificed the Bishop of Meath among its first and noblest victims. Queen Mary died in 1558, and was succeeded by Elizabeth, who at once publicly embraced the reformed tenets, and proceeded to have them enforced on all. In 1560, an act was passed, under the deputyship of the Earl of Suffolk, which ordered all ecclesiastical persons, judges, officers, justices, mayors, and all the other queen's officers, to take the oath of supremacy under penalty of forfeiture, and also enacted that if any person

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should, by writing, printing, teaching, preaching, by express words, deed, or act, maintain any foreign spiritual jurisdiction, he should for the first offence forfeit all his goods and suffer one year's imprisonment, for the second offence should incur the penalty of præmunire, and for the third be deemed guilty of high treason."

He was first imprisoned in 1560, and after a brief respite, was, in 1565,

"reconducted to his former prison; this was 'a subterraneous dungeon, damp and noisome—not a ray of light penetrated thither; and for thirteen years this was his unvarying abode.' During all that time his food was of the coarsest kind, and, with the exception of rare intervals, when the intercession of some influential friends obtained a momentary relaxation, he was allowed no occupation that could cheer the tedium of his imprisonment. In all this lengthened martyrdom, prayer was his resource, and, as he himself subsequently avowed, he oftentimes passed whole days and nights overwhelmed with heavenly consolations, so that his dungeon seemed transformed into a paradise of delights. To preclude the possibility of idleness, he procured a bed made of twisted cords, and whensoever his mind was fatigued with prayer, he applied himself to untie those cords, and often was he well wearied with the exertion before he could reunite them to compose himself to sleep.

"His persecutors, overcome by his constancy, and finding his fervor in spiritual contemplation a continual reproach to their own wickedness, at length, about Christmas, 1572, connived at his escape."

Reaching the continent, he died at Alcala, in 1577, bearing to the grave the marks of his thirteen years' imprisonment.

Next in importance among the sufferers for the faith was a most remarkable man, David Wolf, a native of Limerick, a priest of the Society of Jesus, whose labors, perils, sufferings of every kind, while acting as nuncio to the Pope in Ireland from 1560 to 1578, form the matter for a most interesting volume—not only from the personal interest attaching to a man of his ability, learning, and courage, but from the influence exercised by him in perpetuating the episcopacy, and, consequently, the priesthood and the faith in Ireland.

The first martyr of whom we have any details is the Franciscan, Daniel O'Duillian, of the convent of Youghal, put to death in 1569. Indictment, trial, judge, or jury seem to have had no part in his cause. Father Mooney thus describes his death as he obtained authentic information within fifty years after its occurrence:

"When one Captain Dudal (probably Dowdall) with his troop were torturing him, by order of Lord Arthur Grey, the viceroy, first they took him to the gate which is called Trinity Gate, and tied his hands behind his back, and, having fastened heavy stones to his feet, thrice pulled him up with ropes from the earth to the top of the tower, and left him hanging there for a space. At length, after many insults and tortures, he was hung with his head down and his feet in the air, at the mill near the monastery; and, hanging there a long time, while he lived he never uttered an impatient word, but, like a good Christian, incessantly repeated prayers, now aloud, now in a low voice. At length the soldiers were ordered to shoot at him, as though he were a target; but yet, that his sufferings might be the longer and more cruel, they might not aim at his head or heart, but as much as they pleased at any other part of his body. After he had received many balls, one, with a cruel mercy, loaded his gun with two balls and shot him through the heart. Thus did he receive the glorious crown of martyrdom the 22d of April, in the year aforesaid."

Similar disregard of all law and forms of justice appears in the terrible martyrdom of the Franciscan Father O'Dowd, who died like Sir John Nepomucen, a martyr of the seal of confession.

With some other prisoners, he fell, in 1577, into the hands of the soldiers of Felton, then president of Connaught.

"They pressed a certain secular, who was one of their captives, to tell them something of the plots which they said he had made with others against the queen of England; but he protested he could tell nothing but the truth, and that there were no plots; so

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they determined to hang him. When they said this, he begged he might be allowed to make his confession to Father O'Dowd; this they granted the more readily that they thought the priest, if he were tortured, would reveal what might be told him. As soon as the confession was over, the secular was hung; and then they asked the priest, who was also to be hung, if he had learned aught of the business in confession. He answered in the negative, and, refusing to reveal anything of a confession, they offered him life and freedom if he would reveal, and threatened torture if he refused. He answered he could not, and they immediately knotted a cord round his forehead, and, thrusting a piece of wood through it, slowly twisted it so tightly that at length, after enduring this torment for a long time, his skull was broken in, and, the brain being crushed, he died, June 9th, 1577."

Father Mooney recorded this horrid statement from the lips of some of the very soldiery who perpetrated it.

When Dr. Patrick O'Hely, Bishop of Mayo, and his companion, Father Cornelius O'Rorke, were arrested in the County Kerry, soon after landing, they were loaded with chains and imprisoned in Limerick till Sir William Drury arrived.

"The two prisoners were first placed on the rack, their arms and feet were beaten with hammers, so that their thigh-bones were broken, and sharp iron points and needles were cruelly thrust under their nails, which caused an extreme agony of suffering. For a considerable time they were subjected to these tortures, which the holy confessors bore patiently for the love of Christ, mutually exhorting each other to constancy and perseverance.

"At length they were taken from the rack, and hanged from the branches of a neighboring tree. Their bodies were left suspended there for fourteen days, and were used in the interim as a target by the brutal soldiery."

Here began, it will be seen, a sort of process, or at least arraignment, torture, and execution; although anything like a trial is wanting.

But in the fearful deaths of Rev. Daniel O'Nielan, (March 28th, 1580,) Rev. Maurice Kinrehan, Rev. Maurice Scanlan, and his companions,* in the same year, no pretence of examination was made; the soldiery either killing them on the spot, or wreaking on them any and every cruelty that wanton malignity could devise or suggest.

In the case of the heroic Cistercian, Abbot of Boyle, Father Gelasius O'Quillenan, and his companions, arrested while in Dublin, in 1580, there was not the wanton cruelty of lawless soldiers, or the mere bloodthirstiness of officers accustomed to every barbarity. Here the action proceeded from the very highest English authority in Ireland, in the days of Lord Coke, who tells us in those legal treatises which have come down to us as oracles, that he never knew of torture having been used in England.

The abbot and his companions underwent preliminary examinations.

"John O'Garvin, then Protestant Dean of Christ Church, was among those who assisted at his first interrogatory, and, having proposed many inducements to the abbot 'to abandon the popish creed,' Gelasius. in reply, reproved him for preferring the deceitful vanities of this world to the lasting joys of eternity, and exhorted him 'to renounce the errors and iniquity of heresy by which he had hitherto warred against God, and to make amends for the past by joining with him in professing the name of Christ, that he might thus become worthy to receive a heavenly crown.' The holy abbot and his companion were then subjected to torture, and, among their other sufferings, we find it commemorated that their arms and legs were broken by repeated blows, and fire was applied to their feet. The only words of Gelasius during all this torture were, 'Though you should offer me the princedom of England, I will not forfeit my eternal reward.' Sentence of death being passed against them, they were led out with all possible ignominy to execution. They, however, were filled with consolation; the sight of the joyous sufferers excited the ad-

* These three in 1580, and the three Franciscans, of the same names, nearly and at the same places in 1582, must be identical.

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miration of the assembled multitude, and many even of the heretics declared that they were more like angels than men. It was on the 21st November, 1580, that they were happily crowned with martyrdom. The garments which they wore, and the implements of their torture, were eagerly purchased by the Catholics, and cherished by them with religious veneration."

Nor can it be said that in the use of torture thus used to wring from the Irish clergy admissions to justify their execution, the authorities in Dublin acted without the knowledge or consent of the queen. Any such pretext is at once scattered to the winds by English records in the case of one of the most illustrious martyrs in the whole honored list of Ireland's witnesses for the faith—Dermod O'Hurley, Archbishop of Cashel.

"The birthplace of this glorious martyr was a little village in the diocese of Limerick, less than three miles from that city, called Lycodoon, where his parents lived respectably by farming, both of tillage and cattle; they were held in good estimation by their neighbors, both rich and poor, especially James Geraldine, Earl of Desmond.

"Having then been raised to the episcopacy by Gregory XIII., and named Archbishop of Cashel, he took his route toward Ireland."

At Waterford he was detected by a Protestant named Baal, on whose information he was pursued to the Castle of Slane, where he had, indeed, taken refuge for a time, but had proceeded further. When Lord Slane found himself in danger, he joined in the pursuit of the archbishop, and, overtaking him at Carrick-on-Suir, induced him to proceed to Dublin, where his arrival is noted by Archbishop Loftus and Sir H. Wallop, in a letter to Robert Beale, temporary chief secretary to the queen, dated Oct. 8th, 1583, and still preserved in the Public Record Office in London. In a subsequent letter, on the 10th of December, addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham, they say: "Among other letters directed to us, and brought by this last passage, we received one from your honor declaring her Majesty's pleasure for the proceeding with Dr. Hurley by torture or any other severe manner of proceeding to gain his knowledge of all foreign practices against her majesty's state, wherein we *partly* forebore to deal till now." Then they remark, "for that we want here either rack or other engine of torture to terrify him . . . the Tower of London should be a better school than the Castle of Dublin . . . we do wish that we had directions to send him thither."

The pretext here was shallow; there was wit enough in the dominant party in Ireland to invent any necessary racks. Walsingham evidently directed them to proceed in Dublin, and himself suggested the mode of torture. On the 7th of March, 1584, they again write, "We made commission to Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Secretary Fenton to put him to the torture *such as your honor advised us*, which was, to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots." What these Walsingham boots were, we learn from contemporary statements taken down from eye-witnesses. "The executioners placed the archbishop's feet and calves in tin boots filled with oil; they then fastened his feet in wooden shackles or stocks, and placed fire under them. The boiling oil so penetrated the feet and legs that morsels of the skin and even flesh fell off and left the bone bare. The officer whose duty it was to preside over the torture, unused to such unheard-of suffering, and unable to look upon such an inhuman spectacle, or to hear the piteous cries of the innocent prelate, suddenly left his seat and quitted the place." (Pages 91–2.) All this failed to extort from him anything to justify his arraignment even, though

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the torture was continued till the executioners believed life extinct, and hastily endeavored to restore animation; for he "lost all voice and sense, and when taken out lay on the ground like dead." (Ib. 93.)

The lords justices were in great perplexity. The judges, on being consulted, had positively declared that, as no act of treason had been committed by him in Ireland, he could not by law be arraigned. Their opinion, still preserved in the Public Record Office, is given by our author, (p. 109.) Again they apply to Walsingham, and the whole passage is so curious that we cite it at length:

"And herein we thought good to remember your honor by way of our opinion that, considering how *obstinate and wilful* we find him every way, if he should be referred to a public trial, his *impudent and clamorous* denial might do great harm to the ill-affected here, who in troth have no small admiration of him. And yet, having had conference with some of the best lawyers in the land, we find that they make a scruple to arraign him here, for that his treasons were committed in foreign parts, the statute in that behalf being not here as it is in England. And therefore we think it not amiss (if it be allowed of there) to have him executed by *martial law, against which he can have no just challenge*, for that he hath neither lands nor goods, and as by that way may be avoided many harms, which by his presence, standing at ordinary trial, and retaining still his former impudence and negative protestations, he may do to the people."

The idea of any man impudently objecting to submit to the honor of being executed by martial law, when a trial at law must result in his acquittal, is indeed extraordinary, and sufficient to disquiet Christian rulers.

Elizabeth relieved them. A letter of April 29th, 1584, announced her majesty's resolution for the course to be holden with Hurley, namely, "that they should proceed to his execution (if it might be) by ordinary trial by law, or otherwise, by martial law." Loftus and Wallop, accordingly, on the 19th of June, 1584, gave warrant to the knight-marshal in her majesty's name to do execution upon him." (Letter July 9th, 1584.)

Accordingly, on Friday before Trinity-Sunday, Hurley—whose wounds had been so skilfully treated by a Jesuit who was enabled to reach him, as to enable the holy sufferer to regain sufficient strength to sit up and even rest on his feet—was ordered to prepare for execution. He was taken out at early dawn, amid the cries of his fellow Catholic prisoners, proclaiming his innocence, one bishop, who was expiating in fetters a guilty pusillanimity, exclaiming that he himself, for the scandal he had given, deserved to die, but that the archbishop was an innocent and holy man. He was drawn on a hurdle through the garden gate to a wood near the city, and "there he was hanged on a withey, calling on God, and forgiving his torturers with all his heart." At evening his body was buried in the half-ruined church of St. Kevin. So great was the veneration felt for this holy man, that the church was restored to satisfy the devotion of those who flocked to the spot to recommend themselves to his prayers, and many of whom averred that miracles were wrought there.

Elizabeth and the ministers of her godless tyranny, in thus trampling on law and justice, had gained nothing toward the advancement of the new doctrines in Ireland. The death of Dr. Hurley but confirmed the Irish Catholics more immovably in the faith.

In another case, Dr. Richard Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, who escaped from the Tower of London in 1565, but, after two years' labors in Ireland, was seized in Connaught in 1567, the government ventured on

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a trial at law; but the jury acquitted him. Little did this avail: he was kept a prisoner, but at last effected his escape, and, for a short time, labored to console the afflicted Catholics. Falling again into the hands of the persecutors, he was sent to England, and died of poison in the Tower of London, (Oct. 14th, 1585,) leaving one of the most venerated names in the annals of the Irish church. Another prelate, Murlagh O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, died the same year in prison, at Dublin, after undergoing tortures.

The interesting biography of another martyr, Rev. Maurice Kinrechtin, gives a picture of a Catholic Easter during these dark ages in Ireland that is too touching to omit. It is in a letter from Father Robert Rochfort:

'I send you an account of the glorious martyrdom of a friend of mine, Maurice Kinrechtin, a pious priest, chaplain to the Earl of Desmond, whom you know. He was for this cause taken prisoner by the English, and taken to your native town of Clonmel, where he lay in prison for more than a year. On the eve of Easter, 1585, Victor White, one of the principal citizens of Clonmel and a pious Catholic, obtained from the head jailer permission for the priest to pass the night in his house; this the jailer agreed to, but secretly informed the President of Munster, an English heretic, who chanced to be in the town, that, if he wished, he might easily seize all the principal citizens while hearing mass in the house of Mr. White at daybreak; at the same time he bargained to be paid for his perfidy. At the hour agreed on, the soldiers rushed into the house and seized on Victor; but all the others, hearing the noise, tried to escape by the back-doors and windows; a certain matron, trying to escape, fell and broke her arm. The soldiers found the chalice and other things for mass; they sought everywhere for the priest, (who had not yet begun the mass,) and came at length to a heap of straw, under which he lay hid, and, thrusting their swords through it, wounded him in the thigh; but he preserved silence, and, through fear of worse, concealed his suffering, and soon after escaped from the town into the country. But the intrepid Victor (who, although he had for this reason suffered much, could never be induced to attend the conventicles of the heretics) was thrown into prison because he would not give up the priest, and would, no doubt, have been put to death, had not Maurice, hearing of the danger of his friend, voluntarily surrendered himself to the president, showing a friendship truly Christian. The president upbraided him much, and, having sentenced him to death, offered him his life if he would abjure our Catholic faith and profess the queen to be head of the church. There came to him also a preacher, and strove long, but in vain, to seduce the martyr; nor would he on any account betray any of those who had heard his mass, or to whom he had at any time administered the sacraments. At length he was dragged at the tail of a horse to the place of execution as a traitor. Being come there, he devoutly and learnedly exhorted the people to constancy in the faith. The executioner cut him down from the gallows when yet half alive, and cut off his sacred head, and the minister struck it in the face. Then the Catholics by prayers and bribes obtained of the executioners that they should not lacerate his body any further, and they buried it as honorably as they could. Farewell, and peace in the Lord, and be ye imitators—if occasion offers—of the courageous Maurice Kinrechtin, and till then prepare your souls for the trial. Your devoted servant, dated from the College of St. Anthony, 1586, 20th March, ROBERT ROCHFORT."

Thus it went on during the reign of Elizabeth. The year 1588 witnessed many hanged, drawn, and quartered—the Rev. Peter Miller, at Wexford; Peter Meyler, at Galway, and Maurice Eustace—both candidates for the priesthood, the Franciscan fathers, O'Molloy, Dogherty, and Ferrall, at Abbeyleix. The next year another of the same order at Clonmel.

Curry, in his *Civil Wars in Ireland*, thus sums up other examples:

"John Stephens, priest, for that he said mass to Teague McHugh, was hanged and quartered by the Lord Burroughs, in 1507; Thady O'Boyle, guardian of the monastery of Donegal, was slain by the English in his own monastery; six friars were slain in the monastery of Moynihigan; John O'Calyhor and Bryan O'Trevor, of the order of St.

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Bernard, were slain in their own monastery, De Sancta Maria, in Ulster; as also Felimy O'Hara, a lay-brother; so was Æneas Penny, parish priest of Killagh, slain at the altar in his parish church there; Cahill McGoran; Rory O'Donnellan; Peter McQuillan; Patrick O'Kenna; George Power, vicar-general of the diocese of Ossory; Andrew Stritch, of Limerick; Bryan O'Murihirtagh, vicar-general of the diocese of Clonfert; Doroghow O'Molowny, of Thomond; John Kelly, of Louth; Stephen Patrick, of Annaly; John Pillis, friar; Rory McHenlea; Tirilagh McInisky, a lay-brother. All those that come after Æneas Penny, together with Walter Fernan, priest, died in the Castle of Dublin, either through hard usage and restraint or the violence of torture."

To whom may be added the Rev. George Power; Rev. John Walsh; Bishop Brady, of Kilmore, and his companions, whose sufferings are here most touchingly given; the Rev. Donatus O'Mollony, so tortured by iron boots and thumbscrews, as well as the rack—of all which there was now, apparently, a full supply in Ireland—that he died a few hours after.

But single executions were not prompt enough. In 1602, the authorities intimated that such of the clergy as presented themselves to the magistrates would be allowed to take their departure from the kingdom. Forty-two, secular priests and fathers of the Dominican and Cistercian orders, believing that a Protestant government would keep faith with Catholics, accepted the offer, and assembling, as directed, at Iniscattery, were put on board a vessel of war to sail for France. But no sooner had they reached the broad Atlantic, than the whole of these priests were thrown overboard. On the return of the vessel to port, great indignation was pretended by the authorities, and the queen cashiered the officers; while they were, in fact, secretly rewarded.

This martyrdom, fearful for its treachery, and the number of the priestly victims, closed, so to say, the reign of bloody Elizabeth. The hatred of Catholicity was intense; but yet there was apparent from first to last, a sense of respect for the opinion of the Catholic powers, an attempt to justify the executions by color of law, or excuse them as unintended acts of severity in putting down revolts or conducting military operations.

When the son of Mary, herself a martyr and sufferer, ascended the throne, his accession was hailed by the Catholic Irish with a burst of joy. A prince of their own race, they could regard him with feelings never awakened by former sovereigns of England. The memory of his mother would have bound them to him. He might have rendered Ireland a happy country. Led away by this vision, the Irish Catholics openly celebrated the long proscribed worship; but they soon were rudely awakened from their delusion. The glorious army of martyrs under James I. begins with Redmond O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, hacked to pieces by a party of horse in 1604.

Among all the martyrs of this reign, however, the most illustrious was Cornelius O'Dovany, Bishop of Down and Connor, put to death at Dublin, February 1st, 1611. At an early age he embraced the rule of St. Francis, and became a model of piety and patience. Raised to the perilous dignity of the episcopate, he labored strenuously to fulfil its duties. At last, he was arrested and sent to Dublin Castle, where he nearly perished from want of food and of all comforts. As the persecutors admitted that they could not legally compass his death, he was at last released. But it was only for a time. Seizing as a pretext his presence in the district held by the Earl of Tyrone in his rising against the

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and, thrusting their swords through it,
wounded him in the thigh; but he preserved
silence, and, through fear of worse, con-
cealed his suffering, and soon after escaped
from the town into the country. But the in-

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...ery. The priest Patrick followed the same ...d, singing, as he mounted the ladder, ...canticle of Simeon, 'Now, O Lord! dis... thy servant in peace,' and, after the ex... of the bishop, he prayed for the by... ...ers, blessed them, and forgave all his ...ies. The rope being put round his ... he hung for a short time, was then cut ... half alive, mutilated, and cut in pieces. ...ldiers, warned by the loss of the bish... ...d, resisted the unarmed crowd, who ... to catch the martyr's blood and other ...nd wounded many. The day after, ...es were buried at the gallow's foot, ... stillness of the night were remov... ... Catholics to a chapel."

...nnot enter on the other suffer... his reign whose records are ... collected in the *Memorials.* ... I. opens ...ing life of ...; how, even ...ecutions of ...s own elect ...d endowed ... was a son ...n English ..., and was ...g educated ... the conti... ...nverted to ...mb of St. ...o enter the ...he earnest ...mother, he ...fter an in... Usher and ...rown into ...ni exerted ...n of Eng... ...e was ad... ...in Ireland ... converted ...rother, his ... This in..., the Gen... ...g him to ... proceeded ...rning that ...e had con... ...ler he him... ...en struck ...ned to Ire... land, tended him in his illness, and then both reached Rome in 1639. Renouncing all his worldly prospects in favor of his brother, he began his studies, and, after his ordination, entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus in 1641; but died at Naples before he could return to Ireland to labor in the field where his words, example, and fetters had preached so eloquently. The sketch of this heroic young man, and that of Maurice Eustace, son of Sir John Eustace, and a novice in the Society of Jesus, who, returning to his family by permission of his superiors, was seized, tried, hung, drawn, and quartered, on the 9th of June, 1588, form a most interesting addition to our biographies, and show us in Ireland two young imitators of St. Aloysius and St. Stanislaus, whose virtues and example can be held up to the young with the power that flows from the fact that they lived among scenes and trials so familiar to us.

When the civil war began between the Puritans and Charles I., the persecution, bitter already under the king, became fiendish under the Parliament. Hitherto some form, some limit, had been observed; but the Puritans revelled in blood with all the ferocity of tigers, and with as little scruple.

"The Parliament of England resolved, on the 24th of October, 1644, 'that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to *ayn papist born in Ireland*;' and their historian, Borlase, adds, 'The orders of Parliament were excellently well executed.' (*Hist. of Rebellion*, p. 62.) Leland and Warner refer to the letters of the lords-justices for the fact that the soldiers 'slew all persons promiscuously, not sparing even the women.' Cromwell declared on landing in Dublin that no mercy should be shown to the Irish, and that they should be dealt with as the Canaanites in Joshua's time. It is impossible to estimate the number of Catholics slain in the ten years from 1642 to 1652. Three bishops and more than 300 priests were put to death for the faith.

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Thousands of men, women, and children were sold as slaves for the West Indies; Sir W. Petty mentions that six thousand boys and women were thus sold. (*Political Anatomy of Ireland*, p. 187.) A letter written in 1656, quoted by Lingard, puts the number at 60,000; as late as 1666 there were 12,000 Irish slaves scattered among the West Indian Islands. (Letter of Rev. J. Grace, written in 1669, ap. Moran, p. 147.) 40,000 Irish Catholics fled to the continent, and 20,000 took refuge in the Hebrides and other Scottish islands. (Moran, p. 99.) In a word, as Sir W. Petty writes, the population of Ireland in 1641 was 1,466,000, of whom Catholics were about 1,240,000; in 1659, the whole population was only 500,091, of whom Irish were only 420,000, so that very nearly or quite one million must have perished. (Sir W. Petty, *Polit. Anat.* p. 13, ap. Moran, and Hardinge's *Census of* 1659.)"

In this general and fearful slaughter of priest and people, records were impossible; and of many of the priests and religious who perished no trace remains. At the sight of such appalling massacres the mind shrinks back to seek refuge in doubt; but that doubt vanishes before the records of the butchers, who, reeking with slaughter, asked mankind to admire their work as a mercy of God, and even in our day, their descendants ask us to praise them as champions of religious freedom.

We can scarcely be accused of being too severe in our language when Merle d'Aubigné, a professed eulogist of Cromwell, admits that he used "a greater severity than had perhaps been exercised by the pagan leaders of antiquity."

Although, necessarily, for many of their victims there are no details whatever, nevertheless nearly one-fourth of this whole work of Mr. O'Reilly is devoted to memorials of those who perished by the hands of the Puritans in the brief period of twenty years; and he might well close it by the formula at the end of each day in the Roman martyrology, *Et alibi aliorum plurimorum Martyrum et Confessorum*, etc.—"And elsewhere of many other martyrs and confessors," whose names, though unrecorded on earth, are written in the Book of Life. Cromwell, Ireton, Inchiquin, and Coote marked their path in blood. Drogheda, Wexford, Cashel, Limerick, witnessed general massacres, where neither age nor sex could rouse a spark of human feeling in the insatiate butchers. The intense and cruel fanaticism seems to have been either a diabolical possession or a mental disease.

A grandson of Sir Charles Coote, become Earl of Bellomont, was, some years after, made Governor of New York and of New England, and was strongly suspected of complicity in the piracies of Captain Kidd. He certainly showed the fierce anti-Catholic spirit of his father and grandsire, having introduced and forced through, both in New York and Massachusetts, laws to punish with imprisonment for life, or, on recapture, with death, any Catholic priest entering those colonies.

Among the more illustrious martyrs we notice the Most Rev. Malachy O'Queely, Archbishop of Tuam, who was overtaken at Clare, near Sligo, in 1645, by some Puritan cavalry. They hacked off his right arm, and then cruelly mangled his body, cutting it into small pieces. In 1650, Boetius Egan, Bishop of Ross, a holy Franciscan friar, appointed to that see in 1647, on the recommendation of the Nuncio, Rinuccini, left the retreat in which he had been hidden for months, to visit some distant and abandoned parts of his diocese, although Ludlow's Puritan bands were laying waste the country. After performing the apostolic duties that had called him forth, he was returning to his lonely hiding-place, when he was overtaken by a troop of horse hastening to [illegible]

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Cromwell in besieging Clonmel. The commander of this troop, Lord Broghill, whom our readers may not recognize as Robert Boyle, subsequently Earl of Orrery, offered him life,

"If he would deny his faith and join the Parliamentarians, but he rejected the temptation with disdain. He was then abandoned to the soldiers' fury, and, his arms being first severed from his body, he was dragged along the ground to a neighboring tree, and, being hanged from one of its branches by the reins of his own horse, happily consummated his earthly course in November, 1650."

The fall of Limerick enabled Ireton to revel in the blood of Catholic priests. The martyrs were led by Terence Albert O'Brien, Bishop of Emly, born in Limerick in 1600, and nurtured piously by a devoted mother. At an early age he entered the order of St. Dominic, and, after pursuing his studies in Spain, returned to labor in his native city. In 1643, he became provincial of his order, and attended a general chapter at Rome. Four years afterward, he was consecrated Bishop of Emly, and labored there earnestly till he joined the rest who took refuge in Limerick.

"Knowing the fate that was reserved for him, Dr. O'Brien retired to the pest-house, in order to devote the last hours of his life to the benefit of his suffering fellow-citizens, and to preparing himself for death. Here he was found by the officers sent to arrest him, and brought before Ireton, who told him he was to be tried by a court-martial, and imprisoned till the sentence was pronounced. The bishop heard this unmoved, and when asked did he want counsel, calmly replied that all he required was his confessor. This boon was granted, and Father Hanrahan, a member of his own order, was suffered to pass the whole day and night of the 30th of October in his prison. On the following evening he was led out to execution, and, as Father Hanrahan related, walked as joyfully to the place as to a feast. His contemporary, De Marinis, relates his execution thus: 'He went with joy to the place of execution, and then, with a serene countenance, turning to his Catholic friends, who stood in the crowd inconsolable and weeping, he said to them, "Hold firmly by your faith, and observe its precepts; murmur not against the arrangements of God's providence, and thus you will save your souls. Weep not at all for me, but rather pray that in this last trial of death I may, by firmness and constancy, attain my heavenly reward." The head of the martyr was struck off and placed on a spike on the tower,' ('which is on the middle of the bridge.' —*A Rosario,*) 'and long after seemed to drop fresh blood, and uncorrupted and unchanged in aspect, flesh, or hair—a tribute, as may be thought, to that virginal purity which it is universally believed he preserved to the end.' Thus he went to his reward, on the vigil of All Saints', 1651. De Marinis and A Rosario relate that the holy bishop summoned Ireton to the judgment-seat of God to answer for his crimes; and on the 18th day afterward that bloody persecutor was seized with the plague, and, after sixteen days, expired in great torments. Dr. Moran mentions that the spot where this holy bishop was martyred is yet pointed out and venerated by the Catholics of Limerick."

Another Dominican martyr of this scene, Father James Wolf,

"was an old man, and preacher-general, who had before been a long time in prison for the faith, and in this last persecution was as a wall against the enemies of the faith. He was taken in Limerick while offering the mass, and in a few hours afterward was sentenced to be hung, and brought out into the market square, where he made a public profession of his faith, and exhorted the Catholics to constancy in the religion of their ancestors, and that with so much ardor that it moved his very enemies. Standing on the top step of the ladder, and about to be swung off, he joyously exclaimed, '*We are made a spectacle to God and angels and men—of glory to God, of joy to angels, of contempt to men.*' Having said this, he was hung, and so went to his crown."

It is a strange fact, and one that we must regret, that England should owe the final conquest of Canada to one who should have honored this martyr of his family, but who was really intensely English, and rivalled Ireton by his bloody march up the St. Lawrence, butchering priests at their own church doors with as little

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compunction as Ireton felt for Father James Wolf. That martyr had a brother George, an officer in the Irish army. Although doomed, he managed to escape, and reaching England, finally settled in Yorkshire. His grandson Edward fought under Marlborough, and rose to the rank of general. His son, a namesake of the Limerick martyr, was General James Wolfe, who died in the arms of victory at Quebec, having struck the blow that seemed to crush for ever Catholicity in Canada.

Another bishop, Arthur Magennis, a Cistercian, Bishop of Down and Connor, was, in spite of his infirmities and years, dragged on shipboard, to be carried to some other land. Death was, however, the object of his tormentors, not exile; and, as he lingered too long to please their impatience, they dragged one of the ship's cannon beside his berth, and, firing it, caused such a shock to the invalid that he expired.

The clergy who suffered met death in every form. Some perished of starvation in the mountain, like the Rev. John Carolan; some were starved to death in prison, like the Dominican father, John O'Laighlin; some, tracked to their hiding-places, were shot in their caves, like the Franciscan father, Francis Sullivan; some were stoned to death, and flung into rivers, like the Dominican father, John Flaverty; many cut down by the roadside, or shot and hacked to pieces, like Stephen Pettit, the Dominican fathers, Peter Costello, Dominic Neagan, Lawrence O'Ferral; others more deliberately hanged on sea or land, like the Franciscan fathers, Fergal Ward, Denis Nelan, Rev. Peter Higgins, the Dominican Bonaventure de Burgo, and many more; or drowned at sea, like the Trinitarian fathers O'Conor and Daly; or tied to stakes and shot, like the Jesuit, Father Bathe, and his brother at Drogheda.

"Of the many thousands of Irish men, women, and children who were sold into slavery in the West Indies, the names of very few have been preserved. Among these was Father David Roche, Dominican. Full details of this infamous traffic are given by Prendergast, *Cromwellian Settlement*. Thus, a government order, published on March 4th, 1655, states that, in the four preceding years, 6400 Irish, men and women, boys and maidens, had been disposed of to the English slave-dealers. On the 14th September, 1653, two English merchants, named Selleck and Leader, signed a contract with the government commissioners, by which a supply was granted to them of 250 women and 300 men of the Irish nation, to be found within twenty miles of Cork, Youghal, Kinsale, Waterford, and Wexford. Roger Boyle, Lord Broghill, (afterward Earl of Orrery,) deemed it unnecessary to take such trouble in visiting different parts of the kingdom, and undertook to supply the whole number from the county of Cork alone; hence he received an order empowering him to search for and seize upon that number, 'and no person, being once apprehended, was to be released but by special order in writing under the hand of Lord Broghill. In the month of November, 1655, all the Irish of the townland of Lackagh, county of Kildare, were seized on by the agents of the government. They were only forty-one in number, and of these four were hanged by sentence of court-martial; the remaining thirty-seven, including two priests, were handed over to Mr. Norton, a Bristol merchant, to be sold as bond-slaves to the sugar-planters at the Barbadoes.' Again, on the 8th December, 1655, we find a letter from the commissioners to the Governor of Barbadoes, 'advising him of the approach of a ship with a cargo of proprietors, deprived of their lands, and seized for not transplanting.' They add that among them were three priests, and the commissioners particularly desire that these may be so employed that they may not return again where that sort of people are able to do so much mischief, having so great an influence over the popish Irish."

Of their sufferings at sea our author gives no record; but Anderson, in his *History of the Colonial Church*, (ii. p. 52–3,) describes, from a

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petition to Parliament, the sufferings of English prisoners "crowded into close holds amid horses," "sold, on arriving, to the most inhuman persons," and treated worse than beasts; "sleeping in styes, worse than hogs in England, and many other ways made most miserable beyond expression of Christian imagination." And nothing in the annals of history will justify the supposition that the Irish fared better.

During long examinations of early records and manuscript matter relating to the colonies which formed the American Union, no allusion has met our eye relating to any of these priests sold as slaves in America by the Puritans. It is doubtful, therefore, whether any ever reached our shores. But it seems to us that researches will yet lead to some clue or trace in the West India Islands, that favorite mart for the Puritan slave-dealers, who sold alike there the Irish Catholic, or the Christian or Pagan Indian of New England. It is, however, a curious fact that the first victim of the witchcraft excitement in New England was one of the Irish slaves, a poor woman, who though able to repeat the Lord's Prayer in Latin and Irish, failed to pray in the to her unknown English tongue, was adjudged a witch, and put to death.

Of the Irish transported to St. Christopher's we find some account in the Jesuit Father Peter Pelleprat's *Relation des Missions des Pères de la Compagnie de Jésus dans les Isles et dans la Terre Ferme de l'Amérique Méridionale*, (Paris, 1655.) Part of the island belonged to the French, and Father John Destriche (Stritch?) an Irish member of the Society, was sent in 1650, to the boundary. His long-forsaken countrymen flocked around, braving all dangers from their cruel task-masters; and he spent three months hearing confessions, baptizing, instructing, consoling and fortifying with the sacraments these poor exiles. He then, in the disguise of a merchant, visited Montserrat, which was, for a time, an independent Irish isle, and so laid down on maps, and where even the negroes spoke Irish. But, at this time of Puritan rule, the English had reduced them to slavery. Here he raised a little chapel in the depth of a forest, and the Irish every day, under pretext of cutting wood, made their way to the spot, and, after giving the day to religion, cut some wood to carry back.

Returning to St. Christopher's, he found the English renewing the persecution. One hundred and twenty-five of the most fervent Catholics were carried off and set ashore on the barren island of Crabs or Boriquen. Here some undoubtedly perished of starvation; a few reached St. Domingo, but, on the refusal of the Spaniards to receive them, managed to find transport to Tortugas, then in the hands of the French.

Father Destriche then collected all the Irish he could, and conveyed them to Gaudeloupe, making excursions from time to time to bring in others to swell this settlement; and visiting in disguise the various English islands.

No allusion is made to any priest among these exiles; but this father was not probably alone. Research in this field may yet enlarge the touching memorials which Mr. O'Reilly deserves so great credit for presenting to us.

The persecution may be said to close with the Puritan rule; Archbishop Plunkett, whose life is well and concisely given, having been a victim to the infamous fiction of plots in the reign of Charles II., and brought to the scaffold by the false

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testimony of men of his own country and faith.

The last of the martyred clergy was the Dominican Father Gerald Gibbon, sub-prior of Kilmallock, killed by some of William III.'s roving cavalry at Listuahill, in the County of Kerry, in 1691.

Mr. O'Reilly has done an excellent work. The records of the lives and deaths of these illustrious men should be familiar to all their countrymen, not to excite feelings of hostility and vengeance against the de-

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O WEARY, weary hear
Thy struggle is i
The fiery waves of w
O'erwhelm with
There is for thee no
Till thought and me

"Rest for the weary"
Promise thy he
The words of peace
They mock th
Think not thy soul
Seek not for rest, c

Sweet rest, sweet
E'en in my m
Thou bidst my str
And lead'st n
The waves that da
To fields of living

Jesu! sweet Jesu
On thee alon
Though waves ma
And raging s
I heed them not—
And find my refug

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and the hermit, almost ravished with ecstasy, at once understood that the chosen one so long sought after was at length found. . . .

The elect soul rose like a blue vapor above the tower of the church, above the lofty mountains, beyond the stars: it rose luminous and full of majesty, till it came to the courts of the New Jerusalem to take its place upon the dazzling throne awaiting it among the angels.

"How old, then, is this soul according to the calendar of eternal life?" were the first words addressed St. Michael by the hermit, still on his knees.

And St. Michael graciously replied: "This saint was only twenty-one years old according to the reckoning on earth, but he was a hundred by that of the guardian angels who watch over souls. Not one hour of his short life was lost for eternity. It was not only not lost, but—which is necessary to attain length of years that are meritorious and venerable in our eyes—not one hour failed to be reckoned twice or thrice, and sometimes a hundredfold, by the merit of his deeds of faith, hope, charity, and mortification. Nothing is lost which is pleasing in the eyes of the Lord. A glass of water given with love in his name becomes a majestic river flowing on for ever and ever; while a treasure given without love or from human motives is counted as nothing in the great Book of Life! To really live, thou must love God while exiled here below, as we love him in the home of the blessed. Thou must also love thy neighbor, whose soul reflects the image of its Maker."

With these words the angel disappeared, leaving behind him a long train of light in the dim vaults of the crypt of St. Gerbold.

"O Lord!" cried the hermit

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of his chapel of St. Prix. A numerous progeny reverenced him, and all his vassals proclaimed his fatherly kindness. What more could be asked that he might exchange his feudal power for a throne in heaven?

The second on the list was the mother of fifteen children, seven of whom served their king as brave soldiers, seven others served the altar as priests or monks, and the remaining one, a daughter, had many children, who were reared under the careful and vigilant eye of their grandmother of pious renown. What more could be asked that she might pass from family honors to a throne in heaven?

The third was a noble warrior of the Knights of Malta, covered with wounds and scars gained in the service of God. Having been made, at the age of thirteen years, knight of his order and page of the grand master, he was appointed, at the age of twenty-two, to the command of three war-vessels which he armed at his own expense. He made himself formidable to all the Turks on the seas of the Levant. Being appointed captain of one of the galleys of Malta, our knight took twenty-two vessels from the paynim and delivered many thousand Christian slaves. The Emir Fraycardin, who held sway over the Druses of Mount Lebanon, and boasted of his descent from Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, conceived so high an esteem for him that he came forth from the town of Sayeda to visit him on board of one of his vessels, and on that occasion gave him a scimitar from Damascus, with a scabbard of wrought silver, inlaid with diamonds and rare pearls, which our hero presented to the king of France, in presence of the same emir of illustrious memory.

The escutcheon of our knight bore a chevron gules, on a field or, charged at the bend with a flower-de-luce a, and surmounted by the silver cross of the Order of Malta.

He seemed truly endowed with valor and sanctity, which made up for want of age, for he was only twenty-nine. What more could be asked that he might pass from the midst of combats to the bosom of everlasting peace, and from the triumphs of victory to a glorious throne in heaven?

Finally, the fourth name was that of a widow, like the prophetess Anna, who departed not from the temple of Jerusalem, by fasting and prayers serving God day and night. Like her, she was devoted to good works, to the care of the sick, the help of the infirm, and the charge of orphans. She was called "the eye of the blind," and "the consolation of the afflicted," and throughout old Neustria with its green orchards the echoes of the manor-houses and the huts alike knew of the wondrous deeds of good Dame Lois.

Proud of all these names, the hermit at the early hour of lauds presented the list to St. Michael; when evening had brought the hour of compline, the holy chant being ended, St. Michael gave back to the hermit the precious paper, all perfumed with the incense of paradise, and said to him: "Faithful servant, continue thy search: all these names are dear and precious in the eyes of God; but they who bear them are still *too young*."

"But the sire of Falaise has seen almost a hundred years pass over his now bald head, and his beard is whiter than the snows of Mount Saint Bernard!"

"That noble lord of a hundred years is only reckoned fifteen by the calendar of the guardian angels," replied the archangel.

"But this mother of fifteen children

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and twelve grandchildren who are her crown and her glory? . . . And the pious widow?" . . . .

"The mother will only be eight years old come the festival of the Assumption of Our Lady, her holy Patroness; and the pious and chaste widow is hardly older than the sire of Falaise."

"And the Knight of Malta? Illustrious and brave above his fellow-knights, he is only twenty-nine years old according to the record of his baptism; but these few years have been well employed in defending Christendom against the infidel Turks who tremble before his Damascus blade."

"The knight has made progress, it is true, in the way of real life. He is almost old enough to reign; but his guardian angel demands yet a space of time before imprinting on his soul the seal of the eternal and heavenly life. Go thy way, and continue thy search."

The hermit, in the silence of his cell, was terrified to see how hard it was to attain length of years according to the reckoning of the angels; but he redoubled his zeal to discover the rare treasure demanded by St. Michael. Seven Sundays having passed away weeping and praying in the undercroft of the church of St. Gerbold, shepherd of Bayeux, of learned memory, he saw the archangel with his sword of gold coming toward him resplendent with light. Troubled in the depths of his heart, the hermit said to him humbly: "I have only one name to present thee, and this name offers but little that is worthy of relating; yet I lay it before thee." And he held forth the paper wet with his tears to St. Michael, who took it, smiling meanwhile on the trembling hermit.

The paper had hardly been placed in the angel's hands when the sombre crypt was filled with a soft light; an unknown perfume embalmed the air, and the hermit, almost ravished with ecstasy, at once understood that the chosen one so long sought after was at length found. . . .

The elect soul rose like a blue vapor above the tower of the church, above the lofty mountains, beyond the stars: it rose luminous and full of majesty, till it came to the courts of the New Jerusalem to take its place upon the dazzling throne awaiting it among the angels.

"How old, then, is this soul according to the calendar of eternal life?" were the first words addressed St. Michael by the hermit, still on his knees.

And St. Michael graciously replied: "This saint was only twenty-one years old according to the reckoning on earth, but he was a hundred by that of the guardian angels who watch over souls. Not one hour of his short life was lost for eternity. It was not only not lost, but—which is necessary to attain length of years that are meritorious and venerable in our eyes—not one hour failed to be reckoned twice or thrice, and sometimes a hundredfold, by the merit of his deeds of faith, hope, charity, and mortification. Nothing is lost which is pleasing in the eyes of the Lord. A glass of water given with love in his name becomes a majestic river flowing on for ever and ever; while a treasure given without love or from human motives is counted as nothing in the great Book of Life! To really live, thou must love God while exiled here below, as we love him in the home of the blessed. Thou must also love thy neighbor, whose soul reflects the image of its Maker."

With these words the angel disappeared, leaving behind him a long train of light in the dim vaults of the crypt of St. Gerbold.

"O Lord!" cried the hermit

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"grant me a true knowledge of the Christian life—the only life really worth the name—that at my last hour I may not hear resounding above my head the terrible words, *Too young!* Teach me, O my God! the value of time, which is only given us that we may lay up treasures for heaven. Time is the money of eternity! time is the price of the Saviour's blood! time, so fleeting, which we seek to kill, and which will surely kill us; time, the inflexible tyrant who spares no one! Oh! that I might in turn triumph over time by making it serve to the sanctification of my soul and the winning of an eternal crown."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DISSERTATIONS, CHIEFLY ON IRISH CHURCH HISTORY. By the late Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D. Dublin: James Duffy. 1869.

Rev. Matthew Kelly, a canon of his native diocese of Ossory, Ireland, and a Professor in Maynooth College, was one of the most accomplished of the contemporaries of Dr. John O'Donovan, Professor Eugene O'Curry, George Petrie, Rev. Dr. Todd, Very Rev. Dr. Renehan, and the few other truly great Irish scholars of the past and passing generations. He was a native of Kilkenny City, and was barely in the forty-fourth year of his age when called to his reward, Saturday, October 30th, 1858. He was a very able writer on and investigator of Irish history, in all its branches, particularly in the ecclesiastical and ethnological lines, of which his editorial labors for the Celtic and Archæological Societies of Dublin, his editions of White's and O'Sullivan's writings relative to Ireland, as well as of the Martyrology of Tallacht, and his contributions to the Dublin *Review*, Duffy's *Catholic Magazine*, the London *Rambler*, etc., etc., have given abundant proof. He is more widely known by general readers through his remarkable translation of Gosselin's great work, *On the Power of the Pope during the Middle Ages*. His friend and fellow-laborer, Rev. Dr. McCarthy, has collected from the periodicals named, chiefly from the *Dublin Review*, into this volume—for a copy of which we are indebted to the Catholic Publication Society—several dissertations by the lamented Dr. Kelly, chiefly on Irish church history—an examination of which makes us deeply regret that he was not spared to complete the labors in which he was engaged, and which he had in contemplation at the time of his death—which included nothing less desirable than a new and thorough edition of the *Acta Sanctorum* of Colgan; a new edition and a continuation of Rev. Dr. John Lanigan's *Ecclesiastical History of Ireland;* and the completion of the publication, under such care as he was capable of bestowing, of the Very Rev. Dr. Renehan's *Collections on Irish Church History*. The volume before us should find a place in every private as well as public collection that aims to have represented in it the genuine scholarship of Ireland.

A FEW FRIENDS, AND HOW THEY AMUSED THEMSELVES. A Tale in nine chapters; containing descriptions of twenty Pastimes and Games and a fancy-dress party. By M. E. Dodge, author of Hans Brinker and the Irvington Stories. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The author in this little book makes a happy effort to revive amongst us

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again those pleasant, home-like games that give such a charm to the fireside. Many of these pastimes are new, and all of them interesting and amusing, requiring enough thought and wit to keep one's faculties in pleasant activity. Society, it is true, will scarcely condescend to be amused in so simple and cheerful a way; but as it is a question whether it is ever heartily amused, we can very well afford to set aside its ruling, and enjoy ourselves with the pleasant pastimes of our "Few Friends." A picture-gallery, such as is described in its pages, although it might not provoke such artistic and wonderful criticisms as the Academy of Design, would not yet fail to be very amusing. The great charm of these games, as the author remarks in her preface, is the bringing together the old and young, in the common pursuit of pleasure.

A SHORT GRAMMAR OF PLAIN CHANT, for the use of schools, seminaries, and religious communities. Troy, New York: P. J. Dooley. 1868.

It is with the sincerest pleasure we meet with any evidences of a desire to return to the use of the Gregorian chant in the offices of the church. Perfectly rendered, we know of no modern compositions in figured music which can equal it in fitness or grandeur. The best that can be said of timed music is, that it is pleasing; that its varied harmonies delight the ear; and that in the most worthy of such compositions there are pathetic, joyous, and at times sublime expressions. But of the Gregorian chant only can it be said that it edifies, compels to prayer and praise, and never hints at the world, the flesh, or the devil. Like the sacred vestments of the priest and the solemn ceremonies of Catholic worship, it is a part of the outward expression of the church's homage to God. It is the befitting song of the sanctuary, and we are thankful the church has never sanctioned any other.

To sing Gregorian chant as it should be sung is a science of its own; a fact not a few of our musicians appear to be ignorant of; and although the present little handbook does not pretend to be a treatise on the subject, yet it may perhaps be found, in the present state of our knowledge, a work better adapted to our wants than a more extended and philosophical treatise would be.

It is a first book on chant for beginners, and gives in a concise form all the preliminary notions upon which a further study may be based. The author has divided it into three parts: the first treating of the notation of plain chant; the second, of the structure and peculiarities of the modes or tones; and the third, or psalmody.

A convenient appendix has been added containing the different intonations fof High Mass and the Divine Office. The whole will be found in strict conformity with the Roman Missal and Office Books, a matter which we deem of no slight consequence. The author, we observe, has followed the ordinary method (a faulty one, we think) in the matter of the division of the Psalm tones and the corresponding adaptation of the words. According to the system commonly adopted in our choir-books and in works on plain chant hitherto published in this country, the different mediations and cadences would require at least four different divisions or pointings of the Psalms. In fact, the rules laid down by all masters in Gregorian chant for accentuation and the adaptation of dactylic and monosyllabic words require only one pointing of the Psalms for all the tones and their various conclusions. We think this important point can be demonstrated, although it would be out of place here.

As a book of first principles of the chant, we most heartily commend this little volume to those for whose use it has been prepared, and have no doubt that it will find its way into all our seminaries and religious communities, and, we venture to hope as well, into our schools. To our Catholic youth the song of the church ought not to be an unintelligible jargon of sound. Let us add, that the effort of the publisher in putting out a work of this kind is deserving of the highest praise, and we trust will be fully appreciated. The work bears the imprimatur of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Albany.

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THE LAW OF LOVE AND LOVE AS A LAW; or, Moral Science, Theoretical and Practical. By Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D., President of Williams College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

This volume, albeit of moderate size and pretensions, would require an elaborate review to do it justice. The brief notice we bestow on it must not therefore be taken as a criterion of our estimate of its ability, or as a full and matured judgment upon its doctrines and arguments in detail or in reference to special points. Its general scope and tenor of thought and reasoning, we can say without hesitation, are in accordance with Catholic doctrine in respect to those matters which are clearly defined, and in accordance with that system of moral philosophy which we regard as the soundest and most rational on matters which are open to discussion. The tone and spirit of the work are elevated, its thought is strong, its style limpid and tranquil, its sentiments generally moderate and conservative. The author demolishes the wretched system of utilitarianism and several other sophisms, by a few blows as quietly yet as effectually given as those of a polar bear. He establishes also the freedom of the will as the necessary condition of obligation, and thus cuts up Calvinism root and branch. We should be glad to see a more distinct statement of the absolute right of God over his creatures as the author and preserver and sovereign Lord of the creation, as the basis of the obligation to obey his laws and those of his delegates even in things indifferent in themselves. This would in no wise conflict with the doctrine of the author that the reason of the eternal law is situated not merely in the free determination of the divine will, but chiefly and radically in the divine intelligence. The argument proving that all morality is determined by the final cause, or the relation of human acts to the ultimate end of man and creation, is admirable. So also is the resolution of all the ends and motives of creation into the *amor entis*, which is really the dominant idea in the author's philosophy and forms the character of his book. It is chiefly on account of this noble and elevated view that we take occasion to commend it, and expect a very great good to be done by it within the circle of the distinguished author's influence.

MENTAL SCIENCE. A Compendium of Psychology and the History of Philosophy. Designed as a text-book for high-schools and colleges. By Alexander Bain, M.A., Professor in the University of Aberdeen, etc. New York: Appletons. 1868.

We are willing to believe that this book may contain much valuable information in regard to the history of philosophy, physiology, and psychological phenomena. But as a text-book of "Mental Science," it is an utter absurdity, since its fundamental principle destroys all metaphysical certainty. It is the quintessence of the worst and most absurd opinions of the empirical school of Herbert Spencer and Mill, and therefore simply a dose of intellectual strychnine. For the refutation of this so-called "Mental Science," we refer to all the philosophical articles of this magazine.

LIGHT ON THE LAST THINGS. By William B. Hayden. Publishing House of the New Jerusalem, 20 Cooper Union. 1869.

We are rather surprised not to see on the title-page of this book, "published by order of the archangel Gabriel." It gravely informs us that the "Last Judgment foretold by Daniel, and in the book of Revelation, took place as described in that book, in the World of Spirits, in the year 1757, upon those who had accumulated there since the Lord's first appearing thus finishing the dispensation in *hades*. The last judgment once inaugurated, continues to 'sit,' as expressed in Daniel; it constantly proceeds hereafter, as explained in chapter vii.; the vast accumulation of the evil communities there will no more be allowed, it takes effect upon the multitudes who

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arise, at longest, in a very few years." (P. 188.) We are glad to have authentic intelligence of such a gratifying nature. But this is not the best of it. "This removed evil influences, for the most part, from the intermediate world, replacing them with good influences. The heavens by the increase of numbers, and by an increased endowment of love and wisdom from the Lord, became more powerful, and began immediately, as a consequence, to shed down their influences more powerfully upon mankind, the church and the world. And they were moved nearer to men by the Lord that they might effect this purpose." We shrewdly suspect that our author has taken a moonlight ride on Mohammed's *Alborac*. Whoever has the curiosity to seek for a brief and easily readable summary of that fantastic system called Swedenborgianism will find it in this little volume. In point of credibility and reasonableness the doctrine of the New Jerusalem Church is about on a level with that of the Koran and the Book of Mormon, though more elevated and pure in its morality. There was never anything more ridiculous than the pretension of its adepts to be the true gnostics or spiritual men, and to look down on Catholics as the psychical or half carnal. Their doctrine of the incorporation of the Godhead is a crude and gross notion incompatible alike with the principles of reason and revelation, and rendering the formation of either a sound theology or a sound philosophy impossible. The rest of their system is a tissue of dreams and fancies resting on nothing more solid than the imagination of Swedenborg, and without the slightest claim on the attention of any reasonable man.

LIFE OF THE BLESSED CHARLES SPINOLA, S.J., with a sketch of the other Japanese Martyrs beatified on the 9th of July, 1867. By Joseph Brockaert, S.J. New York. John G. Shea. 1869.

The subject of this memoir was a Jesuit missionary in Japan in the seventeenth century, illustrious by birth but still more so by his virtue. Interwoven with the sketch of his life and martyrdom are many incidents of the history of Christianity and its glorious confessors in Japan, and an interesting account of the recent discovery of many thousands of Christians who have preserved the faith handed down by their ancestors from the days of persecution until the present time. The history of Japanese Christianity will compare with that of the first ages of the church, and is by itself a sufficient and overwhelming proof of the divine truth of the Catholic religion. Such books as this might be read with profit by every Catholic and by all who profess the name of Christ.

THE CONSCRIPT: A Story of the French War of 1813. By MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. Translated from the twentieth Paris edition. With eight full-page illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1869.

Those of our readers who have already perused this story in our pages, will doubtless be pleased to learn that it is at length issued in a permanent and separate form. The volume needs no commendation from us; and we believe that many American readers will find in its pages new ideas of war and its horrors, even although our own battle-fields are yet scarcely green.

OUTLINES OF COMPOSITION. Designed to simplify and develop the principles of the Art by means of Exercises in the preparation of Essays, Debates, Lectures, and Orations. For the use of schools, colleges, and private students. By H. J. Zandee, and T. E. Howard, A.M. Boston: Published by Robert S. Davis & Co. New York: D. & J. Sadlier, and Oakley & Mason. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. St. Louis: Hendricks and Chittenden. 1869.

We take pleasure in noticing this Manual as an effort in the right direction. In all the experience of school-children there is nothing more difficult or perplexing than the art of composi-

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THE LAW OF LOV
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GRAY'S SCHOOL AND FIELD BOOK OF BOTANY. Consisting of "First Lessons in Botany," and "Field, Forest, and Garden Botany," bound in one volume. By Asa Gray, Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1869.

The work of Professor Gray have been too long before the public and established to make it necessary to call attention to the present edition. The first volume before us is a fine octavo of 500 pages, and contains ... lessons of the science, and ... and descriptions of a ... number of nearly ... cies. The illustra... and of superior ... which is es... work, and ... ements ... anical ... with ... ...

... of the Secretary of the Treasury on the state of the Finances for the Year ... Washington: Government Printing Office.

... Sir Walter Scott, Bart. ... A.D. 1803 to 1807. W. W ... and Brooklyn.

... It abounds in stirring incidents and thrilling adventure on sea and shore, which, though sometimes somewhat extravagant, will not render it less interesting to its juvenile readers. A good moral lesson, although not made obtrusively prominent, is taught in the gratitude of the orphan Carrie to her kind protectors. How true, too, and how boyish his remark to his "mother," in her expressing doubt as to his ability to accomplish a certain project, "I manage when I boy gets anything in his head he is bound to do it, by hook or by crook."

The "Catholic Publication Society" will soon publish a new volume by Aytoun, entitled, *Glimpses of Pleasant Homes*, by the authoress of the *Lives of Mother Margaret*, etc. It will be beautifully illustrated and got out in the best style of the art. The same Society will also soon publish *Why People do not Believe*, or, *the Cause of Infidelity*, translated from the French of Mgr. Dupont, of Louvain University; *Not Yet*, A Story of To-Day, by Miss Ormsham; *Impressions of Spain*, by Lady Herbert, illustrated; *Tales for the Many*; *The Life of Father Rawlinson*; Aubrey de Vere's *Irish Odes*, and the third series of *Illustrated Sunday-School Library*, will be ready in a few days.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE TRUTHS OF FAITH. A Lecture delivered in the hall of the Cooper Institute, by the Rev. Thomas S. Preston, on the First Anniversary of the Church of the Epiphany, Sunday evening, January 10, 1869. New York: Robert Carlington, Publisher, 388 Broadway. 1869.

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